

Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST 24th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Quicken the Spirit Within You	By the Rev Peter Marshall	1
Ghost Ship	"Damned to Glory"	3
De Gaulle the Prophet	Life	7
The Voice and the Kids	New Republic	12
Let's Stop "Plowing Under" in Our Factories	Fortune	15
How to Pick a Mate	American Magazine	19
Confusion Is Their Business	Tricolor	23
Diseases from Air-Borne Germs Checked at Last	Hygeia	27
What We Will Do With Germany	Collier's	30
It's Good to Be Home	Harper's	35
The Lowest Form of Humor	Good Housekeeping	39
The German Prisoner Muddle	Atlantic	42
My Most Unforgettable Character	By Henry James Forman	45
Where All Those Big Shrimp Come From	Baltimore Sunday Sun	50
How to Keep Ghosts Out of Town	"Men at Work"	53
Cuba's Masterpiece of Vice Versa	Saturday Evening Post	57
GI Joe Goes to School Under Fire	American Legion Magazine	61
Climate à la Carte	Science News Letter	66
Lest We Forget — III	News from Belgium	69
Impasse at the Elevator	Pageant	71
The Genius of Samuel Morse	Esquire	73
Venereal Disease — Far from Beaten	Harper's	77
Bear Facts About Duluth	Prairie Schooner	81
Forgotten Mysteries — V	By Jerome Beatty	84
To Understand Japan, Consider Toyama	Collier's	87
Not Charity, But a Chance	Progressive	89
My Brother Who Talked with Horses	American Mercury	91
Kudzu — Another Agricultural Miracle	Country Book	94
Footprints on the Sands of Time	American Scholar	97
Will Europe's Educators Lose the Peace?	Saturday Review of Literature	101
Medicine Men of the Air	New Republic	104



The READER'S DIGEST

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

~~~~~ January 1945 ~~~~~

## The only foundation for national greatness — Quicken the Spirit Within You

Condensed from an address by

*The Rev Dr Peter Marshall*

Pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington D C

A nation obedient to the laws of God would lead the world America's future depends upon her accepting and demonstrating God's government We have the genius and the skill, the political forms, the wealth, the natural resources, and the ability to lead the whole world into a bright new tomorrow in which the hopes of the human heart may be achieved, and our desires and prayers all realized There *can* be life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness available to all men, regardless of their race or their color

But we as individuals must learn to let God guide and control our hearts He *can* guide and control the heart of every individual — in government, in business, in labor, in management, and in the home In every situation,

men can know the will of God, know exactly what they should do and be God's guidance and God's power are always available When men listen, God speaks But America cannot follow God's plan until we — you and I — as individuals follow it

There are evil forces within the nation Love of self, love of power and authority have enslaved the hearts of many Americans Our moral standards have been lowered — and no nation makes progress in a downward direction

The old-time evangelists used to stress hell People no longer believe in hell — although they still mention it frequently in their conversation But today we are living in a time when enough individuals choosing to go to hell will pull the nation down to hell with them *The choices you make determine the way America will go* We must decide between God and materialism We must decide quickly who is Chief — whom we will serve!

Millions of people in America live in moral fogs, in spiritual twilight Modified immorality, on the basis of

PETER MARSHALL was born in Scotland and educated in Technical College After working in a tube mill he came in 1927, to the United States, where he studied for the ministry A gifted speaker, he served a pastorate in Atlanta and last summer preached in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City

cleverness, guides millions of people. Modified dishonesty, within the letter of the law, is the practice of millions more. Yet our country is filled with people who are satiated with the materialistic philosophies that fill our stomachs and starve our souls, that supply gadgets while we forget God. The time has come, because the hour is late, when we must decide, and the choice before us is plain: Christ—or chaos, conviction—or compromise, discipline—or disintegration!

The average church member has forsaken the old disciplines. He attends service when it is convenient. His contribution of time, effort and money is seldom such as to involve real sacrifice. The Church, the Bible and the Sacraments seem to have no compulsion over his life. The church has failed to challenge his faith and his vision. The remedy for this sad state of affairs will lie, I believe, in the seeking of God's will for the individual church and the adopting of the daring program to which He is challenging His church. Our

strength is limited only by our faith in asking God's help.

Let us be honest about it. *If we have thrown away our national heritage, if we no longer believe that this nation was founded under God, if, contrary to what is stamped upon our coins, our trust is not in God but in something else, let us say so. Let us at least not be hypocrites.*

The challenge of these critical days is that we begin to be truly Christian in all our relationships—or stop pretending. We are fighting for total victory, but we shall never achieve total victory unless we fight for total Christianity.

‘Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.’ For it is in imperishable verity: ‘No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.’ That is the choice America must make, we must choose God—or go to hell!

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For certain ideas in this address the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to *Our Fighting Faith* by Dr. Blanton Belk (John Knox Press, Richmond, Va.)

## Now Is the Time for All Good Men —

DO NOT think that you are either too young or too old to do great things. Jefferson was 33 when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin was 26 when he wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Charles Dickens was 24 when he began his *Pickwick Papers* and 25 when he wrote *Oliver Twist*. McCormick was 23 when he invented the reaper and Newton 24 when he formulated the law of gravitation.

But — Emanuel Kant at 74 wrote his finest philosophical works. Verdi at 80 produced *Falstaff* and at 85 *Aida*. Maria Goethe at 80 completed *Faust*. Tennyson at 80 wrote *Crossing the Bar*. Michelangelo completed his greatest work at 87. Titian at 98 painted the historic picture *Battle of Lepanto*. Justice Holmes at 90 was still writing brilliant opinions, and George Bernard Shaw at 88 is still superbly Shavian.

— Louis Nizer in *Pagant*

# Ghost Ship

The weird story of a mystery plane

Condensed from the book  
"Damned to Glory"

*Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr*

Author of *God Is My Co Pilot*

OVER THE tiny airfield of Kienow, it in hour before dark, rain was falling. The eight P-40's on the runways showed their shark-noses through the haze.

Flight-leader Johnny Hampshire peered out from the operations cave, looking for a break in the weather. His squadron of the China Air Task Force had come from Kunming to this field in eastern China ready for quick action — and now they had lived through a week of stinking weather with nothing to do but gripe.

At that instant the alert came. Then telephones began to ring. "What the hell is this, Captain Chow?"

The Chinese officer stuck a red flag on the map. "Don't know. R-15 reports one unidentified plane, coming this way, flying very low."

Japs never came this far inland in this kind of weather. And a single ship! They didn't do that, either, because they had learned long ago that they'd never return.

Still, it might be a trick. So Johnny said, "Get the alert shack. Tell Costello to get on my wing and stay close. Keep the other six planes on the ground unless I call."

Two planes nosed down the run-

way, red mud splashing back into the slip stream, then wet, gray clouds seemed to engulf them.

In the radio cave they could hear Johnny asking for the position of the unknown plane. Now it was reported only 20 miles to the east.

Johnny explained later what happened. He was about ten miles from the field, he said, when he saw the plane 200 feet below. He maneuvered to attack. This was an unidentified aircraft, coming from enemy territory. Orders were to shoot it down.

Johnny and Costello both fired at once. The attack brought them so close that they could see the plane's marking. Costello screamed over the radio, "That's the American insignie — it's a P-40!" But they still suspected a trick. It was the *old* American insignie — blue background with white star and red center. The United States hadn't used it for nearly a year, because the red center looked too much like the Rising Sun.

Johnny said he and Costello must have put a hundred rounds into the ship before they realized there was no use firing. The P-40 had been literally shot to pieces before they ever saw it. The cockpit had been nearly shot away, the fuselage was a sieve. Then as he moved closer he saw that the deep wells into which the wheels fit when retracted were empty. Bullets



couldn't have done that *It had never had wheels*

Now Johnny and Costello, flying close beside the P-40, could make out the pilot behind the jagged glass of the windshield, his head slumped forward on his chest. They could see the long, dark hair and the bloody face. Costello said later he was sure the man had been dead for some time.

Seconds afterward they saw the ghost plane hit the ground and explode. They marked the spot in their minds.

Later, taking along the doctor, they navigated a truck around the rice paddies to the wrecked plane.

The P-40 had been really shot to hell. It was riddled with bullets which had come from below and above, from behind and in front, proving that enemy planes as well as ground fire had destroyed the ship. None of the men could understand how the pilot had lived to fly the plane as far as it must have come. There wasn't much left to identify him. But in his leather jacket were letters, parts of which were legible, and a notebook diary partially destroyed.

+ + + +

PEOPLE who knew him called him "Corn." Sherrill.\* They said it was because he liked corn likker so much back in South Carolina. He went to Manila in 1937 — first assigned to a pursuit squadron, later becoming officer in charge of constructing a chain of auxiliary airfields.

Corn could really fly. He could

\* The name is fictitious, as are place names wherever necessary for the sake of military security — *The author*

navigate to any point in the Islands, he could tell by the color of the water whether he had let down through the clouds to the Sulu Sea or the Sea of Visayan. He built airfields up and down the Islands, and he knew where they were. In time his fields were completed, and Corn became a Deputy Squadron Commander.

After the fateful December 8, 1941, Corn flew reconnaissance and strafing missions with the dwindling air forces, retreating step by embattled step to the little emergency fields that he himself had built in the jungles.

On May 5 he found himself part of an outfit at Miramag on Mindanao, isolated from the rest of the world. Britain had surrendered. So far as he knew, the entire American might in the Islands consisted of 11 mechanics who had escaped to the southern island by devious routes and one cracked up P-40.

They figured that their one plane, rebuilt with odds and ends from wrecks in the vicinity, would keep them in the war for a while. Except for a bent prop and a buckled fuselage, it was in pretty fair shape. For the next two weeks they scouted every wreck in the neighborhood. Finally, four miles from the base, they found a P-40 with a salvageable fuselage. Forty Moros helped them carry it, using ropes and poles, inch by inch, yard by yard, to Miramag — a ton or more of hull. Whenever an enemy plane appeared overhead, they hastily covered their load with palm leaves.

By August they had the good wing from the old ship attached to the fuselage. Then they rigged a tripod and swung the engine into place. One wing tank was leaking, so they



SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor, Pilot Robert Lee Scott's application for combat duty was rejected — he was too old, at 34 he was informed to fly a fighter plane. Assigned to transport service in the Far East he talked General Chennault into letting him have a P 40. In 1942 Colonel Scott, famous as the 'One Man Air Force' was given command of the American Army's first pursuit planes in China. Besides many medals and citations, he held the Army record for enemy planes downed.

His book *God Is My Co Pilot* was called by the New York *Times* the most fascinating personal story of the war. *Damned to Glory* is a collection of little known stories, brought together as a tribute to his courageous fellow fighter pilots and their long suffering planes. The title is taken from a line in a poem Mr. Scott wrote about the P 40's. Damned by words but flown to glory.

replaced it. They removed the radio and dynamotor, and mounted a 50 gallon tank in the baggage compartment. In the tanks of a smashed B-17 nearby they found gas. They straightened the prop by hammering it with a heavy mallet on the stump of a hardwood tree.

The problem of a retractable landing gear stumped them. One of the sergeants said jokingly, "If it would only snow, we could use skis," and everybody laughed. But suddenly Sherrill remembered that once he had taken off and landed a P 6 with skis on wet grass.

The more they thought of it, the more they wanted to try it.

They figured out how to attach the skis, made of bamboo, and also how to "retract" them — which was simply to drop the skis by jerking a control wire after the plane had taken off. Once that ship got off the ground there would be no return. And only one of them could go.

So they got out the maps to see where their plane could do the Japs the most damage. They decided on Formosa. It was 1000 miles to the great Jap naval station at Taihoku. On the China Coast, 250 miles far-

ther, was the airfield of Kienow. With careful nursing of his gas the pilot might be able to reach it.

By December 6 the 5000-foot grass runway had been cut with knives and everything was ready for the take off. The P-40 looked weird on skis. But she was complete, with four 300 pound bombs and six .50 caliber machine guns.

Sherrill said, "How about making it an anniversary party of the day those bastards struck us? I'll leave here on the morning of December 8."

At nine o'clock on December 8 the men hustled the fighter out of her cover to the top of the runway. Her nose pointed downhill to the place where the cut switch in the cogon grass ended at the edge of a cliff.

Corn shook hands with each of the men. As he climbed into the cockpit he saw tears in their eyes. He knew he was looking at them for the last time. Over the din of the engine he shouted that he would put the bombs where they'd hurt the Jap most.

The men saw the fighter bounce along the runway, teetering like a sandpiper on the unstable bamboo skids. But with every bounce she

gathered speed. Then with a higher whine and a bigger bounce the queer-looking ship was in the air and out over the cliff.

At 1000 feet, Corn leveled the plane and dropped the guy wires of the landing gear. He brought her back once over the field, so that the cheering men could see the success of their months of labor. Then he headed for Formosa.

CORN SHERRILL reached the Japanese island five hours after his take-off — the enemy affirmed that later. The Jap had boasted that no Occidental had looked upon Formosa for 40 years. Well, one was looking down this day — and the airfield he saw must have made Lieutenant Sherrill lick his lips — with its neat rows of parked fighters and bombers.

He strafed them row on row, and he cut the Jap flag from the headquarters building with his wingtip. He laid his first wingbomb right in the enemy offices. Enemy ships began to smoke, burn and explode.

Now the P 40 was rocking with

ack-ack bursts. All Corn could do was keep low, where the gunners could not spot him too long at a time. He continued strafing every plane he could force his sights on.

Then the Zeros caught him. Dropping his last bomb into a hangar, he fired into the attacking fighters in a desperate effort to blast his way out. And between them, in some unknown way, Corn Sherrill's heart and the P-40's sturdy body pulled away into the clouds on the correct course for China — without benefit of instruments. Straight as a die from Tientsin, to Foochow, to Kienow — the warning net of the Chinese showed that.

Out of the mist there came a plane, and then two others. A sharp clatter of machine guns, and a ship and a pilot already mortally wounded were hit again. Sherrill's bloody face turned to peer through the shattered canopy at the shark-nosed American fighter, flying so close to him in formation. This was the life, all right. Coming home! Mission complete. Corn Sherrill's work was done.



## Unconventional Ending

AT A DINNER concluding a long and boring convention in Chicago a parade of reluctant speakers had been pried from their chairs to "say a few words." As the 16th orator took his seat, a sigh of expectation filled the room. Deliverance was in sight. But no! The chairman was on his feet again. "I'm sure this meeting does not want to break up without hearing from our good friend Ken Roe."

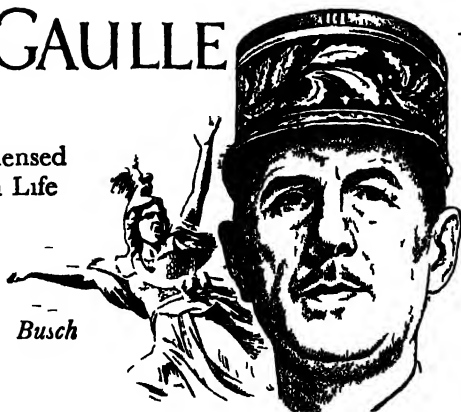
Mr. Roe stood up. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am reminded of the story of the two skeletons. For days they had been imprisoned in the mustiest closet imaginable. Finally, one skeleton said to the other, 'What are we doing here anyhow?' Whereupon, the other skeleton replied, 'I'll be darned if I know. But if we had any guts, we'd get the hell out of here.'"

— Matt Rolfe in *The Saturday Evening Post*

# DE GAULLE the Prophet

Condensed  
from Life

Noel F. Busch



A key to understanding the leader of France: the secret of his power and influence

the Prince in *Snow White*, de Gaulle has been reported as comparing himself with Clemenceau, Napoleon and Joan of Arc. In fact, of course, if he

GENERAL Charles de Gaulle, President of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, is, among other things, an occasional movie-goer. In Algiers last August, when he stopped off after his visit in the United States to get ready to move to Paris, de Gaulle's aide arranged for a showing of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, chiefly to please de Gaulle's youngest daughter, who is 16. All the de Gaulles enjoyed the film, but one incident pleased the General especially—the moment when Snow White, suffering from the effects of enchantment, is revived by a kiss from the Prince. At this point de Gaulle turned to one of his aides and made a characteristic comment: "Excellent," said the General. "I like people who can rise again."

Almost Plutarchian in its aptness, this story would be less plausible if told about someone who lacks de Gaulle's capacity for identifying himself with history or legend. In addition to perceiving his allegorical resemblance to the heroine or perhaps

indulges in such analogies, de Gaulle is doing himself a mild injustice since, unlike any of the above, he occupies a place which is entirely unique in the history of France.

History redounds with the names of homemade national heroes and also includes the names of many exiles who, ignored at home, have done well for themselves elsewhere. De Gaulle, however, left his native land as an ordinary citizen and returned as chief of state.

Before de Gaulle came back to France last June there was considerable doubt as to how enthusiastically he would be received. In the months that have elapsed since then his personal prestige has shown great durability. There is much civil tension in France, but no rival leader has appeared, and it is probable that if a plebiscite were held tomorrow de Gaulle would get an overwhelming majority of votes for head man. But no plebiscite will be held, since the General's policy is to postpone national elections as long as 2,600,000 voters are absent in Germany.

At cabinet meetings de Gaulle, a man who has few close friends, takes a rather distant attitude even to his closest political associates. He usually allows his ministers to talk themselves out and then proposes his own solution in short, carefully balanced sentences.

Any display of verbosity or hesitation irritates de Gaulle. One day last spring one of his aides was explaining that morale in France was slipping. De Gaulle listened thoughtfully and remarked, "We must end the war quickly." Another member of the group, eager to agree with his chief, nodded and added, "Yes, it is necessary that it shouldn't drag along." De Gaulle gave the speaker a disgusted look and said, "How right you are! If it is to end quickly it certainly shouldn't drag along."

His tolerance for indecision is especially short. When the Lice Lynch were fighting Vichy troops in Syria a captured Vichy colonel was brought to de Gaulle and began explaining his attitude. He had seen no news papers, he said, could scarcely rely on the radio, and therefore had found it impossible to tell what was happening. De Gaulle walked over to the colonel, leaned down and whispered bitterly, "Listen! I can tell you on reliable authority that the Germans are in Paris."

De Gaulle's sarcastic tongue and his readiness to deliver sharp moral judgments are only two of a good many things about him that make him puzzling to his contemporaries.

U.S. recognition of de Gaulle involved the question of whether to recognize him as soldier or politician. Basically he is neither. He is pri-

marily a prophet in the Old Testament sense of a grand-scale philosopher-in-action. As such, de Gaulle has been a practicing prophet almost since infancy.

His original attribute was his last name, which he acquired 54 years ago from his father, a professor in the Jesuit college in Paris. The *Gaulle* portion, which is popularly considered to mean France, is obviously a happy coincidence for a man who was to become a national symbol. *De* in most French names connotes membership in the aristocracy, but in the north of France *de* has no social implication whatever and the de Gaulle family belonged not to the aristocracy but to the intellectual branch of the white-collar class. In preaching redistribution of wealth he is behaving in line with his background and upbringing.

The elder de Gaulle was an austere but understanding parent. Adopting his father as a pattern, young Charles absorbed from him a sober and responsible air which, because it suited his abnormal size (six feet four), remained a settled part of his character and later aided him in the practice of serious prophecy. From his father he also absorbed an unquestioning, Puritan type of Catholicism which is perhaps the salient and certainly the most widely undervalued part of his general motivation. With that deep-rooted and disciplined faith he combines the cold logic of a French intellectual.

Serious, introverted and overgrown, young de Gaulle devoted more time to books than to play. His good marks in school helped him into the French West Point, St. Cyr, where his nick-

name was 'the long asparagus' Immediately after graduation the young prophet met the man who replaced his father as a model This was the colonel of his regiment, a solemn, self contained little officer named Henri Philippe Petain For nearly two years de Gaulle served at the front under Petain Then the association was interrupted when de Gaulle, already wounded twice, was wounded so severely as to enable the Germans to capture him

In prison camp de Gaulle concentrated on efforts to get out, but he also had ample periods for meditation These in part he devoted to committing vast sections of French classic authors to a memory so well stocked that he could write out for his fellow inmates whole books of Homer, Virgil and Ovid which he had read in school

Another important formative experience there was an acquaintance with a young Russian captain De Gaulle had a serious, methodical mind The Russian had a speculative, uninhibited one The two men struck sparks from each other Talking to the Russian about warfare, Europe in politics and their own futures, de Gaulle began to formulate his own notions more specifically When the war ended he and his fellow prisoner parted company and met only once again This was in Paris in 1936 when the young Russian captain, Tukhachevsky, had become a marshal of the Soviet Union Himself a prophet of sorts, Marshal Tukhachevsky was purged a year later for his failings as such

After the war de Gaulle expounded his ideas about the future

of warfare as a professor at St Cyr His lectures were published in 1932 as a book With the Maginot Line under construction, all French military theory was based on defense, and defense in turn was based on drawing the enemy into a "compartment of terrain" which had been selected as most suitable for his annihilation Given a chance to prove his contrary theories in the war college maneuvers, de Gaulle ignored the compartment selected by his adversary and won a resounding victory He was reprimanded by his immediate superiors but praised by Petain

In 1934 de Gaulle predicted the forthcoming war in a volume called *The Army of the Future* He accurately diagnosed the weakness of the Maginot system, pointed out that motorized transport had revolutionized warfare and argued that armies should be built around mobile corps of highly trained specialists Denied in France this book was hailed in Germany as a masterpiece This enabled de Gaulle to meet the prophetic test of being without honor in his own country Its chilly reception by the French General Staff also caused him to lose faith in his preceptor, Petain For the next half dozen years de Gaulle's diligent dissemination of his theories bored innumerable Paris dinner parties and innumerable government officials from cabinet rank down Practically no one paid any attention to his theories except an erratic young politician, Paul Reynaud

The maps which de Gaulle drew for Reynaud on restaurant table cloths were almost identical with those the German General Staff used

for its breakthrough in the spring of 1940. That year de Gaulle commanded the hastily assembled Fourth Armored Division, and in brilliant tank counterattacks at Laon and Abbeville won two of the few actions the French Army fought. A few days later Reynaud, by then Premier, made him Under Secretary of State for War.

De Gaulle the prophet was challenged by events which, to every other soul in France, seemed to mean complete catastrophe. Indeed, the total wreck of France was exactly what was needed to set a match to his fiery conviction that he had a mission to save her.

De Gaulle tried to get Reynaud to fight on, he then conferred with Churchill at Tours, and later from England issued a famous proclamation that "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war." In London he set himself up, with somewhat grudging British consent, as leader of the Free French.

De Gaulle made it clear that he thought of himself not as representing merely France's war effort but France as a whole, and behaved accordingly. This procedure naturally disconcerted first Churchill and then Roosevelt who, both brilliant politicians, had had few previous experiences with prophets. Roosevelt, after meeting de Gaulle at Casablanca, is said to have remarked that he could understand how a man might regard himself as Clemenceau or as Joan of Arc, but not how he could think of himself as both at the same time. Churchill is said to have remarked more recently that of all the crosses he has had to bear the Cross of Lorraine was heaviest.

Dreary as de Gaulle's squabbles with Giraud, Churchill, Roosevelt and everyone else seemed at the time, his method helped nationalize French resistance to the advantage both of the invasion and of liberated France. Furthermore, once they got used to de Gaulle's oracular behavior, both Churchill and Roosevelt came to like him.

In London the General's manner, always aloof and taciturn, was often noticeably nervous. Since getting home he has seemed calmer and more amiable. He is now in a position not unlike that of Moses when, all his convictions strengthened by the crossing of the Red Sea, nearing at last the dear hills and cities of his promised land, he brought forth his tablets.

In common with most prophets de Gaulle has a sense of personal destiny which appears to render him immune to the fear of death. The day after he arrived in Paris last August, he walked unguarded down the Champs Élysées between massed crowds and knelt calmly at Notre Dame despite a spatter of snipers' bullets from the organ loft.

De Gaulle conferred with resistance leaders on the problems of restarting the wheels of government and by the end of a fortnight had outlined a program. Most of the items in the de Gaulle New Deal — like votes for women, state control of heavy industry and trial of leading collaborationists — had been agreed upon by clandestine communications with interior resistance leaders before the liberation. The collaborationist trials will help gratify the insatiable French appetite for prolonged and noisy legal proceedings. For the rest, the

de Gaulle program has been held in abeyance by the continuation of the war and the exigencies of Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force. As long as most of the available transport in France is used in hauling supplies to the front, the Provisional Government cannot do much about its immediate civilian problem of reviving industry, repairing war damage or even resettling evacuees. The divisions in France certainly compose a design for social disorder, if not civil war. That, except for a few sporadic Maquis rebellions in the south of France, nothing of the sort has yet developed is due in part to de Gaulle's presence and in part to this good handling of the problem.

When it became clear that the war might last through the winter and that his program of socialization and reconstruction would have to await its end, the General started on tours throughout the country. These help him maintain contact with regional authorities and enable him to deliver to assemblies of rural citizens brief homilies on good behavior, for which he gets tremendous ovations.

In small gatherings de Gaulle, who has a rigid bearing, severe expression and a monotonous deep voice, is an unimpressive speaker. But, equipped with a market place full of people and a good amplifying system, he gives a much better account of himself. A new timbre of conviction and authority resounds in his voice. He has only one gesture, a rigid pumping

of one or both arms from the elbow, but this lack of oratorical finesse goes with his restrained, classic vocabulary and ramrod carriage.

The future of Europe depends to a considerable extent on whether France will be able to resurrect or even surpass its former grandeur. What France can do in this direction depends at least temporarily on de Gaulle. Nothing in his present behavior suggests that he is either unconscious of or abashed by this opportunity.

In governing France under present conditions, de Gaulle has certain advantages. One is that the country, despite its immediate spiritual and practical liabilities, is relatively sound on a long term basis. The French economy is based on farming. French farmers have been going about their business so long, under so many regimes, that they can be counted on to continue doing so. Another advantage is that France's complex system of local government remained intact through the German occupation and still functions.

On the other hand, while sound for the long term, France is in a mess for the short term — with several million people bombed or shelled out of their homes, no transportation, very few communications in working order, industry at a standstill and a major war going on. If de Gaulle can solve these immediate problems, he will deserve not merely recognition from the United States but the thanks of a troubled planet.





The Smatra phenomenon for anything comparable in mass hysteria you need to go back to the medieval dance madness and the Children's Crusade

Condensed from  
The New Republic

+  
Bruce Bliven



# The VOICE and the Kids

AT NINE o'clock in the morning, New York's Paramount Theater is full and already the line outside, waiting to buy tickets, goes around the corner. But this is nothing, you should have been here last Thursday, which was a holiday. There were 10,000 trying to get in, and 150 extra policemen totally failed to keep order. Shop windows were smashed, people were hurt and carried off in ambulances.

Because the average fan stayed for two or three performances, the trouble outside went on all day. Out of 1,500 who were in their seats for the first show, only 250 came out when the second show started. Some people were in line before midnight of the previous day. One man said he had tried to buy an early place in line for his daughter for \$8, but had been refused. A woman in line with her daughter long before the doors opened said the girl threatened to kill herself if kept home.

This as you have guessed, is the magic spell of The Voice, a phenomenon of mass hysteria that is seen only two or three times in a century. You need to go back not merely to Lindbergh and Valentino to understand it, but to the dance madness

that overtook some German villages in the Middle Ages, or to the Children's Crusade.

The Voice needs a hollow square of policemen to protect him anywhere he goes, his telephone calls swamp any switchboard, his mail runs into the thousands per day. So does his income: he averages more than \$20,000 a week the year around. His admirers send him all sorts of presents, and when he advises them to put their money into war bonds, they try to give the war bonds to him, or one of his children.

One girl wore a bandage for three weeks on her arm at the spot where 'Frankie touched me'. Another went to 56 consecutive performances in a theater where he was playing. Merely to see him cross the sidewalk from an automobile to a broadcasting station, young idolaters lined up five hours in advance. Two girls picked up by police in Pittsburgh had spent their whole savings and run away from their home in Brooklyn because The Voice was appearing in the Pennsylvania city. The Voice's home is invaded by young girls who make a pretext of asking for a drink of water, or to use the bathroom. Trained nurses have to be on the premises in

any theater where he appears, to soothe the hysterical (Some who faint have gone ten or 12 hours without food to see successive performances) It is something to think about

At 9 10 11 p.m., in the theater, the over ornate red and gold decorations are almost submerged under a sea of youthful femininity. Almost all those present belong to the hobble-socks brigade, age perhaps 12 to 16. Hundreds of them are wearing the polka-dotted blue bow tie popularized by their idol. Although his appearance is still in hour away, they are in a mood to squeal and squeal they do. The movie which grinds its way across the screen is a routine affair, but the hobble-sockers take it big, with wild bursts of applause in unexpected places.

The electric contagion of excitement steadily mounts as the film ends and the stage show begins. Then, at a familiar bar of music recognized by the devout, the crowd goes completely crazy. It is the entrance cue for The Voice. The shrieks rise to a crashing crescendo such as one hears but rarely in a lifetime. Through the porticoes at the side of the stage comes a pleasant-appearing young man in an expensive brown tweed coat and brown doeskin trousers. With gawky long steps he moves awkwardly to the center of the stage, while the shrieking continues. The hobble-sockers are on their feet now, applauding frantically. A few of them slump into their seats, either fainting or convincing themselves that they are doing so. Some of them rush down the aisle to get as close as possible to their hero.

Standing at the microphone, he

looks, under the spotlight, like a young Walter Huston. He has a head of tousled black curls and holds it awkwardly to one side as he gestures clumsily and bashfully with his long arms, trying to keep the crowd quiet enough for him to sing *Embraceable You*. Contrary to expectation, he appears in excellent health, with a face that seems tanned, not made up. A girl sitting by me says, "I look he has broad shoulders," and her boyfriend replies scornfully, "Aw, nuts! Pads!" Obviously he is right.

Now, having with difficulty created a partial state of order. The Voice performs. Diffidently, almost bashfully, yet with sure showmanship and magnificent timing, he sings five or six songs, with intervals of patter between them. His voice seems a pleasant, untuned light baritone — a weak one, were it not boosted in power by the microphone. When he sings sadly "I'll walk alone," the child sitting next to me shouts in seemingly genuine anguish, "I'll walk wid ya, Frankie," and so in various words, do several hundred others. When the song says that nobody loves him, a faithful protagonist on my right groans, "Are you kiddin', Frankie?" Then the whole audience falls into an antiphony with him, Frankie shouting "No!" and the audience "Yes!" five or six times.

Presently he is singing *Everything Happens to Me* — a song which seems to be a running diary of his recent life. He breaks all rules for romantic heroes by talking about his wife and two children and mentions the fact that another child is on the way. Far from being repelled by this evidence of domestic bliss, his audience seems

enraptured. They shriek, even during his songs, until he is forced to take steps "Shut up!" he cries, with mock ferocity. The kids see through him, they understand perfectly that he doesn't mean it.

Another song, and he has vanished, amid a hailstorm of those astonishing high-pitched shrieks. Instantly the orchestra swings into *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and twin spotlights center on American flags whipping in the breeze created by electric fans—obviously the only way to avoid a riot.

What is the cause of it all? It is reasonable to suppose that it began as a publicity stunt, with the first swooners and screamers hired by a press agent. But today it is a genuine mass phenomenon. Thousands of girls profess to be spellbound just from hearing *The Voice* over the radio, never having seen him in the flesh.

Doubtless the phenomenon has several sources. Partly, it has become a fad now, with girls of a certain age to join in the hysterics. You go expecting to be overpowered, and if you weren't, you'd feel you hadn't hid your money's worth. Just plain sex may have a great deal to do with it. But it runs deeper than that. Although I am told that devotion to *The Voice* is found in all classes of society, nearly all of the hobby

socksers I saw gave every appearance of being children of the poor. Oddly enough, there is a solidity and sureness about this young singer that is out of all proportion to his physical frailness. I would guess that he represents to these children a dream of what they themselves might conceivably do or become. He earns a million a year, and yet he talks their language, he is just a kid from Hoboken who got the breaks. He aligns himself with the youngsters and against the adult world. It is always "we" and never "you."

But my strongest impression was not that Frankie means so much to the bobby-socksers as that everything else means so little. Our civilization has produced an impressive multiplicity of material things, and yet, if I read the bobby-socksers aright, we have left them with a hunger still unfulfilled—a hunger for heroes, for ideal things that do not appear, or at least not in adequate quantities in a civilization that is so busy making and selling gadgets as ours. Whatever else you may say of the adoration of *The Voice*, it is a strictly noncommercial enterprise, a selfless idolatry which pays its 75 cents at the box office and asks in return only the privilege of being allowed to ruin its vocal cords. Perhaps Frankie is more important as a symbol than most of us are aware.



**D**URING his campaign for governor of New Jersey in 1940, Charles Edison, son of the inventor, introduced himself by explaining "People will inevitably associate me with my father, but I would not have anyone believe that I am trading on the name Edison. I would rather have you know me merely as the result of one of my father's earlier experiments."

— Contributed by Carl John Bostelmann

# Let's Stop "Plowing Under" in Our Factories

Condensed from *Fortune*

*Edward T. Cheyfitz*

A progressive labor leader speaks out  
on the one way to raise America's —  
and the world's — living standard

THE Glass Bottle Blowers for many years had an unwritten law that after a member had finished a bottle of beer it was his duty to break it in order to provide employment for bottle blowers. Later they asked all labor to avoid beer in cans and drink only beer in bottles, without regard for the brother unionists who made cans.

Some locals of the United Automobile Workers asked all labor to buy only motorcars with running boards. They made running boards, and they hoped to stay the progress of streamlined design.

Such attitudes were characteristic of some of the prewar thinking of American labor. Now the war has made everybody think of the quickest way to produce the most. But what about postwar? Will American

labor return to demanding bottles and running boards without regard to economy, efficiency and progress?

The answer may decide the success or failure of the ideas of our numerous postwar planning committees. Plans alone, government alone, cannot solve the problem of full employment and a better life.

The test of progress is whether or not management and labor can find a common ground. They can find that ground, I contend, in jointly pursuing the high road of production. Labor should take a positive stand for "No Shackles on Production."

Labor in the past has accused monopolistic capital and farm groups and sometimes even government itself of following an "economy of scarcity." But labor itself has also been guilty "Pegging production" — requiring two men to do the work of one — is equivalent to "plowing under." The holding back of labor suggestions for improved production is the same thing as monopolistic capitalist holding back of new inventions and methods.

For this attitude, often both sides can be blamed. I know of numerous prewar cases, where workers deliberately held down production because

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of management's policies In a large Detroit plant a workman was set the task of stamping out 100 pieces of sheet metal an hour, 800 a day He discovered it was possible to stamp two sheets of steel with one stroke of the press, without injuring the press or the die He proceeded to do it Soon, by working slowly, he managed to keep at work six hours a day The other two hours he spent wandering around the plant

His foreman grew suspicious but before he could fathom the explanation the union steward then suggested to the worker that he stop feeding two sheets into the press and go back to the old one-sheet method Why? Because the steward was afraid the foreman might discover the new method and institute it on all the presses resulting in more work for the same pay

In many factories workmen have every reason for thus holding back on output Yet, if something is wrong in dumping coffee into the sea and slaughtering little pigs, so something is wrong in restricting industrial production To right the situation will require leadership by both management and labor I should like to see labor take the initiative

Union members must be educated to accept the principle that it is good unionism as well as good Americanism to practice high productivity While we insist on a more equitable distribution of income, we cannot withhold an endorsement of high productivity until that end is achieved Labor cannot increase its own share of goods by producing less

But what about management?

First Management itself must be-

lieve in "America, Unlimited" and in an economy of abundance It must also realize that American enterprise can expand only as America's buying power expands

Industry can use its advances in efficiency three ways: increased profits, increased wages, *decreased prices*

No one who has studied America's development can doubt that profits may benefit society To do so, however, they must be reinvested in new plants, new machines, putting new men to work

Admitting the role of profits, labor would like to see management's advances in efficiency also go into higher wages or lower prices Both, in the long run, come to the same thing If motor car prices go down, then the worker can more quickly buy a car If wages go up in line with efficiency, then more cars can be sold Too often this basic American philosophy has been violated by monopoly action and price rigging In the years ahead we want to see the philosophy of *high volume and high wage and low price* really work If it does, there is no conflict among profits, prices and wages All can contribute to a better standard of living

Second Management should accept certain "public techniques" for maintaining the national income—such devices as the use of the federal budget to ward off the worst features of boom (as in 1929) and of bust (as in 1933) It should also endorse a broader social-security program to protect workers who are shifting jobs or who are laid up through no fault of their own The American worker will not be interested in increased efficiency if it

means working himself out of a job. Third Management must *further*, not *fight*, union cooperation in efficiency advances. If labor is to practice high productivity, it must have some measure of responsibility within the plant. Industrial engineering firms devoted to the increasing of production are today known as 'management consultants.' They ought to become "production consultants," used by both management and labor.

Finally, labor should welcome "incentives." "Incentive" plans today are not accepted by the large majority of workers, because they have been very much abused by management.

In a plant in Cleveland, Ohio, a new job was introduced for a gun part with a rate of \$1.05 a hundred parts. In a month another part, with only small differences, was introduced at a lower rate. Then several other similar parts were introduced at a still lower rate. In a few months the rate was down to 70 cents a hundred parts. The rate was gradually being cut because labor was extending itself.

No incentive plan can work in such circumstances. The worker will not let himself be made into a horse who has a bag of oats in front of him and who keeps moving faster but never reaches the oats. Management, if it wants labor's all-out efficiency, must agree to union collaboration in fact finding, so that time-study and incentive payments can be put on an honest and scientific basis.

The Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit employs some 39,000 people. It was besieged each day with hundreds of grievances — workers claiming that too much work was

being assigned to them, foremen claiming that workers were loafing and were spreading six hours work over eight. President Christopher of the company and President Matthews of the union local decided that something should be done.

They called in a firm of industrial engineers. A class was established, with 13 people from management and 13 from the union, to study the basic elements of time study, so that they could then go out into the plant and, after a scientific determination of the facts by both sides, eliminate the charges of speeding-up on the one hand and of loafing on the other. Good results are already evident. Mr. Matthews says this kind of joint activity is the only way to sound management-labor relations, *with resulting production efficiency.*

To get such a result takes courage on both sides — and humor. A joint time study program was instituted in a Detroit plant. The union, being skeptical, chose its fightingest steward to be a time study representative. The training was completed, a worker in the plant had a time-study complaint, he naturally sent for the tough steward. The steward, now a time-study representative, spent the better part of a day observing the worker's pace and motions. Then the worker turned eagerly to him and said:

"The company is cheating me. Right?"

"No," said the steward. "You've been given a fair time study and a fair rate on this job."

The worker looked at the steward and bitterly exclaimed: "You were better when you were ignorant!"

Such things happen in the early

days of joint time study programs In the long run both workers and their representatives will argue their cause only when they decide it is just, *and they can decide when it is just only if they have the facts* Labor participation in production controls gives labor access to the facts

This is particularly necessary when basic wage rates are being set for each job One worker considers himself worth as much as the man next to him, inequalities in pay are headaches to both company and union unless reasons for differentials are based on well understood facts At the Doehler Die Casting Company management and union tackled this problem jointly In each of the company's plants two company representatives and two union representatives worked with a neutral engineer Every job was "evaluated" A common yardstick was established to measure the relation of one job to another For the first time in the company's history it got a scientific wage structure The result has been high morale and an outstanding war production record

Labor's acceptance of high productivity will bring out numerous suggestions from workers Nobody knows a job better than the man working on it Management should encourage suggestions, not in the old suggestion box way, but in a new way through joint management labor administration The worker must feel that his ideas are protected and recognized A worker in a plant in Pennsylvania had the job of filing four

projections from a flange It took four strokes He got the idea of welding two files together and of thus completing the job in two strokes The foreman said "Impractical" A few weeks later the company introduced the double file and said it was due to a foreman's brainstorm This is a common experience in industry

Thus far I have argued that the philosophy of abundance, governmental measures for smoothing the flow of the national income, and union-management cooperation for efficiency lead together toward high productivity and full employment However, the case cannot be stated only in terms of our own domestic economy The economic health of other countries affects ours For *complete* full employment we need an increasing volume of world trade World trade is no one-way street We must buy from the world and sell to the world How much we sell depends on how efficiently we produce

Our market abroad can be unlimited if we follow the policy of selling "more for less" more value for less money But if we go in for low productivity and high prices, the great two-way market between America and the world will dry up and die — and with it the best hope for international cooperation

Now is the time for courageous labor leaders to revise their attitudes both nationally and internationally

And now is the time for courageous leaders of management themselves to adopt new attitudes if labor is to follow the path of progress



# How to Pick a Mate

Three out of four couples contemplating matrimony are advised by this marriage clinic to go slow

Condensed from The American Magazine

Clifford R. Adams, Ph D

Director, Marriage Counseling Service Pennsylvania State College

TODAY the chances that our young people will find happiness through marriage are slim, indeed. The rise of our divorce rate is frightening. One marriage in five or six is ended on the rocks in 1940. By 1946 it is expected to be one in four. And if long range trends continue, the rate will be one in two in 50 years.

There are deeper reasons than the war for the rising trend of divorce. Civilization, in becoming more complex, puts a greater strain on marriage.

Pennsylvania State College has tackled this problem at its roots by founding a marriage counseling service which the students call "The Compatibility Clinic." It is available to students, faculty and townsfolk alike. Some of our cases are married couples who are about ready to call it quits. We test them, talk to them, tell them the problems they are up against, and unless they are hopelessly incompatible, try to find a solution. About 80 percent of these cases are patched up successfully.

Our main concern, however, is to work with young people *before* they marry and *before* the damage is done. We encourage both boys and girls to start thinking toward the day they will marry. And when they get down

to specific cases we take the fellow and girl probe their backgrounds, plot their personalities side by side on charts and give them an over-all picture of their prospects for a happy marriage.

About one fourth of such couples get our unqualified green light. A middle 40 percent are advised to proceed with caution because of certain important differences or shortcomings which we help them to correct. The remainder are flatly warned to "go very slowly." We urge couples in the last two groups to hold off at least six months. During that time the obviously incompatible unions collapse from the weight of difficulties.

Many hundreds of the couples we tested are married now and we have the satisfaction of knowing that every prediction we made about them has proved to be substantially correct. Of the couples we encouraged not one is divorced or separated.

A great many of the young people who come to our clinic are either agitated or misty-eyed. They tell me that it was love at first sight. That always makes me wary because "love at first sight" is either sheer sexual attraction or a matching of one's phantasy ideal. For example, a boy has in his mind a Dream Girl with blond



hair, blue eyes, dimples, a turned-up nose, and a 24-inch waist. He falls in love with the first girl he meets who coincides with this description. It's a poor way to pick a life mate.

At the clinic our greatest attention is devoted to finding whether the personalities of a couple harmonize. We test both of them for 11 different traits. The traits are scored between 11 sets of poles:

*ocialable — aloof easily swayed — stubborn*  
*irritable — settled timid — bold*  
*passionate — cold idealistic — expedient*  
*changeable — rigid worrisome — carefree*  
*conventional — unconventional*  
*undependable — dependable*  
*well adjusted — badly adjusted*

Congruent couples score fairly close on most of these and for the most part stay in the broad middle zone between these poles.

A person's scoring on these traits adds up to an accurate picture of his *emotional maturity*. Marriage experts agree that this is the most important factor in any successful marriage. People possessing it are free of complexes, neuroses and phobias. In the same breath I will say that marriage happiness depends almost 50 percent on sexual harmony of the married couple. Sexual harmony is attainable only if the couple are sexually mature. And such maturity is present only with emotionally mature people.

Moralists have long contended that a vital requirement of any marriage is that neither partner have a record of physical intimacy beforehand. Frankly, I don't know. Of the engaged couples contemplating early marriage I would estimate that 75 percent have had intimate relations with each other. Such relations do

not seem to be an important factor in determining whether their eventual marriage will be happy or not.

Promiscuity, however, is another matter. I took at random 25 charts of girls who — according to our tests — were generally unstable emotionally. Later, 21 of the 25 confided to us that they had been intimate with three or more boys during the preceding year. I would hesitate to recommend any one of them for marriage, not only because of their low moral standards but because they lack emotional maturity.

There is a lot more, of course, to marriage happiness than matching up 11 personality traits. Here are some other things we take into consideration. First, the family background of the boy and girl. It is profoundly important to know whether the bride and groom had a happy childhood, whether they got along well with their parents, and whether the parents were well matched. *Happiness in marriage runs in families*. If you were reared in a happy home free of discord and conflict, you are much more likely to be emotionally mature than if brought up amid bickering and tension.

Parents who were frank in talking to their children about the magic and mystery of sex contributed greatly to the emotional maturity and, therefore, to the eventual marital happiness of their children.

Another thing we are anxious to know is how the boy hopes to support his future wife. Occupations that are under the scrutiny of the community and involve regular hours and little out-of-town traveling are the safest marriage risks. These include doc-

tors, bankers, teachers, ministers The traveling salesman is rightly considered to be one of the worst bets in marriage

Third, we like to know whether their religions are the same If the couple are of widely different religions they may be liable to constant friction unless they reach a tolerant understanding beforehand as to how their children will be reared

Differences of age are not as important as many people imagine, so long as both man and woman are over 20, under 40, and not more than ten years apart

Three other things that we consider important to marriage success are a courtship of at least a year, a

sense of humor, which helps couples over many rough spots, and a desire on the part of both parties for children (Ninety-two percent of the couples at Penn State say they want children)

Now we come to some specific kinds of would-be spouses that should be treated with extreme caution First are the neurotics One type is the habitual heavy drinker The girl who marries such a man on the assumption that she can reform him is due for a bitter awakening Marriage rarely cures dipsomania or any other mania

Any person who is a victim of a chronic disease is not normally a good risk

## Are You Really in Love?

DR ADAMS uses this test to indicate quickly whether a person is actually in love or just infatuated by good looks and sex appeal

- 1 Do you have a great number of things that you like to do together?
- 2 Do you have a feeling of pride when you compare your friend with anyone else you know?
- 3 Do you suffer from a feeling of unrest when away from him or her?
- 4 Even when you quarrel do you still enjoy being together?
- 5 Have you a strong desire to please him, or her and are you quite glad to give way on your own preferences?
- 6 Do you actually want to marry this person?
- 7 Does he or she, have the qualities you would like to have in your children?
- 8 Do your friends and associates admire this person and think it would be a good match for you?
- 9 Do your parents think you are in love? (They're very discerning about such things.)
- 10 Have you started planning, at least in your own mind, what kind of wedding children and home you will have?

If you can truthfully answer *Yes* to at least 7 of the above, then Dr Adams's diagnosis would be that you are in love

Impotency and sterility have long been causes for heartaches among newlyweds. Now, however, such encouraging progress is being made by science that cures seem to be possible.

Another type we are wary of is the divorcee. All evidence indicates that divorced persons in subsequent marriage have less chance for happiness than a person who has never married.

Finally, the jealous or suspicious person is a frequent marriage wrecker. In 40 percent of broken engagements or marriages jealousy has been a big factor.

In making these warnings about poor mates I've left out one tremendously important qualification. No matter how bad the odds seem happiness can be achieved by most of these couples if they face their dangers with open eyes and thresh out their mutual fears, problems, frustrations, and strive to achieve a sensible solu-

tion. We call this by the high sounding term of "mutual psychotherapy." It can do wonders in even the most despairing situations.

With the ending of the war we face the prospect of a vast number of "gingerplank" weddings. You can't blame a couple who have been separated by the war to want to marry at the first possible moment. However, if they're wise they will take warning from the flood of divorces being sought at the same time. A waiting period of four to six months would give them a chance to note changes in each other, to make sure they are still in love, to give the man a chance to adjust himself economically to civilian life, and to give them time to make plans for their future.

If they convince themselves that a life partnership would still be a good idea then you can bet that they will be married for keeps.

## The Soldiers and the Kitty

ONE Sunday afternoon while waiting for a friend in front of a Toledo theater, next to a USO center, I heard two soldiers plotting. Dropping a nickel on the sidewalk, one said, "When someone stops to pick up the nickel, we'll call out 'Naughty, naughty,' and watch him squirm."

Finally a pedestrian noticed the coin, then looked at the two soldiers standing there feigning indifference. He smiled, and dropping a quarter beside the nickel, walked on. The soldiers were dumbfounded, and before they could do anything the stampede was on. A woman who had seen the man drop his coin also dropped a coin. Others walking by did the same, and the heap of coins grew quickly in front of the popeyed soldiers. My friend arrived and we entered the theater.

Emerging some three hours later, we encountered a crowd around the heap of money upon which people were depositing bills as well as coins. After five hours the demonstration had to be stopped because the crowd was obstructing traffic. The soldiers then gathered up the money and counted it. The surprising total was \$712, which they donated to the Red Cross.

— Contribution by Mrs. Victor Jaworski

# Confusion Is Their Business



The story of Paddy Malone, an incredible who crept behind the German lines here told for the first time

Condensed from Tricolor + *Frederic Sondern, jr*

**W**EEKS before D Day in Normandy the crew of an American bomber dragged themselves out of the wreckage of their crash-landed plane and held a despondent council in a ditch nearby. They knew they were somewhere in central France, in the heart of German-held territory. Suddenly the pilot pointed "Am I seeing things," he yelled, "or is that really an Englishman?"

A jeep bristling with machine guns and driven by an officer in British battledress was bearing down on them.

"Hello, chaps," said the apparition as the jeep came to a halt. "If you've any wounded, we'd best get them to hospital. It isn't far."

The fliers goggled with open mouths. "Oh, everything's all right," the Englishman assured them. "We're the Special Air Service — behind the German lines, you know. Glad to have you."

That was their introduction to Britain's phantom army and its most irregular regulars. From El Alamein through North Africa, Sicily, Italy and France to the German border, these men have written one of military history's most fantastic chapters. In Africa their parachutists and jeep borne commandos struck Nazi

airfields 500 miles behind Rommel's front line, destroying more German planes on the ground than the RAF did in the air. They kept Axis supply lines in an almost continuous state of disorganization. In the battle of France they did the same thing again, on a much larger scale.

The designers of the invasion knew that its success depended in great measure on preventing the Germans from getting heavy reinforcements to the beachheads before our armies were securely planted there. The Tactical Air Force was to do a major part of the job by bombing key transportation points. But even under the best circumstances they could not be expected to hit as many targets as the Allied tacticians wanted. knocked out simultaneously. The various French underground units were very efficient, but they lacked the unification necessary to guarantee execution of the intricate schedule of destruction and panic which must synchronize precisely with the Allied landing and advance. The hardened, experienced super-commandos of the Special Air Service — each man a veteran, expert in close combat, scouting and demolition work — were the only outfit for the job. They were brought up from Italy to tackle their toughest assignment.

The first SAS parachutists began landing on French soil at night in groups of two or three long before D Day. With the help of Frenchmen these "reception committees" reconnoitered their areas to find fields where men and supplies could land, and woods and houses where they could be hidden. When ready they reported to SAS headquarters over small portable radio transmitters, and the main forces of the secret invasion began arriving.

In a few cases the SAS landing parties chanced on German patrols and had to fight for their lives. In general, however, they got down safely with their equipment, also dropped by chute, which included jeeps, folding motorcycles, machine guns and other types of light ordnance.

Each party moved frequently, to avoid betrayal by the sympathetic but incautious population. The men rarely used tents but slept in bags on the ground around well-dispersed jeeps, encircled by outposts on guard. Everyone had a Tommy gun within reach day and night.

According to plan, D Day found the main SAS forces astride the German communications lines from the Cherbourg peninsula to the east and south. Each party—ranging in size from five or six to 20 or 30—had been exhaustively briefed on railroad, power and telephone key points and the other installations it was to destroy.

One operations report, typical of hundreds which flowed into SAS headquarters and were transmitted to SHAEF, told the Allied generals what German resistance they might expect. "Made reconnaissance on

— line between kilometers 90 and 92. At 22 hours neutralized guard rails at kilometers 90 and placed bombs on both tracks. At 2212 hours westbound troop train derailed by explosion. Cut telephone and signal wires. At 2225 hours eastbound train derailed. Withdrew."

Besides demolitions, SAS did other jobs. One was guiding the Tactical Air Force. After TAF bombers hit at a railroad bottleneck one day, an underground scout working for SAS went to assess the damage. "How long will it take you to fix that?" he asked a workman. The burly Frenchman looked long and carefully at the questioner. "Not very long," he replied finally. "But half a mile farther up, where the signal box and switches are, the bombs could have made a real mess." Shortly thereafter the TAF dropped a stick of bombs in the right place.

The German Paris command, in a desperate attempt to stamp out the invisible army, unleashed the Gestapo and the so-called French Militia—auxiliary police recruited from felons and dregs of the population—on a furious reign of terror. Throughout Normandy people remotely suspected of helping were rounded up by hundreds, tortured for information and shot. But despite all misadventures, the SAS and their helpers continued striking.

One of the exploits of Sergeant Chalky is considered only mildly unusual among the regiment's veterans. In the Meuvon district of central France a unit of German soldiers had just been drawn up at attention in the village square when around a blind corner tore a jeep continuing

two British soldiers. It slithered to a halt and before the Germans knew what happened, one of the men was running straight at them with a Bren gun blazing. The Germans broke for cover, but not before Sergeant Chalky had littered the street with gray-clad bodies. Then he and the jeep disappeared around the corner. He had been instructed to join a larger party in an attack on these Germans, but when the others failed to show up, he had decided to do it himself.

On another occasion a group of 50 encamped in a wood was informed by a Maquis agent that the Gestapo had learned of their hiding place. That night 200 German SS troops were to close in from one side and 300 French Militia from the other. 'The Englishmen should withdraw at once,' the Maquis said. 'Not at all!' replied the commanding officer.

The SS and Militia now attacked at dusk and walked into a withering hail of bullets. The undergrowth and ditches were alive with machine gunner fire. For hours the stalking and shooting went on, until a German officer discovered that the battle was being waged exclusively by the SS and Militia. The SAS had long since withdrawn and were busily raising hell among nearby supply dumps that had been stripped of their guards. German prisoners and captured documents have since revealed the extent of the confusion caused by this campaign of disruption.

Four years of trial by fire have gone into SAS operations. At the beginning of 1941 the British position in Africa was so desperate that the Middle East command was willing to listen to the crazy scheme

of two young Brigade Guard lieutenants, David Stirling and Jock Lewis, who were obsessed with the idea that small groups of picked men, carefully trained, could live and wreak havoc far behind the enemy's lines. They talked their way through all opposition to the commanding general. "Stirling's rest camp" was set up in a remote Egyptian waste land. Volunteers were gathered from the best Middle East units, and they were taught everything from parachuting to fieldcraft and Arabic.

Stirling's results were quick and sensational. A German airfield 500 miles behind Rommel's front line was bowled over one night by a squadron of wild men in jeeps who blew up its planes and leveled its installations in a hail of mortar and crashed into the desert whence they came. Remote secret German supply dumps in the desert were located and destroyed. Axis operations along the coastal road were constantly interrupted and convoys waylaid and annihilated. The Luftwaffe lost 300 planes in a few months by SAS forays, and was weakened just when Rommel needed it most for the push into Egypt.

Stirling was finally betrayed by an Arab guide in Tunisia and captured by the Germans. Since Jock Lewis had been killed in one of the early operations, the SAS command went to another natural leader — Paddy Mayne — who is still its colonel.

This big, craggy-faced Irishman — a former amateur Rugby and boxing star — with a gentle brogue and shy smile is much more than a commanding officer. He is a legend. A favorite story of the SAS involves the dash-

board of a Messerschmitt 109 which came from the 40th plane the Colonel himself destroyed in a single night's raid on a German airfield. He had planted his last bomb on the 39th. When he got to the 40th — by that time the Germans were really shooting — he climbed into the Messerschmitt, and with the titanic strength he displays in such berserk moods, tore the dashboard out with his bare hands and waved it triumphantly over his head as he retired in a jeep.

During the Normandy campaign, Colonel Mayne operated behind the German lines around Le Mans, a key communications point. When Cher-

bourg fell, SAS men moved northward and eastward to help prepare the way for the drives of Montgomery and Patton. On the Paris-Amiens line alone — the vitally important main line from Paris to the coast — they wrecked almost 50 trains, blew a dozen bridges and totally disrupted communications.

Montgomery, who had thanked them officially in North Africa, thanked them again after the Battle of France even more enthusiastically. And they may in the future be thanked yet again. For Paddy Mayne's in-credibles are still going strong. Where and how is a story yet to be told.



## The Gracious Touch



» AT A Town Hall meeting in a midwestern city, a woman saw Alexander Woollcott standing alone in the lobby. Impulsively she went up to tell him of the pleasure his lecture had given her. "And," said this lady, who has grown grandchildren and freely admits having passed 70, "I was encouraged to speak to you because you said you loved old ladies."

"Yes," replied Woollcott, "I do. But I also like them young age."

— Contributed by Fannie Campbell

WHILE courting Mrs. Galt, President Wilson sent her an orchid with this note: "You are the only woman I know who can wear an orchid. Essentially it's the orchid that wears the woman." — *Wilson* (19th Century Text)

» WILL ROGERS was once invited to speak at a testimonial dinner for Eddie Cantor. For two months before the occasion, Rogers busied himself at Columbia University. No one knew what he was doing. When he arose to speak on the night of the dinner, everyone expected him to draw cowboy stories. Instead Rogers talked for exactly 25 minutes — in Yiddish. It was, Eddie Cantor says, the nicest thing anyone ever did for him.

— Irudench (Mid.) *Daily News*

» WE celebrated my husband's mother's 80th birthday at our traditional "Lobster Festival" on Cape Cod. There was a call for speeches, and my husband, the eldest son, was the opening speaker. He bowed to his mother and began, "To a Lady of Eighty Springs — when his sister jumped up beside him and amended his statement, 'You mean,' she told him, 'a Lady of Eighty Inner Springs!'"

— Frances Lester Warner in *The Atlantic Monthly*

# Diseases from Air-Borne Germs

## Condensed from Hygiene CHECKED AT LAST

*Lois Mattox Muller*

ARMY and Navy doctors have won a smashing victory over the respiratory diseases, which are caused by air-borne germs: severe colds, tonsillitis, measles, scarlet fever, meningitis, pneumonia and — most important — rheumatic fever. In barracks and on ships, men live in such close association that these diseases usually spread like wildfire. All were common in the armed forces in 1942 and 1943.

They are now reduced to a bare minimum. The results achieved are sensational, even when presented in the sober language of papers read before recent meetings of scientific societies. There has not been time or opportunity to work out the application of the new technique to the civilian population, but obviously the implications to public health are tremendous.

During 1942, in a single Navy camp of 43,000 men, there were 4973 cases of scarlet fever, 1375 cases of rheumatic fever, 1283 cases of pneumonia, and 50,000 cases of tonsillitis. More than 550,000 man-days were lost from active duty. In the Army during 1943, 7,000,000 men lost time in hospitals with sore throats, head colds, sinusitis, flu, pneumonia and similar ills. And whenever this high rate of respiratory infections prevailed, doctors noticed a sharp rise in

rheumatic fever, the vicious producer of 'heart cripples'.

Rheumatic fever has long been recognized as one of the major public health problems of the United States. A common disease of childhood, it also occurs frequently in young adults. It begins insidiously, seeming to be only a bad cold, then causes fever, pain, swelling of the joints, and finally attacks the heart valves. It is often fatal.

To stamp out these youth-killers, military doctors were ordered to wage relentless war on air-borne infections. The problem was a tricky one. For instance, the cause and the cure of rheumatic fever are still unknown. But Army Air Force doctors working under Colonel W. Paul Holbrook, found that more than half the respiratory diseases occurring at AAF bases were associated with the microbe which causes the familiar 'strep throat'. Colonel Holbrook also found that rheumatic fever always reached epidemic proportions following an outbreak of strep infections. One line of attack seemed plain: knock out the strep microbe.

The doctors turned to the one weapon that is effective against it: one of the newest of the sulfa drugs, sulfadiazine. But they took it up tentatively. While a majority of patients can take sulfa drugs with little or no ill effect when properly administered by an experienced physician, some individuals suffer severe reactions —



skin rash, headaches, even mental confusion and delirium

However Colonel Holbrook in the AAF, Commander Alvin F. Coburn in the U. S. Navy, and others knew that extremely small doses of sulfa could be given safely so long as the patient was kept under close observation and submitted to periodic blood tests. Since such close supervision was possible under Army and Navy discipline the doctors decided to go ahead.

During the winter of 1943-44, surprised gobs and GIs at scores of military establishments were lined up daily and made to swallow their sulfa pills under the watchful eyes of non-coms and petty officers. In each camp a control group was purposely left untreated so that the doctors could measure by comparison exactly how effective the sulfa drugs were.

The results: Meningitis was practically eliminated, streptococcal infections including acute tonsillitis were reduced between 75 and 90 percent, and other respiratory diseases including lobar pneumonia and colds were cut down by more than 50 percent.

At one large AAF base where there was a severe outbreak of meningococcus meningitis, immediate doses of sulfadiazine to all men on the base halted the epidemic in its tracks. A flu of scarlet fever which occurred simultaneously at the same base disappeared entirely after the drug had been administered.

The Navy's experience was equally successful. At a large establishment near Chicago where strep infections had been running rampant, the number of scarlet fever cases among those taking sulfa dropped within three

weeks from 171 to none, rheumatic fever fell in four weeks from 87 cases to six. General respiratory diseases were reduced by 80 percent. At the same time, in the group taking no prophylaxis, the incidence of both scarlet fever and rheumatic fever ran the usual epidemic course.

In both the Army and the Navy the number of unfavorable reactions to the sulfa drug was a fraction of one percent.

Final reports on the AAF's frontal assault on rheumatic fever have not yet been disclosed, but it is estimated that the rate of occurrence has been reduced by about 75 percent. Colonel Holbrook says: "It is difficult to guard one's enthusiasm in the face of such results."

But the sulfa drugs have not been the only weapons with which the service doctors have waged successful war against the air-borne microbes. Under the direction of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, scientists from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University developed a glycol spray which, although harmless and odorless to humans, is probably the most effective microbe trap yet devised by man. If floor, walls, bedding and fabrics are sprayed carefully, they act almost like flypaper, capturing the air-borne microbes, reducing the number of germs in the air by more than 97 percent. In scientific tests in Army barracks, the glycol spray practically eliminated hemolytic streptococci from the air and checked the spread of respiratory infections.

The question immediately arises: If the sulfa drugs are so successful in preventing respiratory diseases in the

armed forces, why can't they be made available to the civilian public? The answer to that question must await the discovery of some effective civilian substitute for military discipline. The sulfa drugs are too dangerous to be taken at will, like aspirin. They must be administered

in carefully controlled doses, under strict medical supervision, with frequent blood tests to measure the action of the drug.

But some of the lessons from the services' hugely successful control program will certainly be made available to the public before long.

## It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Educators have discovered that the size of your vocabulary is a measure of your intelligence. The Army and Navy give knowledge of words a high ranking in judging officer capacity. Personnel directors are using vocabulary tests as one important way of determining the ability of prospective employees.

Here, then, is a word test for you based on the contents of a recent issue of *The Reader's Digest*; it will help show whether your vocabulary is good, average, or inadequate.

To the right of each numbered word are four words or phrases lettered 'a' b c and d. Underline the lettered words or phrase that you believe to be nearest in meaning to the key word. The answers are on page 103. Whatever your rating, determine, from now on, to accept every new word you meet in the *Digest* as a direct challenge. Look it up. Write down its meaning, its pronunciation, and the sentence in which it appears. Then use it at least three times. Each new word you learn will increase your mental power. There may be other ways to success, but vocabulary building is the easiest and the quickest one.

(1) spurious — a false b angry c talkative d stubborn

(2) preclude — a embrace b enclose c advance d prevent

(3) salient — a smooth b round c conspicuous d unimportant

(4) predatory — a insulting b inherited c addicted to roving d addicted to plundering

(5) sacrosanct — a sacred b profane c wealthy d miserly

(6) sporadic — a epidemic b scattered c divided d paralytic

(7) atrophy — a grow old b grow angry c grow withered d grow tall

(8) exotic — a erratic b temperamental c rain d strange

(9) banter — a banter b surgical dress c flourish d article of clothing

(10) hyperbole — a exaggeration b exasperation c a heart affection d tenderness

(11) minions — a retainers b servile dependents c arm d forces d amaons

(12) preciously — a safely b eagerly c uncertainly d carefully

(13) choreographer — a a map maker b one who arranges a ballet c a leader of a chorus d a handwriting expert

(14) compensatory — a making a list b making excuses c making amends d making a copy

(15) panegyric — a an ancient parchment b a eulogy c a small statue d a hand lettered manuscript

(16) emulous — a envious b eager to excel another c tremulous d overanxious

(17) sedulously — a lazily b conscientiously c secretly d diligently

(18) truculent — a noisy b powerful c massive d savage

(19) quixotic — a stupid b humorous c overdriven d unpractical

(20) assiduously — a carefully b sarcastically c shillydilly d bravely

The State and War Departments and the Foreign Economic Administration have definite plans on how Germany will be administered after its defeat. Here they are

# What We Will Do with Germany

Condensed from Colliers + + + George Creel

IT is not the thought or the will of the United States that a defeated Germany should be wiped off the map and the Germans scattered to the four corners of earth. On the contrary, there is the abiding hope that a sick people, poisoned unto death by centuries of evil teaching, may be restored to health and returned to a place in the community of nations. Until conclusive proofs of such recovery are offered, however, it is the American insistence that stern restraints must be imposed. Anything else would invite a third World War.

The form and extent of these restraints have been decided upon. The State Department and War Department, aided by the Foreign Economic Administration, have reached explicit agreement after months of study and discussion. Methods are open to debate but *fundamentals* are fixed.

First of all, it is held that a conquered Germany should be permanently disarmed and demilitarized. The self-styled Master Race must be reduced to an impotence so complete that not even the most fanatical cynic nurse the hope of another adventure in world conquest.

The arrest and arraignment of all war criminals from the highest to the

lowest, is a second demand. Secretary of State Hull had already warned neutral nations that the historic right of asylum for political fugitives may not be made a cloak for the protection of men under indictment for atrocities.

A third decision is that the German people should be compelled to aid in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of a world that Germany fury has laid in ruins. Just as they sweated and sacrificed in preparing for war, gladly giving up butter for guns, so must they sweat and sacrifice to repair the devastation wrought by the inhumanities of that war.

As explained by high officials here in brief are the reasons that led to agreement on the three fundamental.

With respect to military occupation and military rule, where was any sane alternative? Let the Germans work out their own salvation? *What with?* There are no Reichstag, no opposition party, no labor movement, no "intellectuals" with a record of protest, not even an underground. The civil service, the judiciary and the professions are rotten to the core. The manner of men that will come out of prisons and concentration camps remains to be seen, for Himmler has been at pains to

butcher all with any quality of patriotic leadership

Is faith to be placed in the refugees who have fled the fatherland? The State Department's study of these groups, both in the United States and England, shows plainly that, while all may be anti Nazi, the overwhelming majority are still essentially Germanic. They damn the Fuhrer, but in the same breath they argue against punitive measures of any kind, saying that the United Nations should adopt a "strategy of mercy."

'Exactly 100 percent moonshine,' was Cordell Hull's answer to the bland suggestion that "an advisory committee of *democratic* German exiles" be asked to form a new government for the Reich. Until sound building material can be found and tested, the Secretary and his aides hold that it would be criminal idiocy to recognize or sponsor any German government. Municipal administrations after thorough purging, can and will be permitted to function.

What else but military occupation can be a cure for German megalomania? Our High Command utterly rejects the theory that the German people can be restored to sanity by a mere change in textbooks. The General Staff is a unit in believing that the only system of re-education that holds any promise of regeneration is to face the Germans with a set of hard, unyielding facts. The *fact* of defeat, the fact that they are *not* a Master Race, and the fact that their boasted invincibility is a *lie*. Since might is all that they seem capable of understanding, then *show* them might. When Eisenhower announced that American troops entered Germany

as "conquerors," the employment of that word was High Command strategy.

The Treaty of Versailles gave Germany the right to maintain an army of 100,000, to keep a certain number of ships and to continue her aviation industry. Before the ink was dry on the Armistice, a million young men were training secretly, a navy began to build, armament plants were in secret operation, factories poured out fleets of commercial planes easily convertible to military use.

Secretary of War Stimson and General Marshall were soldiers who saw these things with their own eyes. They know, out of bitter experience, that the one hope of an enduring peace is a Germany *completely* disarmed and demilitarized. It is not only warships, tanks, planes, artillery and stock piles that must be confiscated, but even revolvers and shotguns. Dismantle war plants and either destroy the machinery or else send it to safe distances. Prohibit commercial aviation, even the operation of private planes, and let Germany's air transport needs be served from the outside. Denobilize the army, scatter the German General Staff, and take care that no new force is recruited under the guise of wrestling bands and singing societies. Ban uniforms and veterans organizations, and forbid national celebrations in honor of German victories or the birthdays of Germany's military heroes.

There is still another reason for military occupation. Even after capitulation, there will be "pockets of resistance," for Storm Troopers and Gestapo butchers, faced by the certainty of death sentences, will fight to

the last. Moreover, the intelligence services of the Army have proof that the *Feme*, a terrorist organization, is being revived for the murder of all Germans who attempt any form of collaboration with the Allies.

The High Command sees no ground for the fear that military occupation will doom "our boys" to foreign service for an indefinite period. A force of 500,000 is deemed amply sufficient, and this will be recruited from the United Nations as a whole. The call on the United States will be comparatively small, and can be met by professional soldiers. Aside from other considerations, the General Staff holds that the spectacle of uniformed troops from the occupied countries will be salutary for the Master Race.

Neither the State Department nor the Army likes the proposed division of a defeated Germany into three military zones, with Russia administering the eastern third, Great Britain the northwestern third, and the United States the southwestern third. There was the same divided authority after the first war, and the arrangement resulted inevitably in wrangles and friction.

What the United States wanted this time was a *joint* administration, empowered to establish uniform rules and regulations. Russia, however, opposed the plan, insisting that each power have a free hand in its own zone. With victory still to be won, our representatives did not dare to risk a rupture. Both the State Department and the Army, however, are still insistent on one unified military command, and there is hope that the Russians will change their attitude.

The decision to stand unchange-

ably for the punishment of war criminals has its base in a deep conviction that only justice, quick and stern, can avert a horror of mass reprisals. We propose military tribunals, for the farcical sedition trials, now entering their eighth month in Washington, have shown the futility of civil procedure.

Here again there is likely to be a sharp difference of opinion, for the Russians want no supreme tribunal to tell them what they may or may not do. In their opinion, punishment is the sole concern of the countries that have felt the force of German savagery. Moreover the United States is thinking in terms of political and military individuals, while the Soviet also indicts economic groups, holding that "big business and financial magnates" are just as guilty as those whose hands drip blood.

With respect to a demand on Germany for reparation, there is absolute unanimity. In the State Department there are figures offering plain proof that Germany suffered no loss from the "cruel and extortionate" terms of the Treaty of Versailles, but took a handsome profit. By 1931, when the Reich repudiated all external obligations, four and a half billion dollars had been paid out and six and a half billions taken in "Poor Germany" indeed!

This position does not argue approval of the "Morgenthau plan" for the destruction of German industries, the closing of German mines and the compelled change of Germany to a purely agricultural state. The State Department, the War Department and the Foreign Economic Administration have all pointed out

that this is no more than a policy of liquidation, for the thin and sandy soil of Germany could not possibly support half of the population. And if 70,000,000 Germans are taken suddenly out of the export and import markets, what of the effect on the interlocked economy of Europe?

The occupied countries looted and ravaged, wait to be rebuilt, and their naked, hungry millions cry to be clothed and housed. Common justice, if nothing else, demands that this staggering cost be borne by the Germans. If they are turned into a nation of small farmers, how can they pay either in cash or kind?

It is the American contention that German industries should be thrown into high gear to produce goods for the countries that Germans have laid waste. By no means is it contemplated that Germany is to retain her industrial supremacy, dominating the economy and the very existence of her neighbors. The speedy recovery of France, Belgium and Holland will be aided, and every effort will be made to industrialize the backward areas of eastern and southeastern Europe by promotion of power projects and of local manufactures.

In the meantime, what more sensible than to harness German industry to the European plow? What more just than to make the German people work at reparation even as they worked at the manufacture of armament and munitions?

Whines will go up from the Germans, of course, and an anguished outcry is to be expected from those sentimentalists who cling to the myth of "good Germans." None of it will be heeded, for the records of the

State Department and the Foreign Economic Administration prove conclusively that no unendurable hardship will be worked. Between 1933 and 1939, according to these figures, Germany spent between four and five billion dollars a year preparing for war, and when war came, the annual expenditure for military purposes was upped to 20 billions — all this without any hurtful lowering of living standards. There, by their own admission, is what the Germans can do in the way of reparation and what they should be made to do.

Official Washington has no doubt that Germany will attempt every kind of deceit and evasion, but counts on rigid supervision of German industry to guard against cheating. For example, the Foreign Economic Administration points out that Germany's lack of raw materials greatly simplifies the Allied task of guarding against rearmament, while Germany produces for ravaged lands. A full 60 percent of oil, other than synthetic, comes from the outside, as does 80 percent of the iron ore. The Reich also depends on imports for bauxite, copper and other materials essential for armament manufacture.

An efficient control system, therefore, can estimate Germany's requirements for normal peacetime production, plus the goods for devastated countries, and then shut down on the importation of surpluses. As for synthetic oil and rubber plants, if supervision proves ineffective, they can be closed. The control of Germany's electric power, bringing it in from outside if necessary, will permit the regulation of Germany's industrial heartbeat, and Allied administration

of German railroads is another means of tightening the watch

Our postwar planners also insist on the necessity of riding close-herd on German finances. Between 1924 and 1930, according to State Department figures, Germany received more than five billion dollar in the form of international and private loans. Every penny of this vast amount was poured into preparedness for war. *Not again.* If the United States has its way, all German borrowing, if and when permitted, will be put under a magnifying glass before authorization, and every precaution taken to guard against improper use.

Summing up, these then are the determinations of the United States with respect to the treatment of a collapsed Reich and its conquered people: (1) military occupation to

drive home the fact of defeat and to enforce permanent disarmament, until such time as the Germans prove a capacity for self government, (2) the punishment of war criminals by military tribunals, (3) sweat and sacrifice by the German people until the ruin and ravages of German fury have been made good in full measure, the process safeguarded by Allied control of German industry and finances.

The United States, to be sure, is not the sole arbiter of Germany's fate. However, high officials feel that our arguments cannot fail to be persuasive, for while the three American fundamentals make sure that justice will be done, they are uncolored by hate or vengeance and leave the way open for Germany's ultimate redemption, if redemption is the German will.



## Challenge to Civilians

An editorial written by Ernie Pyle for the U. S. Treasury Department

**T**HIS FALL I came home from France on a ship that carried 1000 of our wounded American soldiers. About a fourth of them were terribly wounded stretchers cases. The rest were up and about. These others could walk, though among the walking were many legs and arms missing many eyes that could not see.

One hospitalized soldier was near death on this trip. He was wounded internally and the Army doctors were trying desperately to keep him alive until we got to America. They kept pouring plasma and whole blood into him constantly until they ran out of whole blood.

I happened to be in the head doctor's cabin at noon one day. He and other doctors at that moment were going around the ship typing blood specimens from several of the ship's officers and from unwounded officers aboard. They were doing it almost surreptitiously, for they didn't want it to get out that they needed blood. Why didn't they want it to get out? Because if it had, there would have been a stampede to the hospital ward by the other wounded men, offering their blood to this dying comrade. Think of that — a stampede of men themselves badly wounded, wanting to give their blood!

# It's Good to Be Home

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

A B G

THEY were just the roofing crew at first. I heard a ladder scrape up the side of the house. Then someone said in an easy Texas twang, "Okay now, I'll be right behind you. If you feel yourself getting dizzy or anything, sing out. We'll be knocking off early anyway; sun's too strong this time of year. Here we go, now. And no Zeros either."

They started hammering soon after that, and my kids ran out to watch. There was a tall blond fellow, a smaller man, and a Mexican.

When I got back in the afternoon the big fellow was trying to get my little boy to ride with him on his motorbike. The other two were sitting on the grass by a clump of flowers. The small man sat with his knees drawn up and his arms hanging loosely on them. He was watching, with a bright tentative smile like a stranger's who doesn't know the language, my brother home on leave, who was trying to get his pointer to retrieve in proper form.

He didn't hear me walk up the drive and I came up on him too suddenly, I guess, because he jerked and whirled around.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

He looked up at me apologetically. But the pupils in his blue Irish eyes were dilated and his jaw muscles twitched.

"I'm still a little nervous," he said. "Japs in every bush."

I offered him a cigarette and he took it awkwardly. His fingers shook as he lit it. You couldn't tell how old he might be. Deep lines were plowed around the mouth and nose. His hair had been very black but now showed streaks and patches of white.

He looked at the panting, grinning pointer licking my brother's hand.

"That's one thing about dogs," he said. "they don't never run out on you."

Bud there — that's the big fellow — had a cocker near broke his heart to leave on the island. Honolulu. Got the sight of one eye gone. Game leg too, like me. They shot up my kneecap.

He cupped one hand over the end of his cigarette and took a long pull, then very carefully eased back against a tree. The hesitant smile played over the jaw, the roses and oleander.

"It's good to be home," he said, and breathed deep.

"Were you out there with him?" I asked.

"No. I was on Guam. Was there when the Japs came in '41. Those devils had me 11 months and four days."

"I thought the papers said no Americans were left alive on Guam."

"We killed plenty of them Japs," he grinned. "We was all seasoned men out there, five to 15 years' experience."



There was 368 of us, Marines, Seabees, and some women at the hospital. We was building a runway before Pearl Harbor, that was. I'd been called up from the reserves, commissioned lieutenant. You see, I'd been in the Marines before. I sold the house and mill — took a heck of a loss — and my wife, she took the two boys and the baby and went to Seattle. Got a job in the Kaiser yard. Good thing, too, because when I was taken prisoner the allotments stopped. She didn't get nothing till they started paying her some insurance, nine months later. Japs reported me dead.

We could have held Guam if we'd anything to hold it with. We was dug in good. Commanding officer, he kept asking for stuff and reinforcements. But all we had was short arms, 45s, and maybe about a thousand rounds of ammunition left in ammunition.

"They come after us December 12, on their way back from Pearl Harbor. They shelled us for three days and three nights. There wasn't a rock nor a pebble this size that didn't get turned over by the time they was through. We had to keep letting them land to kill them. Killed them mostly. It's a pretty big island, about 20 miles by 40, and they come in all over it. We'd have held them off with even machine guns maybe. And a few mortars. We had the emplacements, but no ammunition. What would you call that, anyway? I call it manslaughter.

"They come in finally December 21. There was maybe a hundred of us left, and the women. They dynamited the hospital. None of the women

lived more'n two days after what they done to them. The little native village that was there, they didn't leave a living soul. Kind of thing they did, one day when we was chained around a tree there was this little girl playing around, about the size of your little boy I guess — about seven or eight thereabouts. She had a ball she was bouncing. Two of them came up to her and one grabbed her by the hair and they chopped her head off. Then they stuck it up on a pole. We was back that way some months later and it was still on that stick. The little skull.

"They had us clean up the place, salvaging and loading up the ships. There was some wire there, and they made us build a corral when we was all finished and there was nothing left to do. They herded us in there like a bunch of cattle. No shelter, no nothing. Out there in the sun all the time. Dysentery and ill, and the heat. Fellows'd go plumb crazy. Fights kept breaking out all the time. Had to tie 'em down, they'd kill.

"They'd bring us this here rice maybe once, twice a week. They was supposed to bring wood to cook with but mostly they didn't bring enough. We ate it the way it was, half raw. Some of the officers figured we was getting about 14 ounces a week.

"They wasn't nothing but just to sit around. Fellows'd die, they just let 'em lay. Ten, 12 days, some of the bones even bleached. If anyone had told me a normal human being could go through all that and stay alive, I'd a said he was crazy. That odor — that's the most terrifying thing, the odor.

"When they wanted to have a little fun, they'd pick a couple of guys

and take a bunch of us along to watch I guess maybe you've heard what they do They used this here acid One day they laid a fellow across a block Chopped his leg off They had the most awful laugh They took hold of a man's tongue and stuck a knife in his throat and slit the tongue clean in two Turned him loose that way Sometimes they cut the tongue out, let 'em bleed to death What they done to me wouldn't be fit for me to say I can't have no more children I guess that's enough to tell

"We was captured December 23 Christmas they had Lieutenant Colonel Hassell talk over the radio Said we was doing as well as could be expected and for folks not to worry He had a piece of paper it was written down on Hardly knowed what he was saying, two of them Japs held him up He died about a week later The way they'd beaten that man was scindulous they whipped him till you thought there wasn't a place left on him This here acid was throwed on his chest You could see his ribs just as plain as them milk bottles over there You could see his lungs working all the time he was broadasting

"I sure leained how little it takes to stay alive Endurance it's a funny thing Bigger and stronger fellows died

"Must have been nine, ten months later, they put us on this here boat There was 26, 28 of us left They had steel cells in the holds No light, no air, no sanitary facilities, nothing to lie on They'd come down sometimes with this dab of ration They'd tell us they bombed Los Angeles,

Chicago, New York destroyed Why it sounded we figured they had near half the country We had no right not to believe it Look what they'd done to us

"I don't know how long we was at sea I was about two thirds crazy We knew what had happened though, when the torpedo hit These Japs had come down to give us this dab of ration As God would have it they'd left the hatch open, so we got out The British picked us out of the water Think it was five of us

"My hair was down to my shoulders like a woman's They said I weighed 90 pounds My teeth were all loose They had to feed us little bits at a time, and with needles The sub transferred us to another ship and they kept passing us along that way till we landed in Dublin I was in the hospital there six and a half months

They'd talk to me about my wife and family, about home I didn't even know my name or nothing Clean forgotten my children My wife, she heard it right away when we was picked up, they reported our serial numbers I unny think the Japs had reported me dead

"I was in the hospital over here for seven months They give me this medical and all I didn't care nothing about that All very fine and nice But you can't eat medals"

The mild voice, that had gone through the story as if it were telling something that had happened down town yesterday, shook a little He fished for his cigarettes

"Coming over on the boat," he said, "I heard all this talk about rehabilitation and stuff, and about how things was here, and I thought

it won't be no trick at all to get a good job right away. First off they tried to give me this goofy discharge. Mental. The little sense I ever had I still have. Figured if I got away from that military discipline, and forgot all that, I'd be okay. Nervous, maybe, for a while, stands to reason. I finally got to talk to the Colonel. Told 'em if I didn't do well, they could always yank me back. Don't tag me with no dopey discharge.

'I come on home here and the Veterans of Foreign Wars had a big doings and presented me with a paid up life membership. They sent me on out to this here plant, said they had a fine job for me. But they told me I had to buy bonds. Told them I can't afford none. Had my share of this war. Next place they sent me to they wouldn't have nothing to do with me till I would see this doctor and that, to get examined. Liked the best thing for me to do was forget my discharge, so I stuck it in my trunk and got me this job next day. Kept my mouth shut. They didn't know for a week I'd been in the war.

"I'll get a few dollars together and find myself a partner with a business head. Tried to get back some interest in the mill, but the fellow I sold it to wouldn't hear of it. Has him a gravy train out there, with these cost-plus contracts and all. Figure I can get them contracts well as the next man. In a year maybe I should be sitting pretty, able to take care of my family right."

He stopped talking suddenly. Then he inched himself together and got up to go. Bud, the blond fellow, saw him rise and sauntered over. My brother walked up too, trying to light his half-dead cigar.

"Been telling you what he went through?" asked Bud. "He's just about had his share of misfortune, hasn't he?"

The small man grinned almost boyish. "They say you reap what you sow. Well I guess I must have been reaping in someone else's territory."

He handed my brother matches and that strange, desperate smile broke out again. "It's good to be home, sir, isn't it?" he said.



## Turnabout Tale

**A** FIFTEEN years ago residents of a pleasant New York suburb looked on in wonder as a new family established itself in that tranquil countryside. A formidable metal fence was erected surrounding the newcomers' estate. Approaches were guarded by cunningly placed photoelectric cells. Sirens were installed to protest the approach of prying strangers and great lights were set to illuminate the house and grounds in the event of suspicious visitations after dark. To local reporters it was made quite clear that the vulgar touch of journalism was abhorrent. The reasons for the prodigious precautions were finally explained, however, in an interview with the owner some time later.

"A man," said Walter Winchell, the new resident with simple plaintiveness, "has a right to some privacy."

— Charles Fisher *The Columnists* (Howell Sacklin)

He who puns  
may read



# The Lowest Form of Humor

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Louis Untermeyer

Poet author editor of 'Modern American Poetry' and many other anthologies

PUNNING, like poetry, is something every person belittles and everyone attempts. A pun, we are told, is "the lowest form of humor," and "he who will make a pun will pick a pocket." Oliver Wendell Holmes condemned the punning habit but was a terrific punner himself, and apparently his house served as a sort of pun exchange, for Longfellow had occasion to observe that there was no place like Holmes.

Franklin P. Adams, who has done a bit of punning in his time, feels that often a pun is perishable in transit, that, being mostly oral, some of its appositeness is lost in print. Certainly the best puns, when removed from the situations that gave rise to them, often become virtually meaningless. For example, one must remember the Spanish Civil War to appreciate what somebody said when the Barcelonians were moving through a narrow corridor, that it was foolish to put all your Basques in one exit. Mr. Adams himself has been credited with asserting that, in any case, Spain is merely a snare Andalusian.

Punning, for all its detractors, has a long history and an honorable lineage. Shakespeare used puns not merely to amuse the low-brows (or, as he called them, "groundlings")

but to lighten the tension of his almost overpowering dramas. He knew that a flash of wit would be welcome against the murky violence of death and disaster. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, Mercutio, who has been stabbed, expires with the pun: "Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man."

It is no accident that the best punsters have been poets. A pun is a kind of rhyme; it plays with a word not only for its sense but for its sound — a good rhyme like a good pun, has the trick of seeming both accidental and inevitable. When reproached for not writing more serious poetry, Thomas Hood replied: "If I would earn my livelihood I have to be a lively Hood."

Hood is credited with the immortal pun made on a famous romantic verse: "The light that lies in women's eyes," Hood added "and lies and lies and lies."

Perhaps the best puns are those that embody not only a twist in meaning but a trick of identity. No one ever has surpassed the critical remark by Eugene Field, who ridiculed the actor McCulloch's performance of King Richard III: "He played the king as if he were afraid somebody else might play the ace."

# The German Prisoner

The way we deal with Hitler's supermen now in our midst may influence the future peace of the world



## Muddle

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* + *James H. Powers*

IN 99 base camps and 98 branch camps scattered across the United States, over 200,000 German prisoners of war are placing the War Department — and incidentally the American people — in a quandary. The difficulty has little to do with such relatively simple matters as housing, food and security — all of which the Army takes in its stride.

The difficulty lies in the fact that these prisoners of war have been through the Nazi educational mill, which extirpates ruthlessly most of the principles accepted by Americans as essential to civilization. Their outspoken arrogance is accompanied by a stiff confidence in the ultimate triumph of Nazi principles — if not in this war, then in the next.

Remember," an *Unteroffizier* was overheard braying to his fellow prisoners — that you are still members of the German Army, whose duty it is to work for Germany." His warning carried obvious implications against backsliders. At the same camp a prisoner who had served in the Afrika Korps told an interpreter that the Americans could be thankful they were giving the best food and barracks available to the Germans. "When Germany wins the war," he announced, "that will be at least one good mark on your record." That

view has been echoed by captives taken in France last summer.

Almost without exception, prisoners attribute kind treatment to our fear of retribution. This unshakable attitude is fostered by the functioning of a secret police, usually under the direction of a prisoner who has ties with the Gestapo. Sometimes prisoners have been found hanged, apparently "dead from suicide." There have been more than a dozen instances of actual murder. Fellow prisoners offer no assistance to the military in probing these "accidents." Having seen what happened, they fear to testify.

Persistence of Gestapo tactics in the POW camps is but a part of the story of our shortcomings in handling disciples of the Nazi philosophy. One defect has to do with the screening of the prisoners as they arrive at the camps. Under Army rules a basic personnel record is prepared for each prisoner by our Army interrogators, called "processors." At the very beginning of the questioning the German noncommissioned officers, who hold this rank partly because of proved adherence to Nazi doctrine, make their presence felt. They intervene, and whenever they can — which is often — they assume full control of the proceedings.

The cooperation of prisoners, it becomes clear at once, is not in response to their American examiners but at the order of their own noncoms. As a matter of convenience in handling groups, this procedure may have its points, as a method of handling POWs schooled in Nazi doctrines, it is senseless. It builds a wall between every individual prisoner and the camp processors.

Examinations generally take place at tables set so near together that any prisoner wishing to make it plain he is an anti-Nazi faces another hurdle. If his fellows hear him making any such declaration, he is a marked man. To make matters worse, the examination disregards the issue of his being a Nazi or an anti-Nazi. Interpreters are not permitted to solicit this information. If he wants to be segregated he must volunteer the information -- though he frequently does not know that he must. Such procedure obviously follows an assumption that it doesn't matter much what a prisoner's political views are. That assumption is belied by a record of strikes, riots and murders in camps all over the United States.

In most POW camps the responsibility for assigning duties is handed over to the higher ranking German noncoms. The result is to place a disciplinary rod in their hands. They enjoy practically the same authority they held in the German Army. No one with Army experience will fail to grasp the significance of this fact. Power over assignment to detail is the traditional club wielded by all Army sergeants, time out of mind.

An American corporal who served a bit months at a POW camp gives

the picture clearly in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*. "It is the *Feldwebel* (sergeant) who commands the men's respect. The sergeants are, in reality, a police force, since all activity in the camp is directed by them. The effect of their rule is a little Germany, where persecution of anti-Nazis is thorough and violent."

German noncoms go to extraordinary lengths in enforcing their Nazi point of view. They ban attendance at educational or other movies provided for the men's recreation, and even operate as censors over the prisoners' reading. In a midwestern camp where the authorities prepared a booklet on American history, a German sergeant declared that the book would have to be censored since it gave a distorted view of the real history of this country -- which he had studied in Germany. Camp officials, timidly interpreting the Geneva Convention's strictures against compulsory indoctrination of prisoners, bowed to this veto.

Says one officer, "It is not our business to change these men's habits or beliefs or to educate them."

These prisoners are dynamic, not only while the war lasts but through many uncertain tomorrows which will follow. These men will be citizens of postwar Germany and inhabitants of our postwar world. Shall we send them home with a clearer understanding of this country's decision to stand no more of their nonsense, or with an indulgent notion that we are simpletons, against whom a third try will succeed?

To blame the strictures of the Geneva Convention is idle. The British get results under that identical

**Convention** In Britain, German POWs are put all on one plane, regardless of rank, spokesmen and leaders are picked from carefully selected anti-Nazi prisoners, German non-coms have no authority whatever, terrorists are dealt with summarily, and Polish guards insure a minimum of quibbling by "Geneva Convention lawyers" among the prisoners. England no longer plays with her deadly foes.

Dealing with these prisoners is a foretaste of what we shall meet in dealing with a defeated Germany. Here is an opportunity to show that we can be firm and just, to prove that we know the time of day in the world we inhabit, to make it clear that we do not propose to be fooled again. If we continue to bungle this job, here at home where every facility favors us, how shall we fare in Germany when the firing ceases?

by

### *Writes William L. Shirer in the N Y Herald Tribune*

It is painful to contrast the attitude of the German and American governments toward each other's prisoners of war.

The Germans subject American prisoners to systematic propaganda by means of a weekly newspaper called *O K* — *The Overseas Kid*. This is the only journal of current events in English which they are permitted to see.

Most of the paper's news turns out to be Nazi propaganda in all its poisonous forms. It systematically drums into American prisoners that they were swindled by their government, which had no business getting into this war; that the home front is not backing up American troops; that war production is inadequate; that when the prisoners return they will find ten million unemployed. News of the war is completely misleading. Defeatism and distrust of our allies are sown by falsified quotations from American writers.

The importance of this propaganda lies in its long-range objective. For even if the Nazis lose the war and are forced underground, they aim to send back to America tens of thousands of American youth embittered against their own country and pumped full of doubts as to whether the war was worth fighting.

We have several hundreds of thousands of young German prisoners in this country. The Army seems frightened at the very idea of doing anything to dampen their fanatical Nazism. It has not published a German language newspaper which might give these misguided youths a true picture of what is going on in the world.

There is not a word in the Geneva Convention which forbids propagandizing prisoners. And is it not true that the United States has a serious obligation not to send a quarter of a million German prisoners back to Germany, literally encouraged by their treatment here to be more Nazi than ever, and to become the backbone of the future Nazi underground?



# The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By  
Henry James  
Forman

rich yet in the face of humanity  
the first to show a welcome to  
the lowly and the old

Editor, lecturer and author  
of many books and maga-  
zine articles

ANYONE who didn't know I, Baron Russell Briggs, might have taken him for a humble clerk or a schoolteacher long past the hope of promotion. So modest was he that he seemed to court obscurity as others courted fame. And many a student, if he did not already have it, took home with him an abiding regard for democratic simplicity because Dean Briggs disliked sham, pretense and snobishness.

People sometimes compared him to both Lincoln and Emerson. Physically he resembled neither. Of medium height and sturdy build he always walked briskly, loosely, as if bent on some urgent immediate errand. Trousers bagging at the knees, a green huzze bag of books across his shoulder, pulling his coat collar askew, a much abused soft hat tilted back—all this gave an effect of negligence. But when you looked into his face, homely, alive with kindness, you understood the comparison to the two great Americans.

Among countless stories told about Dean Briggs is that of the fashionably dressed young man who drove up one day in a trap to the Boston State House. To a nondescript passer by whose face appeared reliable, he said: "My man, will you hold the horse for about ten minutes?"

"Certainly," said the man. "It's such a nice horse." When the young man re-emerged and offered the man a quarter, it was politely declined. Interested, the young man asked his name.

"Briggs" was the answer. "I. B. R. Briggs." Then the young man recognized the Dean of Harvard College. Fictitious as the story sounds, it is nevertheless true.

When I first met Dean Briggs, at the turn of the present century, he was still in his 40's. I had come to Harvard from the Middle West on a small grant and had only \$80. I went to see the Dean in trepidation. If he knew I had so little to go on, he might then and there reject me. But the Dean greeted me as though he had long been awaiting me.

"Tell me frankly," he said in the tone of the kindest of family physicians, "how much money you have."

I told him, and for one breath-taking instant awaited his verdict. What he said was:

"We are in luck. The College Librarian has just told me he has a job for someone three evenings a week. It doesn't pay much, but it runs throughout the college year, and you'll be able to study there at least part of the time. Come and see me whenever you don't see your way."



A surge of confidence swept through me. In those few minutes my life had moved up to a new plane. Dean Briggs was now my friend and ally.

After that I heard of many similar instances, which put mine in the shade. One impoverished young man, who had early taken to the road as a hobo, heard somehow of this fabulous Dean. He beat his way to Cambridge, saw Dean Briggs, was helped to put himself through Harvard, and subsequently prospered as a teacher. Still another had arrived on borrowed money from a tiny fresh water college. He was about to return home, but Dean Briggs saw his merit and detuned him. He has had a bright career since then as a teacher, writer and lecturer.

With Dean Briggs for a friend nearly all things became possible. He was an opener of doors. Those whose homes were far away, especially if they were new or friendless in Cambridge, were his peculiar and self-imposed charges. Noticing lonely students wandering through the Yard, he would invite them to his home, his table his family. "Well, ma'am" he would announce to Mrs. Briggs, "I've brought you a guest to dinner." And Mrs. Briggs always welcomed us with unquestioning grace. She had evidently made up her mind long ago upon the kind of husband she had.

Or he might meet a student who obviously wasn't eating often and take him to some lunchroom counter not only for a meal but for a delightful talk. "Mr. Jones," he would murmur almost shamefacedly upon leaving, "someone has put into my hands

a little money for just such a purpose. So I'll be obliged if you will take these ten dollars to bridge you over. You know," he would add confidentially, "it's very bad for the eyes to read on an empty stomach."

Every student counted in his scheme of life. Just as Emerson knew that souls are not saved in bundles, so the Dean knew that every individual was a center of infinite possibility.

The dean of a college is normally a disciplinary officer. In general, deans before him were formidable if not awe-inspiring. But Dean Briggs created a kind of golden age of dean-ship, bringing a new humanity to the office. One of his rules was "It is the business of a dean to break rules, and clerk can keep them. I would rather," he said, "be fooled a dozen times than be unjust once." All the same, he was seldom fooled.

For those of us who were earning our own way there was little time or opportunity to break rules. But our richer contemporaries often told of the Dean's unhappy squinting in his chair, of his painful uneasiness when he had to inflict a penalty so that they frequently suffered more from the Dean's suffering than from the penalty. He took all extenuating circumstances into eager consideration, but he was always so absolutely just that no sinner even thought of disputing his verdict. One of the college periodicals printed these lines:

Of all the sprightly figures that adorn the college scene  
The most supremely genial is our own beloved Dean  
He'll kick you out of college, and he'll never shed a tear,  
But he does it so politely that it's music to the ear.

To expel a student from college must have cost Dean Briggs much more than the student. He was sorry for the boy, but still more sorry for the parents. To one who had transgressed he said "Your father must know this from me, but he has a right to know it from you first. I beg you to tell him. You cannot help him more now than by going to him, or hurt him more than by avoiding him."

With all his work among students he still gave certain courses and he was one of the ablest professors of English in the country. He taught for 42 years and was instrumental in revolutionizing the teaching of English composition in the United States.

Together with Professor Adams Sherman Hill, Briggs insisted that an obligatory course in writing English must come in the freshman year. And together with Barrett Wendell he developed the idea of the daily theme. It made a vast amount of work for the teachers but the way to learn to write was to write, in daily practice on a variety of subjects.

So successful was the plan that "Freshman English" and the daily theme are now basic in almost all college courses. Some of Briggs's own students became teachers and professors in their turn, and carried this practice throughout the country.

Dean Briggs gave the most nearly professional course in writing offered by the University. And to this day, when I meet some of his hundreds of students, eyes brighten and writers, editors and teachers grow reminiscent with the warm affection only a great and loved teacher inspires.

Some of his comments remain unforgettable.

"This is as good as much that appears in *Judge*, but it is not very good."

"The trouble with the word 'meticulous' is that I always have to look in the dictionary to make sure whether it is being misused."

"A good story, but there is too much porch for the meetinghouse."

Before me is a bundle of themes written for Dean Briggs more than 30 years ago by a humorist now nationally known. One can see how the teacher encouraged the boy's native vein of humor, praising a phrase here, carefully noting lapses in style and even spelling there, yet marking the whole "decidedly amusing," not omitting a caution about forced cleverness.

If there was only one good sentence in a piece the Dean gave credit for it. He would stop men in Harvard Yard or in the street -- or even call them by telephone -- to say how much he liked something they had written. One day he left two professors, famous in their fields, to say a kind word about a small piece of mine in an undergraduate publication. He could not withhold praise if he felt it to be due.

The roster of his students includes such well known editors and writers as Frederick Lewis Allen, editor of *Harper's*, Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic*, Edwin Balmer, editor of *Redbook*, Robert Benchley, John Dos Passos, H. V. Kaltenborn and Conrad Aiken. There were many more.

Today I still meet men in various walks of life who smile when Briggs's name is mentioned, and say something to this effect: "Did I know the Dean? I knew him as perhaps nobody

else knew him. In fact, there was a special bond between us. So rich was the store of his humanity that every one who drew on it somehow came to believe he had all of it. We all had a special bond.

A bombshell fell among us the day Dean Briggs was promoted to be Dean of the Faculty, an office in which his work would be easier. I still remember the feeling that hit me, like a blow on the head. Dean Briggs would be *my* dean no longer. How many others felt the same way was soon made clear. By a ruse he was brought to the college office at dusk one evening. Nearly 3000 students, hidden on the other side of the building, gathered in front and began to call for Dean Briggs.

Surprised, he peered out of his office window. The yard was dark with men. He came out upon the steps, the homely figure we knew and loved so well. Was this to be the last time? He tried to speak. His voice faltered, but he mastered it. Then he said a few words about the new Dean — and added:

"The students of Harvard College can get along very well without me. But I cannot get along without the students of Harvard College."

That was at once his secret and our hope. He needed people upon whom to exercise his genius for kindness. Perhaps he would find some way of keeping contact with us? A deep-throated roar came from the mass of students. Many of us choked as we tried to cheer.

He did find ways of helping us. For a long time he consulted frequently with the new Dean, and he remained familiar with our problems.

And we still went to his house on certain evenings.

As it turned out, Briggs became busier than ever. Radcliffe College in Cambridge, now one of the great colleges for women, was then still young and in a formative stage. It needed an experienced hand at the helm, and Dean Briggs was elected its "part time president." He served as such for 20 years. He is now part of its tradition, and a building of the college bears his name.

Dean Briggs was an ardent sports fan, and the ill will between the teams of Harvard and Yale disturbed him greatly. The rivalry between these colleges was at that time not a mere jocular enmity. There was really bad blood. And many a football or baseball player was more than tinged with professionalism. A change in the spirit of intercollegiate sports was necessary. A new chairman of the committee on athletics was chosen. It was Dean Briggs.

Directly, with his usual whole-souled energy, he became an apostle of intercollegiate good will. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, he declared, were really "one bunch." The Dean visited the other colleges, addressed their students. With Corwin and Mendell of Yale, and McLenahan of Princeton, he completely revised the athletic eligibility rules of the Big Three. Soon he was able to say: "I would just as soon leave a question of Harvard eligibility to Mendell or McLenahan as to any Harvard man I know. If I had any fear at all it would be that Harvard would be favored in the decision." That was his way.

After my graduation my glimpses

of the Dean were rare but precious. Twenty years after that date I remember greeting him in the Yard. The Dean knew what I had been doing, and seemed quite conversant with details of my professional life. Previously I had seen him in New York upon my return from France after World War I. He had just been appointed exchange professor to the Sorbonne and was on his way to Paris.

"Tell me, Mr. Forman," he inquired confidentially, "is it all right to take white shirts to Paris?" I thought if they lack means for washing them after the long war, it might embarrass them."

DEAN BRIGGS has been dead ten years now, but none of us who knew him will ever forget him. The reason

we so loved and admired him was because to him we were not simply a "college," or a "student body," or anything merely statistical, but individuals, with problems to meet, minds to educate, souls to save. He was the absolute antithesis of fascism in education and in life. President Eliot of Harvard phrased it beautifully in his citation conferring the LL.D. degree upon the Dean—a citation made, he said, because the Dean was "convinced of the overwhelming predominance of good in the student world."

So warm and glowing was this conviction that it kindled something in even the least responsive among us. To this day many a gray and graying head cannot think of him without emotion.

## ★ ★ The Marine Who Wouldn't Give Up ★ ★ ★

TWO MARINES on New Britain were sent out on patrol in advance of a big push to be made against the Japs on the following day. Returning from their job, one of them stepped on an enemy booby trap. The explosion shattered both his legs. Realizing he was too heavy to be carried back to camp, he persuaded his companion to go on alone. The second Marine treated the wounded man as well as he knew how, then reluctantly started back. Fears that the Japs would find his companion plagued the Marine, but he continued on to camp and turned in his information.

As scheduled, the attack on the Japs was made the next day. The enemy soon was withdrawing in disorder. When the Marines came to their wounded buddy they were horrified. There he lay, silent and motionless. And about his body and

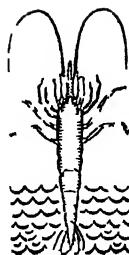
up and down the length of it were tangled wires. Evidently the Japs had come and rigged him up as a booby trap.

No one dared touch him. This was a job, a delicate and dangerous job, for an engineering unit. Suddenly the 'human booby trap' opened his eyes, grinned feebly, and whispered: "Hey, fellas, get these damned wires off me. 'An' help me up." The Marines stepped forward and removed the wires. There was no blast, no explosion.

Knowing that the Japs would be attracted to the spot by the first explosion, the Marine had painfully wired himself up as a booby trap with wire from the one which had wounded him. The Japs had come. They took one look and fled. And the quick-thinking Marine had lain undisturbed until his companions found him. —Contributed by Lt. Seymour Arnold Gross

# Where All Those Big Shrimp Come From

Condensed from  
The Baltimore Sunday Sun



A new and fabulous shrimp pool in the Gulf of Mexico promises an inexhaustible supply of delectable food — nutritious, unrationed

Lealon Martin, Jr.,  
and Carolyn Ramsey

ALL through 1938 — with time out for the hurricane season — a sturdy little vessel, the *Pelican*, zigzagged the coastal waters of the Gulf of Mexico from Mobile, Alabama, almost to Brownsville, Texas. Every so often her crew lowered a net, which she dragged along the bottom for an hour. Then up came the net, its contents were spilled on the deck and examined. Instruments tested the salinity, acidity and temperature of the water and brought up samples of the bottom. Bureau of Fisheries observers kept detailed record of it all. Monotonously the dull grind went on and on — 402 net hauls, 1200 miles of bottom dragged.

As a result, a new \$6,000,000 industry has been created, a fleet of trawlers has been built, 2000 men have found prosperous employment, a whole community has been revived. And the people of the United States have 50,000,000 additional pounds of food each year — delicious, nutritious and unrationed. All from a patient bit of research.

A mysterious had puzzled scientists for decades — where do shrimp go when they disappear from inshore waters? The Bureau of Fisheries (now the Fish and Wildlife Service) assigned Milton J. Lindner and William W.

Anderson, biologists, to find out, and gave them the *Pelican* to use.

What the *Pelican* found was the greatest concentration of shrimp ever discovered — uncountable hordes of shrimp. And what shrimp? These are not mere two- to five inch morsels, the only kind you ever saw until recent years, they are eight to ten inches long, known in the trade as "jumbos." The school centers on Ship Shoal, ten to 20 miles off the shores of Louisiana — and it will never be exhausted. Any conceivable catch by the shrimpers' fleet in any year will make no difference to the next year's crop, for these are adult shrimp that have spawned and will never spawn again. They have completed their life's work and have come to this great rendezvous, a kind of shrimp St. Petersburg where the food, temperature, and idleness just suit them. If not caught, they soon disappear. Biologists believe they die, in all their extensive researches, they never have found a shrimp more than a year and a half old.

For more than a century Louisiana bayou folk have been catching shrimp. Their fleet of luggers gathers at the beginning of the season and is blessed in a picturesque ceremony, then scatters to work the shallow in

shore waters. The catch used to go mostly to the canneries, though a sizable fraction went to Chinese and Filipino colonies who spread acres of boiled shrimp on platforms built over the water, to dry in the blazing sun.

The Louisiana shrimpers, however, had no craft that could dare the open Gulf. So the first to take advantage of the news of the new fishing grounds were several shrimp trawlers from Florida. Then Stathis Klonaris, now known to all the Gulf Coast as "The Greek," came to Morgan City, La., with little more than his shipwright's tools. He began turning out husky, 65-foot, 100-h.p. Diesel craft that can drag a big trawl net through waters 12 fathoms deep. At \$13,000 apiece, Klonaris has built more than 100 of them — 50 in wartime. So important are they to the country's food supply that priorities for materials are readily granted.

The boom that followed the development of the Morgan City shrimping fleet of 200 trawlers has been called the most amazing phenomenon in the annals of American fisheries. A decade ago, we were eating 100,000,000 pounds of shrimp a year. Now we are eating half again as much. And where is most of the 100,000,000 pounds was eaten from cans, most of this year's 150,000,000 pounds is eaten fresh. When jumbos became available in regions that never had tasted fresh shrimp before, their popularity was instant. Americans want fresh shrimp, now, and canners are packing only one quarter as many as they once did. And a new product, quick-frozen shrimp, is going ahead as fast as wartime restrictions permit. Of all the food that comes from our

waters, only the catch of salmon, tuna and oysters exceeds in annual value the catch of shrimp. Two thirds of this catch comes from Louisiana. And most of that from Morgan City.

Once an important port, Morgan City was driving up in 1938. There were cobwebs on all the cash registers, as the natives ruefully put it. Now the Chamber of Commerce boasts, "It's the fastest growing small town in America." It probably isn't, there must be war-boom towns that have grown faster. But when war industries wither away, the shrimp will still be there, Morgan City figures.

The shrimp fishermen are a cosmopolitan lot — Florida Conchs, Louisiana Cajuns, Greeks, Italians, Scandinavians. Three men work a trawler, like fishermen the world over, they work on shares.

Morgan City lies 18 miles from the Gulf, up the Atchafalaya, one of the deepest rivers in the world. From this fine harbor the trawlers work their way through the thick morning fogs out to Ship Shoal. The grounds are so large that there may be a weary hunt with the try net before the school is found. Then out goes the trawl net, its purse-shaped mouth 90 feet wide, six feet high. So close-packed are the shrimp that a boat may fill its hold in eight runs. And so abrupt is the edge of a school that one boat may lift a full net, another 30 feet away may get no shrimp at all.

When the hold is full — some five tons of shrimp — the boat races back to harbor. The buyers come from New York, Chicago even from San Francisco, and they pay cash on the dock — at the rate of about 13 cents a pound (OPA ceiling) for a com-

mon jumbo size Sixty refrigerated trucks and trailers rush the shrimp north, east and west, to be sold at 55 to 65 cents a pound retail

And very good for us they are, the dietitians say Shrimp have the common seafood virtue of supplying proteins and minerals, their special virtue is that they are easy to digest They are rich in the winter preventive, iodine, which is important to inland dwellers Shrimp sometimes have a hospital smell whereupon suspicious housewives accuse dealers of using preservatives This is unjust, the shrimp simply happen to have been feeding on a tiny sea creature which has an iodolorm smell

Shrimp, sometimes called prawns, are crustaceans, as are lobsters They look something like little lobsters, indeed, though housewives seeing only the edible tail, would hardly know that Their life history, long a mystery, has at last been puzzled out The female lets loose up to 800,000 eggs, which drift in the water, offshore

They hatch as little creatures  $\frac{1}{100}$  inch long When they have grown to be only a quarter of an inch long, they make their way for miles from the open sea into protected, warm and shallow bayous They look now like transparent fleas, and during the next few months they go through six or eight phases of growth with distinct changes in appearance When they have attained their final form, but only about half their ultimate size, they start back for the deeper and saltier waters This is when the old-time shrimpers seine them

Milton Lindner formed a theory that after leaving the shallows the shrimp bred in open waters, and then went farther out to saltier and deeper water where temperatures would be more stable His theorizing has been magnificently justified

There may be somewhere else in the world another fabulous shrimp pool But thousands of miles of search hasn't found it yet, and the great 'mine' in the Gulf remains unique

## Unexpected Answers

A Topeka, Kansas, assessor recently ran across the best answer yet to the question on the tax assessment blank Nature of taxpayer The answer Very mean

— I liberty

In Northampton, Mass., a Smith College freshman scrawled as her denominational preference 'I like to be called Betty'

— Time

A young man in green was puzzled by one question in the application blank he had been given when he applied for an apartment at the war housing center He listed his employer as the United States Marine Corps and now the questionnaire wanted to know what his boss's business was

After careful consideration he wrote "Exterminator"

— UP

When meat rationing first began, a farmer reported to his board that he had several hundred pounds of beef in storage To a letter demanding why he had so much on hand he replied 'It was necessary to kill the whole steer at one time'

— G Clark in *Coronet*

# How to Keep Ghosts Out of Town

Condensed from a forthcoming book, 'Men at Work

*Stuart Chase*

WHAT is a ghost town? One where there used to be a way to make a living which has somehow disappeared

America has been spotted with ghost towns, as their citizens have used up some resource — forests, fisheries, grasslands, minerals, oil, or water. Sometimes a whole industry picks up and moves. Certain New England towns have seen their cotton mills move South, or their shoe factories move West. The Power Age can make ghost towns very rapidly.

What is going to happen to scores of communities swollen by war orders when the pay lode runs out? What can a threatened town do about its 'ghosts'?

Well, one way is to do what Elma, Washington, did. Elma never was a ghost town, but, in the midst of seeming prosperity, ghosts were all around Elma, and it fought them off. In a way the people of Elma worked out a new social invention. It is a demonstration that can be applied to many other places.

ED STAMPFER had a Douglas fir in his back yard in Elma. It was one of the 200 foot giants which crowded the Olympic peninsula. Nobody ever counted or could count them. Ed ran his thumb over the edge of his axe and started swinging. He built him-

self a frame house, a shed kitchen and a woodshed out of part of the tree. He hewed out 300 fence rails ten feet long. He made 334 railroad ties and sold them. He split out 500 boards six inches wide and two inches thick. He piled up 15 cords of fire wood in his new woodshed. He sold the bark for \$12. And still he had a lot of tree left.

The *Elma Chronicle* reported this in 1889. There were six billion board feet of uncut timber in the Elma region then.

The first sawmill began to hum in 1890. A decade later ten big mills were ripping and screeching. The big outfits cut ruthlessly, taking the finest trees and letting the rest be burned. Why not, wasn't the forest 'inexhaustible'?

Elma, the rough camp, gradually grew into a well ordered community, as confident of its stability and its future as Seattle or Spokane. By 1910, stands in the Elma area were 38 percent gone. A schoolboy could have drawn a chart and foretold the year the ghosts would come. But neither boy nor man did so.

And so in 1938 the ghosts closed in. Of the 153,000 acres of towering virgin forest, only 11,000 remained. The Malone mills, which provided the livelihood of more than one third of Elma's population moved away.



When would the surviving mill go, and what would people do then? More than a thousand jobs were dependent on the dwindling forest.

The West was pock-marked with lumber towns where no more donkey engines screeched, but only owls. Was Elma, too, to become just a memory? Six thousand men, women and children, good Americans, lived in the region. Two thirds owned their homes. What were they to do?

The Elma Community Chamber of Commerce called a meeting of leading citizens of the region. They decided to appeal to the State Planning Council. That was what the Council was for. In Elma the Council saw an opportunity to set a precedent and work out a technique for reviving a lot of other towns dependent on the shrinking forests.

Had the people of Elma ever studied the needs of their town: their natural resources, their economic habits, their standard of living? Did they know their soil types, and the best crops for them? Did they know what the forest situation really was for the long swing? How about mineral deposits, water resources, recreation possibilities, fish and game? How about the schools, the public services, medical care?

No, the people had little such knowledge.

Well, then, why not take an inventory? asked the Council.

If the survey were to be worth a hoot, said the Council, it must tell the whole story, not just the sweet parts. And the bulk of the work must be done on a voluntary basis by citizens themselves. *If Elma was to be saved, the people themselves had to save it.*

A local Committee of 21 was organized, with a steering group of three members, to carry out the Council's suggestions.

The closing of the Malone mill had really frightened people. So when the Committee asked for help the people responded. Almost 80 percent of families handed in the detailed, confidential questionnaire baring their income and property secrets.

The school teachers got their students interested. The Council regards this awakening of the youngsters as the highlight of the whole survey for in many cases they aroused apathetic parents.

One group of 120 high school students was specially trained for placing the questionnaire, and helping people answer it when help was wanted. Some of the questions were pretty technical. The youngsters had to cover by car, bicycle or on foot an area of 230 square miles, and deliver the four-page document to 1600 families. Answers were collected unsigned, in sealed ballot boxes.

Another group of students was trained to make a land-use survey. Data were placed on a large base map. The map and the questionnaires became original source material of the greatest importance for the survey. Youngsters who worked on it began to know their town as no pioneer, no parent, no official had ever done.

There was of course a lot of information about Elma already in print. But it was scattered in census reports, Forest Service findings, state documents, county agents' records, rainfall readings, flood records — all over the place. The Council got it

all together, fitted the jigsaw pieces into a comprehensive pattern, and determined what parts were missing. Here, says the Council, is the second highlight — the vast amount of useful material available to any town in the country, *if somebody rounds it up*.

The geology of the region was rechecked by the state. So were data about stream flow, rainfall, flood control. The U S Soil Conservation Service, with the cooperation of farm owners, made a soil map, in which it appeared that many Elma farmers were trying to grow crops on barren ground, while some excellent soils were being neglected. A study of the butterfat production of Elma herds brought to light a miserable record. And so it went. The results are all set forth in the Survey Report.

The section on forests is the most significant of all to Elma. "*Basically Elma will always be a forest region*," said the report. Four fifths of the whole area of 250 square miles was planned by nature for big trees. The soil, the rainfall, the topography demand them. Soils for farming are limited, new large industries are highly improbable. The forest must be nursed back if Elma is to survive with its present population.

By wiser treatment, said the report, the forest area could be made to yield far more revenue, and yield it forever. Elma's industries must chiefly process lumber. Ed Stamper, back in 1889, had the right idea — use the whole tree.

Only one fifth of the area is suitable for farming. But farmers can make a larger contribution to the town's economy, by improving their lands, by irrigation, and by growing

crops fitted to the natural soils. Too many families had looked on farming as a part-time occupation. There is an excellent chance that farmers can double their income by up-to-date techniques and all-out effort.

But there must be cooperation. Take strawberries, a crop of which Elma is proud. A small farmer cannot get anywhere raising strawberries alone. But a cooperative, with pick up truck service, grading standards, perhaps a cannery, established markets in Tacoma and Seattle, technical aid in the care and feeding of the pesky plant, might work wonders. Cooperatives could be useful too in marketing poultry, beef, Christmas trees, cas-cara bark, all sorts of things.

Another strong recommendation of the survey was to make Elma a recreation center for fishing, hunting, boating, swimming, hiking, motor-ing. Its natural scenery is magnificent. It is only a few miles from the Pacific. In Maine, when the lumber barons got through, the tourists moved in. It is interesting to see a similar movement beginning on the other side of the continent.

What did the questionnaire show the people wanted? Those in the mill villages mostly wanted to get out of them. Half of those living in the town of Elma wanted to get on a farm or into a garden home. This is a nationwide trend toward the "twilight farm."

But, says the survey, if the people of Elma want this pattern they must plan for it. They must help keep the mills going by improved forestry on the one hand, and tighten up their agricultural practices on the other. They must be careful of scattering up the creeks in remote hill bungalows,

at a fantastic cost for roads, schools, water, power and other utilities. Far better to scatter into a "garden city" development — one planned for living, not for speculative profit.

Elma made real use of the survey.

The children began to use it as a textbook — a kind of springboard for plunging into the history, economics, geography of their nation, their continent and their world. It is the youngsters who will save Elma. What better preparation could they have for the task?

The high school acquired a 250-acre school forest where the boys are given practical training. In 1941 they planted 5000 trees, including 2000 ciscaras. Meanwhile the CCC camps in the area were encouraged to plant 25 million seedlings.

The Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company, cooperating established a 120,000-acre tree farm, to be protected until it can be cropped for a perpetual yield. Other timber lands were replanted on a similar basis.

Farmers and small woodlot owners formed a cooperative for marketing their wood products. They hired a trained forester to show them how to thin their trees and grade their poles, pilings, and pulpwood for the best market price.

Average butterfat output per cow was increased 75 percent as a result of the work of the dairy herd im-

provement association. Another cooperative was formed to clear cut-over land where the Soil Conservation Service pronounced the soil good for crops. The great Wenzell Slough was drained, and more excellent farmland brought in. Experiments were started for raising beef cattle on certain cut-over lands, for producing tulip bulbs, for mapping local trails and fishing holes. A cooperative was projected for marketing wild berries, and a furniture factory to use local alder wood.

"For the first time citizens of Elma have been united in one large enterprise," says Ben Kizer, chairman of the Council. They have cooperatively made the survey, now they must live it."

Will they? I cannot answer that one. But I can answer this one: What is the best way and the most democratic way to keep ghosts out of any town? The answer is: Get a copy of the Elma Survey, study it prayerfully, go thou and do likewise!

The traditional pioneer packed his family and the cookstove into the wagon and moved on, when the forests or the grasslands or the soils had hid the life beaten out of them. The people of Elma do not propose to move on. They propose to stay in the homes they love, and instead of pricing assault and battery on Nature, to work with her.

*Sauler calling into recruiting office  
getting kinda discouraged*

Gimme that ol' sales talk again, I m

Alvin C. Cheyron



# Cuba's Masterpiece of Vice Versa

*Dr. Ramon Grau San  
Martín. He broke all  
records for high wide and  
jaucy dreaming*

Condensed from  
The Saturday Evening Post

+  
J. P. McCloy

**T**wo years ago there was the usual Fourth of July celebration in Havana—a parade, a flowery speech by President Batista, a gallant response by U. S. Ambassador Braden, a colorful military review. Our Fourth of July is a great holiday in Cuba, for Cubans realize that their independence was born of our independence and in their hearts they are grateful to the Americans of yesterday and friendly to the Americans of today.

A few miles from where the parade was to start a private citizen climbed into a modest jalopy and proceeded down the street on his way to the reviewing stand. A mile or so from his destination his car broke down and he got out to walk the rest of the way. People began to follow him, and as he continued still more fell in behind. To the outsider he appeared to be a rather shy, gentle, scholarly householder out for a stroll. But the crowds, rapidly pouring in from the side streets, looked up at him with shining eyes. They shouted "Viva Grau! Oh! Viva Grau-Oh!" By the time they had arrived at the reviewing stand, this shouting, impromptu parade of

the common people had engulfed and dwarfed the official celebration.

In 1944 there was another Fourth of July celebration. And leading the official parade, marching with President Batista and Ambassador Braden, was the same idol of the masses, no longer a private individual but the people's president elect. By the bloodless revolution of the ballot, the people had returned to power Dr. Ramon Grau San Martín—the man who in four short months is president 11 years ago did more to liberalize the laws of the land and better the conditions of the common people than any other Cuban in history.

The Cubans, humorous and sophisticated, proudly refer to their lovely island as the Land of Vice Versa, meaning no one should be surprised by anything that happens in their paradoxical paradise. Populated almost entirely by politicians, Cuba has no valedictorian elected for president not a politician but a professor of physiology and internal medicine. The Cubans—told by everyone, including themselves, that they need a strong military hand to rule them—overwhelmingly chose instead to be governed by a thoughtful scientific brow.

Those who do not know Dr Grau well call him a visionary, an impractical dreamer and a mystic. Deceptively mild, deceptively soft-spoken, the hard core of stubbornness that is the real Grau is known only to his intimates. A generation of good doctors, inspired by his lectures, attest to a scientifically disciplined mind and an incorruptible insistence on personal integrity and professional competence. "A hard taskmaster," they will tell you, and proudly quote his favorite sardonic remark as he flunks unhappy failures, "Do you want to be physicians or assassins?"

For an "impractical dreamer," Grau has done rather well in his profession. One of Cuba's most successful physicians, he built up a private practice of better than \$50,000 a year. He gave most of this up to battle for reforms, lecturing at the university mornings and holding an open clinic in his home afternoons for all who wanted to come and talk over their troubles, personal and political. When called a Communist he is reported to have replied that no man could be a Communist who had a quarter of a million dollars he had made with his own hands, adding, "I don't have to be a Communist to believe that the worker should be paid enough to live like a man and not like an animal."

Suffrage in Cuba is universal and compulsory. If you don't vote you can be fined. And on election day, last June, overwhelming Grau majorities flooded from all over the island. The defeated candidate, Dr. Carlos Saldaña, had been backed by the Batista government, the army, navy, big business, the Communists and society — a strange bedfellow for

had no one for him except the people!

The people knew that Dr. Grau was thinking about them. His eloquent spokesman, youthful Senator Iddy Chibas, had been carrying on a one-man war of words in newspapers and magazines, winding up with a dynamic electioneering campaign on the radio. This same Chibas, 15 years before, had led a delegation of revolutionary university students into the classroom where Dr. Grau was lecturing. The committee explained they wanted the support of all the students and professors in the fight against President Machado's growing tyranny. Grau told them, "This hour is mine and I can do as I please with it. Go ahead."

The committee sold the students. Even more important, they sold Grau, who became the spearhead of the people's revolt against Machado. Grau spent a year in jail as a political prisoner on the Isle of Pines, but escaped in time to join the revolutionary junta which took over the government soon after Machado fled.

\* The history of those violent days is dark and bloody. With the strong hand of Machado gone, Cuba erupted into an orgy of revenge killings, burnings and lootings. Batista, then an unknown army sergeant, organized a revolt of his fellow sergeants and took over control of the army. Using the army as a police force, he quickly cowed the island into some semblance of order.

A few weeks later Dr. Grau, one of the revolutionary committee of five selected by the soldiers and students to take over the government, was chosen to act as president until the country could be pacified and a local

lection held This was September 10, 1933

In the next hundred days Cuba's "dictator" broke all known records of high, wide and fancy dictating More, he wrote them all down in the lawbooks of the land, as official decrees which no succeeding government has dared to abrogate He gave Cuba its first electoral law, census law, woman's suffrage, a law permitting women to become public officials His agrarian laws provided for rural housing, redistribution of large land holdings into small homesteads, his social laws included founding the first ministry of labor, establishing an eight hour day, minimum wage, a 41 hour week, workmen's compensation, compulsory arbitration, protection of workers from punishment of wages and usury law He decreed free school for all, public nurses, homes for the poor, free university matriculation for needy students, and increases of salary for all teachers

Grau's government was not recognized by the United States His first official act had been to denounce the Platt Amendment which granted the U S Government treaty rights to intervene in Cuba with armed force if necessary at any time for the maintenance of order For this stand Grau was called anti-American Grau maintained he was merely anti-imperialistic and that the Americans themselves would someday agree with him One year later — after Grau had been forced out — our government did agree with him and the Platt Amendment was abrogated

Grau also antagonized Americans and other foreigners by decreeing the 50 percent law, which made it com-

pulsory for all companies doing business in Cuba to hire sufficient Cubans to account for half the payrolls

Finally, with U S warships in Cuban waters carrying the constant threat of armed intervention, and with no possibility of U S recognition, Grau yielded to the inevitable On January 14, 1934, he quietly walked out of the palace and went home, leaving the naming of his successor to Sergeant Batista

Batista ran Cuba like a private Coney Island concession In the background he pulled the levers, while up in front a procession of dummies crossed the stage, each solemnly labeled "President of the Republic" Tiring of the power without the glory, Batista left the runway years ago to run for President Doctor Grau left private life to run against him Cubans will tell you that Grau got the votes — but the record shows that Batista got the job In 1944, however, it would have taken an army of Houdinis to make Grau's majority disappear

Dr Grau has won his war, but his hardest job lies ahead winning the peace Cuba is a small country about the size of Pennsylvania but it is bedeviled with all the troubles of a big country, complicated with many personal headaches not enough good roads, schools or teachers, primitive sanitary conditions, bureaucratic inefficiency, politics approximating guerrilla warfare, a one crop economy, unhealthy labor management relations, an aggressive Communist faction Woven through it all is grief, what the Cubans call *el choro* — the grief

Cubans say sardonically there are

only two industries on the island — Sugar and the Budget “But there is a third, even larger,” Dr. Grau told me after his election, “the *chivo*.” And then he added, “There is nothing wrong with Cuba that an honest administration can’t cure. Honesty at the top will percolate all the way down to the people.”

A few days later his spokesman, Eddy Chibas, announced on the radio that Dr. Grau would make a sworn declaration of his estate before his inauguration, and that every member of his cabinet would do likewise.

As the Cubans themselves put it with their genius for *vice versa*, they are cursed with a soil so rich a climate so blessed, a labor supply so abundant and a market so near that they are always either going into bankruptcy or struggling out of it. Cuba could produce all the food the people could eat, with plenty to export but it clings to one crop economy, sugar, tied to one inescapable buyer, the United States. Also, the island is populated by farmers who have no farms. Most of them are little better than squatters clustered around Cuba's 150 odd sugar mills. Owning no ground they have no interest in cultivating it, not even to use their own food. Owning no homes, they have no interest in keeping even these dirt floor palm thatched huts in repair.

The Cuban sugar farmers are not really farmers at all. They are essen-

tially factory workers who live on the land without any roots in the soil, their existence dependent upon and bound to a factory which is closed eight to nine months a year. This is the most painful of all Cuba's paradoxes — a republic of politically free people resting on a feudal base of economic peonage.

When Dr. Grau tried to do something about all this during his first, brief presidency, he soon found himself in plenty of trouble. It is no surprise that his troubles have already started again. The bitterest attacks are coming from the Communists, who are few in number but whose leaders are smart, aggressive, and work together on a straight line program of childlike simplicity: (1) to get control of all organized labor, (2) to use this power to capture economic and political control.

But Dr. Grau understands Cuba as only a philosophical Cuban who has lived all his life in the country can understand it. He understands Cubans as only a trained diagnostician and a well-honed family doctor can understand them. His simplicity gives a false impression that he is easily swayed, his willingness to listen is misinterpreted as indecision. People forget that a great doctor learns all about you by being a great listener. And Dr. Grau's record shows that he has never backed down from a stand or backed away from a fight. It is unlikely that he will start now.



DEAR GOD, give us strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us courage to change the things that can and should be changed. And give us wisdom to distinguish one from the other.

— Attila the Hun, quoted by George S. Messersmith in *Where They Were* (Whittier)

# JOE Goes to School Under Fire



Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

*Fredrick C. Painton and Holman Harcey*

**M**R PAINTON wrote from Rome. I gathered information about the Armed Forces Institute in Cuero but held it up until I could visit the various combat divisions at the front and conscientiously working. It is in the last war I was one of the millions who had no chance to attend school in France so this story is dear to my heart. Mr. Harcey supplemented Mr. Painton's dispatch with material gathered in Washington.

**W**E WERE under fire on the Anzio beachhead when we met up with Pfc. Richard M. Tunis. Correspondents don't do much paper work under fire if they can help it but Pfc. Tunis was doing paper work — a trigonometry lesson!

"I went to be set for a job when I'm out of this man's army," he explained.

Tunis is 24 years old, he left school in first year high, drifted from one job to another. Just before his Division sailed he got married. He takes that pretty seriously and, besides, his Army experience taught him that the guys who really knew something were the ones who got ahead. So he made up his mind to become an electrician.

The Army, Tunis heard, had a new setup for fellows who wanted to study. As a basis for his study of

electricity, he was advised to take plane geometry and trigonometry. So he sent in his \$2 registration fee and promptly received a course of instruction.

It's awful hard to get time to do the work, he said at Anzio. "I get into my foxhole at night and by pulling a blanket over it and using a bit of candle I get some work done. But when Jerry comes over bombing and strafing I must say my mind's not on my lesson."

When Tunis has completed his lessons examination papers will be sent to an officer in his company who will give him the test. If he passes he will be sent the next course — in his case basic electricity. His \$2 pays for as many courses as he wants to take so long as he completes a lesson a month to show he is in earnest.

Private Dwight B. Scheer had completed two years toward his degree at the University of Washington when the Army called him. In a dull during the attack on Valmontone, below Rome, we found him studying the history of English literature. American batteries were thundering and German shells were screaming overhead but Scheer said he'd got used to it and could work all right.



"The Army arranges with my university to allow me credit for the work when I pass my final examination before an officer," he went on. "Mine is one of the universities which cooperate in this way. I am really continuing my regular studies at my own alma mater."

The United States is running a school by-mail for its armed forces which is by all odds the greatest mass education undertaking in history. Thousands of men at the front whose schooling was interrupted are continuing their studies by mail, tens of thousands of others are laying the groundwork for life careers, and no service man or woman who uses this globe girdling correspondence school will return to civilian life without some new and useful knowledge.

The U. S. Armed Forces Institute, under the direction of Colonel Francis T. Spaulding, Huron Island dean of education, has headquarters at Madison, Wis., and fully equipped branch schools in nine major theaters of war. It offers more than 500 courses in 17 broad fields of study. Included are correspondence courses offered by some 80 American colleges and universities.

When the USAFI—pronounced "U-soff's"—was launched in April 1942 everyone concerned had frank doubts as to its future. The Army ruled that to allow outside studies to encroach on military duties was out of the question. And to compel soldiers to study on their off-duty time might deprive them of needed rest or recreation. The question was: Would any appreciable number of men *voluntarily* devote off-duty time to such extra effort?

Doubts began to disappear as word of this new GI service reached the lines on distant fronts. From Iceland to the Pacific, from London to Cairo and Rome, on battleships and in fighting zones, USAFI caught on like wildfire. At this writing, 860,000 service men and women in every part of the world are busily studying. And every day 1100 more ask for courses. Enrollments are expected to treble this winter. Fifteen million textbooks are on hand for early delivery, and printing houses have been swamped with orders for manuals and forms.

So far, 1700 service students whose high school terms were cut short by war have earned their final diplomas by mail. Some 200 others have completed their college work and received degrees from such institutions as Ohio State University, the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota and California, and Tufts College.

Of 50 students interviewed at random in the 11th Army, every man was completely satisfied with his particular study course and pleased with the quick turn-around on lesson-answer mail. Regarded as a potent morale builder, USAFI study mail enjoys high Army priority.

Groups of men have formed informal classes to study some subject together. For instance jeep and command car drivers have a lot of waiting time. Engines interest them, they will peer fascinated beneath the hood of a German Diesel engine tank or take apart a captured *Folkswagen*. So Buddy Bell, of Brownsville, Texas, started a USAFI class in Diesel engineering. After 17 lessons, with captured engines to work on, they all expect to become Diesel experts.

The only way USAI can extend foreign language instruction is through such class study, because it undertakes to teach only the spoken language. Any ten or more service men may receive two double-faced 12-inch records, together with printed guides, with which they can acquire a working vocabulary of around 300 words and 150 useful phrases in ten or 12 hours of class time. For more extensive instruction in a language, there are deluxe courses with 24 double-faced records. Within 200 hours of study, such a class will master not less than 1500 words, and will acquire a good pronunciation and considerable fluency of expression. Courses are available in French, German, Italian, Spanish and Chinese and are soon to be available in no less than 18 other languages.

A youthful paymaster sergeant of Mines asked for information on a course in Chinese or Russian. "We will be doing a lot of selling to those countries and I could get a good job in selling or promotion work if I knew the lingo."

Navy, Marine and Coast Guard officers have taken a keen interest in USAI and have spread its story to their men. The Navy has called on USAI to help its enlisted personnel study for higher ratings within the service and has appointed Educational Service Officers at each naval station to organize study classes.

Tens of thousands of USAI students are scattered over the far Pacific areas. One field artilleryman has had a particularly stormy time getting ahead with his studies.

"This makes the second time I am writing for new material, due to a little bad luck," he wrote recently. "The first time it was a ship sinking that caused me to lose my material. This time it was a couple of bombs. I have waited a while to see what the situation would be like before I started again."

Many amusing sidelights are found in the letters received at Madison. A WAVE ensign in command of a barracks harassed by compliments, asked USAI to give her a course in plumbing. A sergeant wrote mournfully from the Caribbean to explain his delay in sending in his lessons. Tropical insects ate up my papers.

Service men on lonely vigil in remote posts where mail service is infrequent may apply for self-teaching courses. USAI has painstakingly worked these out to enable men to guide and correct their own work without benefit of a teacher or correctional advice by mail. American prisoners in German prison camps receive these courses through the International YMCA and the Inter-

1 Red Cross Committee at Geneva.

USAI is looking to post hostilities period in Europe and Asia to tedious internments when GI Joe will have time on his hands. There will be many more courses available to him then, including courses in government and citizenship. Plans are well advanced, too, for organized discussion groups and forums on questions of the day. Joe's opportunities for study will greatly expand when the guns have cooled.

# Life in These United States

A BOSTON lady was expressing her indignation at the indecent words being painted on the walls and sidewalks of the city. "What will outsiders think of us?" she cried. "Why, some of the words aren't even spelled right!"

—ST. HAROLD HELIER

WORKING on early shift in a War Department office, I usually breakfasted at a certain small cafe. Every morning, I noticed an elderly woman come in and order a good breakfast. Because she looked so very old and frail, I was somewhat puzzled by her early morning routine. One day I asked her if she had a war job.

No, she replied with a sprightly smile, I'm nearing 80 and no one would give me a job now. But years ago when I was raising my family, I always had to get up early and work hard. Now I'm alone with nothing to do, so I like to come in here and eat before daylight, and pretend that I'm going to work with the rest of you. This, she chimed merrily about her — this is the highlight of my day. For this he. I feel young again.

—NATHAN HARRIS

IN THE sparsely settled regions of the Siyotooth Mountains in California, a friend of mine was motor-ing out to see a rancher friend. Traversing a region of uninhabited waste land, he came to a tiny cluster of four cabins at a crossroads. Stopping his car, he hailed a native standing beside the road.

"I'm looking for the town of Belden," said my friend. "Can you direct me to it?"

"Stranger," replied the rustic laconically, "don't move a damn inch."

—HILLEN TALLEY

DURING a recent leave I spent a few days at my uncle's farm near Kingston, R. I. From dawn to dark he was busy with spring planting, but in spite of his endless chores and many cares, my uncle was always cheerful. Never have I seen a man who savored life with such terrific gusto.

One evening while we were enjoying a pipe together, I contrasted his happy temperament with that of a near relative, Vince, who seldom found pleasure in anything. "Some people," I said, "seem to enjoy life just once in a while like Vince. Others, like you, seem to enjoy each day."

He smiled understandingly. "It's the way you grow up mostly. When Vince was small he liked to lick his spoon once after finishing his dessert. I used to lick my spoon after each mouthful."

—LENA LEBERKNECHT

A MOUNTAIN woman from Shillett's Hollow comes into our University Hospital for ten days every year to have another baby. On one of her annual visits the doctor said, "Madam, you really ought to stop having babies every year."

She looked at him in dismay, then exclaimed, "And give up my only rest? No, sir, rec!"

—MRS. JACK FLYNN

AT AN international banquet in London each guest was asked to rise, give his name, and the name of his country. After representatives from China, Russia, South Africa and Argentina had identified themselves as tall, scholarly figure rose and in the soft accent of a Venezuelan drawled proudly, "Suh, Ah come from the southern end of Fauquier County."

—MRS. ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING

OLD Kees Van Groot, a thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch stock raiser, was known as the stingiest man in Lancaster County. His parsimony nearly worried him into a stroke when a visiting granddaughter stayed up till 10 p.m. reading by a small kerosene lamp.

"Turn out that light!" roared the old skinflint.

"But, Grindpa," protested the young lady. "I'm buying the kerosene."

"I know, I know," stormed Kees, but you're burning my wick!" —JOHN C. MILES

MANY years ago, there came regularly to my door a wagon laden with farm produce. Its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, had risen with the lark and driven in from the country to bring their patrons dew-fresh vegetables and full cream butter. On the slightest provocation Mr. Thomson would describe his various ailments in detail, but his wife's favorite theme was always her children. She was a woman of boundless energy, salty philosophy and numerous progeny.

Knowing of her family cares I once said to her: "Aren't so many children a great deal of trouble?"

No, replied Mrs. Thomson, "not trouble. A bother perhaps sometimes, but never trouble. You see trouble's on the heart, but bothers only on the hands."

—C. G. L. ALLEN

ONE AFTERNOON while driving through the hills of West Virginia, I spotted some beautiful old fashioned flowers growing by a weather-beaten shack. They were just what I needed for an arrangement I wanted to make for a flower show. I knocked, and a tiny old woman came to the door. I told

her I admired her flowers and wanted to buy a few. Without a word she reached for a knife and proceeded to cut almost every flower. I protested, but with a sweet smile on her wrinkled face she said: "Can't ever remember having anything before that anyone else ever wanted."

—N. A. M. P. H. STELLAN

WHILE we were touring the County Fair grounds a few years back a group of visitors were leaning over the fence looking at Uncle Pete's prize pig hogs. They were by far the largest and fittest in the whole show. None of the others could hold a candle to Uncle Pete's. One of the group asked him, "How come your hogs are the biggest, Uncle Pete?" "You always win blue ribbons on them."

Well, drawled Uncle Pete. "I feed them pigs all they can stuff into 'em. Then a couple of weeks before the fair I put a half starved shoit in with them and when they see that shoit eatin' it rouses the greedy instinct in 'em and they start eatin' all over again."

—H. H. PRIGETT

### *The Reader's Digest invites contributions to Life in These United States*

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Air conditioning reaches out to the battlefield

## Climate à la Carte

*By Harland Manchester*

MANY PEOPLE think of air conditioning merely as an aid to the appreciation of Hedy Lamarr during dog days. Actually there is hardly a critical operation in the production of vital weapons, explosives, tools, medicines and foods that is not being done better, faster or cheaper because of machine-made climate.

Without air conditioning, much of the sensational new communications equipment could neither be manufactured nor employed at the front. Electronic tubes, like light bulbs, are highly efficient furnaces and any room where a large number of these tubes are made, tested or used would

unless artificially cooled quickly become a Turkish bath. Before processing the air rejection of faulty tubes

in one factory

The roofs of military radio trucks in the South Pacific are often heated by the sun to 160 degrees and inside there is enough radiation from the tubes to heat a house. No one could live long in these trucks were they not air conditioned.

New communications equipment on naval vessels is used in sealed chambers thickly walled against gun fire and outside disturbances. Cooled air makes these rooms endurable. Air conditioning keeps gun crews

efficient by pumping out powder fumes and pumping in fresh, cooled air, and down in the magazines it protects stored powder from deterioration.

"Sweatboxes," they used to call the ready rooms on aircraft carriers, where pilots assemble in their heavy flying suits for orders before taking off. Now these rooms are mechanically chilled, the pilots relaxed and comfortable.

Repairing equipment on the hot sandy desert of a fetid Pacific island was once a job to try a mechanic's soul. Now there is a portable air conditioned repair hut which folds for shipment by air transport, and repairs to delicate instruments are made in half the time with no sweat or dust.

The glass-enclosed control tower at an airfield where there is no escape from the sun used to be hell on personnel and bad for weather recording and radio instruments. Packed cold came to the rescue.

Operating and X-ray rooms in many base hospitals are now comfortably cooled thereby reducing the danger of infection from sweat and dust and increasing the efficiency of surgeons. And air conditioned Pullman-type ambulances keep wounded men more comfortable on the way to the hospital.

Aerial photograph films must be developed and prints ready in a matter of minutes. This would be impossible in hot climates without the Army's new trailer darkrooms in which air conditioning keeps film free from dust, holds emulsions at specified temperatures, and checks perspiration.

During the fighting in Africa, a completely air conditioned motor caravan, the first of its kind, enabled a mobile squadron of engineers and technicians to eat, sleep and do their paper work in comfort while it was 130 degrees outside. Engineers used the caravan in constructing advance bases.

Packaged cold is bringing fresh food to more soldiers than ever before in the history of warfare. Self-refrigerating storeroom units are carried in the hold and delivered full of frozen meat or vegetables at advance bases. Trailers carry 8000 pounds of frozen beef apiece up to the front where the tractor is unhooked and the trailer becomes a stationary cooler with its own power plant.

Air conditioning has broken a score of bottlenecks in war production. Temperatures in copper mines run as high as 130 degrees and once it was standard practice to blow air through the tunnels for three years or so until they were cool enough to work in. Now these sweltering holes are cooled in less than a month.

As factory technology improves, more and more machines are installed in a given space. Every machine generates heat by friction, the bulbs and tubes which illuminate the plant give off heat, and every worker constantly gives off as much heat as

a 100-watt light bulb. Artificial cooling is a necessity.

High-precision instruments made for the Navy were being rejected in large numbers despite rigid inspection at the plant. After a few weeks, tiny specks of corrosion on their highly polished surfaces made them useless. The "saboteur" was finally identified. It was a worker's damp finger tip so much as brushed one of the mirror-like areas, the acid in perspiration planted invisible germs of future deterioration. Air conditioning keeps the workers' fingers dry. There is no trouble now.

A blueprint six feet long, drawn in the cool of the evening, may expand by as much as an inch in the heat of the day, which may easily lead to a serious error. Also sweating hands used often to smear blueprints. Now war plant drafting rooms have dustless uniform artificial weather.

That modern machines of all kinds, including airplane engines, are so much better than earlier models is due largely to the closer fit, or finer "tolerances," of the various parts. This has raised problems in mass production. A part made in the cool of the night and assembled in the heat of the day may expand enough to be rejected. Production of the famous Norden bombsight would be cut 50 percent during summer months without air conditioning. Or a part made in St. Louis may not fit a companion part produced in the cooler climate of Springfield, Mass. Likewise, a change of even one degree in temperature affects the accuracy of highly polished gauge blocks and other super-accurate measuring devices used to check the accuracy of tools. The so-

lution has been to hold temperatures and humidities uniform, at all hours, all seasons and all plants.

Until 1931 all the gases used as refrigerants were toxic, inflammable or uneconomical. They caused a number of fires and fatal accidents. In that year, the late Thomas Midgley, Jr., discovered "Freon." With this gas refrigerating machinery can be made lighter and more compact. For example, the new gas makes possible a supply of fresh cool air in a submarine. The crews can even smoke,

a thing unheard of in earlier days.

Air conditioning is slated for a tremendous postwar boom. It is reasonable to expect that within a few years virtually all factories, shops, laboratories, trains, hotels, assembly places, office buildings and new apartment houses will be equipped with controlled weather. Dividends in comfort, health and efficiency will be large. And in the future, though perhaps the distant future, lies the goal of weather as you like it in the average home.

## The Psychology of It

JOHN KAHN, president of Albert Kahn Associated Architects & Engineers, Inc., reports that workers complained of the air conditioning in one huge aircraft plant even though scientific instruments indicated ideal temperature and humidity. The Kahn people one night tied ribbons to the grilles of the air ducts. Workers the next morning saw the ribbons fluttering and assumed that a change had been made. Not only did complaints cease, but everyone began to boast of being more comfortable at work than at home! — Contributing Editor

A YOUNG WOMAN whose business is running a doll and asking questions in consumer research discovered a technique for overcoming housewife resistance. As she backs away from an unresponsive project she snaps a string which sends a cascade of cheap pearls to the floor. No woman she has found can stand coldly aloof in the face of such a mishap, and as they scramble about together picking up the pearls, the ice is broken. She gets her answers. — N.Y. Herald Tribune

♦ DURING a paper salvage drive in Tucson, Arizona, a sign painter was per-

suaded by Lee Little, manager of the radio station KJUC, to paint WASTE on the city's waste paper collection bins. No sooner had the Waste signs appeared than the telephone calls telegrams and letters began pouring in to the salvage committee. That, of course, had been the idea. The publicity brought in tons of waste paper. — Los Angeles Times

A YOUNG MOTHER was having great difficulty with her three-year-old son who had locked himself in the bathroom and either could not or would not unlock the door. Finally in desperation, she called the fire department.

After a brief wait, a burly fire captain ran up the front steps with an ax in one hand and a fire extinguisher in the other. She explained her predicament, but instead of going back for a ladder, he asked her the sex of the child. When she had told him he climbed the stairs and said in his most authoritative voice: "You come out little girl! The boy unlocked the door and marched out to confront the fireman. It works just about every time," explained the grinning captain.

— Contributing Editor Bill Martin

### III.

## 'WE SHALL COME BACK'

Condensed from News from Belgium

Jan- Albert Goris

**H**IGH and a half million Belgians are filled with gratitude for their liberation. But in their rapture they are also thinking of the future and they have good reason to do so. They were told something very important about it by the retreating Nazis. On September 1 the German radio in Brussels told them four remarkable things.

"We shall never rob you. We shall never pillage you. Do not show hatred against us. One day we shall come back till then, *a hundred*

These statements in their enormity throw light on German mentality. They prove once more that the case of Germany pertains to the punitive and not to the reasonable.

Those who know the Germans — and most Americans do not, while most Europeans do — foresaw long ago that when Hitler and his consorts were forced to their knees they would start a whining campaign. The Germans know that the Anglo-Saxon lack for the underdog. They realize that by whining they achieved quite a few results last time, and the campaign is on again. For years we will hear these pitiful moans, and it is possible that some nations will succumb once more.

But the Belgians will not. Why? Because when the Germans with grotesque solemnity declare, "We shall

never rob you" the Belgians can only answer, "What is there left to rob?" These gangsters drained Belgium of 85 percent of its production, they imposed on scores of Belgian cities fines of millions of francs, they robbed private homes, confiscated the property of Belgians in exile, stole art treasures and the libraries of scientists. They robbed Belgians for four years, and then, on the eve of being driven out of Belgium, they tell their victims: "We shall not rob you!"

For four years they lived on the fat of the land, letting the Belgian children starve, shipping the food the Belgians produced to the Reich. They stole railroad material, electrical equipment, the coal from Belgian mines, in fact everything they could carry away. Then with the country scraped clean they say: "We shall not pillage you!"

But most amazing of all is that human snipery: "Do not hate us."

These are the words of men who in 1940 killed 10,000 women and children on the roads of Belgium, in a crime cunning them just for fun, who imprisoned more than 12,000 Belgian patriots, who tortured and massacred hundreds of innocent hostages, who abducted 500,000 men and women to slavery in German factories. They



have one little request when leaving

Do not hate us!"

Do not hate those who tried to destroy your institutions, every freedom for which you have fought for centuries, everything that made life worth while!

But the final sentence of the broadcast is so striking a warning, that it deserves the greatest attention.

This is the second time in a quarter of a century that the Germans have occupied Belgium for four years. They are beaten now, but do they at last understand that the world cannot be enslaved? No, the only conclusion they draw is "We shall come back." We shall come back with a new edition of our *Crested Phoenix*, and our *U. S. Chin*

bers, of our arrogance and brutality.

If there is anything the Belgians may be grateful for to the Germans, it is for this warning: "*À bientôt!*" — "We hope to see you again soon!"

The horrible truth is that they will be perfectly right — if we treat them again as we did in 1918, if we consider them as normal human beings. There is now but one watchword: *Delenda Germania!* Germany must be destroyed. We must not take the risk of standing one day before our children, white with shame and remorse, and having to tell them: "They told us they would come back and, thanks to our foolishness, our weakness and our 'flippancy,' they have done so."

## Parable of the Isms

*Communism* If you have two cows you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

*Nazism* If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

*Capitalism* If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

## Misconceptions

*SIMON BOLIVAR* the great South American liberator, was scheduled to pass the night in a small Peruvian town. His aide sent word to the local innkeeper, asking that "a room be prepared with special accommodations, food, etc. etc. etc."

Arriving in the village, Bolívar was shown the best room in the hotel. After he had expressed approval, the great man was conducted into an adjoining room where sat three lovely señoritas. "And who are these young ladies?" Bolívar asked.

The three señoritas, replied his host

— *South American Digest*

A problem that stumps the etiquette experts



# Impasse at the Elevator

Condensed from Pageant + *Robert Benchley*

IT is all very well for writers on etiquette to tell us what to say when we are introduced ("Hi-yah!"), or when we take leave of our hosts ("Thanks a million, toots!") But what do two strangers say to each other when they find themselves alone together?

You are in an apartment house or a hotel and for some reason, you are leaving. You may even have been asked to leave. You come down the hall to the elevator and find a stranger there waiting.

Now presumably he has rung the bell already. He wouldn't be just hanging around watching the cars go up and down unless he were the village idiot. But you march right up and ring the bell, too.

This distrust between strangers is instinctive. You have a feeling that he might not have pushed the bell hard enough. He might even have pushed the up bell. Anyway you push the bell. Then you stand back and wait.

Naturally this turns him against you. You have criticism on his bell pushing abilities. So he too, steps back, giving you a dirty look. You each pretend that you are very busy with your gloves or your tie or your underdrawers, or something. It is the zero hour.

If you are representatives of two of the more prominent sexes, the strain

is even greater. In fact, for a lady and a gentleman to be placed in this position is well nigh intolerable, if the lift is a long time in coming — which it is.

The time for the breach is right at the start or not at all. After a 30 seconds' wait the breach can never be healed.

Of course, in the case of two men, the obvious remark for the one who was there first is

"I ring it once, you mugg!"

To which the equally obvious reply is "How was I to know? I thought you were the floor clerk." (Or "the house detective.")

This exchange of courtesies, however, would not clear the situation up at all. Better to say nothing than to start snarling right off the bat.

The remark least calculated to end in bloodshed would be

"Some service, eh?"

With the reply "I'll say!"

Then what? You have established contact, and a reasonably friendly one, but where do you go from there? You can't talk about the weather; neither one of you knows what the weather is at that moment, being on the way out into it. It is a pretty problem in etiquette, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, one which has never been dealt with by the experts.

Of course, if Noel Coward or some other banterweight champion were

there to banter his way through the situation, at least one party would come out beaming. A rather smart scene could be worked up between a Noel Coward character and a Dorothy Parker character meeting at an elevator. But, with the general run of everyday characters, it is anything but a smart scene. It is what people who speak French call an "impasse."

Now, since the etiquette experts

know so much, why don't they tackle a problem like this? They always pick things like "How do you do?" (holding out the right hand with the thumb up) or "So good of you to ask me" (with the fingers crossed). I could think those up myself.

The answer to it all must be that, in the real crises in life, nobody knows what to say, which is why we all look so foolish.



## 'Through That Remembrance Gain Strength'

THE following letter was written by the 21 year old navigator of a B 17 bomber to his sister, the widow of a U S infantry lieutenant who was killed in action in Normandy.

Hello, Ginny

Sitting on a lone strand of black cloud, a beautiful orange moon shines out over London tonight beautiful in itself but looking down on the scene of some of war's worst misery. My heart aches, Sister, that this misery has touched you.

Under similar circumstances I have heard people say, 'If he were here he would want you to do this' or 'He would want you to do that'. Who knows just what he would have desired? No one of course, can be sure, but I feel that Royce would say:

I cannot ask you not to grieve over our separation, for I fully realize the deep love you have for me and the mutual joy of our comradeship — nor do I ask you to forget me. I want you to remember me always and through that remembrance gain strength, never allowing it to drag you down. That infinite love which I hold for you is not made of stuff that comes and goes with the physical form, it is a spirit that will be with you always. Take strength from it now to meet your hardships and you prove its invincibility. It pleases me greatly to know that our love meant enough and was great enough to overcome any obstacle, to provide an unyielding support with which to meet every challenge of life. Using the remembrance of our relationship to help you lead a happy, useful life will give that relationship meaning until the day you die."

Well Ginny, I have said it poorly. I knew John Galworthy once wrote: 'It's not life that counts but the fortitude you bring into it.' I am proud of the fortitude you have displayed, Ginny. I am proud that you are my sister and I am more than proud to say, 'I love you.' Good night for now,

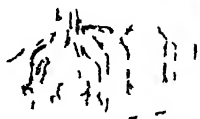
Paul

# The Genius of SAMUEL MORSE

Condensed from Esquire + Kurt Steel

WHEN the United States declared war on England in 1812, Congress had no way of knowing that two days earlier Parliament had taken conciliatory steps that might well have averted war. A 21-year-old American painter who had recently arrived in London was deeply impressed by this tragedy. He wrote to his family in Boston lamenting that it was impossible to communicate news "in an instant" across the Atlantic. For centuries men had had this dream of messages swift as thought, but it seemed far from the young American, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, to do anything practical about it.

That Morse was primarily an artist — and a very fine one — has been obscured by his more spectacular achievements. Yet Morse himself regarded painting as his career, and with reason. He became internationally famous at 22, when one of his pictures placed among the first nine out of 2000 exhibited at the Royal Academy in London. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, and served as its president for nearly two decades. In 1922, 60 years after his death, the Metropolitan Museum in New York hon-



Portrait of Mr. Morse painted in England, 1814

ored his memory with a one-man exhibit of his work.

Morse was born in 1791. His father, Pastor Jedidiah Morse, was a friend of Washington and Adams. He was also the author of *The American Universal Geography* and *The American Gardener*, two books which made the family name famous and provided money to send Samuel and his two brothers to college. Samuel wrote home from Yale that he enjoyed all his studies, "especially Mr. Day's lectures on electricity," and he announced that he was spending all his spare time painting miniatures of his friends on ivory at five dollars apiece. The study of electricity was his chief hobby, and he constantly sought out scientists who were experimenting with the new "fluid."

At first his parents were opposed to his making a career of painting, but when at 19 his work won the praise of the famous Gilbert Stuart, they let him study art in England. For a time after his return to America in



# VENEREAL DISEASE *Far from Beaten*

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

*Helen V. Tooker*

THE FIGHT against venereal disease in the United States has been hailed as a success story. Ever since 1936, when Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, stilled the nation by asking, "Why don't we stamp out syphilis?"\* the control program has been forging ahead, and recently the discovery of penicillin has seemed to promise a quick and glorious victory. But doctors and laymen working on the program know better.

They know that penicillin isn't the complete answer. They know that the minute they relax their efforts anywhere venereal disease rates soon again. They know that no community can afford to be complacent because its own control work is conscientiously done. For in war or in peace Americans are much given to traveling. Suppose a man—or woman—acquires VD in one state, before the symptoms appear and he receives enough treatment to render him noninfectious, he may pass the disease along to pickup, prostitute or wife in another state. The Army Third Service Command studied the sources of venereal disease infections reported by its men. Although the

5899 men covered by one study were stationed in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia when they reported sick, the places where their exposures occurred involved all the states of the Union except Nevada and North Dakota.

Three things still hamper the national control program.

*First* The U. S. Public Health Service has to work through the states, which means 48 sets of laws, many of them passed by remarkably misinformed legislators.

*Second* Though syphilis and gonorrhea are listed as dangerous communicable diseases, an awareness of the manner in which VD is acquired has a subtle, negative effect on the aggressiveness with which health officers act. A health officer makes no bones about isolating a smallpox patient and quarantining persons known to have been exposed, but when VD is reported he tiptoes about his work for fear that he will start an uproar about constitutional rights.

*Third* Confusion arises from public misinformation, particularly as to the manner in which VD is spread.

Experts in syphilis and gonorrhea agree that stories about accidental infection are "fairy tales." Dr. Nels Nelson, Associate in Venereal Diseases at the Johns Hopkins School of

\* See "Why Don't We Stamp Out Syphilis?" *The Reader's Digest*, July, '46

Hygiene and Public Health, states flatly that syphilis and gonorrhea are *not* spread by inanimate objects — not even by toilet seats. He doubts whether it would be possible 'to get any of the country's good syphilologists to say that syphilis (excluding congenital) is often spread in any other way than through sexual intercourse.'"

The syphilis germ can emerge from the body of an infected person only through an open lesion. It can enter the body of a second person only through mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth or genitalia or through a break in the skin. For the second person to become infected, there must be direct contact between a susceptible part of his body and the open lesion of the infected person. In sexual intercourse and kissing — especially in intercourse — the most easily penetrated tissues of the victim are brought into contact with tissues most likely to have open lesions.

Accidental infection can, of course, occur. For instance, when a doctor or nurse is handling a patient if a break in the skin comes in contact with an open sore. But, since the spirochete germ dies almost immediately upon drying, and can live a very short time after leaving the body, its outside activities are negligible.

The gonorrhea germ likewise dies very quickly after it has left the human body. The mucous membranes which it attacks are so located that only sexual contact can bring infectious material into contact with them. Prompt detection and proper treatment render gonorrhea also almost immediately non communicable.

One result of popular misfor-

mation is that persons with VD are now subject to senseless discrimination. Factory workers have struck because a fellow worker was believed to have syphilis. Most states deny jobs to infected food-handlers. Many industries refuse to hire persons with positive blood tests. As a matter of fact, infected persons are not a work-day danger to their companions and to test the blood of job applicants merely as a safeguard for personnel is stupid. On the other hand, to include the blood test in a complete physical examination for the purpose of providing treatment for all sickness and raising the general level of health of all employees is sound policy.

'If we could find 75 percent of the cases of VD and treat them adequately,' says Dr. J. R. Heller, director of the Division of Venereal Disease of the U. S. Public Health Service, 'we'd have the problem licked.' But in trying to do either of these two jobs the health officer runs into the secrecy that protects venereal diseases. The person who has VD won't tell how he got it. Moreover, private practitioners are lax about reporting cases even though they may protect the names of their patients. And too often neither the infected person nor the practitioner bothers to see that the individual who caused the infection is brought under treatment.

There are various methods of finding infected persons who do not present themselves voluntarily: proper use of the blood test in industry, laws requiring premarital and prenatal examinations, examinations in prisons and jails, and the tracing of sources of known infections. Intensification of all these methods in the

control program has revealed many hidden infections. In the fiscal year 1943 nearly 600,000 civilian cases of syphilis were reported — 100,000 more than had ever been reported in one year.

When a service man reports an infection, he is asked to identify all persons with whom he had sexual intercourse during the period when he may have acquired the disease and transmitted it to others. The same procedure is followed in civilian health work. The confidential report is sent to the VD officer of the locality in which the exposure occurred. And now the job gets really tough. A health officer must try to locate that girl and yet protect her privacy.

Too often the information on these reports is inadequate. Sometimes mistaken civility leads infected men to lie about their contacts. Often a man knows the girl only as, say, Susie. He says she's shorter than he is, fairly plump, has buck teeth. He picked her up in a cude about 10-30, he thinks on C Street, White block. He doesn't know you go down two steps to go in. The health department worker has to look for a girl with buck teeth who may call herself Susie one day and likely to be Victoria the next.

The time element is another obstacle. Dr. Nelson says, "Let's suppose a prostitute handles only five men a night and infects only three of these. The average incubation period of syphilis is three weeks, so it's going to be more than three weeks before the health department can receive a report that she has caused an infection. She's infected 63 men before we even know she exists."

And the health officer's troubles

aren't over when the contact is located. Persons suspected of having a venereal disease in an infectious stage frequently refuse examination. They would not be allowed to do so for smallpox. Yet syphilis in 1940 was reported to affect more persons than the total affected by smallpox, infantile paralysis, malaria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, pneumonia, meningitis, diphtheria and typhus. It is a disease that really costs the taxpayers millions of dollars for patients in insane asylums and public clinics and hospitals and for veterans' liabilities. So if damage must be added that caused by gonorrhea, less dangerous but attacking three to five times more often.

Minors constitute another difficulty, especially nowadays. By law a minor can't be examined without the consent of his parents, and many minors won't even give the names of their parents.

So much to finding cases. The next thing is to get them to take the treatment and — here's the hitch — keep taking it long enough. The U. S. Public Health Service declares that less than 25 percent of the people with syphilis in infectious stages and taking clinic treatment receive the minimum 60 sessions needed to prevent infectious relapse.

To offset the difficulty of holding patients until they have completed the long regular course of treatment for syphilis, which sometimes extends over a year and a half, some big communities have established rapid treatment centers in addition to regular VD clinics, and about ten more centers are in the process of being set up. Several short treatment methods



are used, especially the eight-day drip method, by which an arsenical drug is dripped into the veins of the patients as they lie in bed.

Penicillin, which provides a short and safe treatment, may eventually make it easier to hold patients until the course is completed.

Commercial prostitution is the reservoir of venereal disease. Such prostitution isn't a hit-or-miss affair. It's a money-making racket run by shrewd criminals. It can be wiped out of a community only if public opinion is behind enforcement officials, but many people question whether it should be wiped out. One argument is, "You've always had prostitution and you always will have it." To this Dr. Nelson retorts that we've always had other kinds of crime, too, but we don't make that an excuse for toleration of murderers or thieves. Other people argue that medical supervision of prostitutes will prevent disease. This is a dangerous bill of goods. Its failure stems from two facts: (1) that gonorrhea is often impossible to diagnose in a woman, and (2) that freedom from infection one day is no guarantee of safety the next. Danger lies also in the false sense of safety that certification gives to the prostitute's customers.

Perhaps the best answer to the advocates of red-light districts, one doctor pointed out, is that when all houses have been closed in a community, local VD rates have almost always dropped. Since the emergency campaign for repression was begun in 1941, red-light districts have been closed in more than 600 communities, and the Army rates for VD

have dropped from 41 infections per thousand men per year to 26 in 1943. Navy rates have dropped from 40 per thousand in 1940 to 25 in 1943.

In view of these problems, how can VD be eliminated from the nation? Some health officers advocate attacking VD in the same uncompromising way as other dangerous communicable diseases, such as smallpox and yellow fever, except that every precaution should be taken to preserve the privacy of the patient as long as he cooperates. Others, however, feel that such a strong program defeats its own ends, that since syphilis and gonorrhea are secret diseases aggressive attack drives them underground. But every specialist with whom I have talked has emphasized the fact that venereal disease is a symptom of bad social and economic conditions: ignorance and poor sex relationships — factors breeding promiscuity. They think that parents, schools, churches and governmental and private agencies should cooperate in building new defenses.

Dr. John H. Stokes, director of the Institute for the Control of Syphilis, of the University of Pennsylvania, believes that fundamental instruction is increasingly important. The "sexualization" of our type of civilization with its emphasis on sex in clothes, movies, pin-up girls, advertisements, and conversation — stimulates erotic impulses at the same time that modern equipment has nearly eliminated the counterbalance of exhaustion from physical labor.

We must attack the problem from many sides if we are to conquer venereal disease. There is still a long and hard road to travel.

# Bear Facts About Duluth

*Nathan Cohen*

RICHARD NORTHUP, a real estate man who lives in his home town, Duluth, was spending a quiet evening at home not long ago when he heard a pounding at the back door. He went to the door, opened it and came face to face with a bear.

The friendly bruin, evidently in search of a late supper snack slouched in the doorway with such a honeyed, hut in hand charm in his manner that Mr. Northup almost regretted having to slam the door in his snout. When the police arrived, a game of hide and seek began in the moonlight. Finally cornered in a garage, the bear was shot trying to stuff his bulky frame through the door of a sedan. The carcass weighed 300 pounds. A desk sergeant scribbled the details into his night report and Duluthians had one more yarn to tell about the incredible bears who come to visit them.

No one has figured out just what brings the mammals into town. In late summer or early autumn, newsboys run into them while delivering morning papers.irate housewives see them steal pies from outdoor cooling spots, startled motorists find them blocking the highway. At night they poke through garbage or gnaw at garden



Who said American cities  
had lost their individuality

Condensed from  
FRANK SCHOONER

vegetables. Daytime bears, on the other hand, are strictly tourists who come to see the folks. They are generally a timid lot, but occasionally one will venture downtown and tangle with the police — always a fatal experiment.

Duluthians have developed a cautious affection for the intruders and they enjoy regaling outsiders with tales of their adventures. More often than not their stories are accepted as companion pieces to the tall tales Minnesotans tell about the legendary north woods giant, Paul Bunyan, who could cut a winter's supply of cordwood with a single swipe of his axe.

However, the story of the 300-pound bear that was shot in the fashionable Hotel Duluth has become as much a part of local history as the arrival of Sieur DuLhut, the city's founder. The hotel manager had the foresight to stuff the carcass, earning the everlasting gratitude of local storytellers for such incontrovertible evidence simplifies the job of convincing strangers.

A waitress at the Hotel Duluth had just served a man who proclaimed himself "hungry as a bear." She looked up and cried, "Here's a bear hungry as a man!" and raced into the lobby. This bruin had followed a

fish truck into town. Passing the hotel he was attracted by the aroma of food inside and plunged into the coffee shop.

Bellhops piled chairs and tables into a barricade. Someone called the police and the rescue squad arrived with tear gas, rifles and rope. Sergeant Eli LeBeau kicked open the door of the coffee shop. There sat the culprit on an overturned table, licking a sugar bowl and grinning happily.

'This,' said the sergeant, taking aim, 'will be something to tell my grandchildren.' The bullet struck the bear between the eyes.

Although the bears have never harmed anyone they have frightened the daylight out of many citizens. One newsboy thought he was being trailed by a dog until he turned calling, 'Hello Sport' and to his dismay discovered it was not a friendly hound. He fled for a nearby police station and sounded the alarm. The chase which followed would have done justice to an old time movie script. While the police roved up and down the streets, the bear scampered over back yard fences, ripped through morning wash lines and sent frightened housewives scurrying to cover. Citizens watching the chase from their windows telephoned communiques to police headquarters, which in turn broadcast them to the squads. Finally the tired bruin, in desperation, climbed a tree and the chase came to an end. He was brought down with a shotgun.

On another occasion a matron stood waiting for a bus in an exclusive residential district. Just as it appeared she caught sight of a four-legged giant trudging down the road

toward her. Bus and bruin were at equal distance, and it was a case of which reached her first. The bus rolled lazily down the street. The bear kept ambling along. He was within a few feet when the bus pulled in to the curb. The matron leaped aboard, dropped her token into the fare box and mounted.

Many Duluthians, however, think the bruins are cute. 'You just can't be angry with them, no matter how mischievous they are,' one citizen said. At the Ed Haven home, two bears staged a private circus. While neighbors crowded into the living-room grandstand the pair wrestled, boxed and rolled on the lawn in a 30 minute performance which would have been a credit to Ringling's educated troupe. At Al Wilson's place, a Peeping Tom bruin perched on a limb outside a bedroom window and refused to come down until a game warden bribed him with sweets.

It just doesn't make sense to have bears coming into a city of 102,000 and Duluth has tried to discourage these autumnal incursions. Conservationists reported that the animals came to town because they were hungry in seasons when there was a shortage of berries and small game. Accordingly, a citizens' committee was appointed to feed the bears. Garbage from hotels and restaurants was hauled to outlying gravel pits. The bears sniffed, probed and tasted — and came right on into town.

By now, Duluthians take the annual pilgrimage as a matter of course. Fewer of the bruins are being shot, and more are being shoofed back into the woods. Bears don't like noise, and usually a vigorous drumming on

a dishpan will frighten them into retreat

No one, however, has tried a better stunt than an old woodsman named Sam, who, in his haste to escape a trailing bruin, climbed a stately pine — forgetting that a bear is an expert

at scaling a tree. As he watched the animal jacking himself up the trunk, Sam took off his shirt, lit a match, set it afire, and dropped the incendiary cloak on his pursuer. The last he saw of the bear was a blazing streak headed for the woods.

## Who's Ready to Go to Sea in Our New Merchant Ships?

10 thousands of men not  
now in active service

*Here is your immediate opportunity to volunteer  
in a national emergency, to get supplies to the  
boys at the front, to help win the war sooner*

A NEW and hitherto rarely mentioned crisis is developing in our war effort. It results from the paradox that the nearer our armed forces come to victory, the harder it gets for our merchant fleet to supply them.

For General MacArthur's invasion of Leyte, merchant ships had to deliver 500,000 tons of supplies and 30,000 men in the first three weeks — not 3,000 miles from home, as in France, but 7,000 miles away.

The vastly greater Pacific invasions yet to come will need more than triple the amount of shipping used in the Atlantic for the European war.

We're getting the ships. *But we aren't getting enough men to run them all.*

At least three new ships are added daily to the War Shipping Administration's 3570 vessels. *That means that three new crews must be ready to go to sea every day* — that a total of 5000 new merchant mariners are urgently needed each month.

The War Shipping Administration's training schools for unlicensed seamen,

with capacity for 15,000 men, must be kept full. Unless they are, there will be an interruption in this all important lifeline to the fighters at the front.

So pressing is the emergency that any physically qualified man, 17 to 50, may now apply for Maritime Service training if not already called for Selective Service induction. Discharged war veterans if physical disabilities are not too great are welcome, and a considerable number have joined.

As the facts about the Service become known — the good pay while in training, the opportunity for promotion, the probability of steady employment during the postwar period, the lure of life at sea and of travel to foreign ports, and above all the chance to do a great job in the war — the U. S. Maritime Service hopes that patriotic citizens by the thousands will be eager to enroll.

Volunteers may apply for training at any office of the U. S. Maritime Service or of the U. S. Employment Service.

nearly two years after his life had been spared. Most men would have lost their minds under month after month of such torture. Will Purvis, praying constantly, was sure that the Lord would save him again.

No new evidence was discovered, but public opinion turned. The God-fearing citizens of the community were convinced that a sign from Heaven had declared Will Purvis innocent. And now the hand of man took hold. Will was granted an extraordinary favor by officials of Marion County. He was transferred from the strong Columbia jail to the shabby little prison in his home town of Purvis, "so he could be near his friends for the last weeks of his life. Probably the officials were not surprised when, a few days before Will's sentence was to be carried out, a mob overpowered the guards at midnight and rescued him.

The Governor, furious, offered a reward of \$750 for Will's capture and \$250 for evidence that would convict his rescuers. But the rewards were never claimed. Although almost everybody knew who had broken into the jail and almost everybody knew that Will was living with kinfolk in the forests and hills.

Then a new governor was elected. During his campaign he had declared that a miracle had been performed, and he had promised to commute Will's sentence. Will gave himself up, and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Two years later, in response to a petition signed by thousands of citizens, including the District Attorney who had prosecuted him, Will was pardoned. He was free not because any new evidence had been found but because the majority of the people of Mississippi believed that God had overruled the jury's verdict. He moved onto a back country farm, and a few months later married the daughter of a Baptist minister. They became the parents of 11 children. Every Sunday Will and his wife went to church and gave thanks to God for saving his life.

And then when Will was 47, the last chapter in this amazing case was written. An old planter named Joe Beard, dying, confessed that he and another member of the White Caps had committed the Buckley murder. The news was a Mississippi sensation and for weeks those who had believed Purvis was innocent went around saying, "I told you so," to those who hadn't. The State Legislature paid Purvis \$5,000 to atone for the State's errors.

Will Purvis died two years ago, a respected citizen of his community. Doubt if you will that his life was saved by a miracle. Call it an accident, an accident that might happen once in the history of the world. But Will Purvis has testified, "God heard our prayers. He saved my life because I was an innocent man." Will Purvis believed. And it was *his* neck.

**O**UTRAGED young girl to employe in the telephone company office. Certainly it's essential! I want a telephone to make dates and get married and have children with!

— Irving Rorertson in *Philadelphia Record*

Condensed  
from  
Collier's

+  
George Creel



# To Understand Japan Consider TOYAMA

There is no shorter cut to an understanding of Japan and the Japanese people than the life story of Mitsuru Toyama \* so great a power and so much an idol that he was long recognized as his country's Unofficial Emperor. It is exactly as though the head of Murder, Incorporated were to be hailed by Americans as Unofficial President.

Yet from earliest youth Toyama plied the trade of assassin openly and without the slightest pretense of concealment. The scores of organizations he formed, while using patriotism as a mask have made assassination their business. At his beck were thousands of young fanatics, ready to go forth and kill at their master's order. Eventually the militarists took him under their protection, and began their terrorization of all who stood for peace and modern ideas. Even Hideki Tojo did not dare oppose Toyama's will.

It is not possible to imagine some junior officer walking into the office of Secretary Hull or Secretary Stimson, and either killing him outright or menacing with a dagger until

Toyama died last October at the age of 90.

promise was gained to change a policy. Yet that is the way Toyama ran Japan for a full 40 years. At his command, cabinet officers, generals and admirals were stabbed or shot. And not once in that long stretch of time did the authorities dare lay hands on him or on his killers.

Toyama helped mightily to bring about war with China in 1894, and again with Russia in 1904. Now rich by reason of valuable mining concessions that were his part of the loot in these campaigns, he organized the dreaded Black Dragon Society and spread it throughout the empire. Other "patriotic" organizations burst into being, and soon Toyama had his hitmen in every city and village.

A spirit of democratization swept Japan in the aftermath of the first World War, and there was a while when it seemed that the country was on its way to civilization. The Liberals, however, had only ideas; the militarists hid Toyama and his assassins. In 1930, Premier Hamaguchi was shot down at his desk, and one year later the Army marched into Manchuria.

A peace party still persisted, and so, in 1932, Toyama struck again, murdering Prime Minister Inukai, Finance Minister Inouye and Baron Takuma Dan, head of the House of Mitsui.

In 1935, Japanese forces invaded China, making war inevitable. When

sane statesmen rallied to curb the power of the militarists, the Black Dragon's representatives in the army assassinated on an even greater scale. Four cabinet members were killed, and the Prime Minister escaped only because the killers shot his brother-in-law by mistake. At Toyama's behest, the supreme court applauded the assassins as "patriots."

Toyama now proceeded to speak for the nation. Sounding a call for the Greater East Asia Co-Prosp erity Sphere, he announced that the white "barbarians" must go. A pact with Germany and Italy was demanded as the first step toward war against the United States and Great Britain. Premier Konoye and Home Secretary Hirayama argued that Japan had all she could handle in China.

Whereupon, a Toyama fanatic walked into Hirayama's office and attempted his assassination. A bulletproof vest saved the old man's life, but a shattered jaw and perforated throat put him out of commission. Konoye, openly warned by Toyama that he was next on the list, promptly resigned, giving way to Hideki Tojo, Toyama's man. This done, the Master Murderer sat down with the admirals and generals to lay the plans for Pearl Harbor.

There, then, is the story of Mitsuru Toyama. A lifetime given over to cowardly, cold-blooded murder. And yet he was the best loved and most revered man in all Japan. What more terrible indictment of a people? What more convincing proof that they are still creatures of the jungle?



## "Time Brings All Things"



Excerpts from the Miscellaneous department of Time

### *Out of This World*

In McCook, Neb., Pfc. Ernest Oliver spun in a jitter-bugging step, reached for his jiving partner's hand, plunged out the second story window of the dance hall.

### *Is Indecy*

In Fort Worth, burglars lifted \$2186 in cash and a 600 pound steel safe from the Helpy Selvy Grocery and Market.

### *Private World*

At Sedalia Field, Missouri, a private first class sewed master sergeant's stripes on his pajamas, said: "I can die in combat."

### *Auful Truth*

In Manhattan, New York *Post* Columnist Leonard Lyons reported that in California a psychiatric patient was asked if he were Napoleon. He craftily said "No." A lie detector showed he was lying.

### *Divine Guidance*

In Seattle, *The Stethoscope*, a naval hospital newspaper, offered a prize to anyone at the hospital who could identify Betty Grable's legs from a selection of leg art photos. The winner: the chaplain.

One hundred thirty physically  
handicapped men and women  
in this successful business

# NOT CHARITY, But a Chance

Condensed from *The Progressive* + *William F. McDermott*

NINE YEARS AGO George Bari, a young chemist working for a firm in St. Paul, lost a leg and then his job. Unable to find another position, he launched out for himself today his medical-supply company in Chicago grosses \$5,000,000 annually and employs 147 men and women — 110 of whom have such serious physical handicaps that they once seemed doomed to lives of dependence and idleness. They are paid good wages, plus bonuses.

"It's amazing how many jobs can be satisfactorily filled by the crippled," he told me. "Correctly placed, a handicapped person will do more work than a normal person. A man who uses crutches develops strong arms and shoulders and can feed a heavy machine with greater ease than an ordinary man. A deaf mute can do better work requiring finger dexterity, while a blind person used to reading Braille, can do better where sensitivity of touch is required."

When you visit C. Bari & Co., George warns you to check your pity at the door. "These people don't need it or want it," he explains proudly. And you soon understand that, the place is electric with cheerfulness.

At one assembly line are 25 blind men and women. Their fingers fly fast and sure, and as they work they

gossip and wisecrack with each other. At another long table are 30 deaf mutes, their faces alight with expression when they "talk." And here are 15 men and women who have lost an arm or a leg, ten victims of infantile paralysis, some who have lost an eye. They operate machines, work on assembly lines, weigh, measure, pack and ship products, and do office work, fully as well as and often better than the average nonhandicapped employee.

The plant reflects the buoyant personality of its 32-year-old president. George Bari was graduated with honors from the University of Wisconsin in 1933. Three months after he got his first job he lost his leg in an automobile accident. With an artificial leg he learned to walk without a limp, today he goes about his job like a whirlwind.

Bari couldn't find work because of his handicap, yet he refused to be doomed to pencil peddling. He developed a new formula for a hair wave set made it at night, and sold it in daytime to beauty shops and drugstores.

A deaf mute, Mitchell Echikovitz, was given a job. As sales increased George and Mitchell needed another helper. Mitchell knew a jobless deaf mute girl, and she was hired to label bottles. She still works for the company — and is now Mitchell's wife.



At the end of four years the concern was manufacturing a number of drugs and cosmetics and had 18 employees, all deaf mutes. Then, one day, while George was operating the labeling machine he realized that a man needed only one leg to press the pedal. So he promptly hired a one-legged man, and from that time on he has hired handicapped persons.

At the Barr & Co. switchboard is an alert smiling girl who apparently has no handicap. Then in the corner you notice a pair of crutches. A legless man operates a tube filling machine. A 35-year-old factory worker who lost his sight three years ago now earns more than when he could see. A 32-year-old woman, born blind, started to work three months ago, it's her first job and she is happy as a child with a new toy.

When employees know of crippled people unable to find work, Burr says, "Bring 'em in," and he does his best to provide jobs.

Burr finds it easy to mount a high morale in his factory because handicapped workers secure confidence and gratification through being gainfully employed. Moreover being among their own kind gives them a feeling of normalcy which is lacking when they are among fully active people. For that reason, Burr recommends to other industrialists that handicapped persons of like affliction be given the same type of work, and that they be grouped together.

The labor turnover is less than one percent. Absenteeism is only one half of one percent. Employees are on the

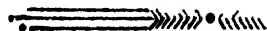
job "on time, all the time." The plant's safety record is excellent, for the crippled have learned to be careful.

Much of the plant's present production is devoted to war medical supplies, but civilian business on its 35 items has doubled in the last two years.

"There are plenty of opportunities for peacetime industry to give every handicapped person a self-supporting job," Burr said. "They will earn their pay. Moreover, if the handicapped have to live in idleness they are a burden to relatives or to the state. Our little factory has taken 30 blind people off pensions, saving the state of Illinois more than \$10,000 a year. Multiply that a few thousand times and you really have something."

When the company won the coveted Army Navy Award, the ceremony was unique. The presentation was made by an Army private on crutches, who had lost his leg at Anzio. Two deaf mutes, a blind boy, and a girl who had lost an arm received the award on behalf of the company. The blind lad made the speech of acceptance, which was translated into sign language for the benefit of the deaf mutes.

Burr's employees believe that their experience points the way to self-support and happiness for thousands of maimed war veterans. They insist that, if industry will give the handicapped not charity but a *chance*, they'll prove their usefulness. It looks as if George Burr and his employees had already proved their case.



# My Brother



Morton  
Thompson

## Who Talked with Horses

Condensed from The American Mercury

FOR SIX YEARS from the time he was ten, my brother was called Lewie the Horse. He lived among horses, ate with them and dreamed their dreams. He smelled of them. He talked to them.

That was Lewie the Horse's secret. He talked to horses. And they talked back.

It began in the year we shipped him off to a small private school near San Diego. The school's horses were purchased from a nearby Indian tribe. These Indian ponies rounded unbroken. Lewie got his own simply by going out on the range with a rope and patterning, but foot after the one he wanted and nobody knows how he did it, but he rode jauntily into the school corral back, guiding the horse with a rope. When he was 11 he rode a horse over a four foot jump, back standing erect.

And then one day, when he was 12, I was down at Calicut for the races.

MORTON THOMPSON, who is a writer of screen stories, radio scripts and magazine articles before he entered the Army, in which he is a staff sergeant, wrote this piece about his brother two years ago. The brother, Air Cadet Lewis Marshall Thompson II, was killed last year. The article will form part of the book, *For the Wounded Tennis Player*, to be published by Doubleday, Doran.

I bumped into Lewie. The school had been given a holiday, and for a treat all the kids were taken to the track. It turned out that the kids were betting their desserts on the races. The odds on the board meant nothing to them. They had a fairer system. Lewie got first pick, he had to give the kids 3 to 1 on any horse he selected. He had to give odds.

'How many desserts do you owe?' I asked blindly.

'Don't owe any!' he said wonderingly.

It turned out that he was owed 27 desserts. Everybody at school was in hock to him for the remainder of the semester. He said he always picked the right horse. I asked him what animal he liked in the next race. He pushed his way through the crowd to where the horses were being led around. There, as each horse came by, he looked at it questioningly. Four of them looked right back at him, craned their necks, looked him in the eye — and made noises at him.

'That Number Four,' he said with the candor and calm of a small brother being sent to find out what time it is.

Number Four was 12 to 1. He won. There were only three races left. Lewie the Horse picked them for me.

Just like that. He asked the horses and they told him and I bet on them. I went home delirious.

I tried to find out his secret. He couldn't explain it. Not in any way an adult mind could grasp.

"They tell me," he would say simply.

"What do they say?"

"Oh, stuff. They don't feel good, or they feel good. How they think they're gonna run, what they think of the jockey, the track, the other horses. Lotsa stuff. Gossip, mostly."

I had to see it work. My logic told me that at best the kid was lying and imaginative and that at worst he actually believed what he said. I borrowed him from school and took him up to Santa Anita.

We went back to the paddock. He stood by the ring.

"Now talk to them."

There were eight horses in that race. He talked to six of them. They talked back to him, with noising noises.

He turned away. "You just want to know who's gonna win, don't you?" he asked. "That Number Three."

I looked at the tote board. The odds on Number Three were 8 to 1.

"How do you know?" I said suspiciously.

He looked at me crossly. "Didn't you see me ask 'em?"

"What did they say?"

"Number One said he was hot but he didn't like his boy. Two said absolutely no. Three said he was sore as hell and out to take everybody if he had to kick 'em over the grandstand to do it. Four didn't care one way or the other. Five had a sore

back, hurting him like everything. Six said he felt good, only he knew damned well Three could lick him. The other two don't count. All of them said not to pay any attention to the other two. No good."

I stabbed a quick forefinger at him. "Number Five's a liar, then? Look at him walk! He's no sorer in the back than you are!"

"What would he lie for?" Lewie asked simply. He said he's sore, he's sore."

Number Three won, going away. Number Five broke down in the backstretch and limped in.

That day Lewie picked six races out of eight. In one race the horse he picked came in second. Lewie was livid with rage.

"That dirty louse!" he screamed. "That jockey crook! That thief!" There were tears in his eyes. The jockey had pulled the horse. Lewie had picked. Lewie never watched the horses run. He kept a pair of field glasses trained on the jockeys from the moment the race started.

And in the other race there were only maiden two year olds. He liked to talk to two year olds, but he said they were unreliable. They all talked big, he said, and they all meant it when they said they were going to win. But they were too young to know what they were talking about.

When school was out for the summer we used to go out to Santa Anita every day we could. I am ashamed to confess it, but that year I had a bank balance that was awesome. Lewie himself didn't care about betting. He just loved to watch the horses, to be near them and tall to them. Many a morning he would get up

at 3 a.m. and hitchhike 25 miles just to sit on the rail with a stopwatch in his hand. He wanted to be a jockey, but his bones were too big. Then he wanted to be a trainer. I got him books. I introduced him to owners. If it were possible for him to be a horse, he would have tried for it.

I remember the day he told Jock Whitney that a horse Jock once owned would win the next race. Jock snorted. The odds on the horse were 22 to 1. Jock preferred another. Lewie said Jock's pick was lime. Jock looked at him very carefully, then turned to Lewie.

"That horse is sounder than you, my boy," he patronized.

The 22 to 1 shot won. The horse Lewie said was lime folded in the third furlong and came in limping.

One day movie director Sam Wood asked me if he could borrow Lewie and asked me to go along. Down at the paddock Sam watched Lewie talk to the horses. Then Lewie said Number Seven. That was Cerro, 30 to 1. Sam thanked him gravely. He walked up to the mutual window and had a hundred on his nose. Cerro won. While Sam went down to collect his three thousand odd dollars, there was absolute silence in our box. We were watching Lewie. Lewie was calmly watching the horses canter back to the judges' stand.

In the next race Lewie picked Number Four. We bet Number Four won. Odds on. And then there was a blurred succession of races, winner after winner.

Lewie wouldn't pick the sixth race. Said any horse could win it. Said all of them thought they could do it.

We begged and pleaded with him. "I can't tell you," he cried. "They don't know, themselves."

We bet anyhow. We lost. It was the same for the seventh and the eighth, only this time somebody came along with one of those hot studio crowd tips and we plunged. We went home in a barrel.

Lewie was entirely satisfied. He was having a day at the races. He was talking to some swell horses, stepping himself in the smell, sound, sight and touch of horses, and nothing else mattered.

That is how Lewie came to be called Lewie the Horse. When he left school the horses cried to see him go, his own horse in particular — I saw the horse do it when Lewie stood in the stable and told him he was going away.

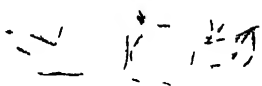
When he was 16 he suddenly stopped talking to horses and they stopped talking back to him. He got to be a little indignant about it.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he'd sometimes say. But I think he was miserable. I saw him try to recapture whatever it was, now and then, but it always failed and at last he gave it up. I think he outgrew it. He can still move among angry, kicking horses and quiet them with a pat, a cluck, an easy eye. He loves them.

But he doesn't talk to them anymore. And they don't answer back.



# Kudzu-



Condensed from Country Book Magazine  
Russell Lord

## Another Agricultural Miracle

IT was a hill farm in Alabama. If ever a farm were visibly dying, this one was. All of the topsoil had gone to the creeks and the sea. The field on which we stood was so gullied you had to keep jumping to get across it. The land was worn and bare, the sagging house was empty. But if you looked closely, here and there in the gullies you could see ropelike vines crawling, hugging the ground, beginning to net it down. It was the first planting of kudzu, the new cover crop that I had ever seen.

A man hinged himself in that house, and the blink took over the place. Now this field will bear corn and make fine pasture. It will be green next spring, my companion R. Y. Bulley said. Kudzu, Bulley

they called him. It was in December of 1936. Only a few shrunken Bulley's ruth in this Japanese vine is a field crop and not a few were afraid that it would be a more menacing pest than honeysuckle, spreading to take over the entire countryside.

Bulley and a few other believers rejoiced that when a plant grows like honeysuckle yet feeds like clover or alfalfa with approximately the same protein and carotene content, there was no point in being cautious. They showed that kudzu not only wove a mat of protective cover but worked as a means to draw free nitrogen from the air and store it for plant use in the soil. So kudzu plantings kept marching on to heal slashed land and eat it gulches.

Last June I spent a week end at the Georgia farm of Channing Cope, an influential kudzu grower. Cope says kudzu was brought in from Japan as an ornamental vine. He planted his first field of it in 1927, when he acquired 700 acres of run-down land near Covington, 30 miles from Atlanta. Yellow River Farm, it was called, for the river that drained it was yellow with topsoil.

Today the whole place stands out as a green oasis amid gray brown cottoned-down country. Cotton

Russell Lord has written about farming for more than 20 years and is a consultant to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Even as a boy of 13, he found agriculture on a Maryland farm so exciting that he began to report farmers' doings for a county weekly. At Cornell University he specialized in agriculture, and later he became a contributing editor of *The Country Home*, *Country Life*, and *The Progressive Farmer*. He edits *The Land*, published by Friends of the Land, a nonprofit society formed four years ago to combat the alarming wastage of our natural resources. He is author of *Behold Our Land*, *The American Retreat To Hold This Soil*.

isn't king here any more," Channing Cope says happily 'Kudzu is king!' Livestock multiply in the meadows, the soil is held secure, the place is making money

We stood th at blazing hot Sunday at the edge of a marvelous vineland The kudzu had made a riotous growth, *hip deib* all over the hill

"Reich down," said Channing The ground was as damp and cool as th it of a deeply shaded forest floor 'They took some temperatures over at the Experiment Station on a day like this," said Channing 'Bare ground was 140 degrees Fahrenheit at the surface Under kudzu the ground temperature was only 89 degrees Th it's something to consider Many soil men here in the South wonder if the fierce heat on the tilled fields doesn't hurt soil and hinder humification

"And just look at this kudzu duff!" He scooped up a handful Those big, delicate leaves shed from last year's crop make a flaky mold that covers the ground completely and enters as organic matter to lighten topsoil fast The cover on that field felt like a deep mittiness under your feet

Kudzu stands drought well Some roots go 12 feet deep Rich crown puts out from one to four vines, and new crowns form in the joints and nodes Five hundred crowns will plant an acre — about one crown to every 85 square feet On rich soil the vines may grow 12 inches a day at the peak of the growing season, and 100 feet of growth in a year is not unknown Even the first year's yield may be considerable, but it usually takes three years for the crop to take full possession of the acreage Kudzu

may be pastured or cut with a mower and taken as hay 'This 35 acres will make at least 3½ tons of hay to the acre this year, drought or not," Cope told me

I do not think that I ever saw a more erodible soil anywhere than on this farm It washes like sugar Even a cart track through new grassland will start a gully But once Kudzu has taken hold thoroughly, the trouble end Th at solid mat holds the soil

Hugh H Bennett, Chief of the U S Soil Conservation Service, said recently, "*What sort of a miracle, can you call this plan?*" Kudzu has forced our Service to revise our appraisal of a lot of severely eroded land as having been ruined for further agricultural use And it is not only a crop for gouged out land, it is a splendid crop for good land too It will cover a cornfield in one year, the next spring or early summer it can be plowed and the land planted to corn, then after the last cultivation of the corn it will again spread over the field, stop the erosion, store in nitrogen, and at the first hard frost lay down a carpet of rich leaf litter at least the equal of forest litter All this in one year!"

Northern farmers are beginning to envy the South in having this miracle Geneticists are now working to develop hardier strains that will push the kudzu belt northward The general range of the crop is south of the Potomac River, although in my home county of Harford, Maryland, I have seen a growth as luxuriant as any

In a part of the country farmed almost to death under the old crop-and-chop system, kudzu is lively, hopeful, exciting 'A strange ecstasy,"

Cope says ' lifts southern growers hearts and exalts their language when they get together to praise kudzu ' At a meeting of the Kudzu Club of America in Atlanta last spring one man told how he used eggs for three cents a dozen on kudzu hen pasture, others testified that corn yields had risen from fourfold to sevenfold on fields that had been in kudzu One man told of his progress in dehy-

drating kudzu for stock feed and human use It makes fine breakfast food he said

The Kudzu Club has set as its goal a million acres of kudzu in Georgia by 1950 and eight million acres for the South as a whole "That wouldn't be a bit too much to support the livestock economy we need, and help make our agriculture permanent," Channing Cope says

## "Dear Uncle Sam —

Excerpts from Juliet Lowell's 'Dear Sir'

THE following letters are authentic copies from the files of various Government agencies

OPA

New York City  
Gentlemen

I am a descendent of one of the Pilgrim Fathers so why do I have to contend with ration regulations? Please make arrangements at once whereby I am permanently freed from having to bother with any rationing of any kind

OPA

Cincinnati, Ohio

Do I have to have one of the m priority things to buy a used car? I would like to buy one that is used to Swedish People as that's what we are

Divorce Bureau  
Los Angeles

I can't imagine why my husband should ask for a divorce He was home on leave last week end and everything was O.K. — in fact we had Marital Relations

Selective Service  
New York City

After four months of Army life and much sober reflection I have decided that I cannot support my wife in the manner to which she has become accustomed on my Army pay of \$50 a month Kindly consider this my resignation from the armed forces

OPA

New York City

I'm a Show Girl and need more gas for my car as I'm very attractive I live four blocks from the subway At night when I come home from the Show men always follow me They are drawn to me like flies Now if I had extra gas I could drive home and as you see how matters are about me being so attractive you will want me to have the gas

Navy Relief  
New York City  
Gentlemen

I got your letter asking is my baby a boy or a girl Of course What else could it be?

—Published by Duell Sloan and Pearce

*The Dictionary of American Biography*  
a fascinating portrait of America's past

# Footprints on the Sands of Time

Condensed from *The American Scholar* + *Ruth and Edward Brecher*

NINETY YEARS ago the American Council of Learned Societies started off on a manhunt its quarry the 15,000 or so Americans who have contributed most to our national life and culture. So far 14,285 have been rounded up and accounts of their lives — alphabetically arranged from Abbe Cleveland to Zunszer, Eliakum — have been published in the first 21 volumes of the Council's monumental *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Critics have called the *DAB* "a pageant of America" and "the master key to our country's past." Ordinary readers thumbing the *DAB* to learn when Francis Scott Key wrote *The Star Spangled Banner* or where Calvin Coolidge took the Presidential oath have been amazed to find adventure stories to rival Hollywood's best.

In the *DAB* you will find of course, Washington, Franklin Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson — the only five for whom the editors broke their rule against biographies longer than 10,000 words. But it is the lesser figures who give the *DAB* the quality of an American saga: men like Crispus Attucks, the swarthy giant who was the first to fall before the redcoats in the Boston Massacre; Howard Taylor Ricketts, who discovered the organisms (now classed

under the name "Rickettsia") which cause Rocky Mountain spotted fever and typhus, proved that they are transmitted by ticks and lice, and himself died of typhus while still in his 30's; Moses Farmer, who illuminated his parlor with electric lights in 1859, two decades before the laboratory experiments of Thomas Edison; and Francis Prevost, an early 19th century physician memorable for his obstetrical skill.

Prevost, a simple country doctor in a remote Louisiana parish, astonished medical authorities by delivering babies safely through Cesarean operations. Says the *DAB*: "Alone in a Negro cabin dimly lit by a candle or an oil lamp, assisted only by a slave woman, without anesthesia without asepsis without modern instruments to control hemorrhage he saved seven out of eight lives by an operation which had been condemned in the greatest hospitals in the world." Prevost's patients were slaves; his fee was a promise from each slave's owner that if the operation were successful both mother and child should be free.

By such men and women America was fashioned. There is the story of John A. Brasher. As a child, Brasher had been shown a view of the heavens through a telescope. Years later, after he became a steel worker



in Pittsburgh, he acquired a five-inch piece of glass and a book of instructions, and started to make his own telescope. Every night for three years, after his exhausting days at the mill, Brashear ground and polished at his lens. At last it was ready. Mounting it in an improvised frame, he aimed the homemade instrument through an open window and saw again, with the intimacy of his first view, the stars and planets in their courses.

The director of the Allegheny Observatory examined Brashear's lens and gave him orders to grind. Soon scientists everywhere were ordering lenses from this steel worker, for there were none more accurate. Even today lenses ground by Brashear are in use at observatories all over the world. Says the *DAB*: "It is impossible to estimate accurately the progress in the science of astronomy due to his mechanical genius." Brashear became acting head of the Allegheny Observatory, and he built there an observation room where other youngsters too poor to buy a telescope could view the heavens nightly without charge.

The late Professor Frederick J. Turner of Harvard is given credit for suggesting this biographical dictionary. The American Council of Learned Societies approved the proposal. Editorial costs were estimated at \$500,000 — a seemingly insurmountable obstacle. But Adolph S. Ochs, on behalf of the *New York Times*, advanced the entire amount. The editors chosen were Allen Johnson, who had proved his competence by editing the 50-volume *Chronicles of America* for Yale University, and

Dumas Malone, who became editor-in-chief following Johnson's death in 1931. An initial 20-volume publication was planned, to be supplemented periodically by volumes covering Americans who died after completion of the initial set.

Volume I appeared in 1928, Volume XX in 1936, and the first supplemental volume in 1944. In all, 2601 contributors supplied the 14,285 biographies, and their names read like a *Who's Who* of contemporary history and literature. Harvey Allen, for example, wrote on Poe; Carl Van Doren on Mark Twain; Justice Felix Frankfurter on Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The first task of the *DAB* editors was to determine whose biographies should be written. Earlier biographical collections and historical works were ransacked, card catalogues checked, obituary columns indexed. The scores of basic lists thus prepared were then circulated among the experts concerned — the physicians' roll went to medical historians and so on. Each expert made additions or deletions and also suggested appropriate authors.

Though sponsored by scholars, the *DAB* includes the stories of many people whose talents were not primarily intellectual. The dragnet caught up Lillian Russell, whose fortune lay in her face and figure; Tex Rickard, the boxing promoter; George Washington Gale Ferris, who invented the Ferris wheel, and Hetty Green, the female wizard of Wall Street. The *DAB* also provides a full account of Knute Rockne's career, appraising the achievements of the football coach as seriously as if it

were evaluating those of a statesman 'I though Rockne originated little in football strategy he brought the forward pass, the shift, the spinner plays and the flexing-end play to a high peak of perfection. His players went out in great numbers to be football coaches at colleges all over the country, carrying with them the infectious enthusiasm of their famous coach.'

The *D 4 B* discovered that some well known names did not deserve inclusion. One member of a prominent New England family was found on half a dozen lists of suggested subjects. His name appeared in many histories, several articles and even a book had been written about him. A biographer was duly assigned the task of reassessing his life but he found no facts sufficient to explain his fame. Then a research worker established the fact that almost every favorable reference to the man had been written by someone related to him; his greatness existed merely as a carefully nurtured family myth. You won't find him in the *D 4 B*.

Despite the scholarship of the contributors, and the care they took with their assignments, a few errors inevitably crept in. After eagle-eyed readers had pointed out one error, a dozen researchers were employed to check every statement made in subsequent volumes.

To check birth dates, actual birth certificates were examined, as well as family Bibles and baptismal records. Dates of death were usually verified from contemporary newspapers, a newspaper statement or July 24, 1846, that the oddly named Rhode Island whale-oil merchant Preserved Fish, had died the night before was

deemed better evidence than a statement made by some biographer many years later.

The *D 4 B* sought to comprehend "all sects and sections, races, classes and parties." Special attention was given to noteworthy Indians—to Squanto, for example, the Pawtuxet whom the Pilgrim fathers called 'a special instrument sent of God' to tide them over the first lean years at Plymouth. Squanto had been abducted by an English sea captain in 1615, and sold into slavery in Spain. He escaped to England, learned its language and ways and after four years was returned by a trading vessel to his wilderness home—only to find his whole tribe wiped out by a plague. The Pilgrims landed the following year, and Squanto adopted them. As their counselor and interpreter he arranged a peace between the Plymouth colonists and Chief Massasoit which was to last for 50 years. "He directed them," wrote Governor Bradford, "how to set their corn, where to take fish and procure other commodities, and never left them till he died." His last request was that the Governor pray for him, 'that he might go to the Englishmens God in heaven'.

There arose during the 1920's, when the *D 4 B* was being planned, a whole school of biographical debunking." The *D 4 B* editors insisted that their work should "avoid fulsome eulogies on the one hand, and the flippant, irresponsible tone of much modern biography on the other." You do not learn from the *D 4 B* that George Washington wore false teeth but you do find the far more significant story of how, when

he was chosen Commander in Chief of the Continental Army, he refused any pay except his actual out-of-pocket expenses through the war, and of how, after eight years of campaigning, his battlefront accounts were audited and found to balance with an error of less than one dollar.

The alphabetical arrangement of names in the *D 4 B*, like politics, makes strange bedfellows, side by side with Presidents and prophets you will find such renowned bad men of the West as Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Robert Dillon and the sinister Henry Plummer. As a youth in California Plummer casually murdered a man whose wife he had found attractive. Granted a pardon as he supposedly lay dying of tuberculosis, he promptly rose from his deathbed and entered upon a career of seduction, banditry and murder which belied his ill health. When California got too hot for him, Plummer escaped to Washington and covered his trail by sending back to the California newspapers a thoroughly plausible account of his having been lynched by an outraged citizenry. Then he moved on to Montana, where he was elected a county sheriff.

All of southern Montana during this period was being harried by a band of desperados operating under an unknown leader. Within a few brief months, 102 Montanans were waylaid and robbed or murdered. Sheriff Plummer failed to suppress their maraudings, and so a vigilante committee was formed to end the terror. Eventually the gang was rounded up, 24 of its members were put to death, and its leader finally cap-

tured. Yes, you've guessed it, the leader of the outlaw gang was none other than Sheriff Plummer! He was hanged in 1864, on the very gallows which as sheriff he had erected, but his story has echoed on down through all too many dime novels and double-feature westerns.

America has been rich in humorists as in villains, and so is the *D 4 B*. The humorists' very names, or pen-names, have an American twang. Mark Twain (a Mississippi riverman's term for "two fathoms deep"), Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby and Q. K. Philander Doesticks. Bill Nye is quoted as telling how his family moved from Maine to Wisconsin when he was a boy to settle on "160 acres of beautiful farms and bright young rattlesnakes." And there is Bill Arp, the Civil War veteran who summed up his fighting experience briefly: "I joined the Army, and succeeded in killing about as many of them as they of me."

Statesmen, authors and men of affairs of course, fill the bulk of the pages, but variety is the spice of the *D 4 B* — its lobbyists, lighthouse keepers, and patent-medicine kings, its blockade-runners and spirit mediums. There is even a baby girl about whom nothing is known beyond her ninth day of life — Virginia Fare of Roanoke, important as the first child of English colonists to be born in what is now the United States.

From these and thousands more the *D 4 B* has distilled, that all may read, the essence of the men and women who have made and given color to America.

# Will Europe's Educators Lose the Peace?

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Norman Cousins

IN 1922 the distinguished correspondent for *Collier's*, William G. Shepherd, was anxious to find out what European children were being taught about World War I. The answer, he was convinced, would largely determine the nature as well as the duration of the peace. History's lessons if mis taught, misunderstood or ignored, might have to be learned again the hard way.

Mr. Shepherd came back from Europe with his worst fears realized. The leading nations, he discovered, had sloughed off the responsibility for teaching children about the war. In each country there was conflict between countless factions over what should be taught and by whom with the result that children were lucky to learn any scrap of war history.

In Germany, for example, there were as many educational policies as there were districts. The only thing they had in common was that all mention of the war itself was scrupulously avoided.

Dr. Carl Heinrich Becker, secretary of the Prussian ministry of education, readily admitted that neither teachers nor textbooks were allowed even to mention World War I.

"You see," he explained, "we have six different parties, each with a different idea about the causes of the war, the events and the mistakes. We must find some story that will

suit all the parties, including extremists on both sides. It is impossible — and we have quit trying."

Even four experts who were assigned to make a straightforward chronology of the war quarreled over what happened on certain dates, and the chronology was abandoned.

What Mr. Shepherd found in France was disturbingly part of the same pattern. An official of the Ministry of Public Instruction told him that French schoolteachers welcomed the end of the war, with its military regulations in the classroom and since no textbooks were available, immediately began to give their own versions concerning what happened and why.

Parents had their own conflicting versions and complained that their children were being lied to in school. Some parents said their children were being indoctrinated with imperialist ideas, while others were horrified to discover that their heirs were being exposed to Marxist dogma.

So, the French education ministry took the easy way out. The only way of satisfying everybody, apparently, was to drop the war as if it had never existed. Textbooks? Yes, attempts had been made to have impartial textbooks written, but the textbook writers, like the teachers and the parents, had stories of their own.

The whole difficulty, the official

explained to Mr. Shepherd, was that it was almost mathematically impossible to write a textbook dealing with the war that would please all of the seven influential parties in France, as well as the teachers and the parents.

"When" asked Mr. Shepherd, will you be able to begin studying the history of the war in your schools?"

"We will begin when the next generation dies," he said, without realizing any cause-and-effect implication in his reply. It would take that long, he explained, for white-hot prejudices to cool off, enabling scholars to undertake an authoritative study.

In London, Mr. Shepherd put the same questions to Sir Henry Munsell Richards, in charge of the English school inspectors. The British Government had no policy on the war; local school boards prescribed the courses and any textbooks they wished.

"No reliable and well known textbook writers have attempted to write any schoolbook of the war," Sir Henry added. All the school histories that have appeared, with few exceptions, have been written by anonymous hack writers. Since the facts were absolutely unreliable, our inspectors immediately threw all these books out. Consequently, the children of England are not learning the history of the war."

This was in 1922. But had Mr. Shepherd lived to undertake a similar survey in 1939, his findings would have been substantially the same — except in the case of Germany where the Nazis had capitalized on the confusion through iron-clad control of education. In England and France,

the situation had become even more complicated because of the trend toward pacifism, with its dogmatic, black-and-white approach to the causes of the war.

Does anyone doubt that the failure of nations and of educators to teach the new generation after World War I helped to bring about World War II? Or that the educational vacuum existing in Germany after the last war was an open invitation for Adolf Hitler to fill this vacuum with the peculiar stuffings of Nazi ideology and then seal it in most contact with the outside world? We see how effectively it was sealed as we read about the pathetic but nonetheless menacing ignorance concerning the everyday facts of life in the non-Nazi world revealed by German prisoners. Since these young Nazis have been "educated for death,"<sup>\*</sup> we have to wonder whether it may be next to impossible to re-educate them for life, to acquaint them with concepts of individual liberty and dignity and then to get them to respect these concepts.

Once more the end of the war in Europe will be marked by a struggle for power in each nation. Again there will be the conflict of various political parties. Again the pressure on the schools to teach this doctrine or that. Again the temptation to solve the problem by saying nothing about the war — until the next generation dies.

Here is a problem as tangible as a brush fire. *Can we prevent world-wide anarchy in education after this war?*

<sup>\*</sup> See 'Education for Death,' *The Reader's Digest*, February, '42.

There is a movement under way in this country and abroad for an international office of education. It would correspond, in its sphere, to the International Labor Office. What an opportunity for leading educators everywhere, acting together, to guard against a recurrence of an educational breakdown by taking real leadership after this war!

The agency could appoint a committee of leading historians, men whose allegiance to scholarship is greater than their individual partisan views, and charge them with the responsibility for writing the story of the last five or ten years. Differences will exist within such a group, but at least there would be a realization by every member that the very purpose of the group is to *reconcile* these

differences in order to avoid a disastrous anarchy. The chances, too, are that people within each country would be likely to respect the work of a nonpartisan group of internationally famed scholars.

We can grant that it is far-fetched to expect *all* the major nations to accept the pooled efforts of such a group. Yet, no matter how few nations participate, the very effort will dramatize for peoples everywhere what will be the world wide No. 1 problem in education. The crucially important thing is to get public thinking started on this question before the jealousies and cleavages and sharp contests for power that are almost certain to follow the war take their toll of the schools which can least afford it.

## Mother's-Eye View

LAST spring the city editor of the Chicago *Herald American* sent me to Abilene, Kansas, to get pictures of Mrs. Eisenhower, the General's mother, along with a story about his boyhood. After I had been there a few days Mrs. Eisenhower, a kindly old lady, asked hesitantly, "Do you know my son Dwight?"

No, I said, "but I may meet him any day now. You see, I'm in 1 A." Oh, I do hope you will, she replied happily. "You'll like him so much."

— Robert Palmer

## Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

(See page 29)

- 1 — a    2 — d    3 — c    4 — d,  
5 — a    6 — b    7 — c    8 — d  
9 — a, 10 — a, 11 — b    12 — c  
13 — a, 14 — c    15 — b    16 — b  
17 — d    18 — d    19 — d    20 — a

### Vocabulary Ratings

- 20 correct    exceptional  
19-15 correct    excellent  
14-10 correct    good to fair  
under 10    inadequate to poor



# Medicine Men of the Air

Condensed from The New Republic

R M Cunningham, Jr Associate Editor of Hygeia

*To prompt relief  
turn off your radio!*

THE patent medicine peddler is happily extinct, but the evil that he did lives on — embodied today in the breathless, compelling radio voice which urges you to rush to the nearest drugstore for pills and tonics to wake up sluggish kidneys, combat excess acidity, cure headaches, relieve colds or restore lost vitality. Because the Federal Trade Commission forbids it, the specific promises of cure made by the medicine peddler a generation ago are not heard over the air. But radio has developed a sly formula of implication and innuendo which gets the idea across just as persuasively.

If you have an 'excessively acid stomach,' one network announcer tells millions daily in a liquid voice charged with sympathy, 'alkalize with milk of magnesia tablets! Eliminate trouble making acids! Get prompt relief from digestive upset!'

Now the F.T.C. doesn't cite this type of advertising as fraudulent, *because it doesn't say anything that isn't true*. The tablets *will* neutralize or 'alkalize,' *excess* acid in the gastric secretions and relieve digestive upset caused by such excess acids. The point is that not one person in a hundred who think he is suffering from this condition actually is, yet the whole

announcement has the effect of convincing the listener that his or her digestive upset — and everyone suffers gastric distress or indigestion — is caused by excess acidity. Further more, good doctors say that no case of acidity can be demonstrated except by actual removal and analysis of the contents of the stomach. Plainly, few ever take the trouble to find out whether they have the one condition this product can remedy.

Thus thousands of dollars weekly are poured into the purchase of relief from a probably nonexistent ailment. Worse yet many people whose gastric pain is caused by some functional disorder, which only scientific diagnosis and treatment might easily detect and cure, continue instead to seek a magic short cut to health which they can take in a glass of water after meals.

Fragile for much the same reason is the way radio makes the cash register man preoccupation with the state of his bowels. All doctors warn against the habitual use of laxatives, repeated overstimulation of the colon permanently contracts it, they say, and results in chronic constipation. Moreover, many doctors would hesitate to call 'gentle' any drug which acts chemically to induce evacuation of the bowels.

To the millions of cathartics, how-

ever, this danger is either nonexistent or unimportant. On a coast-to-coast hookup featuring nationally known entertainers, the use of one laxative—a saline preparation—is urged as a means of insuring “regularity.” The gentle action of the drug is emphasized, unmistakably, the advertiser recommends its *daily* use—medical opinion against such use of any laxative notwithstanding.

Radio listeners are constantly importuned to seek relief from headache by using this or that pill or powder, invariably “Quick acting!”—“Immediate!”—“Effective!” But the headache is rarely an isolated phenomenon. Almost always it is a symptom of some underlying disorder, it may occur in connection with such widely diverse conditions as allergy, eyestrain, sinusitis, menstrual disorder, digestive upset, gall-bladder disease, or rumor of the brain. Clearly the last thing a person with headache should do is simply take a pill or powder to kill the pain, and forget it.

The advertisers themselves recognize that fact. Yet by a clever use of inflection the announcer for one “headache tablet” uses the very words which warn of possible danger *to minimize the danger and promote the product*. “Of course,” he says in a condescending, almost scornful *pianissimo*, “if your headaches persist you should see your doctor. But [crescendo]

for prompt, welcome relief from nagging pain.” And so on. If you’re sensible, the implication is, you’ll buy those tablets.

If you doubt that implications such as this are deliberate, listen to radio commercials dealing with medical subjects. See how often you can iden-

tify phrases which it seems the Federal Trade Commission has requested the advertiser to insert and the advertiser has obviously instructed the announcer to “kill” by inflection. You’ll note dozens of unmistakable examples.

When vitamins are sold on the air, anything goes. The commercial for one vitamin product begins with a dramatic dialogue between husband and wife. Coming home from work, the husband speaks dispiritedly to his wife. He is dead tired, petered out, lacking energy and vitality. “Is this the way *you* feel at the end of the day?” the announcer wants to know. It is? Then you’ll be thrilled to look in on this same husband a few weeks later. After he has been taking these vitamin pills a friend told him about. In he comes, obviously in the pink. Bursting with pep, he greets his wife ardently and suggests that they go stepping for the evening. The concluding sales talk drives the point home with a repetition of words like “energy,” “vitality” and “vigor.” His product, you gather, increases sexual vitality though the announcer doesn’t use those words.

Unlike printed advertising, in which misrepresentation is fairly easily detectable, the spoken word can be made to say one thing and mean another. Thus, until radio takes the responsibility for cleaning its own house, the public will probably continue to be misled about the efficacy of patent medicines advertised on the air. Voluntarily one network has recently appointed a medical consultant to inspect vitamin copy in advance; the extension of such wholesome self-discipline is sorely needed.



BOOK SECTION

# Report on the Russians

PART II

A CONDENSATION FROM A FORTHCOMING BOOK BY

William L. White

Noted war correspondent editor of the *Emporia Gazette* author of  
*They Were Expensible*, *Queens Die Proudly* and *Journey for Margaret*

RUSSIA has the most rigid political censorship in the civilized world. My first experience with the censor is when I submit a news story on my trip to Leningrad which includes the sentence "The Finns were fighting hard for Vapuri, which prior to 1939 was Finland's second largest city." The censor struck out the italicized words. Yet they contain no military information — nothing which is not in every child's geography.

The foreign reporters explain to me why this cut in my copy was made. When the Soviet Union claims territory, no Moscow story may mention the fact that this territory once belonged to another nation. For example, the Baltic States — Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia — are now parts of the Soviet Union and no hint can be cabled from Moscow that they were ever independent republics.

You cannot argue with the censors or give them your reason, nor will they give you theirs when they hand back a mutilated cable. Their reply is always, "We can't discuss this with you. It's been decided."

The censorship, of course, excludes everything which might give the outside world an unfavorable impression of conditions within Russia. A correspondent may not give the size of the monthly bread or meat ration allotted to each citizen, nor may he say that favored classes get special rations. He may not say that outside the meager scope of rationing, prices for the necessities of life bought on the free market have become widely inflationary, surpassing anything dreamed of in the American black market.

Likewise, authorities conceal exactly how many hundreds of thousands of Leningraders starved during

THIS is a concluding condensation from Mr White's candid account of his observations in Soviet Russia during a six weeks visit last summer with Eric A Johnston, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

The reader may be interested in referring to numerous other points of view on Russia published in The Reader's Digest during the past two years. They include 'Life on the Russian Frontier,' by Wendell Willkie, March 1943, 'The Price that Russia Is Paying,' by Maurice Hindus, April 1943, 'The Nazis Describe the Russian Soldier,' by Lt Col Paul W Thompson June 1943, 'The Russian Slogan 'Work, Study and Learn,' by Maurice Hindus February 1944, 'To Bridge the Gulf Between the U S and Russia,' by Eric A Johnston, August 1944, 'My Talk with Stalin' by Eric A Johnston October 1944, and 'What Russia Wants,' by Sumner Welles, November 1944

the siege. The result is that the world has little knowledge of the sacrifices the Russian people are making.

A minor bureaucrat in the censor's office will occasionally strike out a whole paragraph from a story written by an experienced correspondent, explaining that he found it "uninteresting," or considered it "unimportant."

Correspondents would not mind the bleak living conditions of wartime Russia if they were not treated as tolerated spies — cut off from any real human contact with a people they admire, herded into the institutionalized life of the Hotel Metropole, talking only with one another or with the small diplomatic colony, reading only the controlled Russian press, and then having their daily work messed up by a rigid political censorship in the hands of men who are often mediocre.

While correspondents may never visit the front, they are occasionally taken en masse on visits to recently liberated cities or to rear-area military headquarters. They are always escorted by an assistant censor, one of whose duties is to verify everything which happens. If the censor fails to

see or hear something on the trip, the reporters are not allowed to report it. *It didn't happen.* Even in routine stories from Moscow the censors usually blue-pencil anything which has not appeared in the Russian press, hence there is no such thing as a news beat or an exclusive story. A reporter can work for weeks gathering material for an article only to have it killed because it has not appeared in *Pravda*. They view his independent activity as bordering on espionage.

### Military Strength and Weaknesses

AMERICANS frequently express amazement that the Red Army was able to resist when the Germans attacked Russia, and feel that its exploits are a miracle.

The Red Army is good. Russians make good soldiers. They are well disciplined, competently led, equipped with good rifles and plenty of heavy artillery which they use with skill. But let us consider statistics.

Soldiers must be young, and the military strength of any nation is determined not by its total population but by the number of boys in their late teens and early 20's. Because of the enormous population and the

high Slav birth rate, in the Soviet Union 2,000,000 boys each year attain the age of 18, compared to only 500 000 Germans — a four-to-one superiority

Considering only military effectiveness the miracle is that any German soldier was able to set foot on Russian soil. They were able to penetrate to the suburbs of Moscow and Leningrad and range as far as the Caucasus (1500 miles from Berlin) not only because of Russia's technical poverty and the disorganized state of her industrial development but also largely because at the time the Red Army lacked experienced officers. Her initial air force for instance could not compare with that of the Germans, much of it was smashed in the first few weeks of fighting.

Russian pilots rank among the world's best, but Russia lacks the skill to turn out good planes. Long-range bombers such as the British Lancaster and American Fortress and Liberator require the highest degree of industrial skill for production and operation in large numbers. They are almost totally absent in the Red Air Force.

The men who plan the Red Air Force, facing shortages of key materials such as aluminum, and of industrial skill have concentrated on production of the Stormovik, a slow, low altitude strafing plane. Since this efficient little tank buster usually operates at treetop level, the Soviet fighters which protect it have no need of high-altitude equipment.

Of the 10 000 planes which America has delivered to the Soviet Union the Russians like best the Bell Airacobra, which is a low-altitude, ground

cooperation plane similar in function to the Stormovik.

Soviet targets within range of German bombers rely for defense on fire from anti-aircraft batteries. However, lacking radar to guide their fire, the gunners can shoot only at the sound, which is a rough indication not of where the bomber is but where it was several seconds ago. Therefore, to be effective batteries must vomit continuous fountains of fire during a raid, an expensive procedure.

But by the middle of 1944, the German superiority in modern equipment had been reduced by three factors. Russian industry behind the Urals was getting into its stride in tank and artillery production. German factories were slowing down owing to Anglo American air pounding, and Russia had by then received from America 5750 million dollars worth of lend lease aid which included 10 000 planes, 40 000 jeeps, 225 million dollars' worth of machine tools and 210 000 trucks. Without those trucks it would have been impossible for the Russians to have followed up their major victory at Stalingrad in 1943. It does no good to turn the enemy unless you can pursue him. Without American trucks the Red Army would still be stuck in the bottomless Ukrainian mud.

The top Russians do not underestimate the value of American aid. If the lesser ones seem unappreciative, it is only because, in spite of victorious protests such as that of Admiral Standley, they have not been told the extent of it.

For instance, the Moscow correspondents tell of a trip on which they were escorted through reconquered

territory by a Red Army lieutenant. They saw a jeep in a ditch. Russia makes no comparable car, but quantities of jeeps have arrived through lend-lease, with instructions in Russian that were stenciled on them in Detroit.

"Is that a German or an American jeep?" the correspondent asked.

"Neither," said the lieutenant proudly. "It's Russian. Your American jeeps are too flimsy to use on roads at the front — 5000 kilometers and they fall to pieces. Here we use only Russian jeeps!"

Russian losses have been heavy, and in the summer of 1944 practically every man between 16 and 45 was in uniform at the front except a few technicians and key executives. Nevertheless when the Anglo-American offensive opened in France, the Soviet Government loyally kept its letter in agreement to start a drive from the east. In order to do this, the Russians drafted for front line duty men who had been discharged with wounds or rejected for serious physical defects. But the Soviet Government kept faith.

### *Rationing and the "Free" Market*

I HAVE just been pricing food in the Moscow government run stores and in the uncontrolled free public markets, and at last I understand how and what these people eat.

In America, a worker who lost his food coupons could still live magnificently on unrationed goods — milk, eggs, fish, poultry, bread, fruits and vegetables. In the Soviet Union everything which has any food value is rigidly rationed or is unobtainable except at fantastic prices.

There are several categories of rationing corresponding to different strata of the Soviet caste system. The Red Army is extremely well fed, particularly in the front lines. Soviet officers are given a 50 percent discount at the "commercial" stores. The Kremlin is luxuriously fed through its own commissary. Foreigners are about as well fed as the top Bolsheviks. They get ample meat and bread rations, may buy four pints of vodka a month, and so on. Writers, actors, singers, musicians and other artists are also in a special luxury category, not only for food but for clothing and living quarters.

In Moscow, a first class war worker gets a bread ration, for example, of 600 grams a day — which is more than a pound. A second class worker gets 500, an office employee (not an executive) gets 400, and dependents (old people, children, cripples) get 300 grams.

A war plant worker who exceeds her production quota makes about 1000 rubles a month, at the cheap diplomatic rate of exchange which I enjoy, this is \$80. But the quantities which she can buy on the ration are so meager that she can't spend more than about \$6.50 a month for rationed food.

The Soviet food ration, which she must buy at her assigned grocery store, gives the worker about nine tenths of what she must have to keep alive and working. For the other tenth, and for any food delicacies she wants, she must look elsewhere. The first place to look is in the free market, or Rynok, where farmers bring produce for sale.

The farmer lives on a Collective or

ing luxury items at a greatly reduced rate. Money is always kept secondary. The authorities are suspicious of it, and are afraid it will accumulate into great fortunes which will destroy their system.

"Because of the way Russians have been educated they can't understand our system. If you try to tell them that we control great fortunes by breaking them up with inheritance taxes, they don't believe you, because such a thing could not exist under capitalism as they have learned about it in their textbooks."

The way to understand capitalism is not to memorize the long words economists use. It is to go some place where the people don't have it, and see what they do instead.

In America a man who saves money is regarded as a sound and valuable citizen. He performs a useful act, for out of such savings our industries are built and our farms improved. In Russia he is viewed with suspicion as a hoarder, a potential capitalist, someone to be watched for criminal tendencies toward exploiting his fellow workers by means of giving them jobs.

These Socialists argue that panicky saving can stop all business activity and throw millions out of work. They say that the greatest waste of capitalism is the valuable man-hours of work which our nation loses when these millions are idle.

But are capitalist depressions any more wasteful of human energy than this bureaucratic society with its inefficient methods, where almost every activity is a State monopoly, and where there is no competition to force inefficient businesses to reform

or go broke? True, these people don't stand in line at employment agencies. They work terribly hard and stand in line to pay \$1.25 for a fresh egg.

Although they work so hard they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of our jobless on work relief. During our depression as many as 5,000,000 of our people were for a few years down to this low WPA living standard. But in the Soviet Union about 180,000,000 people have been on an even lower living standard for 25 years. And only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter century the Soviets have controlled one seventh of the world's land surface, an area rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had a quarter century of peace — which is a long time.

The whole picture was nicely summed by William Henry Chamberlin, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who has written several scholarly books on the Soviet Union. Chamberlin was caught in Bordeaux the week that France fell. People were sleeping five and six in a room, grocery stores were sold out, there were long lines waiting to get into restaurants. Chamberlin surveyed all this and remarked to a fellow correspondent (who quoted it to me in Moscow): "You know, it takes a catastrophic defeat in war and a national convulsion to reduce France to that state of affairs which is normal everyday life in the Soviet Union!"

### *How About Trade Unions?*

ERIC JOHNSON has asked if our party may talk to the heads of the Soviet labor movement. He knows the top American labor leaders, gets along smoothly with the unions in his Washington plants, and, like me, is curious to see how free Russian labor is.

We talked to four of the leaders, but the head of the whole thing was a very smart man of 43 called Kuznetsov. He was really keen. He'd lived in America, graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology with a master's degree in metallurgy.

Their setup as he outlined it goes like this. All Soviet unions — representing 22,000,000 workers — send delegates to the All-Union Trades Congress. This Congress corresponds to our AFL and CIO national conventions rolled into one. It elects 55 of its members to something they call the Plenum. These 55 elect 18 to something called the Presidium. And these 18 have elected Kuznetsov its secretary, which makes him head of the workers.

We asked him if all the workers belonged to trade unions, and he said at least 98 or 99 percent. The dues are one percent of a worker's salary. There is no initiation fee.

"Now is this a perfectly free union movement," we asked him, "or is it directed by your government?"

It was perfectly free, he assured us. Of course, he said, anyone they elect to their Congress must be approved by the government, but we could see he considered this a very minor detail. It occurred to me that in America, if some carpenter's local

couldn't send a delegate to their national labor convention unless the government approved him, our unions certainly wouldn't consider this a minor detail — but let that go.

We tried another tack. "Are you a member of the Communist Party?" we asked him. He said he was. "And all the members of your staff?" He nodded. Since the factory managers are all Communists too and since the Communist Party controls both labor and management under very strict discipline, I felt that would leave very little for them to argue about. So I said, "What do the trade unions discuss?"

"Working conditions, social insurance, vacations — things like that," he answered.

"Do they talk about wages?"

"Yes," he said, "particularly the pay for piece work. The factory bargaining committees discuss rates with the management."

"If they can't agree, what then?"

He insisted they practically always agreed. But if they didn't, they could appeal clear up to the Presidium, who could talk the dispute over with the Vice Commissar who managed that particular trust. In that way, he said, amicable agreements always are arrived at.

"Always? Aren't there ever strikes?"

"Yes," he said, "in 1919 a strike in one steel mill lasted two days. And in 1923 there was another little strike out in western Russia. There have been no strikes since, and in the future there won't be any because our workers understand they are all working for each other."

"If a worker gets discharged for any reason, would it be difficult for

him to get a job some place else?"

"Very, very difficult," said Kuznetsov

"Well, isn't this what the workers in America call an employers' blacklist?"

"No," said Kuznetsov. But he didn't say why it wasn't

"Is joining the trade union in any plant voluntary or compulsory?"

"Completely voluntary," Kuznetsov said

"How do you account, then, for the fact that practically everyone joins?"

"It is to their advantage in any country," he said "and particularly in the Soviet Union. Here a union member receives greater sick benefits than a nonunion member. There is a housing shortage and most factories own apartment houses which they rent to the workers. Union members receive first consideration. A non-union member would have trouble finding a place to sleep at night. Also, he wouldn't have access to the factory recreation center, where they have dancing, games, movies and meetings."

"If a worker is dissatisfied with his job, can he quit and go somewhere else?"

"He may put in a request," said Kuznetsov, "but the decision will be up to the plant management. The head of the plant is a far better judge of a worker's qualifications than he is himself."

"Will this continue after the war?"

"Why change?" he said. "We must all work where we are needed, to further the progress of the Soviet Union." That settled that.

We thanked him for giving us this information. As we got up to go he said to Eric, "You are the first American businessman who has ever taken the trouble to call on me, and I want you to know I appreciate it. We want you in America to understand our trade unions and realize that it is a free movement here." He seemed to me in every word of it. I don't know that I can agree with him, but I thought he was highly intelligent and completely sincere. From the Communist standpoint, I suppose their labor is free.

### *Slums and Mansion*

JOHNSON, JOCK O'Hara and I are flying to Siberia. With us, at Eric's request, go several reporters who have long tried in vain to see the country. Also with us are Zemenkov, the Foreign Office representative, Kurolov, our official guide, and a figure we had come to know as "Nick." Presumably Nick spoke no English. At least he spoke none to us. But he had always been a part of our group, eating obscurely at the ends of banquet tables, and traveling silently in the front seat of our car. The reporters identified him as the NKVD (secret police) man.

We cross the Ural, which in this area are not mountains in our Rocky Mountain sense, but rolling, wooded hills. In a valley not far beyond them is Magnitogorsk, the Pittsburgh of the Soviet Union, its huge blast furnaces vomiting smoke.

From the airport, we drive to the house of the plant director, where we spend the night. To reach it we pass through teeming, unpainted slums which are worse than those of Pitts-

though. Then the road goes up a hill upon which, overlooking the slums and the blast furnaces, are the spacious homes of the executives. Our cars turn into one of the cement driveways. The big house is new, and the bathroom is both clean and in repair — as are these things in Russia where the comfort of some reasonably important individual is at stake.

This is the first time we have been in a Russian home. It has hardwood parquet floors, the furniture is of dark, heavily varnished wood, and on the big mantel are busts of Marx and Engels.

Now we get a closer look at the director, who runs these great steel mills. He is a tall, stocky Russian, very much the engineer type, and only 35. He tells us his father was a blacksmith. He also tells us about Magnitogorsk. The town was started in 1916. There are now 45,000 workers in his plant, of whom 25,000 are construction workers, for it is expanding. Twenty open-hearth furnaces and six blast furnaces are operating.

After lunch we drive back down the hill to the plant. There are many workers on the road as this is apparently a change of shifts. Suddenly our car turns out to one side as we overtake a long column marching four abreast, on its way to work at the plant. Two things are remarkable about it. The first thing is that, marching ahead of it, behind it and on both sides, are military guards carrying rifles with fixed bayonets. The second thing is that the column itself consists of ragged women in makeshift sandals, who glance furtively at our car.

In the armament factory we visit, where guns are lathing shells for the Red Army, there is again no assembly belt. At one point they have devised a substitute. When one operation is finished, a shell is placed on a long, inclined rack, down which it rolls into the next room for the next operation. Only the rack is badly made and now and then a shell falls off. Instead of adjusting the rack, a girl is stationed by it to pick up the shells and put them back on straight.

Now we go through a brick plant, and here Eric is in his element, for he makes brick in his Tacoma plant. After inspecting the product and the production line, he asks them how many workers they employ, and how many bricks they make per month. Then he figures on my reporter's pay and finds that his plant, by using the continuous kiln system, turns out three times as many bricks per worker. They have nothing remotely like it here, we watch the women laboriously moving bricks by hand after each processing operation.

We wonder how much politics has to do with the scarcity of skilled brains here. Suppose the Democratic Party were limited to about 4,500,000 members, and that no man could hold a responsible job whose loyalty to the Secretary of its National Committee was in any way questioned? Many good men might have to be discarded because they were not politically sound.

OUR Red Army pilot has us terrified. Yesterday we thought it was an accident but today, en route to Omsk, he did the same thing. Before you board an American liner, they



warm the motors so there can be no faltering on the take-off which could send the plane crashing into a fence. When the plane makes its run and is air borne the pilot continues in a straight line until he has 500 or 1000 feet of altitude, before he makes a gentle turn which puts him on his course. Then he climbs to about 5000 or 6000 feet which gives him time to pick a suitable landing spot in case anything happens.

Soviet air line procedure is as follows. You get aboard. The door slams shut. The pilot starts the motors, which have been cold since the night before. If they run at all he releases the brakes, guns the plane on down the runway. You either speed and clear the runway by maybe ten feet. At this instant the pilot makes his turn by the process of tilting one wing up toward the zenith and the other down until its tip is digging potatoes on the adjoining farm. Once pointed on his course he levels off and continues at an altitude of from 50 to 100 feet, serving kolhoz (Collective farm) cows, Sovhoz (State farm) chickens and the passengers.

We recall that when this procedure left American pilots wide-eyed, the Red Air Force boys would ask them, "What's the matter, are you afraid to die?"

"The answer for me is 'yes,' says Joyce. "Now if I had to live in Russia, I might feel differently."

### *How Free Are Elections?*

WE ARE talking with the Mayor of Omsk. He is 44, and this is his second year in office. Before that he was Director of Automobile Highways, a title which is confusing to us, since

the Soviet Union has few passenger cars and almost no highways.

We ask him how he got elected and he answers promptly that the people did it.

But how?

He goes into detail. There were in all five candidates, each representing one of the various trade unions. Everybody in Omsk could vote, he says, and of course the ballot was secret. He won easily.

Is he a member of the Party?

Oh, yes. One other candidate was, too, but our friend was its official candidate, endorsed by the Party organization.

Then we ask if, in any Russian city, any non-Party member has ever been elected mayor.

He thinks a minute. Then he says he doesn't know of any big city, but he has heard that occasionally in the villages men who were not Party members have been chosen mayor.

How free can an election be when one party controls the press and the radio? I am sure they go through the forms of a secret ballot and an honest count. But if any candidate should attack his Communist opponent vigorously he runs the risk of being arrested by the NKVD as a political offender and hustled off to the salt mines in the middle of his campaign. Is the Party only letting the people play with the forms of democracy? Never having known anything else, they think they have the real thing.

We now inspect a factory where they are turning out eight tanks a day. It looks clean — well above the average of what we have so far seen in Russia.

But a curious thing happened to

me Omsk boasts a very attractive female Tass Correspondent who was covering our trip for the local press. She was about 25, pretty, lively and most intelligent, and since she spoke German we could converse. In the plant we were talking together, she translating for me ahead of the interpreter. It was all going well until I left her for a minute to speak to Eric. When I turned back, I saw that Zemenkov, our Foreign Office man, and Nick the NKVD plainclothes man, had each grabbed her by an elbow and were hustling her along lecturing her angrily.

Now there are so many possible offenses in this country that it did not then occur to me to wonder which one she had committed. I regarded it as an intra Party matter into which no tactful foreigner should intrude. Presently they dropped her elbows and after a discreet interval, I walked up beside her, picking up the conversation where we had left it. But she would neither answer nor look at me. After a couple of trials I fell back, trying to think what I could have said that offended her. Then I discovered the correspondents laughing at me. They had seen the whole thing.

"Didn't you know? You didn't think they'd let you talk to the people, did you?"

### *Report from the Mines*

WE HAVE comfortable rooms at the Omsk airport, but for some reason I can't sleep, and at about two I tiptoe quietly out and down the hall toward the empty waiting room for a cigarette. Only it isn't empty.

Sprawled on the benches are two

khaki clad figures who sit up, blinking sleepily. One of them asked me something in Russian. Before I could explain I didn't speak it, the other one said, "Hell, Tex, he's no Russian."

"No," I said, "I'm an American. You guys Americans too?"

"I should hope to kiss a horse we are," said Tex.

"Who are you," said the other, "and what are you doing here?" By the way, what's the name of this burg?"

I told him what I was doing here and that this was Omsk.

"Omsk," he repeated sourly. "Well, good place to wait for a plane as any. We've got another hour."

They told me they'd been assigned as technical advisers on a big war construction project.

"A mine up north," said Tex.

"How did you get along with the Russians?" I asked.

"Very friendly the first day. Said next week you must come over to dinner. But that was all we ever heard of it, although one or two apologized later. Seems word had passed out it was against government policy to have anything to do with us. On the job they were nice guys though. We would help each other with Russian and English lessons, but that was as far as it could go."

"Had a Russian-English primer that was a honey," said Tex. "The first sentences were 'Miners in America get very low wages,' 'Great Britain is a Capitalist Plutocracy,' and 'The Soviet Union is surrounded by enemies.' There was stuff like 'Ivanov invented electricity' or 'Petrov first harnessed steam' names you never

heard of. Certainly gives them a cockeyed picture of the rest of the world."

"How do they run their mines?"

"They sure do things different from what we do," said Tex. "Now you take any ten year-old American child with a Meccano set and he'll start at the bottom and build up. But these Russians always start at the top, build the roof first and then raise it."

"Oh, but first thing," said Ed, "they always put up a tribune to make speeches from, and hang big pictures of Stalin and Lenin."

"All those pictures and speeches are because Russians are not steady workers," said Tex. "They putter around a long time, then all of a sudden they hop up on those platforms and make a lot of big speeches about Stalin, get themselves worked up under a big head of steam, pitch in and get it cleaned up. They call that Socialist competition."

"But we wouldn't know why," said Ed.

"The worst thing is they've got no respect for materials," said Tex.

"Never owned anything themselves. It belongs to the state so what the hell do they care? I've seen them unload valuable pipe from a flatcar by just rolling it down an embankment — smashing hell out of it. And fire brick for smelters the same way. It's cut very accurately and you can't use chipped ones. The way they'd heave it off, about 25 percent would be damaged."

"When we'd try to stop it," said Ed, "they explained they had a law in Russia, because of the freight-car shortage, that they had to be un-

loaded within two hours after arrival. No one seemed to see it would take more cars to bring more material. Or maybe they didn't care."

"The top director and his engineers were capable," said Tex, "but their system bogs them down with detail and paper work. They even have to sign warehouse receipts — things that in America we leave to an underling. Definite instructions often don't get out to the men in the field, and the top men haven't time to get out of their offices. The trouble with the whole country is there aren't enough capable men to carry out orders."

"I think it's their system," said Ed. "It doesn't give them the drive, the personal ambition, the incentive that ours does. And it's so complex — they have to talk to so many people before anything gets done. The Communist Party has a setup which duplicates everything in the industry. In every organization the director is a Party member and the engineer sometimes is. Party members are the only ones who can ever get anything done. But even they are slow. In general, the Russians could never be a competitive threat to America. We can always build in a year and a half anything it takes them ten to do."

### *Conduct Labor*

"ARE their engineers well trained?" I asked.

"Some," said Tex. "The best engineers were the NKVD."

"But isn't that their secret police organization?"

"Sure. You see, there're always about ten or 15 million prisoners in Russia, only they don't have our pen-

mentary system They herd them into convict labor gangs, and the NKVD, which has charge of them, has developed a fine engineering staff They bid on construction jobs, supplying both the engineers and prison labor "

"On our particular project," said Ed, "there were about 70,000 workers, and half of these were prisoners. Mostly women. On the job they worked under guards "

"Prisoners are a subject in itself," said Tex. "When they're arrested, they just drop out of sight. If your wife is really fond of you and works hard, maybe in three months she can find out where they've got you and what the charges are. Then, if she hires a lawyer, she may get the right of correspondence with you, which means she can write you once a month, and you can write twice "

"Political prisoners get the roughest deal," said Ed. "They usually get ten years with no correspondence "

"If you miss getting typhus and live out your sentence," said Tex, "they turn you loose, but your passport has a red line through it. That means you can never get a house or a good job — you've got to keep moving "

"Tell him how the workers on our project were housed," said Ed.

"Well, they dug a pit about ten feet deep, 20 feet wide and 100 feet long. Then they made a peaked roof of pine logs over this. The mattresses lay on the cold dirt "

"How did they work?" I asked.

"They were supposed to work 12 hours a day. They'd work about 30 to 50 percent of the time. Didn't get enough to eat — any of them. We used to watch them being fed

Each prisoner was supposed to provide himself with two American tin cans that he fastened to his belt by a wire. They'd haul out one kettle of soup, and one of kasha. Some days the food truck would have dried fish on it, and they'd toss this out over the tailboard like you'd throw fish to a bunch of seals. We couldn't see that the food of the free labor was any better. Nobody gets enough to eat, and they hardly had the energy to walk around "

"How did you eat?" I asked.

"In order to keep eating decently, we had to raise hell," said Ed.

"You've got to be tough and realistic in your dealings with the Russians," said Tex. "They've got no sympathy whatever. Remember that red-headed girl?"

"She was in our organization," said Ed. "She got sick, and could hardly drag around. We mentioned it to the boss, trying to get him to lighten her work. He just looked blink. 'What does it matter?' he said. 'Couldn't understand why it was anybody's business but hers' "

"The last month we were there," said Tex, "2600 out of the 70,000 workers on that job died of typhus "

"Hey, listen!" said Ed. From outside came the roar of motors. They picked up their bags, said good-bye, and went on out to the plane.

### *Suspicion of Foreigners*

RUSSIA does not yet trust the outside world. Diplomats are just as closely imprisoned in Moscow as are correspondents. At the time of our visit the current British Ambassador had been unable to secure permission to travel outside the capital. One of

the Allied countries which has in power a left wing government adorned its diplomatic staff in Moscow with a special labor attaché, and appointed to this post an important union official. He came to extend the hand of fellowship from the toilers of the West to their fellow workers, in Russia. He complains now that the Soviets gave him countless banquetts but let him see nothing. This lack of freedom has so warped his viewpoint that he now insists that the Soviet system of unions is only a scheme to get the last ounce of work out of labor.

By contrast the 1500 members of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in America are free to get on any train at any time and go to any part of our country. As trusted allies they are welcome to inspect our war industries. No American should object to this but Americans should understand that hitherto it has been a one-sided arrangement. On our trip we were taken to any factory we wished to visit and questions were freely answered, but foreigners as a rule are treated as spies. Soviet officials withheld from their allies even the location of their war industries back of the Urals, while permission to visit them was unthinkable.

Although Russian suspicion has decreased since the Roosevelt Churchill Stalin conference at Tcherin, it is still strong. It has roots both in the Communist Party and in Soviet Russian history. After the Bolshevik revolution, a *cordon sanitaire* was built around Russia. France supported Poland in a war against the Bolsheviks in 1931, and Russia was for over a decade excluded from the League and

denied diplomatic recognition. So Russia's suspicion of foreigners came to have some basis in fact.

The Bolsheviks originally held the view that it would be impossible to build socialism in one country alone — a world revolution was necessary to their success. But Stalin came to support the thesis that socialism in one country was possible and Russia could direct her energies to building up her own economic structure. World revolution was desirable and he pledged himself to bend all efforts to bring it about. But for the immediate future it was not indispensable to the Russian Bolsheviks.

In recent years there has been a further change. The Kremlin has announced that world revolution is neither necessary nor desirable from the standpoint of the Soviet Union. And the ablest foreign observers in Moscow agree that these protestations are sincere. They point out that Russia has been terribly weakened by war and needs desperately a few decades of peace. They say she now realizes that Europe does not want to be 'liberated' and that this could be accomplished only by a further bloody struggle involving the sacrifices which the Russians are both unwilling and unable to make. Russia wants, they insist, only a stable and friendly Europe.

These observers do not pretend that Russia has any enthusiasm for either democracy or capitalism in Europe. She accepts them only because for the next few decades they promise to give Europe that peace and stability which Russia needs. However, if they do not bring stability, if there are disorders and unrest

which create a power vacuum anywhere on the Continent, the Russians are not stupid, and they will move a Communist government in to fill this vacuum. But if America and England act firmly — both diplomatically and economically, to preserve real democratic order in Europe, these observers think Russia will be well satisfied to accept the decent compromises which we should insist on.

### 1 Political Boss Entertains

At NOVOSIBIRSK, the capital of Siberia we are taken to a *dacha* — a Russian word meaning country residence for someone who normally lives in the city. It gleams new and white against the great tree which surround it and overlooks the yellow waters of the Ob River, one of the biggest rivers in the world. The house would be indistinguishable from the great estates which line the Hudson. It has an equally large staff of servants. The rooms are as large, as clean and as luxurious.

The next two days are dominated by one of the most vivid personalities I have ever met. He is an undersized man in his 40's with a shock of curly hair. He is quick as a fox terrier — and strikingly un-Russian. Some odd combination of chromosomes has produced out here on the steppes a quick-minded, tough little Irishman. He could be Jimmy Cagney — complete with wavy hair and jutting jaw. His name is Michael Kulugin, and he is Secretary of the Communist Party for Siberia.

We remark how curious it is that so perfect a thoroughly Irish type as Mike Kulugin could be repeated out here in the middle of Asia, running

another party. Not only does Mike's Russian slide out of one corner of his mouth, but he looks at you hard and raises one eyebrow skeptically when he talks.

After a big dinner the first evening, Mike ushered us down to the river and aboard a gleaming white steamer. The sun was shining brightly and would not set until ten o'clock. Mike waved us expansively to a row of deck chairs just forward of the bridge. A military band, lined up on the bow facing us, struck up as the boat moved out into the current. The band was magnificent and no wonder, it was the official band of the Red Army — musicians selected for their skill from all of Russia's millions. Their uniforms were spotless. Half of them played instruments, the other half was a perfectly drilled male choir of perhaps 30 voices. The big river rang with Red Army marching songs and hauntingly old Russian folk tunes.

Whenever they stopped for breath, another band out of sight on the stern of the boat would play.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" a correspondent whispered to me. "What American millionaire could put us up in a summer house like this, give us such food and entertain us on a big yacht with not one band, but two? Do you know anybody who could?"

When dusk fell, Mike advanced with what appeared to be a blunderbuss pistol.

"He says," translated Kulov, "that he will now fire salute."

Mike pointed to the darkening sky, and pulled the trigger. There was a soul-shaking bang, a shower of

sparks, and a hissing rocket leaped from the gun's mouth and spiraled its way toward the zenith, where it burst in a beautiful pale-green star which slowly settled toward the river and then winked out

Mike reloaded the gun from a large box of shells on the deck and handed it to Eric with a lordly gesture. Eric pointed the gun toward a small island out in midchannel and his staff fell among the weeds on its shore, where we watched it burning out. Mike immediately took the gun and placed a second flaming star on top of Eric's. This was precision shooting in any army. It occurred to me that Siberia would not be a healthy place for any Party member who did not see eye to eye with Marshal Stalin.

The next morning we visited Lenin Optical Plant No. 69, which now makes range-finding equipment for artillery and tanks. The factory is clean, well lighted and apparently very well run for no one is idle at the benches. Walking down the assembly line the director explains the process to Eric, but Mike lags behind talking to the workers, a wave of the hand to this one, a pat on the back for that — a ward boss patrolling his precinct.

In the factory dining room each of us is presented with a fine pair of Red Army field glasses, with our names engraved in Russian characters and of course there is another banquet. On the way back to the cars, a correspondent overtakes me.

"Had a little run in with Mike," he says.

"What happened?"

"Guess I kind of blew up at him. You know, all these banquets and

everything. So I finally just told him 'You haven't got Marx and Lenin here at all! You've got the damnedest inequality I ever saw! I've read Marx and Lenin and they certainly weren't for this!'"

"What'd he say?"

"Said I was all wrong. That Lenin had never been for equality. Said equality was only a dream they hoped to realize in the far future. That now people were proud on the basis of what they produced."

### *Party Power and Privilege*

AND NOW while we are on the plane, headed south out of Siberia and down into the country of the Tartars and the Mongols, whose nomadic emperors, Timur and Genghis Khan once ruled nearly all Asia and threatened Europe, let us consider this Communist Party whose rule here is no less absolute.

\* In 1917 when it seized power from the collapsing Romanoff dynasty, the Bolshevik Party was a handful of Marxist theoreticians. Russians only fleetingly enjoyed freedom and the Party then assumed the autocracy handed down from Genghis Khan. The heritage of this Party is in almost equal parts of Marx and of Genghis Khan.

The small hereditary ruling class from whom the Bolsheviks seized power had done little to justify their privileges. At the time of the Revolution, Russia was not ready for liberal democracy. The greatest indictment which can be brought against Stalin is that, because of his iron rule which suppresses freedom of opinion, Russia is still less ready today, in spite of his paper constitutions.

In America anyone can be a Republican. But becoming a member of the Communist Party is extremely difficult. The aspirant is watched carefully for a year. Everything about him is investigated—from his work habits and political opinions to his sex life.

Once the coveted membership is granted, the man is less closely watched, but any slackening in zeal, any deviation from the Party's political line or any signs of "personal ambition" are punished with expulsion. These admissions and expulsions are controlled by the Party's secretary, and in the early days this was put in the charge of a comparatively obscure Bolshevik, Joseph Stalin. Only after Lenin's death did the more prominent Communists like Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin and Trotsky come to realize that the man who controls the Party's membership controls not only the Party but all Russia.

The High Party members, who now wield the power of the Romanoffs, have moved into both the palaces and the privileges of the old aristocracy and are drinking quite as much champagne. But no one can argue that they do not justify their existence by hard and useful work for the State, and by taking leadership and responsibility. Class distinctions are rapidly springing up in Russia, but, for the present at least, these distinctions are based on achievement and hard work.

The Communist Party had about five million members until Stalin's purges beginning in 1936 reduced it by about half. After the war began the base was broadened and membership increased to some four and a half million.

One of the Party's functions is to provide the Kremlin with accurate reports on the state of Russian public opinion. In the field of foreign affairs, the people have no facts other than those provided by the government-controlled press, which is, of course, only what their government wants them to know. Lacking any independent basis for judgment, they must accept allies and peace treaties as these are handed out from the Kremlin. But in domestic matters the people have definite ideas as to what they like and do not like. The Party is sometimes unable to check a trend in public opinion. If it is a real ground swell they do not fight it but divert it into proper channels.

They remember 1917 when they themselves rode into power on the crest of a tidal wave of unrest which the old autocracy failed to recognize in time—and was too stupid to handle. They expect similar unrest after this war and are sure they will be quick enough to canalize it before it gets out of hand.

On one side of the picture this is a slave Empire. On the other side it is a vigorous, dynamic empire moving on.

### *Communist 'Social Engineering'*

WE FLY south across the huge and Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan. Below are bleak cooperative farms, to which were sent in 1939 and 1940, hundreds of thousands of middle class families from the Baltic States and Poland's eastern provinces at about the time Russia annexed their homelands. In order to understand why these regions voted by majorities as high as nine to one for union with the



Soviet Government after they were occupied by the Red Army, it is necessary to understand the meaning of the term 'social engineering,' is first coined and later practiced by the Communist Party.

Communists recognize that in newly occupied areas many individuals cannot adapt themselves to the Soviet system. Least likely to adapt themselves are those individuals who have functioned successfully under the preceding regime. The Soviet black list includes all who have held positions of trust in the former state - public officials, government employees, local police and, of course, large landowners as well as conspicuously successful manufacturers, merchants and farmers. Prominent on the list are officials of trade unions. All these leaders are arrested for deportation immediately, the smaller fry are rounded up at a more leisurely rate during the ensuing months.

Rudely are the hot Social engineering is a science with no place for the emotion of hate, and shooting can be wasteful. Therefore the members of the classes to be removed are customarily sentenced to ten years in a Soviet labor camp.

Meanwhile plans for elections proceed. With all such "enemies of the people" disposed of, the Soviet propaganda apparatus moves in, the Red Army taking a prominent part. Only one Communist-approved candidate runs for each office. A tremendous effort is made to get out the vote. Banners, parades and speeches imply that anyone who fails to go to the polls thereby declares himself an enemy of the new state.

Most curious of all from our West-

ern standpoint, is the fact that soldiers of the occupying Red Army are permitted to vote in these elections. Once at the polls, the voter is handed a ballot and told that he may either drop this in the ballot box or retire behind a screen and make changes in it. He does not need to be told that, if he does step behind the screen, this fact will be remembered. Few changes are made.

The assembly made up of delegates so elected meets a few days later. In occupied Poland such assemblies passed standardized resolutions taking over the authority of the old government, requesting admission to the Soviet Union, confiscating large estates, and praising our great leader, Stalin.

In addition to the 180,000 Polish war prisoners, an estimated million and a half civilians were removed from Poland in the early part of 1940 as a part of the social engineering program. These people were moved in 'transports.' A Soviet transport is an ordinary boxcar with two small, high, barred windows, a stove, and a hole chopped in the floor for a toilet. Between 30 and 40 deportees are locked in each car.

Most deportation roundups were conducted by the NKVD late at night, when the population is most docile. It is also an axiom of social engineering to separate families, not as an act of needless cruelty but because men are suited for stronger, more rugged work than are their wives and daughters. It was the practice to send men to lumber and mining camps in northern Siberia, women and children to brick yards and cooperative farms in southern Kazakhstan.

There was much unavoidable confusion. Although the cars were supposed to be opened duly, sometimes through neglect, they stood for days on sidings, and when they finally were opened it was nearly always necessary to remove a number of bodies of those who had died from general weakness induced by thirst or cold. But none of this was deliberate, and in such large mass population movements, oversights are inevitable.

I should be said in defense of the Soviet Government that under similar circumstances it has treated its own people exactly as it did the Poles.

### *The Worker Lives Where He's Told*

WE ARE now in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan, whose capital is the ancient Mohammedan city of Tashkent. The Uzbeks are a racial mixture. Some are Mongolian. Others resemble the nearby Afghans, and others might have Persian or Arab blood.

We chat with a handsome young Russian named Rodion Glukhov, who is Vice-Premier of Uzbekistan. He tells us that Uzbekistan had a total of two million evacuees from other parts of the U.S.S.R. early in the war. Many of these have now returned to their homes, but others came with their plants, and, of course, these will stay permanently. Where had the plants come from? Moscow, the Ukraine and the North Caucasus. And from Leningrad they have many skilled workers and engineers. He tells us with a smile that, of course, Leningrad is anxious to have these engi-

neers back, but Uzbekistan is anxious to keep such valuable men. It will be for Moscow to decide.

But we ask, what about the people themselves? Where do they want to live? That seems to be a matter of little importance. The workers would want to live wherever Moscow decides they are most useful.

Now we visit a textile plant, entering a huge clean, well-lighted building with endless rows of looms all turning out heavy sheeting. At first I assume this to be the entire plant, but it is only one small section. Other sections are making different weaves and weights for uniform linings or women's dresses.

They explain that the factory has only recently started making print goods for civilian consumption. For three years Russian women have been wearing their old clothes. And who will get this limited new supply? The shops maintained by those factories or firms which have overfulfilled their norms. Again we see how little money means in the Soviet Union. If you don't work in such a lucky factory, it is almost impossible to buy such a dress at any price.

That evening we go to the local opera house (new, and well done with Oriental decorations copied from ancient Uzbek designs) for a concert. They give, especially for us, one act of an opera based on an incident in Uzbek history.

Watching the opera I begin to realize that the most admirable thing about the whole Soviet Union is what we might call its colonial policy — its relationships with the smaller and sometimes backward races. This is partly accounted for by the fact that

Russians historically have few race prejudices

Instead of Jim-crowding the weaker peoples, the Russians lean over backward to give them titles and offices. At first I jumped to the conclusion that the native officeholders were stooges, dressed up and provided with fancy offices but with little real power. But we learn that the Premier of this Republic is an Uzbek and a smart one — no stooge, but an old-time Bolshevik with a steel-trap mind, highly respected in the Party councils.

The next day they offer a brief tour in the Oriental quarter of Tashkent. We drive through the broad street of the new Russian town to the old city, which is a labyrinth of winding alleys like those in the Arab Medinas in North Africa or the old quarter of Jerusalem. But just outside this old city are two beautiful new white buildings, both ornamented with Uzbek designs — the post office and a huge cinema. The Russians have put their two most beautiful modern buildings next to the native quarter instead of in the center of their own section of Tashkent.

### *Talk with an Intellectual*

AT THE OPERA that night we see something called *Ulug-Beg*, which is a story of Tamerlane and his times. Between the acts we are taken into the banquet room (yes, God help us, the usual table is laid) to meet the composer, a slender young Russian intellectual who has arranged these primitive Oriental tunes for a beautiful ballet. His wife, a handsome but worn-looking girl, who has written the words — not in Russian mind

you but in Uzbek — is here to explain the plot to Eric.

Her English is fluent and beautiful. If she hadn't told us she learned it in America where she spent a few years as a child (undoubtedly during the Revolution) I would have guessed she had learned it at Oxford.

We are fascinated by them both. The opera is a lovely thing. Here are two young intellectuals, interested in the theater, who in any other country would gravitate to its metropolis. She tells us casually that once they lived in Leningrad.

What brought them down here to the ends of the earth?

"Do you like Tashkent?" we ask.

"Yes," she answers, a little wearily. There is much material for her husband's work in the old native songs, and, of course she is busy, for she had to learn Uzbek in order to write the verses. They left Leningrad for Tashkent seven years ago.

I count back. That would make it 1937, the year of the purges. People were exiled for knowing foreigners. This girl, with her beautiful English and her cosmopolitan manners, surely must have known many. I asked if she had left for political reasons.

"No," she says. "We have our work. And in Russia one should go where one is most useful. Here there is much to be done."

At this point the Vice-Premier and Kirilov come up to talk to Eric. After a few minutes Eric breaks away and suggests to the girl that they stroll in the foyer with the crowd. Kirilov and the big Vice-Premier, ever-attentive hosts, get him between them for the stroll.

So now I see that personal happi-

ness counts for little. Loyalty to the Party, to the leader, to the cause are all. You go where you are sent. If you should find yourself in Tashkent, you may then be most useful for the rest of your life in the baking heart writing beautiful operas which only Uzbeks hear, in words which only they understand, to do your small and quickly forgotten part in giving self respect to what was once a half-savage tribe.

### *The Contrast of Capitalism*

NEXT MORNING, as we start by plane for Tcherin, I follow the custom of all correspondents leaving Russia which is to divide among my colleagues all my worldly goods (unpurchasable in Russia) except the clothes on my back. For days they have been looking covetously at my extra notebooks, spare socks, shorts, pencils, paper clips, shirts, handkerchiefs, tooth paste.

Arrived back in Tcherin we spent the afternoon using ourselves as laboratory guinea pigs. We had just come from six rugged weeks of socialism, diluted only by Soviet champagne. What were the things which would strike us most vividly on our return to capitalism?

First of all were the shops. As we had passed through Tcherin en route to Moscow and fresh from America, Tcherin had struck us as one of the world's slum areas, as in point of fact it is. Today our eyes feasted on the wonderful little shop-windows, piled high with fruit — pink meat hanging from butchers' pegs — windows of screw drivers and saws or new clothing. This disreputable sink-hole of the capitalist world was by

contrast with the empty shops of the Soviet Union a Dickens description of Christmas plenty.

Now for the people, here in what we had called shabby Iran a majority of the people we saw on the sidewalk were much better dressed. About one in ten was in rags and tatters — worse than anything we had seen over the border. For Soviet rags are never quite that — they are always clean and neatly mended. And in Russia there had been no beggars — there had been a robust self respect which we liked.

That night we had our final Soviet dinner as guests of the Soviet Ambassador. Here Eric made easily the best speech of our trip. He thanked the Russians for their great hospitality. He told them they had not only given us their best but that they had in every respect fulfilled their promise that he might go where he liked and see what he wished. Some of the towns we had visited, he said, had not been open for foreigners since 1926. If he had a regret, it was only that in the past there had been so much suspicion of foreigners that outsiders had seen little of Russia. He hoped that in the future Americans could travel just as freely in Russia as Russians may travel in America.

The Ambassador hastily said that we would now proceed to discuss economic matters, because Mr. Johnston had been invited to Russia as a businessman. So we did.

This ends my report on the Russians and here are my conclusions. I should add that these as well as the general viewpoint of this book are entirely my own and not to be charged against my good friend Eric Johnston.

ANY close relations with the Soviet Union are fraught with considerable danger to us until American reporters get the same freedom to travel about Russia, talk to the people unmolested by spies, and report to their homeland with that same freedom from political censorship that they enjoy in England and other free nations. This must also apply to European territory occupied or infiltrated with the Soviet Union. Correspondents abroad are the ears and eyes of our Democracy. If we are to help build up Russia, our people are entitled to complete reports from press representatives of our own choosing on what we are helping to build.

We should remember that Russia is entitled to a Europe which is not hostile to her. We should also remember that while American aid in building back her destroyed industries is highly desirable to Russia, it is not indispensable. She will not swap it for what she considers her security in the new world.

She is, however, in a mood to accept decent compromises. But if, as our armies are in Europe while this settlement is being worked out, we find that we can't get everything

we want, we would be childishly stupid to get mad, pick up our toys and go home.

If we decide it is wise to do business with the Russians we can trust them to keep their end of any financial bargain. They are a proud people, and can be counted on to pay on the nose before the tenth of the month.

But any business deals should depend on their aims in Europe and Asia. We should extend no credit to Russia until it becomes much clearer than it is now that her ultimate intentions are peaceable.

I think these intentions will turn out to be friendly. However, if we move our armies out of Europe before the Continent is stabilized, and if disorder, bloodshed and riots then ensue, the Russians will move into any such political vacuum. After all, they are not stupid. Russia for the present needs no more territory, but badly needs several decades of peace. She is, however, still plagued with suspicions of the capitalist world and needs to be dealt with on a basis of delicately balanced firmness and friendliness. The Roosevelt administration has done an excellent job of this to date.



### *Knotty Problem*

A LITTLE boy and girl who lived next door to a nudist colony found a knothole one day. The little girl took the first look. "What are they?" the little boy asked. "Men or women?"

"I don't know," she replied, "they haven't any clothes on."

— Contributed by Robert Carson







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~~~~~ February 1945 ~~~~~

What the Dumbarton Oaks Peace Plan Means

By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. + Secretary of State

The experts framed a plan. Here we as citizens are challenged to understand it, discuss it — and do something about it.

★ ★ ★

THE SHARE of the American people in the maintenance of peace after this war could not be greater. We hate war. Yet twice in a generation we have been forced to fight to defend our freedom and our vital interests against powerful aggressors.

Our young men are giving their lives dully because we and other peace loving nations did not succeed after the last war in organizing and maintaining peace. It is up to us to see that their sons — and ours — are not forced to give their lives in another great war 25 years from now.

In this war we were attacked last by the aggressors and we have been able to fight them far from our own soil. The range of the airplane and the new weapons already developed make certain that next time — if we permit a next time — the devastation of war will be brought to our own

homes and our own soil. Next time — if we permit a next time — it is likely that the United States will be attacked first, not last, by an aggressor nation.

After we have won this war we shall have only one alternative to preparing for the next war. That is to prevent the next war. It is imperative that we start now. We can do it only by planning and developing, in cooperation with the other peace loving peoples of the world, an organized peace that will really work.

I

A sound peace plan must be based on the facts as they are and aimed at the realization of our ideals for a peaceful world. Both of these requirements, I think, are met by the proposals which were drafted last summer and fall at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and China. I wish here to state what I believe to be the plan's animating spirit and its practical operating value.

Organization to apply pressure to any offending state by such non military means as "the severance of diplomatic and economic relations" and "complete or partial interruption of rail, sea, air, postal, telegraphic, radio and other means of communication"

If these further means are not enough, the Security Council is empowered to take military action 'by air, naval or land forces'

The members of the new International Organization would agree, in the Charter itself that throughout these efforts the Security Council would be acting "on their behalf" They would also agree to assume the obligation to make "armed forces" and "facilities" and "assistance" available to the Security Council 'on its call' and in accordance with special agreements previously concluded To insure effective employment of these forces the Security Council is to be provided with a Military Staff Committee composed of the Chiefs of Staff of the permanent member nations of the Council or their representatives

The Security Council is thus given powers which the Council of the League of Nations did not possess The League's powers proved too weak It is surely evident that stronger powers are necessary

On the other hand, these stronger powers do not produce what some commentators have described as an "Irresponsible and Uncontrollable Great-Power Super State' The Plan contains many checks to the contrary For example

(1) The Security Council cannot call upon any state for armed

forces except to an extent agreed upon beforehand by that state itself Each state will determine its own international contribution of armed forces through a special agreement or agreements signed by itself and ratified by its own constitutional processes That is, the Dumbarton Oaks Plan leaves each state free to set its own limit upon the quantity and quality of the armed forces and other military facilities and assistance that it will furnish to the Security Council The Security Council cannot require it to go beyond that limit The Security Council does not in any way become the arbitrary master of the world's military resources (2) The great powers who are to be the five permanent members of the Security Council do not constitute a majority of the Council Any decision of the Council would therefore require the affirmative votes of at least some of the six nonpermanent members (3) In the General Assembly the smaller powers, with their overwhelming majority of the membership, may adopt a recommendation on a question of peace before that question rises for action in the Security Council The General Assembly is to meet at least once a year It may meet oftener It is to receive annual and special reports from the Security Council and has the power to consider them and to express either its approval or dissent

Agreement among the great powers is an essential condition of peace At the same time, the opportunity of the smaller powers, under the Dum-

barton Oaks Plan, to stand sentinel over the behavior of the great powers is surely far greater than it ever could be in a world left unorganized and planlessly open to predatory aggression.

III

The third corner of the peace plan is the essential complement of the second. To prevent and suppress wars is not enough, just as winning this war will not of itself bring us lasting peace. If we are to have lasting peace we have to *build* peace. We have to build it stone by stone continuously over the years within the framework of such an Organization as that proposed at Dumbarton Oaks. We have to *make peace* with the same strong purpose and the same united effort which we have given to *making war*.

In this field the General Assembly of all the member states of the proposed United Nations International Organization will be the highest representative body in the world. It will represent the ideal of a common world humanity, and a common world purpose to promote international cooperation, extend the rule of law in international relations and advance the material and cultural welfare of all men.

The function of the Assembly is a free forum of all peace-loving nations and its wide powers of investigation and recommendation are in themselves powerful weapons for peace in an age when public opinion can be instantaneously mobilized by press and radio.

But the Assembly will also have at its command an effective instrument

of continuous action in building peace. This is the Economic and Social Council to be created under the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals.

This arm of the General Assembly is provided for in recognition of a great fact which increasingly characterizes the international life of our times. It is the fact that the whole world is more and more one single area of interdependent technological inventions, industrial methods, marketing problems and their related social effects. This interdependence destroys any equilibrium that may ever have existed between so-called "advanced" countries and "backward" countries. It means either universal economic friction which will disrupt the world toward war or universal economic cooperation which will harmonize the world toward peace. Failure to recognize this fact after the last war was one of the reasons why this war got started.

The Economic and Social Council is to be elected without help of the Security Council, by the General Assembly of all states. It is to consist of representatives of 18 states holding their posts for three-year terms. It has no power of compulsion. By voluntary means it is, under the direction of the Assembly, to "facilitate solutions of international economic, social and other humanitarian problems and to 'promote respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms'."

It will create commissions in all fields of economic and social activity that it may consider appropriate. The members of these commissions will not be political or diplomatic delegates. They will be technical ex-

ports. They will furnish professional advice to the Economic and Social Council and to the Assembly. There will be a secretariat and research staff for all projects.

The Assembly and its Economic and Social Council will also provide a center for coordinating the numerous separate specialized international organizations now or hereafter operating for economic and social progressive purposes.

There is the International Labor Organization with its long record of successful service to sound labor causes. There is the proposed United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization with its heavy duty of service both to the food producers of agricultural countries and to the food-consumers of all countries. There is the proposed International Monetary Fund and the proposed International Bank for Reconstruction and Development with their highly difficult and delicate responsibilities toward the world's currencies and the world's investment funds. Under discussion also are new international "specialized" organizations in aviation, in cartel control, in health, in education, in wire and wireless communications, in foreign trade, and in many individual agricultural and industrial commodities.

All these organizations clearly, are but so many spokes to the international wheel. They need a hub. The Dunbarton Oaks Plan authorizes the Assembly to act as that hub with the Economic and Social Council as its principal operating mechanism. It provides that all specialized international organizations shall be brought into relationship with the

new general International Organization through agreements with the Economic and Social Council under the approval of the General Assembly. It provides further that the Economic and Social Council shall receive reports from the specialized international organizations and shall, under the General Assembly's authority, coordinate their policies and activities.

Here for the first time we see the possible emergence of an advisory Economic General Staff of the World.

It can be soundly hoped that the recommendations of the General Assembly and its Economic and Social Council, proceeding from what will be the concentrated headquarters of the world's economic and social thought, will promptly reach the form of widely ratified treaties and agreements making for fuller employment and higher standards of living in all countries. The attainment of these objective is indispensable to building a peace that will last.

IV

I now come to the fourth corner of the square on which the Dunbarton Oaks Proposals would erect an edifice of peaceful international relations.

This is the progressive reduction of armaments, which in the modern world have become a crushing burden on the resources of all nations. If we, in this country, for example, could have used for productive peacetime purposes only one half of what we have devoted to arms for this war, we would have advanced beyond measure the standard of living of the American people. And after this war

is won, the rate of economic advancement for ourselves and for all peoples will be determined in important measure by the rate of armaments reduction that the nations of the world are able to achieve

The General Assembly of the new International Organization is to "consider the general principles governing disarmament and the regulation of armaments" The Security Council is to go further In order to achieve "the least diversion of the world's human and economic resources for armaments," it is to formulate "plans for the establishment of a system of regulation of armaments" and it is to submit those plans to all members of the new International Organization

It is not proposed this time that the United States or any other members of the new International Organization shall disown as an example It is proposed that all members of the Organization shall travel the road to gather and at the fastest possible joint pace

No nation, however, is likely to travel either fast or far on this road until it feels able to place full reliance for its security on the International Organization The nations of the world will give up guns only in so far as they make the new Organization work, as they gradually build up a living body of international law, as they create and operate effective joint instrumentalities to keep the peace, and as they develop strong and sure means of economic and social cooperation to their mutual benefit

Thus the fourth corner of the peace plan is dependent upon the other three

V

Such is the plan I think it takes into account both the world's stubborn realities and the world's unquenchable aspirations Nor is it deficient, I am certain, in what the authors of the Declaration of Independence rightly called "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" No other peace plan in history has been so fully exposed to the impact of those opinions

The proposals emerged from their Dumbarton Oaks stage on October 9 of last year They were disseminated to the whole world For months now they have been the subject of study by all governments, by the press and radio and by individuals and groups in all countries They will go in due course to a conference of the nations which are fighting this war to build a world of freedom and peace They will then go to their home countries for approval by their legislatures or other appropriate governmental bodies

We seek a calm and considered and complete popular judgment upon this plan and then, if it is approved and ratified, a solid effective support for it not merely by governments but by *peoples* In the end it is *they*, and only *they*, who by their determined purpose, their understanding and their continuing loyalty can bring to the world peace, security and progress





Two young lieutenants, one Navy, the other Army, with nothing to do, found plenty to do and by their courage and ingenuity got us put a critical moment in the invasion of the Philippines



Scrub Team at Tacloban

Condensed from Liberty

Lucien Hubbard

STACING an invasion, like cooking a dinner is largely a matter of timing. Someone has to figure it all out in advance, and set it things at various precise moments in order to come out even.

In cooking, let us say, everything is timed to the turkey, in an invasion, such as that of Leyte, to the air strip. Until you have a landing field from which you can operate combat planes, you have not established an invasion.

The Leyte timetable called for the air strip on Calaisan Peninsula, five miles from the capital city of Tacloban to be ready on A Day plus five — five days after the first assault troops went ashore. It was A plus four when I arrived at Calaisan from Red Beach. I wanted to see how an airdrome could be established in enemy territory in five days. I could not know that I was settling into a

ringside seat at one of the most dramatic and crucial episodes of the entire Pacific war — an action which might have meant disaster to the whole Philippine adventure.

Calaisan Peninsula is practically level, and the water table lies only 18 inches below the surface so that if you dig a two foot foxhole you soon have a six inch well. An air strip there could at best be a thin slice of coral or metal laid upon a jelly mold. At its worst it could be the jelly.

I found an Engineers Construction Battalion wrestling with the problem of making a military airdrome out of what had been a small civilian airport, only partly improved by the Japs. Into a sea of thin black mud trucks were pouring endless loads of crushed coral which disappeared like chunks of vanilla ice cream into a sarasaparilla soda.

Major Richard P. Davidson and his outfit are competent and experienced. Since February 1942 the outfit had built 13 strips in Australia, then moved northward, dropping airfields here and there as if sowing them out of a sack.

Specifications for the Tacloban field called for a fairly long strip that could handle transports and fighter planes. Later it was to have another strip 1000 feet longer, suitable for medium bombers. The first strip

LUCIEN HUBBARD writer and motion picture producer was in Australia and New Guinea with our early contingents and wrote two notable articles which appeared in The Reader's Digest. The Fighters at Humpty Doo, December, '42, and Yankee Machine Shop in the Bush, January '43. While producing the movie *Unz Ho!* Mr. Hubbard acquired great admiration for Colonel Evans Carlson and wrote an article on that fabulous officer and his raiders which appeared in the Digest in December '43. Mr. Hubbard landed with the assault troops in the Philippines on A Day, on an official mission.

would be in operation while the second was being built

The Engineers unit landed soon after the assault troops, and by ten o'clock that night had all its equipment safely ashore. Shortly after daylight on A plus one, bulldozers, trucks and rollers were at work, sometimes stopping and sometimes not when Jap planes came over. The night shift worked under lights whenever a raid was not in progress.

Then late in the afternoon of A-plus three an order came to hold everything. The longer strip was wanted at once.

It was impossible to extend the runway on which the Battalion had done all its work, because it ended in a swamp. Davidson's superiors cut through this difficulty by directing that a long strip be put catty cornered across the field.

"You realize, of course," said Davidson quietly, "that you have thrown away practically everything we've done to date. This way you won't have *any* strip by A-plus-five. It'll take five days, starting from now. A-plus-six hit."

"Well, Air Forces wants it." And that was that.

The trucks changed from hauling coral to hauling sand. They continued all night, next day switched back to coral. A hard surface was rolled over about half the track. During the night of A-plus four they began bringing in more sand for the other end. By morning of A-plus five about 3000 feet of runway had been rolled. The north end was six inches deep in loose black sand. From the air, it must have looked smooth and safe to land on.

Suddenly a nondescript aggregation of planes appeared out of nowhere and began circling the area.

We thought this was it — the Japs' first mass air attack. Tentative acknowledgment reached long, graceful fingers upward, then stopped. The gunners saw what we all saw now. These were American Navy planes, and they wanted to land. They *had* to land — on that strip, or in the swamps, or in the sea.

For the great naval battle of the Philippines was on. These planes, from four small carriers, had been attacking the Jap fleet. They had no more gas. One of their carriers had been sunk, and the others were under attack by a vastly superior Jap force. They were coming down *somewhere* in a very few minutes! The pilots wanted to refuel, grab some bombs and go back. They knew Tacloban field had not been opened, but there was no choice.

Now planes can't just settle down on a military androme like ducks on a pond and take off again. They must have communications to guide them in, and service squadrons to refuel them, reload machine guns and bomb racks, make repairs, give first aid to the wounded, and an androme squadron to operate a control tower and designate where planes are to park. None of these had been set up.

The planes overhead quickly formed a landing pattern and the first in line came in to land. It touched its wheels daintily to the hard portion of the runway and sped toward the soft end. Watchers on the field ran out and tried to flag it down. The pilot gave his plane the brakes, but it tore into the soft stretch, some-

saulted heavily and came to rest upside down with wheels spinning

The next plane, already dropping for a landing, buzzed the field instead and with roaring motor zoomed out of harm's way. Then the whole landing pattern broke up, like a flight of birds at the first crack of a shotgun. There was a babble of questions over the radio. Whether to chance landing despite the wrecked plane now blocking the runway, or hit the drink, or make a last desperate effort to find a corner — the choices were all bad.

Suddenly a new voice cut in on the pilots' wave length.

Navy planes. Navy planes. This is Tacloban air strip beneath you. Can you hear me? Come in, please.

'Yes, yes. Go on. Over.'

'Continue circling field. Identify yourselves as you pass over.'

The deliberate voice went on with technical landing instructions, warning of the soft sand, laying out the best course. A C-2 wrecker dragged the damaged plane from the runway. The pattern quickly reformed and the first plane was called in. Before this new arrival had cleared the runway, the next was hitting the ground. Others followed in swift succession, the voice over the radio guiding them in.

The voice belonged to a young Air Force officer, Lt. Edward Worrad, of Savville, Long Island, whose presence on the field at that time — in a radio jeep — was sheer good luck. Worrad was attached to the Fighter Control. Later, when Army fighter planes were operating at Tacloban, it would be his job to help direct by radio their interception of the enemy. On this morning he was just hanging

around to see how the field was getting on. Lt. Russell Forrester of the Navy, from Austin, Texas, also just happened to be there with a radio jeep.

A radio liaison officer who was waiting for the field communications to be set up, Forrester had been biting his fingernails for three days and cursing his luck at being marooned ashore when things were happening on the water. He had come over from the landing area just to take a wistful look at the transport fleet dotting San Pedro Bay and maybe to see a Jap plane or two get dunked by ack-ack fire.

Now Worrad and Forrester put their jeeps and their heads together. Between them they converted what might have been a disaster into a major factor in the ultimate rout of the Jap fleet. Worrad, on his radio, took the planes in the air. Forrester got the Fleet Control Ship on his. A sergeant they had never seen before ran up — Sam Halperin, Service Squadron, from Brooklyn. He had been to Air Operations School and knew the ropes. They took him into the firm. Halperin checked the planes as Worrad guided them in.

In all, several score planes came down. Some crashed, some burned, some banged into wrecks already on the field. But most of them got down safely. Only eight were completely wrecked. Not a pilot was killed, and only one was injured at all badly.

Meanwhile an impromptu organization had sprung up, no one knew just how. When a plane turned over, men rushed to lift the tail and get the pilot out. When a plane caught fire they dashed in to put out the flames.

But the planes did not come to stay. As fast as a quickly improvised service squadron could gas them up and hang bombs on them they took off. There were no bombs ashore when the planes came in, but within two hours an I ST brought in a load. Halpern lost all count of take-offs and landings as the planes made trip after trip to continue pounding the Jap fleet. These were Navy planes, serviced off the cuff by Army units utterly unfamiliar with them, put into the air by an Army officer then directed by Navy Fighter Control through Lieutenant Forrester.

By now the Japs' fleet was heading back through the Sibuyan Sea. And it was these planes from Tacloban that kept on their tail and guided other striking forces to them. A battleship and a cruiser were reported in sinking condition, and others were damaged — the work solely of the planes from Tacloban.

In their haste to be in at the kill, planes took off upwind or downwind, depending on which end of the field happened to have a wreck on it at the time. Once a torpedo bomber landed from one direction just as a fighter zoomed over it in a take-off from the opposite end of the field.

Gas and oil trucks and ambulances kept up a steady grind, the drivers leaping out to hit the dirt when Jap strafers and bombers came over. During the day there were a dozen enemy raids. Once three Jap fighters came in so low that Halpern gave them the green light from his improvised tower, thinking they were ours.

For a breathless half hour just before noon, all planes were flagged off and an echelon of tractors — eight

graders and four rollers — stalked slowly down the field, flattening out the furrows plowed up by crashing planes. Then they wheeled off with parade ground precision, and the planes whizzed again.

Through it all, Forrester and Worrad never left their jeeps. As the day wore on, a lot of Army rank wanted to take over. Forrester radioed the Admiral's aide about it, and asked for orders. By now his jeep had been officially christened "Base Forrester" and there wasn't a plane or ship within 50 miles that had not picked up some of the "hot" messages between "Base Forrester" and "Hercules," the Control Ship station.

A little later Hercules gave the Admiral's reply.

"Calling Base Forrester. This is Hercules. You are in control. Repeat, you — are — in — control. That is all."

"Sorry, sir," Worrad, the young Army lieutenant, told an indignant colonel. "I'm just working for the Navy. They're Navy planes sir."

The firm of Worrad, Forrester & Halpern kept shop until midnight, opened up again at daylight and stayed in business until 4:30 the next afternoon. Then the First Team took over at Tacloban, with standard anti-aircraft staff and equipment, and Base Forrester folded up forever. And this was the last message that came over the loudspeaker.

"Calling Base Forrester. This is Hercules speaking. Lieutenant Forrester, the Admiral sends his commendation. You and those with you have undoubtedly saved many lives and many planes. That is all."

It was enough.

In more than 2000 city and county jails condemned by the Federal Bureau of Prisons children are being detained amid physical and moral filth

Get the Children Out of the Jails!

Condensed from
Woman's Home Companion
Ira Connolly



THE city jail was a small brick building, covered with ivy rather attractive from the outside. But as the federal inspector and I stepped inside, a nauseating stench struck us.

A rheumy-eyed old turnkey stumbled to his feet. "Whaddya want?"

"We'd like to see your juvenile section."

"Upstairs."

We entered a barred dark corridor onto which four tiny pitch-black cells opened. The place reeked from a toilet which had overflowed into the corridor. Standing in the overflow, clinging to the bars and blinking at us in desperate hope, were two boys. One, a cripple, was charged with petty theft and awaiting court action. The other, a tall handsome boy, had been in jail for 31 days. He couldn't pay a fine for a petty offense.

The beam of my flashlight revealed the boys' bunks. On them were only bare mattresses, indescribably filthy, crawling with vermin. The boys' faces and necks were covered with bites.

"What kind of food do you get?" I asked.

"Mostly fried potatoes or boiled beans," said the older boy.

He gazed toward two plates of

untouched food. Cockroaches were swarming over them.

The women's cell block, a flight farther up, was even smaller and more suffocating. Mattresses were caked with dirt and stained. Girls whose only offense may have been playing hooky share this hole with prostitutes and other hardened female offenders, and the insane. On one wall a recent inmate, a girl of 16, had scrawled over and over: "If I don't get out of here I'll go nuts."

This county, like hundreds of others all over the country, has no juvenile detention home where children awaiting court action may be held. In many states this is because of the vicious fee system, under which a justice of the peace must try cases to make profits and the sheriff must have prisoners in jail to make money feeding them. So into the reeking county jail the children go, a vicious crime school in which they must stay for days, sometimes months — their fate postponed by courts, welfare agencies and an indifferent public.

I have traveled hundreds of miles visiting jails with an inspector of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. In Washington, D. C., I studied the reports of other inspectors. Almost everywhere the story is the same.

Some of the children are serious lawbreakers awaiting transfer to reformatories. But they too should be held in clean, cheerful places of detention. Many are runaways, curfew violators, school truants. Some are simply witnesses. Others are thrown in by their own shiftless parents as "difficult." Still others, deserted by their parents, bewildered and homeless, are forced to wait in jail for foster-home placement.

Few jails have separate quarters for children. I remember Billy, blond, clean cut, blue eyed, who was sitting on the top bunk of a gloomy cell in a tier with men prisoners. He had pushed the grimy creaked mattress off and was desperately swatting bugs as they crawled up the wall. His untouched dinner of cabbage and stewed tomatoes in a tin dish stood on the floor.

'He's been like that a whole day,' the jailer said. 'Ain't et, ain't slept. Came from a clean home.'

'Don't his parents know?' I asked.

"Sure, his dad put him in. He says the kid forged a small check on him. Wouldn't you think he'd bail him out, keep him at home till court sits? The kid needs a reformatory term, sure. But there ain't no cure in this so far as I can see."

And there was Jim, a freckle-faced boy in another city jail. He had helped to steal an auto and was awaiting transfer to a reformatory. His cell-block mate was a prostitute with whom he was playing cards. A rear door was open into another cell block full of staring men prisoners, one of whom was sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary. The boy was in peril not only from the woman

but also from possible attacks by the men. The jailer had turned all these prisoners loose in the corridors, locked the jail and gone out to work in his garden.

Reports from federal jail inspectors all over the country tell of boys as young as eight locked in jails. One boy of ten, found by an inspector, beseeched pitifully: "Mister, please get me out of here. I'll be a good boy." The child was a chronic school truant. The jailor referred to him as an "habitual criminal." The inspectors tell, too, of frightened little girls of ten or 12 locked in cells opposite hardened men from whose eyes, voices and gestures there was no escape.

I've seen young girls locked in on top floors of partly wooden fire-hazard jails that had no night jailer, no matron, and only intermittent day service. One such girl, 15, had been entirely alone for more than a month in the silent choking dimness of her cell. When we entered she sprung up and burst into tears. "Don't go, talk to me," she begged.

A girl prisoner in the West was mentally unbalanced and proved obstreperous. The sheriff, not realizing the girl's mental condition, disciplined her. Her arms were crossed and strapped, her clothes were taken from her and she was left in her cell nude, exposed to the view of male employees.

Why doesn't the Federal Bureau of Prisoners do something to clean up these filthy, degrading jails? I put the question to Miss Nina Kinsella, executive assistant to the director of the Bureau and supervisor of jail inspection.

"The bureau doesn't because it hasn't the authority," she replied. "Only the people of each state can do that. All we can do is inspect the jails regularly to determine which are fit to be used temporarily for federal prisoners."

In the year ending last May 31, Miss Kinsella said, the Bureau inspected more than 3000 city and county jails and workhouses. Of these it approved only 448, listed a few others for restricted use, and flatly condemned the rest as unfit.

"What is the answer to the children in jail problem?" I asked James V. Bennett, Director of the U. S. Bureau of Prisons.

"First," he said, "the total police must be trained to take child delinquents directly home whenever possible."

Second, for those who cannot safely be taken home and for homeless children, provide a juvenile detention home, operated on a budget and not on a fee system.

Third, for tougher older boys awaiting transfer to a reformatory, provide special regional quarters in cooperation with other counties, or

pass a state law to send them to the big city jails, which are cleaner and better able to hold them.

Fourth, set up effective machinery for foster-home placement of the homeless. And in the meantime make sure that children now in jail are not being held unnecessarily or treated inhumanely.

Every state should frame a bill like that passed recently in Virginia centering authority for all jails in one state official. This will pin down the job to one man on whom the taxpayer can put his finger at any moment. If things go wrong he won't be able to pass the buck.

After every war there is a wave of lawbreaking, especially among boys and girls. There was one after the last war and it caught us unprepared. Now is the time for the American people to wake up, tackle this jail problem, get it into their postwar program. Women's organizations could launch a crusade. County politicians are afraid of them. We can't dodge it much longer. Jail conditions are horrible all across the country. After the war, things will be even worse unless we act now.



Just What They Needed

WHEN a girl applies for admission to Vassar, a questionnaire is sent to her parents. A father in a Boston suburb, filling out one of these blanks, came to the question, "Is she a leader?" He hesitated, then wrote, "I am not sure about this, but I know she is an excellent follower."

A few days later he received this letter from the president of the college: "As our freshman group next Fall is to contain several hundred leaders, we congratulate ourselves that your daughter will also be a member of the class. We shall thus be assured of one good follower."

— *The Journal of Education*

Why Is Labor Unrest at the Danger Point?

Too many agencies and not my policy the cause of these wartime strikes — and what should be done about it

Condensed from The American Magazine

William M. Leiserson

With Beverly Smith

THE labor situation in this country has drifted to the danger point. Strikes are increasing. Labor disputes are piling up faster than they can be settled. Workers are resentful. Employers are angry. The public is puzzled and alarmed.

It will not do to call names — to denounce workers and unions as 'unpatriotic,' employers as 'war profiteers,' and Government people as 'bungling bureaucrats.' These groups are patriotic as any other group of citizens. They too have sons and brothers dying on the fighting fronts, they too long for the speediest possible victory and for a peaceful and prosperous America after the war.

Why, then, do we have this ever growing turmoil, bitterness and dispute? I believe it is because, three years after Pearl Harbor, we still have no definite policy toward labor during the war, or plan for labor after

the war. We have met each crisis with an improvisation which, while patching the immediate breach, has generated new misunderstandings.

Is it possible to have a definite labor policy in wartime? Yes.

We had one in the last war. President Wilson called a War Labor Conference, made up of representatives of labor and employers, with ex-President Taft and Frank Walsh as joint impartial chairmen. This conference, in several weeks of hard work, patient negotiation and patriotic compromise, thrashed out the main differences between labor and employers. It recommended the creation of a War Labor Board to settle disputes. It also — and this is the important thing — laid down *definite principles* for the Board to follow.

Thus we obtained a specific program, mutually agreed upon by labor and industry, backed by Government authority, and endorsed by public opinion. It worked, and carried us up through the Armistice, not without strikes but with remarkably little opposition to the Board or its policies. Real labor strife came only in 1919, after the Board was discontinued and nothing put in its place.

Let us see what happened as the present war came upon us.

IN THE last 35 years Dr. Leiserson has served as a mediator and arbitrator of labor disputes in many industries. In addition to being chairman of the National Mediation Board, he has served as chairman of the Petroleum Labor Policy Board, member of the National Labor Relations Board and chairman of the National Railway Labor Panel. He is now Visiting Professor of Economics at Johns Hopkins University.

Our Defense Program started in 1940. Arms factories began to hum. At such times labor disputes always increase, because the worker, in greater demand, sees a chance for a raise. The long established U. S. Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor could not keep up with the growing flow of disputes.

Then Sidney Hillman, of the Office of Production Management, took a hand. Hillman established an OPM Labor Division to mediate labor disputes. Unfortunately, this duplicated and conflicted with the work of the U. S. Conciliation Service.

Next the President, *without* any general agreement on policy between labor and employers, created the National Defense Mediation Board. This Board not only duplicated the work of the other two agencies but made the fatal error of confusing mediation with arbitration.

This difference is fundamental. A Mediation Board acts as a mutual friend of the parties in dispute, helping them to reach an agreement. A voluntary Arbitration Board acts as a judge, before whom the parties bring their dispute voluntarily, agreeing to be bound by his decision. A compulsory Arbitration Board is also a judge, but this time a judge before whom the parties have been dragged by the scruff of the neck, and whose decision is backed by force.

If any board tries to be now a mutual friend, now a judge-by-agreement, and now a judge-by-force, it is going to get into trouble.

The National Defense Mediation Board started out to be a mediator. But when disputes could not be settled by agreement, the Board ap-

pealed to Mr. Roosevelt to use his emergency powers. In the Federal Shipbuilding case, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt had the Navy take over the company. A settlement by force.

In this way the Board drifted into compulsory arbitration. First it lost the confidence of employers. Then as its decisions seemed to follow no set policy, it lost the confidence of labor. Finally, the Board died, destroyed by its own confusion.

Now the mine workers struck and other disputes accumulated. Pearl Harbor was just around the corner. The public and Congress were aroused over labor unrest. The House of Representatives passed the Smith Bill providing for drastic legal controls of unions and labor relations. The Senate seemed about to go along with the House.

To head off this legislation, high Government officials induced President Roosevelt to call a War Labor Conference to arrange by voluntary agreement the elimination of strikes and lockouts, and the establishment of policies and machinery for peaceful settlement of labor controversies.

Meeting just after Pearl Harbor, this conference had a great opportunity. What happened? It was in session for only two or three days. True, it agreed promptly that there should be no strikes or lockouts in war industries, and that there should be "a Board" to settle labor disputes. It did *not* consider the kind of mediation machinery needed. It evaded the two basic issues: wages and the union shop, which have bedeviled the labor situation ever since. The great opportunity was lost.

The conference failed because no

serious preparations were made to insure its success. It was hurriedly called to head off hasty legislation.

Consequently the new War Labor Board had no set policy, it "decided each case on its merits." This meant that workers and employers could not know just what their rights were, unless they took cases to the WIB. Unions and employers instead of patiently settling their disputes by the old fashioned method of collective bargaining, ran to the WIB with their troubles. And since you had to have a dispute in order to get a decision, disputes were often drummed up artificially. With disputes piling up faster than they could be settled, ever-piling delays ensued.

A new confusion was introduced in October 1942, with the passage of laws stabilizing wages and prices and making the WLB responsible for administering wage controls. Thus to its already split personality of mutual friend and judge, the WIB added the character of cop. And this authority was tangled up with that of the Director of Economic Stabilization, who might or might not grant a wage raise approved by the WIB.

As a "wage stabilizer," the WIB *might* grant raises up to 15 percent, according to the Little Steel formula. But the workers alone could not apply for this raise and even if the employer added his plea, the WLB might deny it. The best way to get a raise, organized workers soon learned, was to make a rumpus, perhaps even pull a 'wildcat' strike under the principle of "the squeaking wheel gets the grease." And some of them have learned that if they make enough of a rumpus they can get even

more than 15 percent, hidden under such euphemisms as travel time or reduced meal periods.

The WLB did not intend any such policy. It just drifted into it. But the result was a positive invitation to labor unrest. Also, it was unjust to white collar workers, to unorganized workers, and to all the quieter type of men who in wartime work hard and keep their mouths shut.

The railroads of the United States have their own system for settling labor disputes, as set up in the Railway Labor Act. This provides definite procedures for a step by step process of collective bargaining, conciliation, mediation and arbitration. It has worked well for many years.

In 1941, the railroad workers, noting that other unions were getting pay raises to remove gross inequities, asked for a raise. This demand passed through the regular railroad channels of negotiation, resulting in a recommendation for a raise of eight cents an hour. Then the Director of Economic Stabilization intervened and vetoed the raise. The railway workers, surprised and aggrieved, patiently tried for six months to get their case adjusted peacefully. Then they gave up and prepared to strike. The President had the Army take over the railroads. The wage question was reopened and new issues were injected in the case. The upshot was that the railroad workers were given raises of from nine to 11 cents an hour, and this was approved by the Director as proper under the Stabilization Program, although he had vetoed the eight cents.

In this case lack of a coherent labor policy almost produced a serious

transportation tie up, placed an unnecessary extra burden on the Army, re-enacted earlier negotiations and ended up about where it had started.

Let me emphasize here that the men involved in this mess are not 'bad' men. Most of them are very good men. The members of the W. I. B. are serving, often at a personal sacrifice, in a perplexing, ungrateful job. At the same time American industry and workers, despite the labor tangles have performed up to now a miracle of war production. And most of the top labor leaders have tried hard to live up to their no strike pledges.

It is the system which is impossible. Most of our current strikes are directed not against the employer but against confusions and delay in the Government machinery for settling disputes. Sometimes these strikes are directed against the workers' own leaders, for 'failure to get action' from the Government agencies. Political bargaining is too often replacing collective bargaining.

Clearly, haphazard, unprepared methods of meeting labor problems do not work. We must have another joint labor conference as soon as possible, to decide on a cooperative national labor policy both for the war and after it. To succeed, such a conference cannot be a hasty affair. Representatives of labor and industry must come prepared to work hard and long, to negotiate patiently, to plan wisely, and to compromise whenever possible in the public interest. Every issue settled at the conference will avoid a thousand disputes later on.

The conference might well agree on some such policies as these:

That workers and employers, in any labor dispute, first make a serious effort to resolve their differences by collective bargaining; and mutual agreement within a fixed time limit.

That Government mediation machinery, now scattered through many agencies, be centralized in the Department of Labor, and that voluntary arbitration be recognized as a separate function to be encouraged if mediation fails.

That the administration of Economic Stabilization be made entirely separate from that of settling labor disputes, so that workers will get what they are entitled to under Stabilization without having to drum up an argument.

Above all, clear cut policies must be laid down on those issues which most frequently cause strikes, such as wages and the union shop.

The area of disagreement at the conference may well be surprisingly small. The leaders of both labor and industry look forward with dread to what may happen when the war ends. If strikes then get out of control it will not merely cripple industry. It will damage the labor movement itself. It will disgust our returning soldiers and sailors. It will do harm to every one of us.

There is thus a great power of public opinion which can be invoked to bring labor and management to agree on the fundamentals of a coherent national policy. If the President of the United States will put this squarely up to such a Labor Conference of 1945, I believe it can perform an historic service for our country.

Here's a Banker with Imagination!

The Franklin Square National Bank is doing a unique service for its business and professional community

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Roger William Rus

MANY a motorist has driven through Franklin Square's business section, and never noticed it. It's only a place along a highway on Long Island, 20 miles east of the center of New York City, a few traffic lights, 30 stores, a dozen truck firms. Not much material there for postwar planning, apparently.

But Franklin Square has a bank, and the bank has an executive vice-president, 38-year-old Arthur T. Roth. Through his efforts Franklin Square is widely known and closely watched in banking circles. Says the eastern representative of a bank stationery firm who calls on hundreds of banks: "Everywhere I go, the first question bankers ask me is, 'What's Franklin Square up to now?'"

Most recent of the bank's actions was a community face-lifting project. Roth obtained a photographic panorama of the somewhat dismal stores along the main street. Then he had an architect sketch the street with every store front done over in a uniform early American motif. Calling the businessmen together, he showed them the picture of today, pointing out a lack of paint here, a torn awning there, narrow shop windows, cramped doors. Suddenly he flashed the panorama of tomorrow, each store modernized and in harmony — white,

trim neat, with its name lettered on the front.

"To make our town look like this," Roth told the merchants, "will cost \$500 for each 15 feet of frontage. The bank will lend the money on a five-year basis. Who will sign up?"

Everybody signed up. So far, so good. But Roth sees things through. A committee went to the big manufacturers. A glass company agreed to handle the job as a unit, at low rates. Companies making building materials and store fixtures sent experts to a series of discussions.

"And there's no use sewing a clean collar on a dirty shirt," said banker Roth, pointing out that a handsome front deserves a handsome interior.

That was last summer. The effort was timed at postwar days, and as such won the approval of the Committee for Economic Development. But one shopkeeper had a fire, and rebuilt on the new lines. Another couldn't wait, and decked out his store accordingly. Both agree that the change has been good for business.

This is only one of a score of refreshing deeds of the bank. The Purchase Club, for example — "Your personal postwar plan," the bank calls it — actually displays the things people might want to buy after the war.

Allied economic warfare specialists slowly strangled
the Nazi war machine with a paper noose

How We Blockaded Germany

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

David Gordon

Acting Chief of Blockade Division
Foreign Economic Administration

FOR the past four years Germany has been strangled by a paper blockade. It was the first blockade in history carried out virtually without ships — and it was one of the most effective.

This unseen blockade not only cut off German supplies of food and oil and metals from overseas, it also reached *inside* Fortress Europe and rigidly limited the amount of war materials the Nazis have been able to get from neutral countries. Finally, our economic warfare specialists have procured for the United Nations a small but critically important tonnage of vitally needed goods. Some items have been smuggled through the German lines. Others have been shipped to us openly, through enemy ports, with official German permits — part of a fantastic trade across enemy borders.

When the war broke out, Great Britain immediately threw into gear an old-fashioned blockade, like that used against Napoleon and the Kaiser. After Norway and France had been overrun, however, that kind of blockade would no longer work. The British Navy could not patrol 7000 miles of coast line, from Hammerfest to Beirut. It was still possible, how-

ever, to keep most of Germany's shipping off the seas. The really serious gap in the blockade was the European neutrals — Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and Turkey. How could they be prevented from carrying on unrestricted trade with the outside world, and passing on to Germany all the goods most needed by the Nazi war machine?

Britain turned to weapons relatively new to warfare: the War Trade Agreements, the ships warrant, the navicert and the black list.

The War Trade Agreements were informal treaties negotiated by England's Ministry of Economic Warfare with neutral countries. The typical agreement provided that the neutral would not import any more than it needed of a long list of commodities, and that none of these items would be re-exported to the enemy. In return, England promised to permit goods up to this ceiling to flow into the neutral country without interruption.

Throughout the war — and especially after the entrance of the United States — these agreements have been continuously revised and tightened. As the Allies' military position grew stronger we steadily increased our demands. Frequently neutrals were asked to limit or halt completely their exports of certain strategic items to Germany, *even when these goods were*

produced entirely within their own borders
For example, Sweden agreed first to restrict and finally to cut off her shipments of strategic types of ball bearings to the Luftwaffe's aircraft plants

The Germans, of course, also knew how to use the weapons of economic warfare. If Sweden reduced ball-bearing shipments too sharply, Germany would threaten to cut off its vital supplies of coal.

The neutrals were never quite crushed in the pressure of this economic struggle, because they held strong weapons of their own. Germany might have rolled right over Sweden, but such an assault would have tied up perhaps 30 divisions. An even stronger restraint was the paradoxical fact that Germany probably would have got less from a conquered than from a neutral Sweden, since the Swedes would have burned their factories or turned to sabotage.

Even Switzerland — entirely surrounded by German-held territory — managed to carry on trade with the outside world. For if her access to the seas through Genoa were cut off, she could blow up the great railway tunnels through the Alps. The explosives were laid, the switches were guarded by Swiss officers 24 hours a day. Through those tunnels ran the life line between Germany and Italy. They carried a million tons of coal a month, which Italian industry had to have to survive.

One curious result of this situation was that Switzerland was able to buy Italian silk and make it into a special kind of bolting cloth badly needed in one of America's chemical industries. This cloth was then moved in sealed trains over Italian railways, under a

German permit, to Genoa, whence it was shipped by way of Lisbon to the United States. There were a good many such deals.

Such bargaining would have been impossible if the United Nations had not had some means for imposing a tight control on the sea traffic of the neutrals, and punishing any violation of the trade agreements. At this point the other weapons in the armory of economic warfare were brought into action.

The sharpest was the ship's warrant. This is simply a piece of paper, issued by United Nations authorities, which certifies that *SS Neutral Trader* is a well-behaved vessel carrying only those cargoes approved by Allied officials. Without such a warrant, no neutral ship could get fuel or supplies in any port under Allied control. Neither the ship nor its cargo could be insured, since practically all maritime insurance is dominated by London and New York. Moreover, every time an unwarranted vessel hove within sight of an Allied war ship or patrol plane, it was liable to be stopped, shepherded into a control port and searched. These searches might take days — especially if the blockade authorities were a little unsympathetic — and often involved the unloading of every ton of cargo, the opening of hundreds of boxes and bales. This tedious process was likely to prove ruinously expensive. Though theoretically possible, it was extremely hazardous for a ship to try to fuel at a complacent neutral port and slip home through waters where Allied patrols dared not venture. The British economic intelligence service made a special point of finding out

about such uncooperative ships and setting Allied navies to watch for them. Before the end of 1940 virtually every neutral captain decided it was good business to get a ship's warrant and submit his cargos and routes to Allied approval.

A companion weapon was the navicert, another piece of paper which certifies that an individual shipment—whether 10,000 tons of wheat or a half ounce of platinum—has been approved by a United Nations official. It was granted only if the shipment came within the quarterly quota for that particular commodity.

All these devices were strengthened by the black list. Every business firm or individual in a neutral country who sold goods to the enemy or served as cloak for Axis financial transactions was likely to be black listed. Such a firm became an economic leper. It could not deal with any Allied firm, or move goods across an Allied boundary, or use Allied transport or communications. If it had funds in a United Nations bank or business enterprise they were frozen. Any person—even in a neutral country—who dealt with a black-listed firm might be put on the list himself. Most discouraging of all, the black lists may not be torn up at the end of the war, neutral businessmen who have been flagrantly friendly to the Axis may find it difficult to deal with Allied countries for years to come.

With these paper tools, the United Nations wove around Germany a blockade far tighter than anything achieved in World War I. And in lieu of expensive squadrons of warships,

the noose was drawn tight by a few hundred economists and statisticians in the London headquarters of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and in the Washington offices of three agencies—the Board of Economic Warfare (later incorporated into the Foreign Economic Administration), the State Department and the Treasury. The nerve center of their operation was the Anglo American Blockade Committee, sitting in London.

Halting the smuggling of small items was one of the toughest jobs. Fortunately there were only a few such items valuable enough to make the risk of smuggling worth while. The most important were industrial diamonds, essential for jewel bearings in aircraft instruments and for grinding precision machinery, and platinum, which serves as a catalyst in making synthetic oil and is irreplaceable in certain chemical and electrical equipment.

The enemy's need for these precious goods could be gauged by the fantastic prices paid to smugglers. Industrial diamonds of a grade worth less than \$1 a carat on the London market were fetching prices of \$30 to \$60 a carat in London. The normal commercial price of platinum is about \$1000 a kilogram but at one time in Lisbon the black market price rose to \$11,000.

To stop this smuggling, the economic warfare agencies tried to get hold of the entire supply of platinum, industrial diamonds, quartz crystals, and a few similar items at the source. Agreements were negotiated with the producing countries under which they pledged themselves to sell their entire output to the United Nations.

To make doubly sure, American purchasing agents often hunted up the original producers and bought their output directly. In the wild Choco region of Colombia, for example, IEA representatives established trading posts on the banks of the little streams where platinum is washed out of the sands.

The second step was to plant intelligence operatives *inside* the smuggling and black market rings. This led to a few of those rare situations in which the intelligence industry — usually as dull and prosaic as double-entry bookkeeping — actually began to resemble popular spy thrillers. One American agent for instance became a key figure in an important smuggling gang. On the basis of his reports the blockade authorities picked up a shabby fiberboard trunk which was being shipped by a Latin American dock worker to a relative in Spain. It looked innocent enough but the trunk was reinforced with white iron straps. When the paint was scraped off the straps turned out to be pure platinum — enough to run a German synthetic oil refinery for months.

In the early years of the war, we could not stop the flow from the neutrals inside Europe entirely, because no neutral dared slam the door in Germany's face until Allied victory became certain. However, we could wage an economic offensive with our one superior weapon — money. We could buy up the chief strategic commodities *regardless of price*.

Consequently both England and America set up corporations to engage in preclusive buying in direct

competition with German agents. They divided up the market and split the expense of their joint programs.

Most important was the battle for wolfram, the tungsten ore. Tungsten is an indispensable alloy for hardening cutting tools, armor plate and gun barrels. More than 90 percent of the enemy's supply had to come from Spain and Portugal. So American and British businessmen, selected for go-get-it aggressiveness rather than the diplomatic graces, moved in and started buying. Almost at once they cut into the flow of wolfram to Germany — and they shoved the Spanish and Portuguese economies into one of the gaudiest spirals since the days of Cortez. Before the war the normal price of wolfram was under \$200 a ton, and Spain produced about 250 tons a year. By 1943 German and Allied buyers had bid the price up to more than \$20,000 a ton, and production had skyrocketed to 4,000 tons a year. Incidentally one reason the Allied governments continued to sell oil to Spain was the necessity of getting Spanish currency to finance the preclusive-buying program.

It cost us a lot of money, but the cost to the Germans, in proportion to their resources, was even greater. By the end of 1943, they were forced out of the open market completely because they had used up all their supply of Spanish currency, and we were able to cut our purchases sharply.

Similar preclusive operations were undertaken in Turkey, where we went after copper and chrome, and in Sweden, where we cut into the enemy's supply of specialized steels and machinery.

These campaigns were child's play, however, in comparison with another sort of purchasing program. Before the war certain British aircraft factories had been equipped with Swedish machine tools, for which replacement parts could be obtained only in Sweden. Swedish ball bearings were also needed. Most urgently of all, we needed jewel bearings from Switzerland. The cutting of these tiny diamonds had been a Swiss specialty for many years. Dozens of war products — ranging from torpedoes to chronometers — could not be made without them.

Germany, of course, had no intention of letting such indispensable items out of Sweden and Switzerland, so the economic warfare agencies built up a smuggling service. A few British ships crammed to the hatches with priceless machinery managed to slip out of Swedish ports on a stormy night, after a Gestapo waterfront spy had been lured into a drunken party. Fast planes took off at night from Swedish airports for the hazardous flight across German-occupied Norway to Scotland. Deliveries by such means were small and uncertain, but they replaced enough worn and bombed-out machinery to keep England's plane factories going.

Getting jewel bearings out of Switzerland was a more difficult problem, because the raw material — bort, or rough diamonds about the size of coarse sand — first had to be smuggled in. By a variety of secret methods, the bort went into Switzerland regularly, in packets just large enough to cover pending Allied or-

ders. The disguised finished product came out through France, Italy and Germany — sometimes carried as priority cargo on German air lines — on its way to Allied war plants. Machinery for boring the jewels also was smuggled out, along with a few skilled craftsmen, and in time an adequate jewel-bearing industry was established on United Nations soil.

The effects of the economic weapons are indirect, long delayed, and frequently disguised. Germany started the war with big stock piles of imported raw materials, and developed the use of substitutes to new extremes. Yet in the end blockade-born shortages inevitably occurred, and because of the Allies' carefully integrated economic and military planning they often have appeared at disastrous times. The economic pressure which finally choked off the supply of Swedish ball bearings, for example, was synchronized with the bombings of Germany's own ball-bearing plants. A shortage first of lubricants and later of gasoline gradually hobbled the Nazi mechanized divisions, and eventually the Luftwaffe itself. Blockade operations were dovetailed with airraids on the Ploesti refineries and a score of synthetic oil plants to hit the enemy's economy with maximum impact at just the time of the Normandy invasion.

In these and countless other fields economic warfare has served the Allied armed forces as a silent but effective junior partner. Its contribution has been indispensable to the final victory.





"He Loved Me Truly"



By

Bernadine Bailey and Dorothy Walworth

THE BRIDE rode with her husband on the high front seat of the jolting wagon. She was 31 years old, and, in 1819, that was middle-aged, for most pioneer women died early. It was a December day, cold for Kentucky, and they were headed north toward forest country. "I reckon it'll be fine weather," she said, for she was the sort to make the best of things.

Yesterday Tom had arrived on horseback, all the way from his Indiana farm, at her house in Elizabeth town. He had come straight to the point: "Miss Sally, I have no wife and you no husband. I came a purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a girl and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose. If you're willin', let it be done straight off."

That morning they had been married at the Methodist parsonage. The preacher wrote down that she, Sarah Bush Johnston, had been three years a widow and Tom's wife had died last winter. The horses and wagon Tom had borrowed waited outside. The wagon was piled high with her

household goods, so that there was scarcely room for her three children. Tom had two children of his own, he hadn't told them he was bringing back a new mother. There was a shadow in Sarah's steady blue-gray eyes when she thought about that. Maybe they'd feel she didn't belong.

A raft ferried the wagon across the half-frozen Ohio River. The air sharpened, the wheels sink to their hubs in snow. After five days they came to a log cabin in a small clearing on Little Pigeon River. It had no windows, and the door was only a deer skin covered opening. A stick chimney plastered with clay ran up the outside.

Tom hallooed and a little boy ran out of the door. He was thin as a scarecrow, and wore a ragged shirt and tattered deer skin pants. But it was the look in his eyes that went to Sarah's heart, although it was a look she couldn't put a name to. She got down from the wagon, opened her arms like a couple of wings, and folded him close.

"I reckon we'll be good friends," she said. "Howdy, Abe Lincoln."

She had never been in the wilderness before, she had known small town comfort. This was a one room cabin, with no real floor, only packed dirt. The bedstead was a makeshift of boards laid on sticks against the wall, with a mattress of loose corn-

BERNADINE BAILEY is the author of *Abe Lincoln's Other Mother*, based in part on her interviews with old settlers in the county near Tom Lincoln's Illinois home where she grew up. DOROTHY WALWORTH, fiction-lance writer wrote the memorable article 'A Woman to Warm Your Heart By,' in *The Reader's Digest* April, 44.

husks. The bedcovers were skins and cast-off clothing. Ten-year-old Abe and his 12-year-old sister had always slept on piles of leaves up in the loft, to which they climbed by pegs fastened to the wall. The furniture was some three-legged stools and a table and smooth on top, bark side under. Dennis Hanks, an 18-year-old cousin of Tom's first wife, Nancy Hanks, was living with the family and had been trying to cook with the help of a Dutch oven, one battered pot and a couple of iron spoons. Although she must have expected a place far better than this, all Sarah said was "Tom, fetch me a load of firewood. I aim to heat some water."

This new stepmother with the 105y face and the bright curly hair wasted no time. As soon as the water steamed, she brought out of her own belongings a gourd full of homemade soap. Then in front of the hot fire, she scrubbed Abe and his sister and combed their matted hair with her own clean shell comb. When the wagon was unpicked, little Abe, who had not said a word, ran his bony fingers over such wonderful things as a walnut bureau, a clothes chest, a loom and real chairs. And that night, when he went to bed in the loft, he did not find the leaves she had thrown them out doors. He had a feather mattress and a feather pillow, and enough blankets so he was warm all night.

In a couple of weeks, a body wouldn't have known the place. Sarah had what folks called "faculty", she worked hard and she could make other people work, too. Even Tom, who meant well but was likely to let things slide. She never said he must do thus and so, she was too wise

and too gentle. But somehow Tom found himself making a real door for the cabin and cutting a window, like she wanted. He put down a floor, chinked up the cracks between the logs, whitewashed the inside walls. Abe couldn't get over how sightly it was. And she wove Abe shirts out of homespun cloth, coloring them with dye she steeped out of roots and barks. She made him deerskin breeches that really fitted, and moccasins, and a coonskin cap. She had a mirror and she rubbed it bright and held it up so's he could see himself — it was the first time he had ever seen himself — and he said, 'Land o' Goshen, is that me?'"

Sometimes in the early mornings, when Sarah laid a new fire in the ashes, she got to thinking it was queer how things come about. When Tom Lincoln had courted her, 14 years ago, she had turned him down for Daniel Johnston. Tom had been 12 years married to Nancy Hanks, who died so sudden from the 'milk sick'. And now, after all these years Tom and she were together again, with his children and her children to feed and do for.

The cabin was 18 feet square and there were eight people under its flimsy roof. Sarah was taking what was left of two households, along with the orphan boy, Dennis Hanks. Somehow she must make them into a family of folks who loved each other, she wanted them to feel like they had always been together. There was plenty of chance for trouble, what with the two sets of young uns who had never laid eyes on each other till now, and all the stories Abe and his sister had heard folks tell about stepm other

ers Those first weeks, Sarah felt mighty anxious Especially about Abe, though he did what she said and never answered her back Once she saw him looking at her real serious when she was putting some johnnycake into the oven "All my life I'm goin' to like johnnycake best," he said suddenly, and then scooted through the door You couldn't figure Abe out As Dennis said, "There's somethin' peculiar some about Abe "

Maybe, if it hadn't been for her, he wouldn't have lived to be a man He had always grown so fast and never had enough to eat But now, when he had eaten enough johnnycake and meat and potatoes that were cooked through and not just burned on top, he stopped looking so pinched and putty-colored And he wasn't so quiet any more Now he had some flesh on his bones, he wasn't solemn Why, he was fuller of fun than anybody He learned to tell yarns, like his father, but he tried them out on Sarah first, and she laughed in the right places She stood up for him, too, when he'd laugh out loud, all of a sudden, at things nobody else could understand, and Tom thought he was being sassy "Abe's got a right to his own jokes," Sarah said

Sometimes Sarah thought, all to herself, that she loved Abe more than her own children But she didn't really It was just that she knew, deep down in her heart where she told nobody but God, that Abe was somebody special, who didn't belong to her but was hers to keep for a while

When Abe was little, Tom hadn't minded his walking nine miles to the "blab school" where the scholars learned their letters by saying them

over and over out loud But now Abe was older and stronger, Tom didn't see why he shouldn't stay home and chop down trees and cradle wheat or hire out to the neighbors for husking corn at 30 cents a day Of course, he felt kind of proud when the neighbors came to have Abe write their letters with the pen he had made out of a buzzard's quill and the brier-root ink But Abe was "reachin' too far" when he kept reading books instead of clearing swamps, Tom told Abe you didn't need to know so mighty much to get along

If Sarah hadn't taken Abe's part against his father Abe wouldn't have got as much schooling as he did, though goodness knows it wasn't much He learned, as the folks said, "by littles" But through the years she held out against Tom, no matter if Tom said she was plumb crazy

Abe would rather read than eat He'd read in the morning soon as it was light enough to see, he'd read in the evening when the chores were done, he'd read when he plowed while the horse was resting at the end of the row He walked 17 miles to borrow books from Lawyer Pitcher at Rockport *Aesop's Fables* *Robinson Crusoe* *Pilgrim's Progress* *Shakespeare* *The Statutes of Indiana* When his borrowed Weems' *Life of Washington* got rained on, he worked three full days to pay for it Once he gave a man 50 cents for an old barrel and found Blackstone's *Commentaries* at the bottom of it, and you'd think he'd found a gold mine He began reading late at night by the fire, and when Tom complained, Sarah said, "Leave the boy be " She always let him read until he quit of his own accord, and if he fell

asleep there on the floor she would get a quilt and wrap it gently around him

He did his ciphering on a board, and when the board got too black, he'd plane it off and start again. If he read something he liked a lot, he'd write it down. He was always writing, and was most always out of paper. He'd put charcoal marks on a board for a sign of what he wanted to write, and when he got paper he'd copy it all down. And he'd read it out loud to Sarah by the fire, after Tom and the rest had gone to bed. "Did I make it plain?" he always asked her. It made her real proud when he asked her about his writing, and she answered him as well as anybody could who didn't know how to read or write.

They told each other things they told nobody else. He had dark spells when nobody but her could make him hear. Spells when he thought it was no use to hope and to plan. Abe needed a lot of encouraging.

In 1830, Tom decided to look for better farmland in Illinois, and the family moved to Coles County on Goose Nest Prairie. There Abe helped his father build the two-room cabin where Sarah and Tom were to spend the rest of their lives. The place was hardly built when the day came that Sarah had foreseen, the day when Abe would leave home. He was a man grown, 22 years old, and he had a chance to clerk in Denton Offutt's store over in New Salem. There was nothing more she could do for Abe, for the last time she had braved out Tom so Abe could learn for the last time she had kept the cabin quiet so's Abe could do his reading.

At first he came back often, and, later on, after he got to be a lawyer, he visited Goose Nest Prairie twice a year. Every time Sarah saw him, it seemed like his mind was bigger. Other folks' minds got to a place and then stopped, but Abe's kept on growing. He told her about his law cases, and, as time went on, he told her about his going to the state legislature and his marrying Mary Todd. After Tom died, in 1851, Abe saw to it that she didn't want for anything.

When she heard Abe was going to Charleston for his fourth debate with Stephen A. Douglas, she went there, too, without saying a word to Abe. It would be enough — it had always been enough — just to watch him. She was one of the crowd on the street as the parade went by. There was a big float drawn by a yoke of oxen carrying the men splitting rails, and a big sign, "Honest Abe the Rail Splitter, the Ox Driver the Giant Killer." Was that her Abe? And now here he came, riding in a shiny black carriage, and tipping his tall black hat right and left. Was that her Abe? She tried to make herself small, but he saw her and made the carriage stop. Then, right in front of everybody, he got out of the carriage and came over and put his arms around her and kissed her. Yes, that was her Abe.

She wasn't the crying kind, but she cried when he was elected President Alone, where nobody could see her. In the winter of 1861, before he went to Washington, he crossed the state to see her, coming by train and carriage in the mud and slush to say good bye. He brought her a present, a length of black alpaca for a dress.

it was really too beautiful to put the scissors into, after Abe went, she'd just take it out and feel of it once in a while

Abe looked tired, and he had a lot on his mind, but they had a fine talk. Even when they were silent, they still said things to each other, and he still set store by what she thought. When he kissed her good-bye, he said he'd see her soon, but she knew somehow that she would not see him again.

Four years later, they came and told her he was dead. The newspapers wrote the longest pieces about his real mother, and that was like it should be, but some folks came and asked her what sort of boy Abe had been. And she wanted to tell them, but it was hard to find the words

"Abe was a good boy," she said. "He never gave me a cross word or look. His mind and mine, what little I had, seemed to run together." And then she added, "He loved me truly, I think."

Often, during the four years that remained to her, she would sit of an evening and think of Abe. Being a mother, she did not think about him as President, as the man about whom they sang, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." She remembered him as a little boy. She was baking johnnycake for him, she was weaving him a shirt, she was covering him with a blanket when he had fallen asleep over his books, trying, as long as she could, to keep him safe from the cold.

Sarah Bush Lincoln was buried beside her husband in Shiloh Cemetery. Her death, on December 10, 1869, passed unnoticed by the nation. For many years she was not even mentioned by historians and biographers. Not until 1924 were the graves of Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln marked with a suitable stone. More recently, their Goose Nest Prairie home site has been made into a state park, with a reproduction of the two-room cabin which Abraham Lincoln helped to build. And only in the last few years have Americans come to know that, when Abraham Lincoln said, 'All that I am I owe to my angel mother,' he was speaking of his stepmother.



The Truth Will Out

» IT WAS one of those blistering Alabama days. I had called on a student to read aloud a brief paragraph from an essay. This he did, laboriously. When he finished, I asked him to comment on the significance of the passage which he had just read. His earnest reply brought even the sleepiest student to an hilarious awakening. For he said, "I am sorry, sir, but I wasn't listening."

— Contributed by John Newton Baker

» THE late Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan used to tell about the introduction he was accorded at a farmers' picnic in his home state. "Senator Smith will now talk for an hour," the chairman said, "after which the band will call you together again."

— G. Lynn Sumner *We Have With Us Tonight* (Harper)

An Ex-Marine

Have our schools anything to offer returned veterans? A challenging question for educators and parents

Returns to High School

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Kenneth H. Merrill as told to Oren Arnold

THE EDITORS of the *Post* write: Publication of this article does not constitute endorsement by the *Post* of all the author's criticisms. We feel, however, that Mr. Merrill is entitled to a hearing and that the state of mind his article manifests is a matter of general concern.

LAST SPRING in high school, I watched a fellow student tie a string across an aisle, so that when the teacher came along she tripped. Months before, another kid of 17 used that same trick on a Guadalupe jungle path with the string tied to hand grenades. The man who tripped was leading a Jap patrol against Carlson's Raiders,* and the American youngster saw yellow bodies blown upward in volcanic fury.

I was that youngster on Guadalcanal. To get in the Marines, I had stretched my age. I wanted adventure, and I sure found it. I experienced almost everything in the way of fighting. Sent home because of combat fatigue, I can testify that coming back to high school was a terrific letdown. It was a relief to graduate. Then I married Elaine and we both worked so that I could have

money to enter the Arizona State Teacher's College at Flagstaff.

Sometimes I am amazed at the civilian life around me in which I am expected to resume my part. At recess in high school kids would swarm around for tales of my experiences, but under faculty orders I was not allowed to be too realistic. I was not allowed to date some of the girls because I had bashed in the brains of Tojo's gangsters with a rifle butt, and also because of my disorderly conduct at a picture show.

On the screen that night two Marines dying on a bloody beachhead were calling on Almighty God in their agony. Perhaps the players were overacting, but when two men down front laughed something stood me up and I found myself walking down there. 'It's not funny, brother,' I said, and I knocked them both out. I am not proud of that episode, but it's the way I felt, and still feel, it's part of the gulf between me and other civilians.

Maybe I wasn't readjusting properly, maybe I should have slipped back into the old niche of being a gentlemanly high school lad. But I have some new ideas about what a gentleman is and about what school

* See "Colonel Carlson and His Gung Ho Raiders," *The Reader's Digest*, December 1943.

should be. This process they call education is not what I want or need, and I represent hundreds of thousands of youths who will soon be streaming back to resume their studies, fellows who are hardened adventurers before their time. We are far too many and, I hope, too valuable to ignore. What is America going to do with us?

LT COL FRANK I. CARLSON had sent 25 of us volunteers to investigate" Pistol Pete, a well concealed cannon which had been shelling Henderson Field with devastating effect. By careful scouting we learned that Pete's gun was a cave high up a mountain canyon approached through a narrow pass. From dawn till near dusk we inched toward it on our bellies, then sprang on the Japanese. We gunned and slashed in a magnificent orgy, whipping the Japs in their own technique.

On another mission we lived on rice and salt pork and danger for 36 days behind the Jap lines, slaying them by the hundreds, seeing our own wounded die, suffering every privation while we crept through the brush like animals.

After I got back in school some study work assigned me included this:

Merrily swinging on birch and weed

Near to the nest of his little dunc,
Over the mountain side on mead

Robert of Lincoln is telling his niece

Bob o' link, bob o' link

Spink, spink, spink

Further assignments included themes on topics such as 'The English Essayist I like best,' and prim

little talks on current events. Much of the curriculum was pointless and stuffy. The whole atmosphere was often like that of a kindergarten. Yet the school ranks among the best in the nation.

I was the first ex-fighter to re-enter high school in my home state of Arizona, but I have since talked, in several states, with nearly 100 other returned Marines and sailors and G.I. Joes. They agree in the opinions I express here.

We believe that schools, especially high schools, have not advanced sufficiently, but are tradition bound.

We believe they are inefficient, wasting time and talent.

You say that young people are capable of learning only a little each day, and must have a four year pre-school period. We Marine Raiders crowded that much learning into four months, and loved it. Young people are more intelligent than most teachers and parents like to admit, they are capable of learning and of shouldering responsibility.

Education as we ex-fighters see it should serve two purposes. It should prepare us to earn a living, and prepare us for God-fearing citizenship.

For some boys and girls, the classics may be right on the beam. But why force a classical curriculum on those of us who are not fitted for it and will not respond to it in high school or college or anywhere in life?

Many returning soldiers will want and need intensive courses in practical trades. Arrangements for these courses should be made now, before the boys start pouring home in big numbers. Courses of six weeks to six

months duration in such trades as welding, farming, carpentering, machine shop work, clerking in stores — even landscaping, barbering should be offered. Then our men can fit into peacetime industry quickly, leaving Longfellow and Shakespeare elective for those who want them.

I recommend more manual classes for those of us who lean toward the "physical" side of life, more direct, practical learning. Why isn't it sensible for western high schools to offer short courses for instance, in cattle ranching, applied farming and other vocational subjects? Returned soldiers who learned superior warfare in a few months could also learn ranching in a short season, and few of them can afford four years of college, or can tolerate it emotionally after years of war.

Why couldn't a high school offer store clerking and management in a store of its own where the students could actually sell? Why couldn't we operate a small school movie theater on a business basis and a restaurant, drugstore, laundry and cleaning shop, bank, even beauty parlor?

Are these recommendations too ambitious? When we Raiders talked about life back home and how we hoped to improve it, we didn't think so.

You adults cry out about juvenile delinquency. Why then, in the name of common sense, in my we not have religious teaching and leadership in public schools? Not sectarian, but on

general morals and conduct. In the Raiders, we had fellows with all kinds of religious faiths, and we swapped ideas. But we all prayed to the same God. Colonel Carlson would talk with us about religion and life as he saw it, and ask us to express our views. It did us more good than anything. Why can't we have these discussion periods in high school? Why is God so unwelcome in our school rooms?

It may be that I'm beating my gums too much about these things, but I had several close friends die in my arms and I made promises to them about what I'd work for back home. I remember my pal Chauncey.

We were finally coming out of the jungle on Guadalcanal. Chauncey and I were our guards staying back with a machine gun to cover our withdrawal. He and I had already talked things out knowing the slim chance we had of staying alive.

If you get back, Mudhole," he said, "don't you go home and be a PFC [that means poor frightened civilian]. You try to be a *gung ho* citizen. You be a leader in all the good things like the Colonel said."

"Ditto for you, Chauncey," I said.

I remember what Chauncey — who can never come back — and all of us Raiders used to think and talk about. All we ask is that you home folk forgive us if we sometimes seem too cocky, and that you help us realize at least some part of our ideals.



There is nothing final about a mistake, except its being taken as final

— Phyllis Bottome, *Strange Fruit* (Houghton Mifflin)

Public opinion — that means you and me — can help immeasurably in stepping up Congressional efficiency

We Must Modernize CONGRESS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ By George E. Outland ★ ★ ★ ★

Member of the House of Representatives from California

CRITICISM of Congress by the people is not new, but of late Congress has begun to criticize itself. Our national legislature has become sharply aware of the need of bringing its machinery up to date. More than 50 resolutions calling for reform were introduced in the 78th Congress, which ended in December, and reorganization along modern lines will be one of the chief concerns of the new Congress. The public thinks of Congress largely in terms of what happens on the floors of the Senate and the House. The real work, however, is done in committees, and it is with the committee system that changes must start.

I think Knox, late Secretary of the Navy, was an extremely busy man. Yet when Congress decided to investigate a Navy contract, Secretary Knox was hauled up to Capitol Hill not once but four different times to tell exactly the same story to four different Congressional committees! Jesse Jones is reported to have ap-

peared 18 different times before 18 different Congressional committees — to deliver the same two hour speech.

Today there are 47 standing committees in the House and 33 in the Senate, moreover, there are many temporary committees. No wonder the New York Times refers to "our hydra-headed Congress." Senator La Follette told the Senate last year that "hurdly a day has gone by during the present long and arduous session of the Congress when I have not had to decide which one of several very important committees I would attend."

The Milancy-Monmoney resolution, adopted at the close of the latest session of Congress, creates a bipartisan committee composed of six members from the Senate and six from the House to study the problems of reorganization and make definite recommendations at the end of 90 days.

There are several possible solutions to the committee problem. One that will appeal to the common sense of the American people calls for ten or a dozen joint or parallel committees of both Houses. Much time now wasted could be saved and such an arrangement would enable the two chambers to work together with greater understanding.

However, reform will make little progress until the American people as

LONG a student of government problems, George F. Outland received his M.A. from Harvard and his Ph.D. in education in government from Yale. After teaching several years at Yale and at Santa Barbara (Calif.) State College, he was elected to Congress in 1942 as a Democrat from the 11th District of California. He was re-elected in 1944.

a whole demand greater efficiency of their Congress. Reducing the number of committees would mean reducing the number of committee chairmanships. The prestige of a committee chairmanship is the climax in the career of a Congressman, there are few who will vote to reduce their own chances for such a position — and few chairmen who will vote to abolish the position already theirs. Moreover, each committee chairman is allowed extra clerical help short-handed as each Congressman is, to become a committee chairman is to obtain a more adequate staff.

This problem of staff is becoming increasingly serious. One of the keenest students of Congress, Dr. George B. Galloway, chairman of the Committee on Congress of the American Political Science Association, contends that of the 80 standing committees not more than six have staffs sufficiently expert to cope with and to evaluate the testimony of either administrative officials or lobbyists. My own committee on Banking and Currency must pass on all legislation concerning the Office of Price Administration, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Federal Housing Administration, the Federal Reserve System, the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Home Owners Loan Corporation, and the many aspects of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Yet our committee has no attorneys, no special consultants, no expert to whom we can turn for evaluation of testimony, preparation of material, or legal interpretation.

Congressman Monroney of Oklahoma points out that each of 145 federal departments and bureaus em-

ploys more people than there are on the entire Congressional staff. For example, the Office of Indian Affairs spends more than twice as much to supervise the nation's Indians as it costs to operate Congress.

To meet requirements it would not be necessary for committees to create permanent staff additions. There is now provided by the Library of Congress a little-known Legislative Reference Service. This is composed of experts who are able to render research assistance on questions of importance that arise before various committees. Such a service could be greatly enlarged. Thus committees which from time to time needed greater staff help might turn to the Service, drawing from a pool of competent students of government problems maintained under impartial auspices.

Likewise a Constituents Inquiry Service under the Library of Congress would immediately remove from individual Representatives and Senators the burden of handling endless trifling requests, and demands which overwhelm them in a mass of detail and prevent them from adequately performing their major duties.

One Representative hurried back to his office to find 96 letters awaiting him, among which were the following requests:

A Chamber of Commerce wanted him to get busy "right now to lift gasoline and tire rationing."

A determined young woman demanded that he instruct the Army to transfer her boy friend from Africa to a service post she named back home.

A clubwoman wanted some information on world production."

A politician wanted a portrait of the President personally autographed 'from Frank to Willie'

The principal speaker at a political meeting wanted to know how long the war would last and how much it would cost

'Taxpayer' wanted him to put an end 'to lend lease gifts to foreigners and other immoral people'

'American mother' urged him not to vote for postwar cooperation 'unless they do what we say' *

If you think this list is an exaggeration, I hasten to assure you that it is not. My own collection of strange requests already fills several folders, and is growing daily. Legitimate requests any Congressman is happy to attempt to meet. Those asking him to please send me a rock from Chesapeake Bay to add to my rock garden, or demanding that he 'see that sliced bread is restored to the American people or I shall vote for your opponent next time' are time consuming, to put it mildly. All requests for information or accommodations, including many that are reasonable, could well be referred to a Constituents Inquiry Service.

Other steps are needed, however, to reduce the demands now made upon a Congressman's time. Placing all post offices under Civil Service would save the worry and energy now spent on nominating postmasters. Further time could be saved by the transfer of all Annapolis and West Point appointments to Civil Service or to the Academies themselves. The

granting of self government to the District of Columbia would remove a thorn from the side of many a harassed Congressman — and from the side of the city of Washington too!

Under existing procedure the first and third Tuesdays of each month are reserved by the Claims Committees in both House and Senate to hear private claims against the Government. Persons who have been injured by an Army truck or have some other personal injury claim against the Government present their cases. In the opinion of many Congressmen the Claims Committees might well be abolished and an administrative agency to do its work set up. This would take away, as Senator La Follette points out, "the burdensome task of investigating petty claims and invoking the cumbersome procedure of passing private bills through the House and Senate."

Among the criticisms of Congress heard most often is that there is too little cooperation between our national legislature and the Administration. Sometimes the blame is placed on the 'bureaucrats', sometimes on the New Deal. Less often on a willful Congress itself. Here again Congress is aware of a problem to be solved within its own ranks, and the stirrings of solution are already noticeable.

Representative Kefauver of Tennessee suggests amending the rules of the House to provide for a question period at which heads of executive departments and independent agencies would be requested to appear and answer questions — somewhat like the question hour in the House of Commons.

One practical example of cooperation between the legislative and

* Associated Press article by Frank I. Walker in *The Washington Post* March 19, 1944

executive branches has already demonstrated its merit. The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds supervises the vast public housing and federal works program in war congested areas. The first Tuesday of each month they appear before it. John Blandford, Jr., NHA administrator, General Fleming, FWA administrator, and the key assistants on their respective staffs. A mutual give-and-take follows. Chairman Lanham asks questions about particular complaints or problems that have arisen, and he gets frank answers. Such meetings have resulted in better understanding on the part of both Congressmen and administrators; potential friction has been averted and governmental efficiency has been increased. The example set by Fritz Lanham and his committee might well be followed by other committees in both Houses.

There are even plans afoot also by which Congress could improve its public appearance. Dr. Galloway suggests that more frank recognition be given of the fact that the important work of Congress is done in committees. Therefore, let the bulk of the calendar be given over to committee meetings, open to the public, and let Congress meet to vote only one night a week. Business could be cleared with dignity and decorum. Similarly Congressional debate, in Dr. Galloway's opinion, could be telecopied into one or two evenings a week, with Congressional leaders discussing legislative issues before their own visible audience and the radio audience as well.

Neither the problems facing Congress nor the solutions are limited to Congress, both are for the American people as a whole to face. We shall never see our national legislative body modernized until the demand has reached the point where Representatives and Senators can no longer afford to ignore it. To this end there is much that we as individual citizens can do.

We can familiarize ourselves with the problems and proposed solutions. There is more fresh material available in books and publications. Once you have posted yourself, do not hesitate to let your Representative know that you are aware of needed changes, and that you are concerned with his awareness to them. It is easy to sit back and damn "bureaucracy", the essential thing is to help bring about changes which will prevent bureaucratic domination in the first place.

Our Congress is not composed of supermen, armed with extraordinary powers of vision. Nor is it composed of "political panhandlers and trimmers." It is made up of ordinary men who are sincerely interested in doing the job which you sent them there to do. They work hard at that job. Your encouragement and your suggestions will help them to remodel Congress and enable it to function more efficiently.

Totalitarianism starts with the decline and neglect of the legislative body. The sensitiveness of the people to their Congress is one of the surest guarantees against the failure of democracy.



"Dear Miss Dix—

People tell me things because they know I'm interested and won't be shocked — says America's leading confidante



This Is My Problem"

Condensed from Independent Woman

Hildegard Dolson

A PRETTY young journalism student recently asked Dorothy Dix, dean of columnists, for advice on how to become a famous newspaperwoman. When Miss Dix pointed out that it was usual to get a job as a reporter, work like an underpaid beaver for five or 20 years and then hope for the best, her visitor protested, "But I'd be willing to write those simple little things you do in your column."

Those simple little things appear daily in 215 newspapers on three continents and are read by approximately 30,000,000 people. Now in its 49th year her column is the oldest continuous newspaper feature in the United States. And Miss Dix, who has never missed a deadline, shows no sign of being windied.

Skeptics who never read the column think of Dorothy Dix as an arch sentimentalist who lides out advice to the not quite bright. Actually her syndicated talks have touched on every emotional problem fit to print, her mail has included letters from prominent businessmen, thousands of everyday husbands and wives, even a Supreme Court judge.

Ministers send her copies of sermons based on her columns. A professor of mental therapy at Johns Hopkins advised women tortured by doubts and fears to read Dorothy Dix daily. In recognition of her tonic qualities, the Medical Women's National Association made her an honorary member.

In dealing with her vast public, Miss Dix is about as richly sentimental as a mustard plaster. To bickering parents she has stated "Your domestic spats aren't a parlor game — they're a crime against your children." When a girl wrote, "On my first date with him I had two cocktails, then wine with dinner and brandy afterward. Did I do wrong?" Miss Dix answered "Probably." She advised the wife of an unfaithful soldier to hold onto him until after the war. "In case he should be killed you would be entitled to his insurance money."

Even her most devout fans might be introduced to Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer of New Orleans without the foggiest notion that they were meeting America's most famous confidante. She took the pen name of Dorothy Dix at a time when it was considered slightly indecent for a lady to sign her

right name in print and winsome alliterations like Fanny Farthingale adorned every Woman's Page

Now in her 70s, Miss Dix complains with complete justice, that magazine and newspaper pictures make her look fat and stuffy. Actually, she looks like somebody's favorite granny: four feet 11 inches small, with bright blackberry eyes, and a young, breathless way of talking. When she laughs, which is often, she throws back her head and enjoys herself. In conversation she has an eager listening quality. Most of her friends and relatives call her Dorothy, while to the people who write her some 2000 letters each week she is 'Dear Miss Dix -- This is my problem'.

In a recent mail there were a few of the problems. A brother quarreling with his sister over an inheritance wrote: 'We have agreed to abide by your decision, whatever it is.' A 14-year-old boy who idolized his father had found a love letter sent to his mother by another man: should he talk it over with her or run away from home? A widow of 42 asked if she should marry a man of 34. (The answer: 'Go ahead. A man of 54 is old enough to know his own mind, and I'd guess from your letter he's showing superior judgment'.) A wife whose husband had been unfaithful for years asked if it would be better for the children's sake to stay with him or get a divorce. Often Miss Dix casts her vote for separation. She has blasted frequently against rearing children in a home split by bitterness.

In letters from women, the two biggest problems are mother-in-law trouble and 'My husband never shows me any affection.' Men com-

plain oftenest about nagging. Teenagers are usually concerned with dates. One wrote: 'Please send me your definition of a respectable woman. I must have it by next week-end.'

Every mail contains touchingly grateful letters. "You saved me from making a horrible mess of my life," or "I thought you'd want to know how happily it all turned out, thanks to you." Only rarely does advice backfire, as in the case of the husband who said: "You advised me to praise her cooking, but I can't live indefinitely about canned soup." Or the woman who complained: "I followed your description of a perfect lady. As a result, I sit home every night."

Dorothy Dix was born Elizabeth Meriwether, in 1870. The Meriwethers had a 1500 acre horse breeding farm on the Kentucky-Tennessee boundary, but like most landowning southern families during the Reconstruction period they were desperately poor. Schooling was casual — offered by genteel spinsters whose only educational qualifications were that their fathers had been colonels with Blue Guard. Fortunately a neighbor with a library started Elizabeth off on a diet of Dickens, Fielding and Thackeray. "Made me distrust mushy writing," the columnist says. Her mother taught her "to speak the truth, fear God, and remember that gentlefolk don't whine."

At 18 Elizabeth put up her hair and married George Gilme, a handsome gallant-about-town. Within a year he was afflicted by an incurable mental disease, dying long afterward in an asylum. The shock of his illness and worry over how to support him cracked Elizabeth's health, and she

went to a small resort on the Gulf. Here she worked on the theory

"When you're in great trouble get interested in something new," and set about writing short stories. The first consisted mostly of adjectives. But the fifth had nouns and a plot. When she showed it to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Eliza Nicholson, publisher of the New Orleans *Picayune*, her ears inclined to those exquisite words, "We'll buy it."

Excited by the magnificent payment of three silver dollars she begged for a job on the *Picayune*. Starting at five dollars a week, Mrs. Gilmer jumped eagerly into collecting vital statistics. Gradually she got other assignments, and within three years she was writing a theater column and editing the Woman's Page.

In 1896 the *Picayune's* managing editor, Major Nathaniel Burbank, decided it would be nice to have a signed column for women, and asked Mrs. Gilmer to write it. She chose the name Dorothy because it sounded sensible. The Dix came from an old servant named Dick whose wife always addressed him in the plural. The Dorothy Dix Talks first appeared April 6, 1896, headed by an illustration of a prim Gibson girl with high boned collar and 19 inch waist, bearing no resemblance to Miss Dix.

Her earliest columns blasted the well-bred theory that tears are a woman's chief weapon. No such thing, Miss Dix announced stoutly. Men found tears merely damp and tiresome. "Women had as much right as men to propose," she wrote, "because ladies are even more interested in marriage." She urged wives to have outside interests and warned

them against "expecting husbands to act like the heroes in absurd novels." Years later when someone asked her whether her readers had been shocked by this ultramodern counsel she said, "You know, I think women were just waiting for advice like that."

In 1900 Bruno Lassing of Hearst's New York *American*, asked her if she'd do some editorials on love and marriage. Miss Dix, who never sneezed at a chance to augment her income, hurriedly filled the order. A week later the *American* wired her an offer to come to New York. She declined. Major Burbank was ill, and depended on her. But after the Major's death the next year, she was off to New York.

In addition to her three Talks a week, Hearst had expensive plans for her. He talked for an hour on the fascination of true-life murders. As he painted a picture of opportunities for a woman in feature writing in this field she fairly leapt with anticipation.

The city editor assigned her to cover a murder in New Jersey. A child killed by its stepmother. Arriving in Jersey City, she hired a car and asked the driver to just go around for awhile. "In an hour's leisurely trot she learned plenty. The driver, it turned out, was a jilted swain of the murderess and was delighted to provide the woman's life history. He also dug up a grand set of the killer's family photographs. For a beginner it wasn't bad — the *American* scooped every other New York paper. In the next 15 years she became the most famous of the sob sisters, and Arthur Brisbane called her "the greatest living woman reporter."

She has said that those years of murder reporting gave her a chance

to see human nature turned inside out. I learned to keep my intuition paid down to the quick so that I could almost read a criminal's mind."

This talent came in handy during a sensational vice trial, when the most important witness, a member of the oldest profession, stubbornly refused to testify against her boss, head of the vice ring. The frantic district attorney sent out an S O S for Dorothy Dix. "Do you think you could make her open up?" he asked. Three hours later Miss Dix had a confession that sent the vice heads up the river. "People tell me things because they know I'm interested and won't be shocked," she explained.

By 1905, subject matter for the Dorothy Dix Talks was filling like manna in letters from readers. Men began to write her almost as many letters as women. Basically, readers' problems were the same then as now: mothers-in-law, stingy husbands, drunkenness in marriage, jealousy.

As the public showed an increasing tendency to lean on her, she felt a deeper responsibility and resented the gaily assignments that took up so much of her time. In 1917, when the Wheeler Syndicate offered her a chance to do the Talks on a full time basis, with no corpses attached, she grabbed it and went back to New Orleans to do her writing. Since then her columns, currently handled by Bell Syndicate, have appeared six times weekly.

Each morning she dictates columns and letters in her apartment overlooking New Orleans' Audubon Park. Her close friend and chief assistant, Mrs. Stanley Arthur, has been with her for 18 years. Routine inquiries —

such as "How can I be popular?" — are answered by printed forms. Only letters of general interest are used for the column. For example, if there are 30 "My husband leaves me alone every night" letters in a morning's mail, Miss Dix firmly takes up the subject of erring husbands. Letters that discuss problems too intimate to appear in print get a personal reply.

The war has brought its own new set of questions. When middle-aged women complain that "he is working in a war plant with lots of attractive young girls," Miss Dix answers, "Relax. Outside of a monastery he's bound to see pretty girls wherever he goes." Women who take advantage of service men make her spluttering mad. To a soldier who had been tricked into an engagement, she issued this rousing command: "Don't let this girl make you marry her just because she's maneuvered you onto a hot spot. Write to her plainly that you never proposed, and don't worry any more about it." A soldier advised like that could sleep like a baby.

Until the war Miss Dix traveled often, and her home is crowded with elaborately carved furniture, tapestries, Oriental screens, and statuary. Displaying a handsome bed reputedly dating back to lusty Louis XIV, Miss Dix said happily to a visitor, "I'll bet I'm the only respectable woman who ever slept in this bed."

On a recent drive with a friend, Miss Dix waved cheerily to a passing truckload of soldiers. The soldiers all shouted back, "Hiya!"

"Dorothy," her companion chided her, "do you *know* those boys?"

"Well," said America's most famous confidante, "I ought to."



**They specialized in
overcoming the impossible**

"It Couldn't Be Done" —So the AAF Did It

Condensed from *Skyways*

Air Marshal Sir William Welsh

KCB, DSC, R1G

LITTLE by little, from September 1939 on, we of the Royal Air Force have been finding out how to fight an air war. Starting virtually from scratch, from those first unrealistic days of showering leaflets through the autumn skies to the recent era of robot bombings, we have had to learn by trial and error. But just about the time you think you know it all, along comes a new idea. This happened to us when the American Air Forces came over to join us.

American airmen have been generous in saying that they have learned a lot about air fighting from the RAF. I would like to tell you of some of the things that we of the RAF have learned from them. We take our hats off to AAF performance in this war.

The Americans have shown a remarkable quality which, for lack of a precise word, I must call "overcoming the impossible." It is a combination of imagination and resource that has helped to save hundreds of thousands of Allied lives. We have come to feel a healthy respect for the AAF attitude toward that word "impossible," which attitude, your fliers in form us, stems strictly from Missouri.

Take daylight bombing — the Germans had tried it and failed, so briefly, had we. "Very well," the Americans told us, "you bomb by

night. We'll bomb *by day*. That way we can get round the clock continuity."

Their plan was to go directly after the industrial pinpoints representing vital links in German war industry. In cooperation with economists and the RAF, the Americans made up a list of these vital links, ranking priorities by an ingenious system that involved the "for want of a nail the battle was lost" principle. For example, they reasoned that German industry could not be profitably bombed so long as German air power (designated as objective No. 1) was there to defend it. German air power could not function without airframes. However many engines they had. Therefore, if they could eliminate fighter airframe assembly factories, the defensive power of the Luftwaffe must rapidly be crippled and leave the whole of German industry exposed. Similarly, instead of going after individual concentrations of vehicles, they calculated that by eliminating fuel a creeping paralysis would be imposed upon the whole of the enemy's fighting power. Therefore oil was posted as objective No. 2. And so on.

As an intellectual flight this was unassailable. But as a practical working program we of the RAF viewed this American plan more with hope

than conviction. On both sides of the Atlantic, people filled with honest doubt were eager to point out the impossibilities. How could day bombers hope to reach targets deep in Germany through successive belts of enemy fighters? How could they, even if they reached the target and saw it through our misty European weather, hit it from 25,000 feet? And how, with every German fighter squadron sent to attack them, could they expect to run the gantlet home?

Yet they did. Never once was an American daylight mission turned back from its objective by enemy action. American airmen *did* fight their way successfully to the vital targets, they *did* hit them, and they *did* fight their way back.

In the course of this bombing offensive, the AAF overcame not only the obvious difficulties which people had been pointing out to them but countless others. When the Luftwaffe pilots, reflecting the alarm of the Nazi High Command, ganged up against the outnumbered 'Forts' and sent American losses soaring, the AAF thought up answers faster than the Germans could raise question marks. They installed new turrets and new gun sights, they worked out new and baffling defense formations. They turned the tables on German rocket carrying fighters by thinking up another "impossibility" — the long range fighter plane, which has given Allied air power such an enormous advantage, and which, up to that time, had been regretfully dismissed as a contradiction in terms.

It took a time before these long-range jobs came streaming off the assembly lines. While they were waiting for

them the Americans accomplished another "impossibility" — installing detachable belly fuel tanks on short-range fighters that gave their bombers fighter-cover at least halfway to and from their targets.

This business of bomber escort brought up still another tough problem. There had to be a way of assembling the complex aerial formations. They could not assemble under the clouds because, with our traditional European overcast, there is seldom room to maneuver an armada sometimes 200 miles long converging from bases all over southern England. The technical difficulties involved in climbing through clouds to rendezvous at 25,000 feet could only be exceeded, perhaps, by going out in a London fog to find a street you didn't know from a map you didn't have. The Americans say that some credit for overcoming this one goes to Britain's radar inventions, but in RAF circles there is not much doubt where the lion's share of the credit belongs.

When you look today at the abundantly equipped AAF, that smoothly working machine which is helping to eviscerate Germany, don't lose sight of the price that was paid for it in the



AIR MARSHAL WISH, one of the top men in the Royal Air Force was until recently Britain's ambassador to the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington. Since 1914 he has flown over most of the world and has served in the RAF Fighter Command on the Air Council and with General Eisenhower throughout the planning and execution of the North African campaign.

blood, sweat and tears of the pioneer handful of American bomber crews 1 or 18 long, tough months these men were thwarted by lack of planes, lack of crews and lack of equipment. They wanted at least 1000 heavy bombers for every operation, but their bombers were perpetually diverted to other theaters. The crews flew themselves to the breaking point. At the end of one long offensive they were so bone-tired that they could hardly crawl into their bombers to face another 12 hours of incessant fighting five miles high. But they did. They outfought and outlasted the German fighter pilots. Their quality through these months of discouragement was so compelling that it moved Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Trenchard, to say

They have destroyed hundreds of vital factories. They have penetrated far into Germany. They have fought great battles, day after day, all the way to their targets, over their targets, and back from their targets, destroying many more enemy aircraft than they have lost themselves. No one who has seen the air photographs can doubt that this daylight bombing is having a most devastating effect on vital workshops. *Here this Force doubled what it could not do.*

Six months later the whole world found out what it could do. In February 1944 the AAF staged and won a battle that will go down in history. The outlook was grim, the weather at its worst, the air war dropping daily behind schedule. The invasion date, irrevocably committed, was rushing toward us. German plane production was rising. Then came the electrifying event. Without warning, there

arrived six days of good bombing weather in one week — a most unusual sequence in winter — coupled with an unprecedented striking force of some 3000 heavy bombers, newly accumulated in England and Italy to prepare for D Day. After all the months of discouragement, the AAF had the planes, the plans, the weather. Here was Opportunity. It didn't have to knock twice.

General Spaatz sailed in with everything he had, bombers, fighters, reserves. The RAF Bomber Command simultaneously used the fine spell to make crushing attacks on German centers of production by night. And, as Virgil wrote in 30 B.C., 'Germany heard a clashing of arms all over the sky, the Alps trembled with uncommon earthquakes, never did lightnings fall in greater quantities from a serene sky or dire thunders blaze so often.'

When the weather broke, after six tremendous days, the back of the German air power had been broken too. Smashed all the way from the North Sea to Austria were the carefully dispersed assembly complexes. Blown to pieces in the air, on the ground, wherever they could be found, were the best planes of the Luftwaffe, many of them baited out of their hiding places by one huge American daylight attack over Berlin. There were Americans over Berlin that day with bitter memories of comrades shot down in the outnumbered raids of 1943. They had a score to settle — and they settled it. German planes were shot out of the sky at the rate of well over 100 a day, 642 for the whole six day period.

German air power was so com-

pletely broken that by D Day, four months later, vast fleets of Allied ships were able to unload on the Normandy beachheads with practically no air opposition. But for this aerial preparation, in the words of General Eisenhower, "the invasion could not logically have been undertaken."

The resultant saving of Allied lives seems to me far the most important contribution of air power to this war. It is all very well to say, "Victory shall be ours, whatever the cost!" — but what about the tragic cost in dead, mutilated and missing men? In World War I, the battles of the Somme and Passchendaele alone cost us 1,000,000 men in a few weeks and the only visible result was the gain or loss of a few hundred yards of mud. In this war the total Allied

casualties in Western Europe from D Day to the fall of Aachen totaled less than 200,000 — sad enough, but far less than might have been expected considering the enormous amount of death-dealing equipment invented since the last war. I am convinced that the new factor which has kept down our casualties is air power.

The whole air war has been a tremendous job, a long job. And it is not yet over. I should hate to have to think of it without the contribution of the USAAF.

Together we have sweated out what Thomas Paine called "times that try men's souls." And we in the RAF set a high value indeed on a partnership that was born in adversity and which, thank God, is maturing in victory.



The Gold Badge of Courage

One of the stories which crop up most frequently these days in all sections of the country is that of the young man in civilian clothes who offers a woman his seat on a crowded bus. She rudely refuses to take his seat, saying he ought to be fighting with her sons in France. When you write them, madam, he reports, ask them to look for the aim I left over there. This tale typifies the embarrassments to which hundreds of our returning veterans are being subjected daily — and almost always unnecessarily.

For, upon receiving his final honorable discharge, every veteran is awarded the special gold lapel button illustrated above. This badge of honor is recognized by all too few of us. One young veteran of 18

months of mud and blood in the Europe in Theater continued to wear his uniform for two months after his discharge even though he knew it was illegal to do so. "I don't want to be called a deserter just because people don't know what a discharge button looks like," he explained.

Since the beginning of the war, over 1,000,000 officers and enlisted men have been honorably discharged from the Army alone — and thousands more are returning to civilian life each month. These men deserve recognition for what they have done. It is not easy for them to readjust themselves to civilian life. We can help them by recognizing the Honorable Discharge Button when we see it. Remember — any man who wears it has offered his life for his country.

—And the Deaf Shall Hear

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

THE young woman in the hospital bed listened intently, fascinated by the commonplace sounds that penetrated the heavy bandages swathing her head. The drip drip drip of the lavatory faucet, a murmur of distant voices, the clattering of the trolley car in the street—these sounds were more beguiling to her than music from another sphere. For the first time in almost 15 years she could *hear*. Skillful surgery had opened a tiny oval window in the bony capsule of her inner ear, readmitting all the magic of the world of sound.

The daring, delicate fenestration operation already has been performed in more than 2000 cases some as long as seven years ago. These patients have continued under the surveillance of medical experts who doubted that the cure of deafness would last. For the trick is not only to cut the tiny window but also to prevent stubborn Nature from closing it again. Last year a committee of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology conducted an exhaustive investigation of the fenestration technique and its long range results. Dr. Marvin Jones reports: "My belief six years ago was that the results of the fenestration operation, while dramatic, were not permanent. Recently I have seen patients whose hearing before operation five years ago, was below the useful range, and

A miraculous operation holds promise of deliverance from the lonely world of deafness

who now can hear low whispers."

The human hearing apparatus is extremely complex and surrounded by mystery. Entering sound waves strike the eardrum—a tiny membrane that separates the outer from the middle ear. Attached to the inside of the eardrum is one end of a chain of three tiny bones called (because of their shapes) the hammer, the anvil and the stirrup. They vibrate in sequence. The footplate of the stirrup fits into a window in the bony capsule which separates the middle ear from the inner ear. Through this window the vibrations of the stirrup are transmitted to the fluid of the inner ear. There, impulses touch off a harplike set of auditory nerves and are transmitted finally to the hearing area of the brain.

Things frequently go haywire somewhere along the line, resulting in the tragedy of deafness. In young children, for instance, an excessive growth of adenoids may block the Eustachian tube. Removal of the adenoids usually restores normal hearing. At the other end of the life span deafness may be caused by degeneration of the auditory nerve. For this there is no cure.

Between these extremes lies the larger percentage of the 15,000,000

deaf or partially deaf persons in this country. Their deafness is caused by a disease called otosclerosis. It involves no pain, no middle ear infection, and produces no symptom more alarming than ringing or buzzing in the ears and progressive difficulty in hearing. What happens is that a bony growth slowly closes the tiny window around the stirrup until the footplate is held fast. Thus no vibrations reach the fluid of the inner ear. The auditory nerve inside may remain perfectly healthy. But sound never gets through to the nerve for transmission to the brain.

For the past century famous ear specialists have puzzled over this maddening situation. In 1876 a German surgeon, Kessel, made the first attempt to loosen the stirrup from the closed window; deafness vanished immediately, but soon the bony window closed again. Holmgren, a Swedish doctor, sought to keep the window open by inserting a plastic peg, but this set up a foreign body reaction which caused new cell growth and closed the window even more tightly. Surgeons in half a dozen countries tried and discarded one technique after another.

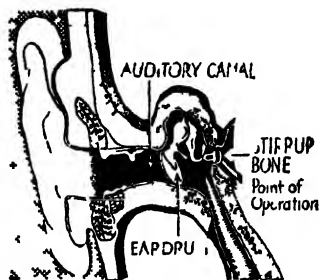
Sourdille, a Frenchman, achieved a surgical miracle by delicately folding a flap of skin, thin as a spiderweb, over the new window to carry vibrations from the eardrum to the inner ear; then operated repeatedly to keep the window open until the regenerating process of the bone becomes gradually exhausted."

Other surgeons discovered that the bone growth usually started around microscopic splinters made while drilling the window. Using microscopes and delicate swabs, they located and removed every splinter. Even then another factor defeated their efforts: the slightest trace of blood encouraged the growth of new tissue. So these pioneers developed a virtually bloodless operation. But still the tiny window closed.

For all practical purposes the fenestration operation was a failure. Then the mystery of the ever-closing window challenged the imagination of a young New York ear surgeon, Dr. Julius Lempert. After 12 years of study

and clinical work, he was able to report in the July 1938 issue of the *Archives of Otolaryngology* a technique that sounded entirely too good to be true. Where Sourdille and others had operated from behind the ear, Dr. Lempert made his approach directly into the ear cavity. Besides leading directly to the middle ear, this method involved the cutting of much less tissue. It not only reduced the chances of infection, but caused less inflammation, which was one of the chief causes of the tissue regrowth.

Upon reaching the bony capsule which contains the inner ear mechanism, Dr. Lempert used a tiny dental burr to carve an oval opening—slightly larger than a grain of rice—just above the old window. Then he used a fine gold burr to smooth and polish the opening—an important



factor in preventing bone regeneration. Finally, he cleared away every last fragment of bone splinter.

Seeking a protective substance to line and cover the new opening, Leinperit found the very thing he needed — right there along the path to the inner ear. It was a fine, smooth tissue called Shrapnell's membrane — a part of the eardrum. Leinperit lifted up this membrane and fixed it in place so that it served both as a windproof and frame for the new opening.

By 1941, Dr. Leinperit had reported a new location for the little surgical window, and using this better technique, by 1943 he had operated on 800 patients. In 70 percent of these cases practical hearing was restored. Other doctors trained under Leinperit operated on approximately 600 more patients, and likewise cured deafness in about 70 percent of them.

But Leinperit announced that 70 percent was not good enough. Involved in the failures were complications which he was sure he could remove: inflammation of the labyrinth, damage to the hearing nerve, and the persistent closing of the window.

In the *Archives of Otolaryngology* for January 1945 he was able to announce to the profession that the last complications had been eliminated. His report contained a startling fact in order to keep the window open for hearing: you must actually close it! To do so he has devised a method closely approximating Nature's own. A small piece of cartilage, taken from the outer ear, is shaped and inserted in the new opening, then the thin piece of Shrapnell's membrane is drawn over and made fast. The carti-

lage stopple serves as a new sturrrup, capable of transmitting sound vibrations to the inner ear. It also prevents bone formation and possible damage to the auditory nerve.

The perfected fenestration technique has been applied in about 50 cases with practical hearing restored in all of them. The effects of bringing stone deaf people back into the world of sound are dramatic. The young woman whose story begins this article is typical. At 14 she became a problem child — sullen, inattentive, disobedient. Her grades at school fell off. Examination by the family doctor disclosed that she was hard of hearing. The family sent her from specialist to specialist, until they were forced to accept the diagnosis.

Otosclerosis with progressive deafness. No effective treatment.

At 24 she was totally deaf in one ear, had only 60 percent hearing in the other. Lip reading helped. Then a hearing aid was fitted. But even these 'crutches' failed to compensate for all the disadvantages of the lonely world of the deaf.

Then, last year, her doctor suggested the Leinperit operation.

"You have no idea what a thrill it was to hear the first sound after that magic window was opened!" she exclaims. "One doesn't realize what a noisy world we live in. Sounds in the night, which the normal person accepts or ignores, would walk in me terrified. Then, when I came to my senses, I would lie there gloating over each one."

"Out of the hospital, it was even more wonderful. At home I heard my little daughter's voice for the first time. Now I am waiting for an even

greater experience when my husband gets back from overseas I will hear him speak. Our life will be so much happier!'

During the past seven years, Dr Lempert has trained about 30 surgeons to do the basic operation. Recently many of them have returned to his New York clinic to learn the new technique. The operation now is being performed by skilled otolaryngologists at such medical centers as the Mayo Clinic, the Harvard Medical School, Western Reserve Medical School, Cleveland's Crile Clinic, Presbyterian and Michael Reese hospitals in Chicago, Northwestern University, University of Michigan, University of Pittsburgh, the Lahey Clinic in Boston, the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital and Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York.

Dr Lempert and his colleagues stress two important facts:

First, the fenestration operation is intended only for 'properly selected cases.' Careful preoperative examination must determine that the hearing nerve itself is alive and intact. Only then will opening the window accomplish the miracle of restored

hearing. From the records of several thousand cases, they conclude that 98 percent of cases of deafness caused by otosclerosis can be cured.

Second, the operation must be performed only by a surgeon who has great natural surgical ability and who has spent months even years, learning and practicing the technique under competent instruction.

In the hands of the expert, however, the fenestration operation is a blessing that has been practically purged of all incidental dangers. The chance of infection is negligible. The operation is bloodless and painless. Functional hearing is restored usually by the fenestration of one ear, thus the patient is left with a 'spare' ear which need be opened only if absolutely necessary.

For the first time in medical history the doctor no longer needs to inform a patient suffering from otosclerosis that there is no cure, no hope but lip-reading or a hearing aid. Just as cataracts no longer mean sightless eyes, so otosclerosis ceases to condemn its victims to the world of silence. The medical profession thus has come a long way nearer to fulfilling the ancient promise that 'the blind shall see, and the deaf shall hear.'



Reverse Logic

» ONE of our neighbors, instead of catching up on his sleep on holidays, always arose at his usual time. Many of us thought he wasted his opportunity, but I reversed my opinion after hearing him greet one sleepy-eyed late riser, "A man who won't get up to loaf is too lazy to enjoy it."

— Contributed by Margaret Westra



"Hello, Mom! I'm Home!"

Condensed from Coronet

Cerold Frank

AT AN East Coast debarkation point the kid in a soiled O D uniform comes out of the barracks like building, and he's bawling. He is big, husky -- and tough. Any one can see that. He went through the terrors of assault landings, and fox-holes, and bombings, but here, today, he cried.

For that drab structure houses Telephone Exchange -- a secret center which never receives an incoming call but from which pours day and night an endless stream of impassioned and delighted speech to parents and wives and sweethearts in every part of the United States.

In it now jamming a square of 20 booths are GIs like the kid, each gripping a telephone with terrific intensity and talking, talking -- making their first calls home after landing on American soil. And like him they find it almost too much to take -- the sheer joy of hearing the familiar voices of saying at last, 'Hello, Mom! Sure it's me. I'm back. Yeah, Mom.' They can't disclose where they're calling from, but they can say that they'll be walking in the front door about suppertime tonight.

The telephone company admits discreetly that something like 1,000 calls have been made during one 24 hour period. No booth is out of use more than 45 seconds -- the time it takes the chief operator to announce over a public address system,

"Corporal Smith calling Ashtabula, Ohio, please go to Booth 4," and Corporal Smith to crush the cigarette he's been nervously smoking and dash into Booth 4. Sometimes, because lines are busy, he may have been waiting for hours.

Corporal Smith sits down tensely and glues the receiver to his ear. Then he hears the voice -- mother, wife or girl friend -- and his face lights up. He speaks with his lips almost touching the mouthpiece, in an intimacy embarrassing to watch. He turns his back to the door and crowds himself into a corner of the booth -- squirming, chuckling, laughing aloud, showing his battle helmet back on his head.

If he's like most GIs he won't talk himself out in less than seven minutes and when he finally emerges he'll appear slightly punch drunk. If not relieved he'll grin at everyone he passes or he'll mumble to himself or he'll be silent and dreamy with the peace that comes when you know that everyone is all right at home and nothing has changed.

The switchboard girls are witness to all this, and sometimes a little choked up themselves. But none of that comes through to those at the other end of the wire. All you hear is a calm "Is this Mrs. William Smith? We have a collect call for you from Corporal John Smith. Will you accept the charges?"

There's a gasp and then a breathless "Where is he? Where is he calling from?"

The regulation answer is a formal "Due to military regulations we are not permitted to give you that information." Then perhaps, because they are human too, the girls weaken and say, "It is not an overseas call, madam," and with that the call goes through.

Nine times out of ten the boys are so flustered they don't remember their home telephone numbers. Although the girls warn them, please, not to talk more than three minutes — "Others are waiting, sir — they will never break in on a soldier no matter how long he stays on the telephone. One taciturn sergeant surprised them by talking for 84 minutes. Most calls are collect, but this was not, and it cost him \$45.

The girls are particularly proud of their skill in finding a boy's sweet heart or mother even if they must — to take two actual cases — trail her

to a corner grocery or pluck her off a train 2000 miles across the country. In this latter instance, the girl traced a boy's mother through a neighbor to the railway station, had a redcap search half a dozen coaches to find her, and had her at a telephone half an hour after her son had placed the call.

"We wouldn't change our jobs for anything," the girls tell you. "You see, we always bring good news." One likes to tell her favorite story. She placed a call, and recited off the customary announcement giving the soldier's name, adding, "Will you accept the charges?"

A voice, dull, hopeless and uncomprehending, replied slowly.

"I wish I could, but I received word two months ago that he was killed in action."

"But he wasn't," the girl spoke up. "Why, he's standing right here beside me now."

And then there was silence, for the woman at the other end had fainted.

Marry-Go-Round

WHEN air lines were young and people were wary of flying, a promotion man suggested to one of the lines that they permit wives of businessmen to accompany their husbands free just to prove that flying was safe. The idea was quickly adopted, and a record kept of the names of those who accepted the proposition. In due time the air line sent a letter to those wives, asking how they enjoyed the trip. From 90 percent of them came back a baffled reply, "It *hat* airplane trip?"

— Marguerite Lyon *And So to Bedlam* (Bobbs Merrill)

» A COMMITTEE was appointed by the magazine *Redbook* to study the question of how best to hold a wife, and a selected list of husbands was written to. The only reply received was from a certain western penitentiary. It stated briefly, "I found the best way was around the neck, but it should not be overdone. Please note change of address."

— Edward Streeter in *Redbook Magazine*

It bends, it bounces, it floats, it resists bullets —
and will have myriad uses in the postwar world

What Won't They Do Next

Condensed from Science News Letter

Lloyd Stouffer + Editor of Modern Packaging

with Glass!

FOR 4000 years, glass has been holding out on us. It is one of the strongest and hardest materials known to man yet, because it has also been so brittle, we have not realized its possibilities.

But today, as the result of wartime research, it is doing jobs no other material could do. And tomorrow it will add immeasurably to the conveniences and comfort of living.

In the laboratories and shops of the big glass companies, I have seen glass that can be sawed and nailed like lumber; glass that will float; glass that bounces; glass that can be bent like rubber, twisted into yarn, tied into knots and woven like silk.

At Wright Field I saw Air Technical Service Command experts flying an airplane partly made of glass — not window glass you can't see through. In fact it looks just like any other BT-15 trainer. But the fuselage and tail section are made of glass cloth — twice as strong and half as heavy as the conventional aluminum-skinned fuselage. Pound for pound, it's the toughest airplane ever built — faster, cheaper to produce and longer lived.*

Cloth woven of gossamer-fine, bendable glass fibers, and formed

with plastic, is one of the most resistant of all materials to penetration by bullets. It is capable of such flexure that it will actually give to a bullet, taking the sting out of it. In firing tests it was found that many high-explosive shells which did pierce the glass plane's fuselage passed through it without exploding.

Already plans are under way to use glass plastic for example proof automobile fenders, kitchen and bathroom fixtures, streamlined trucks and buses for furniture, luggage and prefabricated houses. One of its newer experimental uses is for artificial legs. The advantages of use of molding to the exact contour of the natural leg and lifetime resistance to wear.

Surgeons are experimenting with a surgical suture made of glass fibers, because it is nonabsorbent and does not irritate the tissues. Strands of special glass yarn have been incorporated in surgical sponges that, if inadvertently left in the wound, may be detected by X-ray.

Owens Corning has produced a glass wool made of fibers .00002 inch in diameter. White, fluffy, glass wool, which is 99 percent entrapped air, is used to insulate B-29 Superfortresses, just as it may be used in the walls of homes after the war.

In a Toledo office I was offered a chair with an ordinary looking cushion

* Technical data on the glass plane is taken from articles in the May 1944 issue of *Modern Plastics* and is copyright 1944 Modern Plastics, Inc. 122 E. 42 St. N. Y. C.

ion which was made, nonetheless, of glass wool. Only about an inch and a half thick, there seemed to be no end to its softness and resilience. Glass wool is now being used for seat cushions and mattresses in warplanes, and later may be used in passenger planes, trains and buses.

Glass comes nearer perfect elasticity than any other known substance, up to the point at which it breaks, it will return instantly to its original shape. At Owens-Corning I was given a sheet of glass cloth, not woven but matted of very fine fibers. It felt like the soft paper padding at the bottom of a candy box. I wadded it up tightly in my fist, then dropped it on the desk. It was uncanny to see it straighten out, not even wrinkled.

A coarser, standard form of glass wool, when compressed and faced with smooth, plasticized glass cloth, makes a lightweight insulating "board" which is now specified by the Navy for instrument boards and interior partitions on all ships. Unaffected by sea water and completely fireproof, it absorbs vibration and the noise of gunfire.

Glass in this form may be sawed and nailed or bolted. After the war it may be used in soundproof and heatproof automobile floorboards and dashboards, and as insulating walls in prefabricated houses.

Portable Army shelters designed for use in remote outposts are heavily insulated with glass wool to save fuel. In Iceland, for instance, where there is no wood or fuel of any kind, the fiber glass in a typical shelter saves more than 20,000 pounds a winter in fuel that would otherwise have to be shipped in.

Foamglas, made by the Pittsburgh-Corning Corporation, looks like an extremely porous, coal-black brick. One third lighter than cork and far more buoyant, Foamglas can be used in lifebelts, life rafts and submarine net floats, and, in slabs two inches thick, as insulation for the roofs of war plants.

The Corning Glass Works, at Corning, N. Y., is a fountainhead of research from which most of these modern miracles have come. In each case, Corning has merged its knowledge with the knowledge and facilities of another company which could contribute to rapid production and distribution. This accounts for Owens-Corning, formed with the Owens-Illinois Glass Co., which shares the credit for Fiberglas, Dow-Corning, in association with the Dow Chemical Co., and Pittsburgh-Corning, with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.

Corning researchers, who discovered Pyrex, now have a kind of super-Pyrex ware. Trade named Vycor, it is as far beyond Pyrex as Pyrex was beyond common glass. Because it will resist heat up to 1650 degrees Fahrenheit and will contain chemicals that would destroy most other materials, it is opening up a new world of electronics and chemistry. Without it some of our secret war weapons would have been impossible of achievement.

Glass piping was tried several years ago as an answer to the problem of corrosion in food and chemical plants. A new tempered glass pipe is resistant to breakage, and new methods of electric welding make it possible for a mechanic to make joints as easily as he would with metal. In one chemical plant, pumps with stainless steel

surfaces used to last only 60 days Six glass pumps installed three years ago are still in use, with no signs of wear

Corning researchers now have glass ball bearings which will withstand a pressure at which metal would flow like putty I saw a coil spring made of glass that had been tested by being compressed several million times — with no hint of the fatigue which eventually afflicts all metals I was shown a radiant heater — a slab of tempered glass about 18 inches square with a continuous strip of thin metal foil on its back surface It uses ordinary house current Something like it may provide the ideal radiant home heating — glass panels in the floors and walls of every room

The new glasses are tough At Owens Illinois Libbey plant I dropped a newly made glass to the cement floor Instead of shattering it bounced crazily from side to side, and I picked it up on the fourth bounce, still whole and unscratched

Even before the war, Libbey Owens-Ford produced a tempered glass which, in three quarter inch slabs, was tough enough to be hung on hinges and used as doors I further toughened through multiple laminations, such glass is being used today as transparent armor plate in airplanes It will stop armor-piercing bullets up to .50 caliber

The new glass is equally striking in its resistance to extremes of heat and cold At Libbey Owens-Ford they put a pane of Tuflex on a cake of ice and poured molten lead over it, without effect The Army uses this glass

as the facing for its 800 million candle-power searchlight, it won't crack even though the thermometer may register below zero

To meet another war need, physicists discovered a way to curve glass with virtually no distortion of vision — something never done before on a mass production basis Today curved sections of glass are replacing plastic in bomber noses where maximum vision is required Tomorrow this glass can be used to streamline automobile windshields

We think of glass as a brittle material that will have a sharp, cutting edge wherever it is broken But at Corning I thrust my hand deep into a large box of broken bits of glass and didn't get a scratch This new type of glass is being used in the globes of runway lights at Army airports so that if broken and scattered it doesn't cut the tires of planes Think what this will mean to motorists after the war when headlights may be made of it

Because of their reputation for doing the impossible with glass, the Corning laboratories have more than their share of freak ideas from volunteer correspondents At various times it was suggested that they make glass mousetraps, a glass dirigible, glass razor blades, and a glass freight car — this last to permit green oranges for example, to be ripened in transit by the sunlight

Yet no idea, however far-fetched, is dismissed lightly All are investigated and reported upon Some of the wartime pipe dreams may one day become realities



Shall All Our Boys at 18 Have One Year's Military Training?

By

Thomas M. Johnson

THIS NATION faces a grave decision — whether or not to continue in peacetime the drafting of its young men for military training. The proposal concerns not only every boy and parent but every citizen of this country. It involves our national postwar security and the world's postwar peace.

Bills proposing universal training are before Congress now. Behind them are leading military and naval authorities. More than two thirds of the GIs, voting in secret polls, approve the idea. All polls show the general public approves it. But some important educational and religious bodies oppose it, or at least favor postponing the decision until after the war. The Army and Navy want action now — while the people are alert to our defense needs and before we backslide into postwar apathy.

A right decision is so important to us all that we should know without embellishment, just what the Army and Navy propose.

They do not propose, at the soft extreme, to draft all young men and women for training in a mere glorified CCC.

Nor do they propose that every young man shall "serve his time in the Army," like the conscripts of Eu-

rope. The essentials for America's postwar armed security as our highest military authorities see them were stated in a widely discussed article by Mr. Johnson in last December's Digest.

Universal military training is the corner stone in the plans of these experts. Mr. Johnson here tells authoritatively the precise form of training they hope for and their reasons. Debate over this question, already increasing throughout the nation, will be more pertinent if the particular project here outlined is kept clearly in mind.

They do not propose universal service.

They do propose universal *training*. They propose to train selected young men (not women) to be ready to serve their country promptly as soldiers, sailors and Marines if an emergency arises — that and nothing else. During the year's training they would not be subject to garrison duty, to service outside the country, or to any other duty save training.

It is pointed out that enactment of universal military training would not increase the number of men liable for military service. Every male who is physically fit is now liable for service under arms. Universal training merely means that those who are and always have been liable will be pre-

pared to perform their obligation when called upon

The men charged with responsibility for national security deem these truths self evident. That all citizens of a free state are duty-bound to defend it, and that the state is duty-bound to help them do so at least risk to their lives and health and at least cost to the nation. They have drawn plans based upon this country's experience since George Washington advocated peacetime universal military training but got instead the poor substitute of a few professionals and a lot of raw militia — a system that wasted our lives and money for generations.

Here are the main outlines of the plan.

The Army and Navy want Selective Service boards to choose all physically and mentally qualified youths as they graduate from high school or reach 18 years. Modern war requires soldiers physically mature and agile, mentally receptive, loyal and optimistic. These qualities are at their peak in youth. The services believe the year after high school the best one for the training period, because that will cause the least interruption to education or careers.

So far as possible, boys will be allowed to enter the branch of service they prefer, assuming that aptitude tests show them fitted for it. They will be trained for one year, minus about one month's time for induction, furloughs and discharge. That means a year straight, not dabs of three summer months stippled over four years. Army and Navy believe that a four-summer plan would favor the 15 percent of college boys over the 85 percent

who would have to leave their jobs three times. It takes that long to learn today's varied weapons and tactics well enough to be ready if war comes again. For if war does come, it will come suddenly, allowing no time for raw recruits to learn what it's all about. (One reason universal training is needed is that the air forces have become so important, and aviation requires such highly trained men.) Trainees will not be inducted simultaneously, but in four equal batches, three months apart, so that there will be a steady flow of trained reservists, instead of great annual waves.

Instructors will be mostly not regulars but reserve officers and noncoms — citizen soldiers like their pupils. Only three or four of the 11 months will be allotted to basic training. The trainee's showing in this early stage will help determine into what specialty he will fit — aerial photography, electronics, gunnery and so on.

From every thousand men, the Army now needs 101 chauffeurs and mechanics, 45 cooks, bakers and butchers, 34 medical and dental technicians, and dozens of other specialists. Therefore 75 percent of all Army trainees will take some type of technical training. This will not necessarily be taken in camp. Some may learn in factories how to repair jeeps or gyroscopes, others serve on railroads, learning to operate trains. All naval trainees will become specialists, learning radar, fire control and myriad other technicalities.

Today's soldier or sailor is no robot, but a thinking individual fighter who cooperates with others like him. He will be trained accordingly, first in small units, then in larger teams, un-



My Mother Breaks Her Pearls

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Marion Sturges-Jones

DURING one of the periods when we were quite out of funds, after Father died, Mother took a position as companion to an elderly Philadelphia lady. Mother read aloud beautifully and she was a great success with the wealthy and rheumatic Mrs. Effingham.

This rheumatism of Mrs. Effingham's eventually led her to try the treatment of a New York doctor. Mother hadn't been to New York for years and when Mrs. Effingham told her that she was to go along and that they would stay at the Hotel Plaza for a week, Mother's excitement knew no bounds.

She was in the middle of telling me the news when a cloud came over her face. "I hadn't thought about clothes!" she gasped. "What on earth will I wear? Of course I've got my pearls," she added thoughtfully. "A black dress to wear with them would really fix me up."

I had given Mother a string of pearls the previous Christmas, a good string costing \$3.98 at John Wanamaker's, and she had been talking ever since about getting just the right black frock with which to wear it. So now we went to Mr. Solomon's, and by some miracle he produced a black dress that seemed made for a string of (good) pearls. The effect was one of quiet elegance, suggesting the Plaza at teatime.

It was only after Mother was safely back in Philadelphia that I learned of her adventures with the pearls.

They broke in the lobby of the Plaza when Mother and Mrs. Effingham were coming through from dinner one evening.

"Oh, dear! My pearls!" Mother cried, and gave a little shriek. There was a momentary sensation, and a gallant Navy officer came to the rescue and began gathering them up. Then the captain of bellboys appeared, sweeping the Communder firmly aside. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I shall take charge of this until the chief detective gets here. Everyone will please step aside so we can describe an area around the lady and see that no pearls are overlooked."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mother. She thought it delightful of the hotel to be so assiduous in serving her, and she flattered around murmuring her appreciation until the last pearl had been retrieved.

"Shall I seal these in an envelope and put them in the hotel safe until you can have them restrung, madam?" asked the chief detective.

"I think that's a splendid idea!" said Mother, and waited happily at the desk for a receipt.

The next day Mother took a walk on Fifth Avenue, and paused to glance at an elegant jeweler's display. It

suddenly struck her that fate had carried her to *just* the place for the restringing of her pearls

She went in. A tall gentleman in tails greeted her.

"Could I get my pearls restrung in the next day or two?" Mother inquired. "I'm here from Philadelphia and I would like them done immediately if possible."

The gentleman was excessively civil. "I'll find out," he said. "Does madam have the pearls with her?"

"No," said Mother. "I left them in the safe at the Plaza."

The gentleman picked up a golden telephone and held a polite conversation with another part of the building. "Oh, Mr. De Witt could call at the Plaza this afternoon and get them if madam is not otherwise engaged," he said. "We would like madam to accompany Mr. De Witt and the pearls here, so that she can witness the restringing."

Mother was a little dizzy from so much attention. How perfectly delightful everyone had been about her pearls! *I'd love* to watch the restringing! she said gratefully. "My pearls are my very dearest possession."

"Precisely," said the tall gentleman. "Shall we say three o'clock?"

Mother had the pearls still sealed in their envelope, in her bag when Mr. De Witt appeared at the Plaza. He was a handsome man who looked like a United States Senator, and Mother felt herself being envied as she walked through the lobby with him. It was quite thrilling, too, to return to the jeweler's in the private limousine provided.

When they arrived at the jeweler's, Mr. De Witt ushered Mother past

all the counters of diamonds and rubies, past the sterling silver and exquisite crystalware into a handsomely furnished room at the far end. There Mother was seated at a table, and a cloth of heavy black velvet was put before her.

"Our Mr. Duprez does the restringing, madam, and will be with us in a moment," said Mr. De Witt.

Mr. Duprez, a sharp-featured little Frenchman with fancy mustaches, soon bowed his way into the room. Sitting down, he placed a tray of implements on the table, smoothed out the velvet, and reached for the Plaza envelope. They all watched as he opened it with thin, careful fingers and let the pearls roll out. He was about to put on a pair of spectacles when he suddenly stiffened. His hand trembled, he hesitated, and then he adjusted the glasses hastily over his ears. He took a slow, steady look at the pearls and then he breathed suddenly with a sharp, hissing sound.

"Madam has been robbed!" he cried. "The police must be summoned! These are not pearls!"

Mother blinked. "Oh, I'm sure I haven't been robbed!" she said. "Everyone at the Plaza was so nice — I — I couldn't think such a thing of them!" She leaned over and stared at the beads. "No," she said, and heaved a sigh of relief. "Those are my pearls all right — I remember the clasp quite well. You see, it is a *fleur de lis* design in gold and diamonds — not *real* diamonds, of course — but it's a charming clasp, don't you think?"

Mother turned to Mr. Duprez, and from him to Mr. De Witt. Mr. De Witt was scarlet of face and looked

ready to have a stroke, while the little Frenchman had turned gray white and was grasping the arm of his chair. His mouth opened, but no sound came.

"Is something the matter?" Mother asked in alarm.

Mr. De Witt was the first to recover the power of speech. "Madam," he said, "you are sitting in a private room of the world's most exalted dealer in gems. On that very chair you occupy, the Aga Khan has sat while new designs were drawn for his priceless emeralds. The Prince of Wales has brought family jewels to this very room, to discuss resetting. In spite of this, we are not too proud to resetting the pearls of any American citizen. But, madam, we do not reset string beads that have cost 98 cents!"

Mother drew herself up. "I think you are being very rude," she said coldly. "These are certainly not 98-cent pearls. My daughter gave them

to me for Christmas. I never inquired the price — something I dare say you couldn't understand — but I know that they are *good* pearls even though they aren't *real* pearls. If you don't care to resetting them, you are at liberty to decline, but I must say I think your manner is far from courteous."

By the time Mother finished speaking, Mr. De Witt had pulled himself together and had risen to his feet.

"Madam is right," he said, looking like a Senator once more. "The error is ours! I apologize for forgetting myself — it was just that in all the 30 years I've been with the firm — but never mind that! The error was ours. Duprez, you will resetting madam's — er — madam's *pearls* at once —"

"Oh, thank you!" said Mother, all smiles again.

"And there will be no charge!"

Mr. De Witt added. His expression was one of pain, but it was of pain nobly borne.



Who Has Pictures to Help the Navy?

An urgent call for pictures and maps of the Japanese controlled area in the Pacific, to be used in invasion plans, has been issued by the U. S. Navy. Specific areas of interest are the Japanese mainland, the Japanese mandated islands, and Iormosa and the Kuriles. Korea, Manchuria, occupied China, the Netherlands East Indies, Indo China, Thailand, Malaya and Burma.

Analysis of ground level photographs adds immeasurably to data gleaned from aerial photographs. In particular, shore line photographs aid planners of landings on hostile areas in determining exactly the best zones for invasion and in estimating the requirements for operations preliminary to the invasion. Photographs may save lives.

Readers willing to loan or give maps and pictures are requested to communicate with the nearest office of Naval Intelligence. District Intelligence Offices are located in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Charleston, Miami, New Orleans, Chicago, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Annapolis and Washington, D. C.

The Flag Goes Up Again in the Philippines

(Condensed from Collier's)

Royal Arch Gunnison

I GOT BACK in time to see the first American flag go up in the Philippines. The boys who hit that tough Red Beach on Leyte Island 30 seconds before H Hour were determined to get their banner up as quickly as it was safe to send a man up a palm. But my personal reason for wanting to be on hand dated from a dark, muggy day in January 1942, when I was a prisoner of the Japs in Manila and watched them drop the red, white and blue bunting from the flagpole in front of the High Commissioner's office and stomp on it.

There was plenty of ceremonial gunfire that day when the Japs hoisted their rising sun. But now there was more purposeful gunfire for our Red Beach ceremony. All hell was breaking loose.

A tough sergeant in spotted jungle suit rose up out of his foxhole. "Don't think so and so's know these islands belong to us!" he shouted. "Come on! Let's get 'em out of there!"

I was about to follow the sergeant's men when I heard a GI say, "Well, this is about the time to put it up."

I turned to see a grimy soldier holding a small American flag and studying the palm stumps for a suitable flagpole.

Boatloads of soldiers, landing up and down the beach, hit the sand then rose on their elbows to watch the

flag go up. American and Jap dead were spinkled at the bases of nearby uprooted palm stumps. A wounded GI lying 20 feet away, motioned a hospital corpsman aside so he could watch.

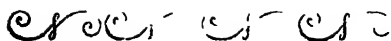
A short dash and a jump carried 20-year-old Pfc. Austin Holder of Chammooga several steps up the topless palm trunk he had chosen. He was wearing a telephone lineman's climbing spikes. He had the flag tied around his waist.

We could hear slugs thumping into the tree trunk, but the flag bearer didn't stop. About halfway up he made a grab at his waist to pull the flag loose. As if someone had led them in a cheer, the boys on litters and in foxholes and on the beach cried "Higher! higher! Take it up higher!" And he did.

His helmet had slipped over one eye, but he carefully tied the knot on top and the knot on the bottom of the bunting. Then, because at that moment there was no breeze, Pfc. Austin Holder reached over and lifted the end of the flag out straight.

There it was — all 48 stars and 13 stripes — once more high over Philippine soil.

There was another throaty cheer as Holder slid down the palm pole. That's all there was to it. The war went on from there.



Life in These

* ON OUR wedding night our car broke down in upper Michigan 20 miles from nowhere. After a long walk we saw a house in which a light was burning. My knock was answered by an elderly man and his white haired wife.

"Our car stalled down the road," I said, "and we wondered if we might spend the night here?"

The old man glanced dubiously at his wife and muttered "Well, young fellow, we'd sure like to help you but just then my wife touched her hair and a few grains of rice fell to the floor."

A light beamed in the old lady's eyes and she interrupted her husband "Of course you children can stay here. Just come in and sit down while I get the guest room ready."

A few minutes later she ushered us into a room where there was not only a comfortable bed but a tray with tea and cookies. The old lady closed the door with a cheerful "Good night."

We rose early the next morning and were tiptoeing out when my wife touched my arm and whispered "Look!" There in the gray light of dawn we saw the old lady curled up in a red shawl on the sofa, and the old man sprawled uncomfortably in a chair.

I tiptoed back to the "guest" room and added a ten dollar bill to the five dollars I had left.

— LARRY LEE STUCK

* DURING a Shriners' convention in Los Angeles one of the downtown boulevards was roped off for a parade. Only official cars with large signs such as *Potentate* and *Past Potentate* were allowed there, all other traffic was halted or rerouted. But one ingenious Californian got by the police blockade and drove nonchalantly down the street. His placard read *Past Participle!*

— MILFORD P. JOHNSON

* WE DIDN'T realize the pastor of our little New England church had a sense of humor until this pathetic card was mailed to members of his parish.

"If absence makes the heart grow fonder, what a lot of folks must love this church!"

— LOUISE BAER

* I MET a lumberjack named Rocky on the street one day and remarked, "You're out of camp early this year."

"I quit," he replied.

"How did you come to do that?"

"Well, I had a hard time deciding what to do. I was tired of working and wanted to go on a binge. Still, I felt I should finish the season in the woods. After bothering about it quite a while I decided to leave it to chance."

"Chance?"

"Yeah. I threw my axe into the air. If the axe came back down I was to quit."

— LON WOODRUM

* IN A large industrial city of the South there lived a colorful old character, 72 years old but hard as nails who had lived and worked near the railroad tracks all his life. Locomotive smoke was perfume to his nostrils. One year, after much persuasion, he agreed to spend a short vacation at a country cottage far from city smoke. When he returned, I asked him how he liked the country.

"All right," he snapped, "except for the air. Weak as pond water. No element in it. I'll take city smoke any time. Real nourishment there."

— EDWARD F. LICK

* LATE one moonlight night in a Florida trailer camp, I was awakened by the sound of newcomers parking in the next lot. Eventually the bustle died down and for a time all was serene. Then I heard a rough male voice, evidently out

ited States



side the trailer, calling to someone inside it

"Edith," said the voice. No answer.

"Edith!" it called louder. "Can't you hear me?"

Silence still prevailed. A moment later the exquisitely tranquil night was shattered with "GOSHDAMMIT, EDITH YOU COME OUT HYAR OR I'LL THRASH YOU!"

Edith apparently heard and came for the voice suddenly lowered and, hoarse with ecstasy, croaked "Edith, jest look at that star moon!"

— I LORENZO FRITZ

* A FRIEND of ours, visiting in Charleston, S. C. heard that an old friend was laid up with rheumatism. Remembering that the old lady always read the newspaper from cover to cover she sent over her copy of the New York Sunday *Times*, sure her old friend would derive much pleasure from so much reading matter.

A few days later our friend went to call and as she was leaving the old lady handed her the paper, neatly folded and obviously unread. "I think you, honey, for this paper," she said. "But you know — I don't know anyone in New York."

— MIRIAM E. MOSSMAN

* PAYING a business call at a Kansas farm, I found the farmer placing forkfuls of hay along the edge of a shed roof. "What are you doing that for?" I asked, my curiosity aroused.

"Well," the farmer replied, "this ain't very good hay, and if I put it in the manger the cows won't touch it. But if I put it up here where they can just barely reach it they think they're stealing it, and they'll eat every bit of it."

— HARRY J. WILLIAMS

* WE WERE dining in a smart New York restaurant and noticed the utter adora-

tion with which the headwaiter, waiters and bus boys hovered around a pretty girl who was with a young officer. As we left I asked the headwaiter why she received such special service. "She's the finest lady I ever knew," he said, and told this story.

Several weeks earlier the girl had been eating a hasty snack before going to the opera. A waiter carrying a heavy tray was approaching her table when another patron rose suddenly to greet a lady. In the inevitable crash, soup, gravy and oysters cascaded over the girl's white evening dress. The staff scurried to mop her off, while other diners tried to look the other way. Then the girl's clear voice was heard calm and amused.

"It was a horrid dress," she said to the flustered waiter. "It bunched in the rear and I never liked it. I live near here. Keep my food hot. I'll be right back."

"And do you know, sir," continued the headwaiter, when she got back all fresh and pretty in a new frock, she went to the manager. If anything happens to that waiter, she told him, "I'll never come here again and neither will my friends!"

— HENRY F. PRINGLE

The Reader's Digest invites contributions to Life in These United States

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay \$200. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents, from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Address "Life in These United States" Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Bootleg Nylons

Watch out for the fellow who offers to sell you 'nylon' hosiery! There isn't any

Condensed from This Week Magazine

With additions by the author

Frank Brock

NO MORE man can fully understand the power of nylon stockings over women's minds, hearts and consciences. But a lot of men are busy exploiting this feminine weakness.

Foremost example Uncle Sam. The only legitimate purchaser of nylon hosiery in the world is the U. S. Government. No, the stockings aren't sent to Iceland on lend-lease," as reported in a silly story that was repeated on the floor of Congress. They travel a much more devious route.

Our secret agents overseas discovered that a half dozen pairs of sheer nylons would buy more information from certain mysterious women in Europe and North Africa than a fistful of money. After all, what could the ladies buy with money in the empty shops of the Old World? So several huge hosiery mills, which had made no nylons since Pearl Harbor received substantial orders from Washington. The necessary yarn they were informed, would be available. Pleasantly surprised, they turned out the merchandise—the only nylons legitimately manufactured in years.

Nevertheless, enough American women want nylon stockings at any price, in contempt of law, and with callous indifference to our soldiers' needs for other nylon goods, to support a sizable black market. It is some

satisfaction to record that the black market operators give the women a merciless stinging.

Thirteen cases of raw nylon en route from the Du Pont factory in Martinsville, Va. to a parachute yarn plant in Winston-Salem, N. C., were stolen from a motor freight terminal in Greensboro, N. C. Accepting the thin story that the nylon was salvage from a warehouse fire, two manufacturers made it up into hosiery. It was spread as far as possible by making the feet and tops of cotton. But these skimpy makeshift stockings sold readily for \$5 a pair to bootleggers, who in turn got \$10 a pair from customers, male and female, heaved by the magic word 'nylon.' The nylon yarn was worth \$7800; it was made into \$140,000 worth of stockings.

IBI and OPA agents arrested three men. One, a former official of a trucking company, was fined \$5000 and is serving a two-year prison term.

The two hosiery mill men were fined \$12,000 each and placed on 18 months probation. The Government agents managed to seize 5000 pairs of hose before they could be peddled. These, by court order, were sold at the OPA ceiling price of \$1.65 a pair in the office of the U. S. Marshal in Greensboro. The sale was to begin at ten o'clock in the morning. At 5 a. m. the queue began to form, when the doors opened, the line of women four abreast, extended four city blocks.

Half of them went away disappointed

Much more intricate was another scheme for black market nylons. A silk mill in Pennsylvania got a contract to convert raw nylon into thread for glider towropes. Part of the raw nylon was systematically snatched, and accounted for in reports to the WPB as "spoilage." The "spoiled" nylon was transported to three hosiery mills whose owners were in the plot. When the FBI cracked down, it found 10,320 pairs of nylons in one warehouse, 6,500 unfinished pairs in another, enough thread to make 36,000 pairs more. Four men were indicted.

Most pitfalls of the nylon black market are sprung in two ways: they pay fantastic prices and they do not get nylon. Travelers and even professional merchandise buyers who should know better, have bought 'Mexican nylons' in quantities. Sometimes they have misleading names such as "cubonyl." Dozens of pairs have turned up for laboratory analysis at the New York headquarters of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers. They're just rayon. You can get them at any hosiery counter in the United States — ceiling price, \$1.25.

An Omaha store imported 1680 pairs of these 'nylons' in good faith and advertised them at \$2.25 plus \$1.85 for customs duty. The Better Business Bureau had a pair analyzed and thus convinced the merchant he had been victimized. The stockings were withdrawn from sale.

The lengths to which the gyps will go is indicated by the troubles of the Van Raalte Company. It is getting a stream of complaints about hosiery

bought as nylon, stamped with the Van Raalte name and the nylon trademark and, most convincing, made with the patented Van Raalte toe. Some victims bought the counterfeits in Mexico City, some bought them from bootleggers in the United States, but it seems plain the imitations were all made in Mexico.

The small amount of honest nylon wastage or spoilage that does occur in war production is allotted to manufacturers of underwear, brassieres and girdles — never to hosiery mills. Every retailer should know that there just isn't any nylon hosiery to be had. Still, when George M. Toney wrote to 1000 stores from a post office box address in Washington, D. C., offering nylons at \$7.44 a dozen pairs, he got orders with some \$2000 cash by return mail. There is no guesswork about the money, because postal authorities opened his mail and counted it.

Ruses of the bootleggers show little originality. The driver of a delivery truck, often bearing the name of a well known shop, stops a woman on the street and tells her that some nylons were put on his truck by mistake. She can have them at \$5 (or \$10) a pair. Or a peddler drifts into a doctor's office on the pretext of making an appointment. He casually mentions that the parcel in his hand contains nylon stockings — unfortunately not his wife's size. Could any one use them? He is typical of the shifty-eyed, furtive nylon bootleggers who canvass office buildings in the big cities.

Perhaps the limit of credulity is reached by the people who buy com pounds which, dissolved in water, will

ROANOKE'S Volunteer Lifesavers

Condensed from Public Safety

James J. Kilpatrick
and
Charles Henry Hamilton

This citizen emergency squad
has saved 200 lives—an idea for
your town

ON A May afternoon in 1909, a boy on the bank of the Roanoke River watched helplessly while two men struggled in the water, trying to reach their overturned canoe. Bystanders shouted house advice, and tossed branches into the stream. The men kept crying for help — then suddenly they were gone.

Memory of the scene haunted the boy for years. It was a needless tragedy — there should be means of quick rescue for accident victims. Just 19 years later, in May 1928, Julian S. Wise, the boy grown man, organized with nine other volunteers the Roanoke Lifesaving and First Aid Crew, the first of its kind in America. As its fame has spread, other communities have founded lifesaving crews on the Roanoke, Va., model.

The Roanoke crew answers 1500 calls a year. In its 16 years, it has saved more than 200 lives. And when the records say a life was saved, it means that the physician on the scene so attests. People have been saved from death by drowning, gas, attempted suicide, pulled from burning autos, cave ins and live wires, rescued from floods.

There are 25 members now, all business and professional men. Membership is a coveted honor. To be

admitted on probation when a vacancy occurs is only the beginning. The new member must learn swimming, to meet the Red Cross lifesaving test; first aid, techniques of using inhalator, iron lung, acetylene torch and "hot stick" for handling live wires; expert canoeing, use of diving helmet, grappling iron, underwater telephone. Members must attend two hour drills every Wednesday night. They must be on call 24 hours a day. Not for two years is a new member permitted to answer calls without the supervision of an older member. And yet there is a long waiting list!

At first the crew had a difficult time overcoming public indifference. It was usually called too late to save life, and asked only to help recover a body. But gradually the public learned that crew members knew what they were doing, and would work long hours on the faintest hope of pumping life back into someone apparently dead.

Then the city council contributed \$300 which was spent for an early type of inhalator for gas and smoke victims. A few grappling poles were donated. Captain Wise tirelessly promoted the thought of calling the crew promptly. Finally, in 1931, it made a sensational rescue. A 16 year old

Poison from Europe

Condensed from The American Mercury

Francis Rufus Bellamy

DOWN in Argentina, behind the smoke screen of diplomatic double-talk, one of the most sinister figures of the Western Hemisphere is at work. His name is Fritz Mandl. He was a munitions maker in Austria, now he is a central figure in Argentina's new armament program. He is Menace No. 1 to the peace of the Americas. He is poison from Europe.

Fritz Mandl's contradictions are extraordinary. He insists at times that he is a friend of the Allies, yet he boasted after Dunkirk of his excellent relationships with the Nazis. He calls himself a refugee from the Gestapo, but all Buenos Aires saw him bring a Nazi official from Germany to help him set up a munitions plant in Argentina.

Mandl was born rich in 1900. Before he was 30 his father gave him the management of the family munitions plant in Vienna, the great Hirtenberger Works. European wars fattened him. During the Spanish Civil War, Franco was in his debt. *Il Duce* decorated him for help to Italy in the Abyssinian War. Armaments have netted him over 60 million dollars. As a result, weapons of destruction have always fascinated him.

This article is derived from confidential sources and authentic documents available to the author.



The ineffable Fritz Mandl, merchant of death (and once the husband of Hedy Lamarr if you're interested) helps implement Argentina's armament program and stirs up trouble in Latin America.

He goes into raptures over new land mines which tear off the feet of advancing soldiers.

An Argentine citizen now worth many millions, according to Mandl himself he is still only a poor refugee. "I have always followed one direction exclusively," he says, "that of an Austrian patriot. Because of it I have lost my country and the greater part of my fortune."

However, the record shows that, when danger first threatened Austria, in 1937, the patriot abandoned his country. When the Nazis marched in he was running the Hirtenberger Works from a villa on the French Riviera. The record of the losses he sustained at the hands of the Nazis is similarly dubious.

Aligned as early as 1927 with the Austrian fascists, he later armed Prince Starhemberg's Home Guard by a stratagem. He sold ammunition to Mussolini for the conquest of Ethiopia. By agreement the Italian Government was overcharged 30 per

cent With this money Mandl bought arms in Italy and smuggled them back into Austria *Il Duce* thus was trying secretly to balk German expansion

When Hitler's invasion of Austria was in the making, Mandl was thus already on record as having backed the Austrian fascists Fearing this would not meet with Hitler's approval, Mandl made a secret visit to Austrian Foreign Minister Schmidt, before the German entrance into Vienna, and left Austria with his personal fortune and all the ready cash of the Hirtenberger Works

To take money out was a criminal offense One of the first acts of the invading Nazis in 1938, therefore, was to confiscate the Mandl estates for 'high treason' and seize the Hirtenberger Works Promptly Mandl selected as his personal agents the firm of Johann Wehli international bankers of Zurich, and sent them to Berlin to bargain

For a refugee, he got a good bargain In exchange for the return of the Hirtenberger cash, he got back his Austrian estates plus a million dollars in pounds sterling and a million and a quarter reichsmarks His personal funds were not mentioned As late as 1944 he still referred to the Hirtenberger Works as 'my works in Vienna'

But there was a typical Nazi joker The deal was made in behalf of the Nazis by a bureau called the Gustloff Foundation One clause called for the payment by Mandl of all back taxes on his estates As soon as the taxes were paid the estates were seized again, this time by the Gestapo When Mandl screamed "fraud,"

the Gustloff Foundation blandly explained that the Gestapo was a different bureau of the Reich over which the Foundation had no control Mandl lost his estates That is the basis for his description of himself as a refugee from the Gestapo

Mandl had taken his first look at Argentina late in 1937 It was not an ordinary investor's trip, the oncoming Nazi storm already darkened the sky But Mandl himself had definite plans transcending mere safety

He was well received in political circles His relationships with Mussolini and Franco were of value, he already knew many Argentine Army officers, and the German Embassy itself recommended him Everything seemed favorable to the project he had in mind

October of 1938 saw him in Buenos Aires again This time he bought a cattle ranch and a rice plantation, deposited 700 kilos of gold bars in Argentina's Central Bank, a like amount with Lloyd's in London put \$2 000 000 to his credit in New York, and set up in Buenos Aires a personal holding company for his fortune Included in the list of incorporators was a leading Argentine Nazi As usual, Mandl kept his name out of it, he controlled by power of attorney

He entered into partnership with one of Argentina's leading families He invested in plastics, cement and textiles, interested himself in artificial silk and synthetic rubber, bought a ship and sold it to the Japanese He carefully cultivated relationships with Argentina's military officers in particular General Basilio Pertene and General Juan Bautista Molina, both highly placed pro Nazis

In October 1939 Mandl arrived in New York for a visit of seven months. Included in his large entourage was a Nazi official, a metallurgical expert released by Germany to help Mandl's plans. Already his dream had begun to take practical shape—a huge, new and greater Hirtenberger Works rising in Argentina.

He purchased machinery and materials for a large bicycle factory—yes, bicycles, but wait!—entered into negotiations for a brass mill and bought machine tools. On the advice of his Nazi metallurgical expert he concluded a contract with a large engineering firm which had built the Hermann Goring Werke and one of Britain's great steel plants. He hired this concern to survey the field in Argentina and draw up plans and estimates for a steel plant.

Mandl returned to Buenos Aires—in time to hear of the tragedy of Dunkirk. Here was an unexpected turn of events. He had counted on buying his materials and equipment in the United States. But obviously a victorious Germany could meet his needs better than an isolated America.

Within 48 hours, therefore, he changed his plans and cabled his old friend, Austrian Minister Schmidt now in Berlin and director of the Hermann Goring Werke, proposing an all out collaboration in setting up his new steel combine in Argentina. He suggested that in return for Schmidt's collaboration he would see to it that the Argentine Government purchased its other steel requirements from the Hermann Goring Werke. Receiving a favorable reply, he promptly sent to Germany the de-

tailed plans and estimates already in hand. What he wanted to obtain was the Krupp process whereby steel is extracted from iron-ore sands such as those which stretch endlessly along Argentina's southern coast. He talked no more about his hatred of the Gestapo. His relationships with Germany were excellent, he boasted.

However, before the Germans could act on his proposal, Britain's stubborn defense shook Fritz Mandl's confidence in eventual Nazi victory. Cautiously he resumed negotiations with the United States.

On August 27, 1941 in *Union Argentina* appeared a full page article describing concretely the new bicycle factory. Mandl had consistently denied to his American friends any idea of making munitions, yet tucked away in the article was the information that the bicycle plant could be turned to ammunition making in 24 hours. The article also asked a most embarrassing question: Precisely what were the circumstances whereby Fritz Mandl had been able to take a huge fortune out of Austria?

This was only one of several fleabites which were making things uncomfortable for Mandl. The British and American colonies and many Argentine families still ostracized him and German residents had become uncertain of his real relationship with Berlin. When he sought membership in the exclusive Jockey Club he was blackballed. He attributed his rejection to a campaign against him by the German Embassy.

Then another blow fell. Through the New York office of a private banking firm of Buenos Aires, Mandl had sent \$100,000 in currency to a

Brooklyn brewery — for “safekeeping” In June 1941 the brewery, obeying the Treasury regulations for reporting foreign funds, revealed the transaction The firm which had acted for Mandl, although Argentine in name, was partly Swiss — which brought it under Foreign Funds Control as having a European interest

Various circumstances aroused Washington's suspicions, an investigation was pushed The upshot was that in October 1942 all Mandl's American resources and activities were blocked by order of the U S Treasury His company in Argentina soon found it impossible to obtain materials from the United States Here was real trouble

Mandl talked to every influential North American and Britisher who would listen He loved the Allies, he insisted Confident his negotiations with the Hermann Goering Werke were secret, he proclaimed that he never had any dealings with the Nazis His only chance to regain his Austrian estates was by Allied victory On what possible grounds could such a mistaken action be based? For many months he was a constant visitor at the American and British embassies — to no avail

To his Argentine military friends he confided finally that he had always hated the Allies anyway He would go it alone, he boasted All further necessary drawings were on their way from Vienna and Berlin All necessary machinery could be tooled by Cometa Agreements had been made for Chilean copper and iron, steel from Sweden was available, scrap iron was at hand in great quan-

tity, experts were at his elbow to help him, five fabricating steel plants were already at work All he needed to start up again in the munitions business in a big way was a little clever propaganda among his military friends to make sure of orders, and a chance to buy into Argentine industry so that he would not appear as a foreigner out merely for personal profit

Propaganda he found easy Many of the military clique already half believed that Brazil coveted Argentina's rich Corrientes province and the territory of Misiones Lend-lease, they suspected was merely a Yankee trick whereby Brazil under cover of arming for a European war, could secure armament for the conquest of Argentina

Such beliefs were fertile ground for Fritz Mandl and he made the most of his opportunity With the success of the June 1943 revolution in Argentina he found himself on intimate terms with the new military rulers of a country ripe for armament at any cost

In October of that year Mandl bought surreptitiously into an old Argentine concern named Impa Makers of airplanes arms and trucks, the firm was directed by Jose Mario Sueyro, brother of the late Vice-President of Argentina and of the present Minister of Marine Included in its customers were many black-listed concerns and among its personnel were escaped Italian air pilots from the Italian Lini Line seized by the Brazilian Government

Impa had everything that Cometa lacked — machinery materials, an old Argentine name and above all

an intimate blood relationship through Sueyro with Argentina's military rulers. By November the merger was complete. Mandl changed Cometa over to ammunition making, bought out those stockholders who complained, put in Jose Sueyro as president and took control for himself.

Early in 1944 the Argentine Government awarded Impero Armamentos its first contract—56 million pesos for arms, ammunition, mines, trucks and field kitchens—with further contracts for airplanes and warships to follow.

Fritz Mandl is going ahead fast. Since January 1944 the production facilities of Impero Armamentos have been tripled: rolling mills are being bought in Brazil, technical processes, drawings and production know-how have been secured from a Hungarian Goring subsidiary in Budapest, and has been purchased outside San Martin for a new brass and copper foundry, and a great new munitions combine is in course of construction in the proud land of the pampas.

One result is that Fritz Mandl has been black-listed as an open enemy of the Allies. But to many Argentines such a black listing appears as an outright American attempt to sabotage Argentina's armament program—one more stride along the long path of Allied coercion.

Mandl is also personal adviser to Colonel Peron, Vice President. As such he influences not only Argentina's armament program but her fiscal and industrial policies as well.

He works closely with the Argentine War Materials Commission and with General Savio, head of the Argentine Army armisticians.

So powerful is he, in fact, that alarmists insist that all his activities are part of an agreement with the Nazis dating back to 1938, whereby Argentina will eventually be taken over by the Germans precisely as, through Quisling, Norway was acquired.

Nazi agent or mere profiteer, however Fritz Mandl is in a position now to push his ambitions to the limit.

Just what can be done about it is not easy to say. In Fritz Mandl's background are decades of intrigues, hatreds and suspicions of Central Europe, with their deadly flower of armament contracts. The nations of South America are to him merely another series of Balkan states, with the same or greater armament possibilities. Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Paraguay—all are on his list of preferred prospects. To drum up business he is cheerfully looking forward to immediate trouble with Brazil.

As an example of Europe in poison brought to the Western Hemisphere, Mandl is tops. His god is money, war and death are his allies. Peace and democracy are unintelligible to him. But he has persuaded the military rulers of Argentina that they need him. He is an Argentine patriot now. He is an increasing menace to the peace of all South America—a menace which sooner or later will have to be faced.



It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By Wilfred Funk

EACH new word you learn opens a new door in your mind. Your words are the keys to your thoughts, and the more words you have at your command, the deeper, clearer and more accurate will be your thinking, your understanding and your power of expression. So become curious about words. Look up those that are unfamiliar to you and discover their meanings. Make a game of it. It's fun. And it's a valuable game, too.

Below is a brief vocabulary test based on 20 words selected from a recent issue of *The Reader's Digest*. After each word are four other words or phrases. Underline either a, b, c or d, whichever one you think comes nearest in meaning. Check your results against the answers on the following page and find out your vocabulary rating.

(1) egress — a entrance b exit c wild animal d progress

(2) meticulous — a unpleasant b amusing c finicky d helpful

(3) mundane — a mournful b stuffy c a career d worldly

(4) mull — a to think over b to urinate c to moisten d to sulk

(5) panoply — a a full suit of armor b a tool c great pomp d an inlaid floor

(6) torque — a a turban b a jest c a Turkish dash d that which produces a twist

(7) prototype — a a primitive form b print c a photograph d a high dictionary

(8) palliate — a to flatter b to lessen c to ingratiate d to be generous

(9) malevolent — a homely b wishing evil c bad tempered d pessimistic

(10) myopia — a deafness b a political philosophy c near sightedness d a style of writing

(11) protocol — a an act of aggression b a

preliminary agreement between countries c generosity d a reference book

(12) mulct — a to ferment wine b to prepare food for cattle c to deprive of by tribute d to fertile land

(13) centrifuge — a a type of musical composition b an architectural term c a middle course d a machine for separating by rotation

(14) clandestine — a calm b extremely cold c kept secret d clannish

(15) fuliginous — a overwhelming b like snow or smoke c bulging d like a lightning flash

(16) autonomy — a a right to self rule b a dictatorship c rule of the majority d rule of a small class

(17) surreptitious — a repetitious b over generous c clandestine d done by secret means

(18) transmute — a transport b translate c carry across d change in form

(19) flagrant — a wondering b evil smelling c openly scandalous d absurd

(20) tentative — a grasping b experimental c intense d leisurely

What's the Word?

Fred I. Green
This Week Magazine

FOLLOWING are 12 sentences, each containing an italicized, intentional error in diction. For each mistake you can correct, count ten points. A score of 60 is fair, 90 is good and 120 is perfect. Check your answers with those on the following page.

(1) A new airplane has been designed that will average *better* than 500 miles an hour.

(2) Try *and* catch me! challenged the small boy.

- (3) When the show was over the actor made his *exodus*
 (4) Her son was *ausfully* grateful for the present
 (5) The new battleship was quickly tied to the *dock*
 (6) After the meeting the members of the Debating Club went their *divers* ways
 (7) Because of his *bad* stomach, the ailing man spent a sleepless night
 (8) Prisoners are first arraigned at the Magistrate's Court
 (9) At times we are all *apt* to be mistaken
 (10) The people of some foreign lands have a strange *habit* of wearing precious stones in their teeth
 (11) Soon after taking office, the governor elected *cor* ined the legislature
 (12) The visitor was told to return *bye* and *bye*

Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

| | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|---------------------------|------------|
| 1 b, | 6-d, | 11-b, | 16-a | <i>Vocabulary Ratings</i> | |
| 2-c, | 7-a, | 12-c, | 17-d | 20-15 correct | excellent |
| 3 d, | 8-b, | 13-d | 18-d, | 14-10 correct | good |
| 4 i, | 9-b, | 14-c | 19 c, | 9-6 correct | average |
| 5-a, | 10-c, | 15-b, | 20-b | under 6 correct | inadequate |

Answers to What's the Word?

- 1 Use *more* instead of *better*
- 2 Do not use *aid* in place of *to*, unless two separate acts are implied by the verb
- 3 Use *exit*. An *exodus* denotes the departure of a large number of people
- 4 Substitute *very* for *ausfully*
- 5 Ships are tied to *wharves*. A *dock* is the slip or waterway extending between two piers or projecting *wharves* or cut into the land for the reception of ships
- 6 Substitute *diverse* for *divers*. *Divers* means several *diverse* different
- Use *ill* not *bad*
- An argument occurs *in* not *at* court
- 9 *lft* is used erroneously for *likely* or *liable*
- 10 Use the word *custom* instead of the word *habit*. The latter is acquired, but the former is followed
- 11 Use *conote*. It means to call to gether. To *conote* is to come together
- 12 In an adverbial sense use *by* and *by*

Undress Parade

ANNOUNCEMENT is made to naval personnel over public address systems customarily begin with 'Attention, all hands!' and conclude with 'That is all'

Sailors attending to their duties at an eastern naval air station were startled recently by the following announcement

"Attention, all hands! The Waves will report this afternoon on the drill field for inspection at 14 o'clock. The Waves will wear hats and ties. That is all"

— Contributed by Don Rose

CHow an American flier lived in the midst of the Germans and escaped capture — an exciting and heart warming story from the war in Italy

GIUSEPPE and the Sergeant

Condensed from St. Louis Post-Dispatch + *Frederic Sondern, Jr*

THE British captain looked suspiciously at the tall, blond, bearded man in his tattered clothes "Incredible," he said "An American flier in these hills for seven months? Right in the middle of the Jerries?" The little Italian farmer who had brought the American in edged up to the captain "But itsa true," he announced in his best Italo American "I see him come down I take care him a long time We very gooda friends " He grinned broadly

And it *was* true For seven months Staff Sergeant Lee Nelson had lived within a few miles of the great German fortress at Cassino — on cheese, crusts of bread, and his wits The Nazis had almost stumbled over him time and again From his mountain hide-

SERGEANT NELSON enlisted in his home town Rockford Ill in June 1941 and asked for assignment to the Air Force His hobby was radio In July 1942 he was sent with the 12th Medium Bomb Group to North Africa — one of the first outfits to go After considerable service with the Desert Air Force, he was grounded for several months by malaria He began to fly again in Sicily and was shot down on his fifth mission Word that he was missing in action reached his mother the day after his father had died Sergeant Nelson recently came home, married the girl in Rockford, and is on duty at a southern air base When he gets out of the Army, he has been promised a job with his father's old firm, the Borg Warner Corporation

out he had looked down on the vast panorama of the fateful battles for the Hitler Line, until the tide of the Allied advance finally swept past and set him free Says Sergeant Nelson, very solemnly "It was a crazy thing to have happen to a guy "

It was possible only because of Giuseppe, the little Italian farmer Giuseppe had spent years in the United States When he went back to Italy, to take care of his aged parents, he left his heart in America And when Fate presented him with a chance to help an American soldier, he was overjoyed Let the Sergeant start the story

"WE WERE sweating it out to Ponte Gorda that day I was radio man in a B-25 Around Cassino a lot of flak started coming up and the left engine was hit It squirted flame, and soon the ship was afire Over the interphone the pilot said, 'Abandon ship ' so I put on my chute, got over to the hatch, waited my turn, and jumped

"And was that a loony jump! When I reached for the rip-cord handle, it wasn't there The parachute pack had broken loose and was flapping around in the air above me, the shroud lines slapping my face I hauled it down to me, found the handle and pulled So nothing had gotten jammed, though and only a

little silk came out. I had to sled the rest out with my hands. I was falling pretty fast, by then, and doing omelet-saults like a trapeze artist. When the chute finally did take hold, the body straps almost cut me in half. Then I began to oscillate badly. When you're coming down fast on a mountainside covered with boulders, that's no fun. The ground came up and hit me with a bang.

"The next few hours were a bad dream. I knew I was right in the middle of one of the biggest German military concentrations in Italy — with a battered ankle that hurt so much I couldn't walk. No cigarettes, food, or anything. The scramble in the plane had been so sudden. I didn't know where the other fellows were. I hadn't seen their chutes, I had fallen much faster on account of the delayed release, and apparently in a different direction. I was alone, all right, and I never knew you could feel so lonely.

"Suddenly something moved against the horizon. Ankle or no ankle, I hit the ground like a snake — for the first of many, many times. But the four Italians had seen me and came up waving and shouting — it's a wonder they didn't bring down the whole German Army on us. They half-carried, half-led me to a stone hut. With what little Italian I had managed to pick up in Sicily, I overheard them talking in whispers about turning me over to the Nazis. I kept hearing the word 'dangerous'.

"And then this little guy, Churchill, walks in. I couldn't ever pronounce his real name, so that's what I called him. He has a big grin all over his face, and stretches out his hand

'Hello, my friend,' he says. 'How are you?' You gotta nothing to worry about no more. I take care of you.' And he meant it!

GIUSEPPE and his two sons had been working nearby. Giuseppe had lived on a comfortable little farm in the valley, but he was afraid the Germans would take his sons for forced labor, so they had moved to a shack on the mountain. When our planes came over that day he dropped his hoe and watched, as he always did, waving his hands and cheering. He felt more American than Italian. These were *his* bombers.

When he saw a B-25 burst into flames Giuseppe stomped and cursed. Five white parachutes billowed out. Four slithered sideways with the wind and down — right into a German encampment. The fifth, after plummeting earthward for breath-taking seconds, disappeared behind the mountain. We must find him before the Germans do, said Giuseppe. 'He will be hurt. We must save him.'

From the first, Giuseppe embarrased the Sergeant with the intensity of his feelings. 'Donta you worry,' he declined. 'As long as I have a crust of bread, this big' — his mobile hands made a microscopic gesture — 'you getta half. You lika my son.'

He was as good as his word. He took Nelson to his own shack at first, but it was dangerous to stay there in daytime. The Germans continually sent patrols into the mountains in search of livestock. So, in a well-hidden spot, Giuseppe and his sons built a lean-to for the Sergeant. It cost them their invaluable hoard of

wood and canvas, and Nelson objected. Giuseppe waved him aside.

"It's no Statler Hotel," he said. "But it's good and warm."

The Sergeant had narrow escapes.

Several times they almost stumbled over me," he says. "Once, after my ankle was a little better, I had started out on a walk. That was about all I could do. I had nothing to read, I'd thought about most everything. I could think about so I just had to look at the scenery. All of a sudden I heard German voices. I hit a hole in some underbrush — fast. Along the trail came two krauts, each with a Tommy gun in the crook of his arm. They were beating the bushes with sticks, and every few minutes they'd yell *bravo* — to attract the sheep in the neighborhood, I suppose. In between they were having an argument about something, and of course they had to stop right in front of me to finish it. If one of them had so much as looked down at his feet during those ten awful minutes he couldn't have missed me. But neither of them did, and they went on their way still playing sheep."

Every evening Churchill would make sure that the coast was clear, then come up to my hide-out and take me back to his hut. Well — one evening a squad of Nazis appeared on Churchill's place. Somebody must have tipped them off about me. Churchill was afraid that I'd start out for his hut by myself and run right into an ambush. He did some fast and what must have been bitter thinking, God bless him! He had some sheep hidden away in a little meadow that the kraut hadn't found. Now he started out up the trail,

pretending he didn't know the Germans were following him, and led them right to the flock. While they were busy rounding up the animals he got away and warned me. I spent that night in a ditch. Churchill was a very solid citizen."

Giuseppe made that sacrifice as cheerfully as he did other things to "make the Sergeant happy." His tiny stock of cigarettes and the bits of food which his wife managed to smuggle up from the valley were carefully divided. Nelson's shoes began to wear out. Giuseppe found an old tire, and went down into the valley for some nails — a very dangerous sortie for him. Thus the Sergeant got new soles for his field boots. When it got cold, Giuseppe produced his highly prized greatcoat — a relic from the last war. He was very angry when Nelson suggested that he might need it himself.

Then the snow came. There was danger the Sergeant's footprints would be noticed. So the Italian, who fortunately had big feet, would walk behind Nelson would tread carefully in his prints. "It's a nuisance," Giuseppe apologized, "but necessary."

Time passed slowly for the Sergeant. He had been shot down on October 21, 1943. At first I made a scratch on my watch every day. That was when I thought I might be able to get away. But by the time my ankle was well, more and more Germans had come in. The roads in the valley below were crawling with them all the time. Finally I realized that I'd just have to wait. I did enough sleeping and thinking to last me the rest of my life. There was no work to do. The meadows where I might have

helped were all too exposed for safety. It was Churchill who kept me from going nuts."

In the evenings Giuseppe and the Sergeant had long conversations. The little Italian had worked all over the United States, in an amazing assortment of jobs — from stonemason to streetcar conductor.

"Itsa wonderful place, America," he would begin one of his dissertations, "itsa got everything! The trouble was, according to Giuseppe, that not enough Americans appreciated what they had. "Now you just taka da scenery, for example," he would say. "You think itsa beautiful here. Well, let me tell you. In Arizona . . ." And Giuseppe was off on a travelogue. Fiorello LaGuardia was one of his heroes. You bringa him over, letta him run Italy. Then you see somethings happen."

Giuseppe was convinced that the American system would work anywhere in the world. "It makes more people happy," was always his concluding argument.

The Sergeant listened. "Churchill's eyes would get all shiny, his accent would get even worse than usual, and he'd fall all over his own words. Every once in a while he'd say — 'You understanda what I say?' And I certainly did. He was such a good American that he made me feel kind of ashamed of myself. I hadn't ever thought about it very much, sort of took it for granted, I guess, the way most of us do. Giuseppe taught me a lesson I'll never forget."

And then, one day, Giuseppe went all mysterious. He dispatched one of his sons to tell the Sergeant to stay away for a night and not to come

down until the following evening. Nelson thought that the Germans were unusually active. Actually it was Christmas and Giuseppe had planned a surprise. When the Sergeant arrived at the little stone hut, it was decked out with greens. Giuseppe had slaughtered a cow. Mamma and some trusted relatives had arrived with a bottle of wine for the feast.

Nelson was blue at first. Christmas at home had always been his favorite day of the year.

"But Churchill was so happy," the Sergeant says, "that I couldn't stay blue very long. 'Some day soon, we have a real Christmas again,' he'd say. 'You see everything fix himself and we always be friends.' He grinned that terrific grin of his, and the first thing I knew I was enjoying myself. They were all smiling at me. By now I could talk to them a little in Italian, and it turned out to be one of the best Christmases I've ever had."

One morning in January, Giuseppe came panting up the mountain, so excited that he was shouting. The Fifth Army was advancing on Cassino. But that excitement was short-lived. The sound of cannonading died away, the bombers stopped coming over, and the worst months of the war — for the Sergeant — started. February, March and April dragged by. Even Giuseppe's cheeriness was wearing thin.

And then, in early May, the bombers started coming again, this time by the hundred. Giuseppe was beside himself with joy. "Now we fix 'em! Now we fix 'em!" he would shout, thumping the Sergeant's back.

At a new vantage point on the mountain they built a lookout post,

scarcely 75 feet above the main road that led from Cassino over a pass to the rear. It commanded a magnificent panoramic view of the valley below. They watched column after column of gray-clad German troops pouring forward through the gap into the valley — reinforcements for the Hitler line.

By May 15, however, the rumble of gunfire was becoming louder and louder. "That's our artillery," said Giuseppe. "Lotsa guns we got. This is very good!" The earth trembled as huge gusts of sound bounded from one mountain wall to the other and back again.

"All day long," the Sergeant relates, "heavy-caliber shells from the Allied batteries whined over our heads, into the communications lines behind us. It almost drove us crazy — wanting to correct their fire. There was one bridge they were trying hard to get. They kept missing it by a few yards. Churchill would shout, as though they might hear him, 'Uppa 50 yards! Down a 30 yards!' and pound my knee with his fist until it was black and blue. I was yelling too, like a kid at a football game. We certainly had seats on the 50 yard line."

One early dawn brought the pay off. We had been in our foxhole all

night. There was a peculiar lull. Churchill was restless and kept peering into the dark trying to see something. The first light started the guns going again, and suddenly Churchill grabbed me. "Looka there! Looka there!" he shouted in what was supposed to be a whisper. "They're coming back!" And sure enough, on the road below us, the gray columns were going the other way — with the tired, hangdog droop of beaten soldiers. In the valley a dust cloud that spouted flame was coming closer. "That's us!" yelled Churchill.

"All day the Germans kept pouring back over our road. Churchill counted every unit as they passed. I was afraid he was going to fall down the cliff right into them, in his excitement. Pretty soon they's alla finished," he announced. And sure enough, the first Allied tank soon nosed round the elbow in the road below us."

They shouted and hugged each other. As they went down the trail which the Sergeant knew so well, Giuseppe suddenly stopped. "My friend," he said very solemnly, "I always tella you that we win."

He put his hand on the Sergeant's shoulder. "You come back next September," he said. "Everything's better then. We have a big feast!"



Beating the Bush

A JAI prisoner asked who he thought were the best jungle fighters, replied, "Austrians."

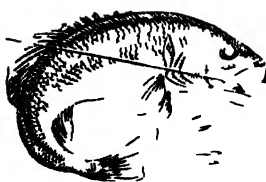
"Who are next — Americans?"

"No!" he said. "Japs next."

"Well, what about the Americans? Aren't they good jungle fighters?"

"Americans no jungle fighters," the Nip replied. "Americans remove jungle."

— Royal Air Gunner NANA di patch



Now Farmers Grow Fish

new crop that adds cheer and variety to the farm family's meals

Condensed from *The Progressive* + *Holman Harvey*

LAST YEAR 7000 farmers, encouraged by Government experts raised a crop of fish. This year, many more will build and stock fish ponds, for the advantages of this new side line in farming are fast gaining recognition in many states. The farmer gets 200 to 300 pounds from each acre of pond. The fish are fat and sweet, sometimes tipping the scales at six or eight pounds, and it costs no more than ten cents a pound to raise them -- cheaper than chicken or meat. They add wholesome variety to the diet of farm families.

The astonishing production records attained in fish farming are based on three discoveries:

1. In any given controllable body of water, a natural, balanced 'food chain' can be set up which automatically provides its fish population with enough food to live, reproduce and grow to usable sizes.

2. Any increase in the number of fish, without a corresponding increase in the food supply, simply results in reducing the average size of each fish in the pond.

3. By fertilizing the water, the food supply can be stepped up to support larger numbers of fish, just as pasture land can be fertilized to increase the poundage of meat or of milk per acre.

It is impossible to "fish out" a pond that has been correctly stocked

and regularly fertilized. No more than half of the fish can ever be caught with hook and line, the remaining half, left with twice their former food supply, simply stop biting for a few months until their number builds up and their food becomes scarce again.

I have just made a 1000 mile tour through South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, visiting scores of farms with fish ponds. Most farmers were outspokenly enthusiastic.

O. W. Coleman works his own 1400 acre general farm in Saluda County, S. C. After his day's work, Coleman often strolls down to his fish pond for relaxation.

"I get a big kick out of that little pond," he said. "Maybe I'll only fish her for half an hour, but I can always bring back something tasty for supper. She's chock full of fish, the other night I weighed one in at better'n six pounds."

Judge Raymonde Stapleton of Elberton, Ga., has pioneered with a model pond in a region all but bereft of natural fishing waters. Three families living on his farm supply their tables with fresh fish, and Judge Stapleton himself has caught 100 bass and several hundred sunfish in the past year.

A valuable by-product of these farm fish ponds is recreation. The family has fun fishing and swimming,

and many a farmer sells fishing privileges to individuals or clubs for a nice cash return. Sixty families in Auburn, Ala., pay \$10 a year each to maintain a 12-acre pond. Last year they caught 3000 pounds of fish.

Two pertunacious scientists at the Alabama State Agricultural Experiment Station are chiefly responsible for removing the guesswork from 'sh farming. H. S. Swingle, fish culturist, and F. V. Smith, botanist. In joint research since 1915, they have learned that any ordinary chemical fertilizer placed in the pond will almost immediately increase the production of microscopic plants and animals known collectively as plankton. Insects feed upon the plankton, forage fish feed upon the insects and then larvae, and finally, carnivorous fish feed upon the swimming young of the forage fish.

Within a few days after the first application of fertilizer, the water takes on a delicate sea green opalescence from the myriads of plankton. Further on, it should become impossible to see more than ten inches below the surface. If the farmer can see his hand a foot or more down, it is time to add more fertilizer. No other test is needed. The plankton, by the way, prevents the fish from seeing the fisherman or his boat.

Weed growth hugely dies away as plankton-filled water shuts off the infiltration of sunlight. Pond lilies and weeds which send huge leafy surfaces to the top must be destroyed by lopping off their tops, for they afford concealment to small fish which throws the pond's food chain out of balance. Incidentally, when there are no weeds, fish devour the

mosquito larvae, thus helping to eliminate the pests.

The bluegill sunfish (or bream) is the perfect pond forage fish for the southern states. It multiplies fast, and is good to eat. A fertilized pond will support a large number of adult sunfish weighing around half a pound, an ideal size for frying. From one pond I caught 15 in 30 minutes — about as fast as I could bait the hook.

A new pond, after fertilizing, is stocked with exactly 1500 sunfish fingerlings per acre. During the first year each pair of sunfish will produce about 4000 young. Unless these new fish were held down in numbers, there would be, within a year, 3,000,000 little sunfish per acre. Here the carnivorous fish enters to complete a stable food chain. The choice for the southern regions is the largemouth black bass, a hardy, fighting fish. For every 1500 sunfish 100 bass fingerlings are stocked. Fewer bass may fail to keep the sunfish population within bounds, more may annihilate it entirely.

One year after stocking, a pond is usually supporting the maximum weight of fish for the available food, which means in a well fertilized pond as much as 500 to 600 pounds of fish per acre. Of this total weight, between 150 and 200 pounds per acre will be bass — three to four times as many bass as the best natural lake you ever fished.

Fertilizing will likewise increase the fish crop in natural waters. B. W. Taylor of the Department of Game and Fisheries in Quebec, heard of the Alabama scientists' work and began experiments in 1943 which proved that speckled trout in Canadian lakes

would double in weight in a year when fertilizer was scattered in the shallows

Our farmers get fingerlings free or at a nominal charge from state operated hatcheries, or from the U S Fish and Wildlife Service if their applications are endorsed by the U S Soil Conservation Service. The SCS gives the farmer advice on the se-

lection of a site and the best methods of constructing his pond. If the farmer does his own work with his own tractor or mule, he can build a one acre pond for from \$100 to \$200.

As more farmers learn that they can produce a cash crop merely by flooding their marginal land, it is expected that thousands of new ponds will be built.



The Man's Glossary of Unfamiliar Words and Phrases

As Used by Advertising Writers
to Describe Female Apparel and Appointments

negligee — What she hopes she'll have on when the house burns down

bathrobe — Live alone and lump it

wedges — Ramps on ramps

marabou — It's better to freeze than to freeze



mink — When a woman turns around to look at another woman — that's mink

sable — When a woman in mink turns around to look at another woman

swish net — Hammock for the hair



gossamer — The nearest thing to nothing and better in black

lapin

French beaver
ermurette
squirrel line
polar seal

{ Just a bunny, honey made to look like much more money



knickknack — Any little thing

bibelot — Any little thing that costs more

sequins — Female humor (not imprecise)

glamorous — Anything, plus a sequin

crocodile } One has a bigger mouth but
alligator } you can't tell the difference in the end

bois de rose

shocking
dusty
petal

{ What do you think? Pink!

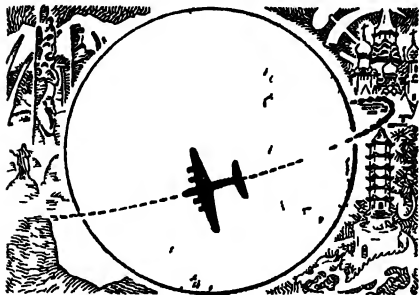


new — Adjective for anything

chic — Adjective for anything with a hat to match

fabulous — We haven't seen anything like it for half an hour

The Travel Lure of a 60-Hour World



ALREADY thousands of would be travelers are enthusiastically window-shopping for a trip abroad soon after V Day. More than 500 requests are on file at the Holland America Line for space on the *Nieuw Amsterdam's* first postwar sailing. On the day Paris was liberated, the French Line's New York office received 400 requests for passage to France. Pan American Airways estimates that in the typical postwar year 233,500 passengers will go to Europe, and it has a tentative schedule of 36 transatlantic departures weekly to handle its share of the rush.

It is uncertain how soon after the war we shall be able to go abroad, but the State Department was issuing tourist passports six months after the 1918 armistice. Priorities this time will be given to those engaged in urgent postwar reconstruction work, next, businessmen working on rehabilitation projects, and refugees who are anxious to get back to their homes.

A preview of your postwar tourist opportunities — the planes you'll take, the places you'll go, and the shrinking cost

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Deena Clark

Then passage permits will go to naturalized American citizens who may be worried about relatives or property in the old country. These passengers will travel in the same troopships and bucket-seated air transports that bring our boys home.

The most important factor in the prospective postwar travel stampede is, of course, the airplane. Formerly thousands of Americans were barred from vacationing abroad because ships took five days or more to cross and an equal time to return, thus using up most of their holiday. After the war, a stenographer will be able to leave Friday after office hours, spend two weeks shopping on the Rue de la Paix and board a Sunday night plane that will return her to her typewriter on Monday morning. Surveys show that trips to England will be most sought by the first postwar travelers, with France next and the Mediterranean countries third.

The planes now spanning the Atlantic in routine flights at the average rate of one every 20 minutes prove that a postwar "commuter service" by air to all countries is practicable. And rates will be so low that a man can take his wife and children to Europe as inexpensively as they formerly traveled at home.

Several air lines have drawn up tentative rates and schedules. TWA is even now converting five 36 pas-

senger 'Stratoliners' for peacetime use. Pending approval of the Civil Aeronautics Board, they will inaugurate daily flights to London at a fare of \$263.80, in 22 hours and 40 minutes. TWA has also ordered 40 Lockheed "Constellations," 57 passenger transports which will later take us from New York to London in about half that time for \$195.

American Airlines expects delivery of thirty 56-passenger Douglas DC 6s by June 1945 and Pennsylvania Central Airlines is buying fifteen 48-passenger DC 4 transports for New York-to-London flights. Pan American Airways expects delivery in 1945 of luxury liners that will enable its timetable ultimately to read: Two express flights daily between New York and London at \$267 round trip.

Most travel officials expect a post-war boom in trips to Russia. Northeast Airlines, Northwest Airlines, Pennsylvania Central Airlines and Pan American all plan flights to Moscow, some of them for as low as \$290.

Hawaii will be among the first tourist targets. Five major airlines are competing for the sky route to the Islands, pushing the passage price down to the level of the prewar steamship fare. Pan American plans two 128-passenger flights daily which will bring Aloha Tower within eight hours of the Golden Gate at a cost of only \$96 per passenger.

Right now you can fly to Alaska, with its magnificent, unexplored wilderness and its fishing and hunting possibilities, on a regular PAA schedule from Seattle to Nome at a fare of \$421.20 round trip. TWA plans to take us from Chicago to Nome in 17

hours, for \$232. Northwest Airlines will offer competition at 48 cents a mile.

Spending less than a nickel a mile for passage you can fly the Andes to the sportsman's paradise of Chile, where there are streams that yield 27-pound rainbow trout, and 3000 miles of ski runs unrivaled even in Switzerland. The proposed PAA schedule will cut the present one-way fare from New York to Rio from \$489.50 to \$175, and the flight time from 91 hours to 21.

Pan American thinks that the demand for passage to Germany will justify two 17-hour flights a day to Berlin, round trip for \$216. Round trip to Tokyo in 1948 will be equally inexpensive and Fujiyama will be within 30 hours of New York. The flight from San Francisco to Singapore will take 29 hours—the fastest sea voyage used to take 29 days.

Complete round the world trips by tourist plane can be an early reality in new superliners which will compress the whole world into 60 hours of flying time. Three major airlines have applied for globe-circling routes. American Export could inaugurate service on a 3-day plus 1, with two 20-passenger Flying Aces. Pan American has scheduled a 30-day, globe-girdling all-expense cruise, including hotels and sight-seeing, which will cost approximately \$900. Passengers will travel at 300 miles an hour in comfortable, 153-passenger Clippers, delivery of which is expected in 1946. TWA plans a 27-day deluxe air cruise with only three days spent in actual flight, the rest of the time will be used for sight-seeing.

Come peace, it will take only three

to six months to produce the new time-slashing planes. Douglas Aircraft has already received 50 million dollars' worth of orders from three air lines to be filled as soon as materials are released by the War Production Board.

Glenn Martin, president of the company which bears his name, foresees 100-passenger planes with private baths and showers, personal ship-to-ground communication, a cardroom, cocktail bar, game room for quoits and table tennis, a writing room equipped with a ticker tape news service, a library, and on the afterdeck a Plexiglass observation lounge. Pressure control in the cabins will eliminate discomfort regardless of altitude, while developments of radar will make for great safety in flying and landing.

Where time is not a controlling factor, ocean travel will retain its allure. Floating-mine disaster stories left over from the last war will be no deterrent to the vacation parade. The fact is that there is no case on record in which a tourist ship ran into

a floating mine. And our first ships will wear degaussing belts as protection against magnetic mines.

An American Express official states that the first seagoing tourists can count on tramp trips in small ships of the Liberty class about eight months after the war is over. For the comfort-loving traveler, pleasure cruises to England and the Mediterranean will be ready in approximately a year, to the Continent in 18 months. Scandinavian cruises can be resumed practically simultaneously with the close of the war. The Swedish-American Line reports that all cabins have been asked for on its first tourist sailing.

Attractive plans for buying trips on the installment plan have been worked out. Thousands bought deferred payment trips the year before the war on the basis of a 25 percent initial payment and the remainder in 12 monthly installments after the return home. Travel agencies are not yet accepting passage money, but they do keep priority lists, which are increasing in length every day as the clammed up demand for travel mounts.



When Magicians Meet

RECENTLY Dunninger, who likes to be known as "the master mentalist" called on Blackstone, who doesn't mind being known as a plain magician. When Dunninger arrived he found the great magician ransacking his bedroom for his white tie. "You're the great mind reader," Blackstone finally exploded, "Suppose you tell me where I put that tie."

Dunninger concentrated. "It's in that box," he said.

Blackstone hurriedly went through the box, found a tie which he held up scornfully. "You're a fine mind reader," he said. "It's black."

Dunninger shrugged. "If you're any kind of magician," he answered, "you can change it into a white one."

—HARRIET VAN HORNE IN *NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM*



A tie that binds the family
together and all to God

We Teach Our Children to Pray

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens*

O K Armstrong

A SMALL phonograph and a Bible rest on the buffet of our dining room. They are our "props" for family prayers. They help make possible what the children call "God's minutes."

Those minutes are not long — seldom more than five. But they are important. They stand for daily recognition that there is a Power greater than we, a heavenly Father who is kind and good to His children.

My wife and I both were reared in homes where prayers were said. When the children came along we thought prayers would be a good thing for them, too, but we couldn't find the right routine. My work at first was teaching and writing, then holding public office. There was always something to do at night — meetings to attend, work to finish, social engagements. We taught our children the "Now I lay me" prayer and let it go at that.

O K ARMSTRONG is a writer and public official. He has served three terms in the Missouri House of Representatives and he helped organize the Council of State Governments in various states. For ten years Mr. Armstrong was chairman of child welfare for the American Legion of his state. Author of several books and numerous magazine articles, he is especially well posted on governmental organization, interstate cooperation and juvenile delinquency.

The first two boys grew into husky lads. The little girl, Sister, was progressing in school. The last two boys were ready for kindergarten. All were dutifully enrolled in Sunday school. Still we weren't getting anywhere with their spiritual training. Half-heartedly we experimented with prayers at various times of the day. It was difficult to find a time when the family was all together. Before school there was the rush of brushing teeth and gathering up books, after school there were music lessons, games and what not. We gave up.

Then a bolt of lightning brought us suddenly to an intense appreciation of our blessings. The two older boys were doing summer work, picking blackberries in a small community cannery. A storm came up. Lightning struck the building and stunned everyone there. Although no one was seriously injured, the realization of how close the boys had come to death brought to my wife and me an overwhelming sense of thanksgiving that they were spared. Perhaps it was just the workings of chance, we found it easier to believe in the hand of Providence. We said some extra thanks at our evening meal and next day decided to add a bit of Scripture reading.

"We sing at church. Why not sing

before our prayers?" Sister asked. Good idea. I dug out some old Homer Rodeheaver records. We added other transcriptions. "I need Thee every hour" and "Blest be the tie that binds" are favorites.

After the song, comes the Scripture. Maybe it's only a verse, perhaps a short chapter. Then the prayer. Sometimes it's the Lord's prayer, all together. Sometimes an older boy will lead. Or the tiny tieble of one of the little boys will startle us into hidden smiles as he thanks God for "the wicnics and taters we got for supper." Whatever the prayer, it's spontaneous, and it makes God a sort of partner for the household. It breaks down barriers that so often keep a father or mother from mentioning the most fundamental fact in any child's life: the existence of a Creator.

God's minutes take only a tiny fraction of the busy day, but they have brought us a new sense of family closeness. Troubles seem easier to forget. Anger cannot outlive a verse of song. Worry fades when we come upon the lines "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

We've passed on the idea to numerous friends. Professor and Mrs. Blank over at the college, with two girls in high school, find breakfast-time the best. Mike, widower night watchman, has a good night prayer with his six children before he goes to work. We'll never know how many have copied our plan. A visiting minister was so impressed he went back to his home parish and started a crusade for family devotions.

At first we felt some embarrass-

ment when we held prayers with guests present. Now it seems like an added note of hospitality. Politicians, businessmen, teachers — all pause with us while we recognize the presence of the constant Guest. As the phonograph began the hymn "Beulah Land" one evening, our dinner visitor, a noted manufacturer, burst into a roaring baritone. "Sing it again!" he shouted on the last note. "I haven't heard that since I was a boy!" A criminal-court judge seriously told us "If all families had prayers I wouldn't have much to do."

The brief Scripture reading, we've found, adds up to a lot of Bible knowledge as the days merge into months and years. We've learned many favorite passages 'by heart' — the first Psalm, the shepherd Psalm, the Beatitudes, the eighth chapter of Romans, and St. Paul's marvelously beautiful words on faith, hope and charity in First Corinthians. Children, we have discovered, are just as interested in Bible stories with their deep spiritual meanings, as in any others. David and Goliath, Joseph and his brothers, feeding the five thousand, the lame man at the beautiful gate — all have new significance for us.

Several publishers have brought out helps for family prayers, such as "The Upper Room" with its daily Scripture lesson, comments and prayer, all requiring only a few minutes. The Catholic Church has long provided helps for private devotions. A rabbi assured us that Jewish families could secure similar guiding pamphlets. Thus prayer becomes our spiritual common denominator.

Our young people face a future sure to be hard and trying. Great

problems will rest upon their shoulders. Not employment alone, nor liberty nor opportunity alone, will see them through. The character and moral strength that are built by communion with God will be essential for the supreme test.

One of our older boys is in the Navy now, and the other plans to grab his high school diploma and rush off to the Army. We are glad

they have learned to pray. They carry with them an ideal that someday they and thousands of their buddies who fight the good fight can return and help build a brotherhood of man so strong and just that wars will be no more. And whatever dangers they face, we know there will be with them a Presence, and a Voice saying, "Be of good courage!" If God be for us, who can be against us?



Where to Bury a Dog

This editorial by Ben Hur Lampman is one of the most popular which ever appeared in the Portland Oregonian. Readers have asked again and again to have it reprinted.

A SUBSCRIBER of the Ontario *News* has written to the editor asking "Where shall I bury my dog?"

We would say to the Ontario man that there are various places in which a dog may be buried. We are thinking now of a setter whose coat was flamed with sun-shine and who so far as we are aware never entertained a mean or an unworthy thought. This setter is buried beneath a cherry tree, under four feet of garden loam, and at its proper season the cherry strews petals on the green lawn of his grave. Beneath a cherry tree, or an apple or any flowering shrub is an excellent place to bury a good dog. Beneath such trees, such shrubs, he slept in the drowsy summer, or gnawed at a flavorful bone, or lifted head to challenge some strange intruder. These are good places in life or in death. Yet it is a small matter. For if the dog be well remembered if sometimes he leaps through your dreams actual as in

life, eyes kindling, laughing, begging, it matters not at all where that dog sleeps. On a hill where the wind is untroubled, and the trees are roosting, or beside a stream he knew in puppyhood, or some where in the flatness of a pasture land where most exhilarating cattle graze. It is all one to the dog and all one to you, and nothing is gained, and nothing lost — if memory lives. But there is one best place to bury a dog.

If you bury him in this spot, he will come to you when you call — come to you over the grim, dim frontiers of death, and down the well remembered path, and to your side again. And though you call a dozen living dogs to heel they shall not growl at him nor resent his coming, for he belongs there. People may scoff at you who see no lightest blade of grass bent by his footfall, who hear no whimper, people who may never really have had a dog. Smile at them, for you shall know something that is hidden from them, and which is well worth the knowing. The one best place to bury a good dog is in the heart of his master.

— Ben Hur Lampman *How Could I Be
Living Thus* (Binford & Mott)

WILD WISDOM *Selected by Alan Devoe*

Prize Winning Letters — V

THE WISDOM of wild creatures differs from our 'rational intelligence' by being largely intuitive but it has long amazed outdoors men. The following observations are selected from hundreds sent in by readers

Teddy-Bear Guide

IN THE interior of New South Wales I found a baby koala that had been lost by its mother. (The koala is a funny, furry little animal that looks like a Teddy bear.) I adopted him, fed him, and soon he became my devoted companion on jaunts near and far.

One day, in the interior, I was caught in a bush fire which came roaring upon me with terrifying speed. I flung myself on the ground, breathing what little oxygen was still left close to the earth. I was sure my last moment had come. Then I became aware of the koala. He would run up to me, nip my clothes, then run off a little way. Dazed as I was, I sensed that he wanted me to follow him. In a few hundred feet we came to a small lake which I had not known existed. I plunged in, the koala riding on my shoulder. During the hours that the fire raged we stayed there. I dunked myself and the koala completely whenever the heat became too intense.

But for the wisdom and the faithfulness of that little bush bear I should not be alive today.

—H. K. GLE



Turtle Tactics

NEAR a friend's house in California, in the bed of a dry creek, live two desert turtles which have practically become pets, since my friend feeds them regularly. The turtles' special passion is lettuce, and their host summons them to the feast by beating on a tin pan. The other day he invited me to see them in action.

At the sound of beating on the pan the two turtles came forward at what was — for turtles — a racing gallop. Neck and neck they drew near the coveted lettuce. Suddenly, when they were only a few feet from the prize, the larger turtle swerved and with an expert gesture thrust his head underneath his competitor and flipped him neatly over on his back. Then he came racing on and began devouring the dinner.

At least a third of the lettuce was gone before the outraged victim of this stroke of turtle genius could kick and roll himself over onto his feet again.

—I. H. WORTH L. ZAHN



Last Testament

A STRAY CAT that had reverted to the wild, as cats so easily do, stood at my door and mewed. I tried to coax her in, but she continued to look into my eyes, imploringly. She would accept no milk. Mewing, looking back at me, she began to walk away.

I felt a little foolish, but I followed her. She led me to the hayloft of an old barn where, deep in the hay, four tiny blind kittens were hidden.

This seemed very strange — cats usually go to any lengths to conceal the whereabouts of their kittens. So the next day I visited the little family again.

The kittens, frantic with hunger, were trying to nurse. But their mother lay still in death, her cold body flung protectively beside her babies. Then I understood: Nature had told the mother that death was coming, and with her last strength she had made sure that someone would care for her little ones.

— Anna Nielson



Field Operation

DURING the Metz offensive, Pvt. Duane N. Kinman, a 19-year-old medical aidman of the Fifth Infantry Division, performed an exceptional feat of battlefield surgery. Kinman, a former automobile mechanic of College Place, Wash., was with a company attacking Louvigny when he saw a rifleman fall. He rushed to the stricken man, who was thrashing about in great pain and gasping for breath through a windpipe gashed by a shell fragment. His face had turned blue, and he apparently was suffocating.

Medical aidmen are not surgeons, but in desperation Kinman decided to perform an operation he had heard described a year before during his basic training. He had no anesthetic and no instruments except his pocketknife. Needing some type of tube to keep the windpipe open after the throat incision had been made, he borrowed his patient's fountain pen.

Second Lt. Edwin M. Ebeling came through the hail of machine gun and mortar fire to hold the rifleman steady while Kinman prepared to make the incision. The private tried to quiet his patient, who was protesting physically but could not speak, with, "I don't like to do this, but it's the only way you're going to live." Then, while mortar shells crashed on all sides, the young medic started an operation that many surgeons would hesitate to perform under perfect conditions.

It was necessary to make a longitudinal incision, because the slightest slip during a lateral incision would have endangered the jugular vein. After opening the throat below the wound, Kinman felt for the windpipe, made an incision and slipped in the top end of the fountain pen. At once the patient started to breathe freely and color began to return to his face. "Keep that fountain pen in your windpipe and you'll be okay," Kinman told him. "You can't breathe through your nose or mouth but if you keep your windpipe open you can breathe through the cut I just made."

A few minutes later the rifleman was on his feet and walking between the "surgeon" and "anesthetist" to a tank. At the battalion aid station, the surgeon, explaining the result of the operation with amazement, said that he could not improve on it. The next stop was a clearing station where the astonished surgeon only removed the fountain pen top and inserted a tracheotomy tube before the patient was removed to an evacuation hospital.

Kinman, who was promoted to a technician, fourth grade for his feat, has been offered a free medical education at Western Reserve University. "Golly," the delighted medic said upon hearing of the offer, "that's just what I wanted to do all my life."

— Clarence in N. Y. Times
Robert F. Church, U. S. Army

The Perfect Memorial

The Washington Monument —
a Finger Pointing to the Sky

(Condensed from The KIWANIS Magazine

+ Donald Culross Peattie + +

THE Washington National Monument is not only the tallest memorial in the world but one wholly perfect. It is perfect in fulfilling the Greek ideal of beauty, which is strength combined with grace. It is perfect in its proportions, which reveal the secret of the Egyptian obelisks, the height, 550 feet, being just ten times the base of 55 feet square. And it is perfectly appropriate. In its soaring integrity, it is a 'speaking likeness' of the man it commemorates. It speaks to us of Washington's clear and lofty ideal for his country. It speaks of a man, four square and upright, who swayed as little in adversity as would the Monument itself, its 81,120 tons embedded deep in the earth. Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador to this country during World War I, called it 'George Washington's finger pointing to the sky.'

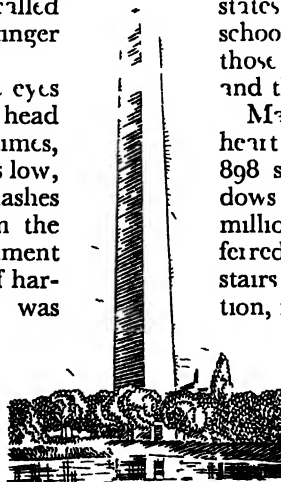
The monument lifts the eyes up, like a shining peak. Its head is lost in the clouds sometimes, when the winter sky comes low, on a fair spring day it flashes like a blade. Visible from the White House, the Monument has been the inspiration of harassed Presidents since it was completed in 1884. Cleveland, surrounded by slander and intrigue, testified that he drew courage and faith from its noble serenity. One

could wish that everybody in the Government daily measured himself and his work by that great standard in stone.

Unlike the Great Pyramid of Cheops, built by slave labor at ruthless cost of life to gratify the vanity of a living king, the arrowy Monument was raised, without accident, by a free people in memory of the man who set them free. Over 200 of the blocks inside the hollow shaft are inscribed as specific gifts of the peoples of this nation and of foreign governments proud to honor George Washington. The stone given by Greece, from the ruins of the Parthenon, compares him to Pericles. The Turkish stone displays, in a strange script, an ode upon Washington by the Sultan's court poet. America's states and towns, lodges and schools gave stones as large as those from the King of Siam and the Emperor of Brazil.

Many a patriot with a stout heart muscle has climbed the 898 steps to the lookout windows at the top. But most of the millions of sightseers have preferred to ride up and, till the stairs were closed for the duration, many liked to walk down.

Probably few of them know these odd facts about the Monument. That it was once a "leaning tower." That hundreds of persons



have stepped over its tip That it some times rains inside when the sky outside is clear That it ended a dangerous political party and caused indirectly the death of a President

The rain is due to the condensation of moisture inside the dank shaft, so that attendants need rain-coats and rubbers The Monument's history explains the other curiosities In Major L'Enfant's plan for the city, a bronze equestrian statue of Washington was to stand on this spot, but the General opposed the cost while he lived Then Chief Justice Marshall proposed a marble tomb instead Congress dallied finally George Watterston formed the Washington National Monument Society, and Robert Mills the architect won a competition with his design for an Egyptian obelisk to surmount a comic Babylonian shrine which in turn would be balanced on a circular Greek temple Thanks to George P. Marsh distinguished American diplomat this appalling plan was simplified into the present cloud pricking needle

On Independence Day 1848 the cornerstone was laid with the same trowel that had cemented that of the White House Two years later during July Fourth ceremonies at the shadeless foot of the unfinished Monument, President Zachary Taylor drank so many pitchers of ice water that he died five days later

SLOWLY the Monument climbed

In 1854 Pope Pius IX sent for it a block from the Temple of Concord in Rome which was smashed, one night, by masked men with sledge hammers These were rabid anti Catholics of the Know-Nothing Party, then so strong they had a candidate slated for the Presidency Their vandalism caused an international uproar — and helped to bring the Know Nothings to disgrace and oblivion

The Civil War stopped work on the Monument and when it was resumed the next tiers of marble did not exactly match the rest in color, which explains the ring on George Washington's finger Army engineers finding that the Monument had settled out of plumb got a new concrete slab under it and tined it up As the work neared completion a solid aluminum tip was cast, 89 inches high and weighing 200 ounces When this was exhibited in the eastern seaboard cities hundreds of schoolboys bestrode it in order to boast they had stepped over the top of the Washington Monument

In 1911 the Monument was scrubbed for the first time with steel brushes, sand and water During that time, the story goes a departing Republican saw from his train window the large steel scaffolding erected around it moving in New York he dashed to his party's headquarters

"That Man in the White House," he cried, "has got the Washington Monument all crated up and is planning to ship it to Hyde Park!"



TRY AND STOP



ME

Excerpts from the
book by
Bennett Cerf

Try and Stop Me is a 371 page collection of anecdotes mostly humorous dedicated

To all those people whose wit or lack of it made this volume possible Bennett Cerf has always had the sure a useless knack for remembering unrelated anecdotes about unrelated people In his book he presents the best that people have ever palmed off as their own

Many of the items included in the book have appeared in Mr Cerf's lively column Trade Winds a weekly feature of *The Saturday Review of Literature*

ONE of the shapeliest wits in the theater is the property of Beatrice Lillie The only time her *sang froid* deserted her behind the footlights was at the final performance of *The Third Little Show* Howard Dietz bought the entire first row orchestra that night and distributed the tickets among mutual friends of Bea Lillie and himself She was in the middle of a solo number when by prearranged signal everybody in the row bent down and donned long whiskers — bright green, red pink zebra, plaid and polka dot The sight was too much for Bea Lillie She stopped in the middle of a note pointed helplessly at the solemn first row and ran howling to the wings By the time Dietz reached her dressing room she had regained control 'Nobody can appreciate my voice anyhow,' she said 'when I sing above a whisker'



WHEN Dietz was publicity chief of Metro Goldwyn Mayer he was once bawled out by his boss, Louis B Mayer, because he got to his desk too late every morning "But you seem to forget, Mr Mayer," said Dietz, "that I also leave early every afternoon" By the time Mayer figured it out, the crisis was over



ABOUT 30 years ago, there was a lightweight boxer in Hoboken who fought under the name of Marty O'Brien He was a clean likable kid, completely on the level, and among the host of friends he made was a rising young singer named Bing Crosby Marty O'Brien got married, and in time had a son who was too frail to become a boxer like his dad, but inclined toward a musical career He could carry a tune like nobody's business Marty wrote to his old friend Bing Could Bing help the kid get the musical education he craved? Bing could and did O'Brien's boy studied music and in time turned professional The boy was Frank Sinatra — Bing Crosby's most formidable rival in the crooner ranks today

HOLLYWOOD lifted eyebrows over the marriage of Victor Moore the 67 year old comedian, to a girl of 22 "What's wrong with that?" queried Buddy de Sylva "When she is 100, he will only be 145"



SOMEBODY asked Bob Hope what went through his mind when he got his original view of Dorothy Lamour in a sarong I never gave it a second thought," he averred "I was too busy with the first one"



SOME years ago, one of the bright young men who represented Standard Oil in China returned to America for a vacation, in the course of which he met and married a lovely girl from his home town

"You'll just love Shanghai," he assured her again and again on the way out, "particularly my Number One Boy, Ling. You won't have to lift a finger. Ling runs the household."

They arrived in Shanghai, the bride met Ling and approved. The next morning her husband kissed her good bye before reporting back on the job. "Sleep as long as you like, darling," he told her. "Ling will take care of everything."

A few hours later she awoke again, to find herself being shaken ever so gently by the Number One Boy. "Time to get dressed and go home now, Missy," he said.

FORMER Mayor Hylan of New York seldom bothered to read the speeches that trusted ghosts prepared for him ahead of time. In the middle of one speech he came to the phrase, "I hat reminds me of one of my favorite stories." It developed that the Mayor had never heard the joke before, and when he finished reading it, he laughed so hard he broke his glasses.

The Man Who Came to Dinner was the direct result of a typical visit, by Mr. Alexander Woollcott, to Moss Hart's Bucks County estate. He bullied the servants, condemned the food, invited friends of his own from Philadelphia to Sunday dinner and wrote in the guest book, "This is to certify that on my first visit to Moss Hart's house, I had one of the most unpleasant times I ever spent." He also suggested that Moss write a play in which he could star.

The next day Hart was describing Woollcott's behavior to George Kaufman. "Wouldn't it have been horrible," he ruminates, "if he had broken a leg and been on my hands for the rest of the summer?" The collaborators looked at each other with dawning delight on their faces and took the cover off the typewriter.

ON a recent radio program, Fred Allen says his next sponsor will be the manufacturer of I umpo Soap. "It doesn't lather. It doesn't float. It contains no secret oils. It is designed solely to keep you company in the tub."

DOROTHY THOMPSON and her ex-husband Sinclair Lewis had a tranquil married life until Miss Thompson became so engrossed in writing, lecturing and radio that she had no time left for anything else. Somebody asked Lewis where she was, one evening. "She disappeared into the NBC Studios three years ago," he answered, "and nobody has seen her since." Another time he heard that she was being mentioned for President. "I wonder," he said wistfully, "if they'll let me write Mr. Day."

A BISHOP of Texas visited London and was taken to a fashionable soiree at which the ladies' dresses were cut very low. His hostess asked condescendingly if he had ever beheld such a sight. "Not," said the bishop, "since I was weaned."

IN LONDON, Liddell Hart said to Bernard Shaw, "Do you realize that 'sumac' and 'sugar' are the only two words in the English language that begin with 's u' and are pronounced 'shu'?" "Sure," said Shaw.

MAYOR LaGUARDIA, of New York, presides occasionally in Police Court. One bitter cold day they brought a trembling old man before him, charged with stealing a loaf of bread. His family, he said, was starving. "I've got to punish you," said LaGuardia. "The law makes no exception. I sentence you to a fine of \$10." But the Little Flower was reaching into his pocket as he added, "Here's \$10 to pay your fine. And now I remit the fine." He tossed the bill into his famous

sombrero "Furthermore" he declared

I'm going to fine everybody in this room 50 cents for living in a town where a man has to steal bread in order to eat. The hat was passed and an incredulous old man with the light of heaven in his eyes, left the courtroom with a stake of \$47.50

MYER LEVIN tells this story about a little eight year old girl in a Pennsylvania orphan asylum. She was a painfully unattractive child, with annoying mannerisms shunned by the children and actively disliked by the teachers. The head of the institution longed only for a

legitimate excuse to get her out of the place

One afternoon it looked as if her opportunity had arrived. The girl's roommate reported that she was conducting a clandestine correspondence with somebody outside the grounds. "Just a little while ago," she reported, "she took a note out and hid it in a tree." The head of the asylum and her assistant could hardly conceal their elation. "We'll get to the bottom of this," they agreed. "Show us where she left the note." Sure enough they found it in the branches of the tree. It read: "To whoever finds this I love you."

*A reader who
received this
announcement
forwarded
it to the Digest*

25k

The

W I L L I S

ITEM OF LASTING INTEREST

| | | |
|---|------------------|----|
| BERNADINE AND ROSCOE MY | Parents | 1 |
| ANNOUNCE A BRAND NEW | Life | 2 |
| WHO FIRST SAW THE | New York Sun | 3 |
| OCTOBER 23 rd 12 30 | P.M. | 4 |
| THEY THINK IT IS THE | Nations Business | 5 |
| TO STATE I SCALED 5 lb 12.09 AT THAT | Time | 6 |
| MOTHER IS DOING FINE. THANK | Cue | 7 |
| DAD HEARD THE GOOD | News Week | 8 |
| WITH EXCITEMENT MY FIRST | Look | 9 |
| AT THIS BEAUTIFUL | World | 10 |
| WAS IN NEW YORK CITY I | Think | 11 |
| I AM AT PERSONAL | Liberty | 12 |
| TO MENTION THAT | Nature | 13 |
| DID NOT PREDICT MY | Child Life | 14 |
| WOULD BE LIVED AS AN | Esquire | 15 |
| OR AS A TYPICAL | Good Housekeeper | 16 |
| SO, FROM NAMES THAT | Click | 17 |
| MOTHER AND DAD DECIDED TO | Pic | 18 |
| ONE NAME FOR A | Boy Scout | 19 |
| AND ONE NAME FOR A | Mademoiselle | 20 |
| SINCE I AM AN | American Girl | 21 |
| THEY SELECTED SUSAN LEE FOR MY | Future | 22 |
| COME TO MY | American Home | 23 |
| AFTER NOVEMBER 4 th AND TAKE A | Peak | 24 |
| AT ME AND | Judge | 25 |

MY PICTURESQUE SPEECH AND PATTERN
1st YEAR OF PRODUCTION



Youthbuilders, Inc. — a glimpse of young citizenship in action

Condensed from *Future*

Webb Waldron

LISTEN," said Joel, a skinny youngster, aged ten, his black eyes snapping, "I'll tell you how it happened. We Youthbuilders were talking about how voting is part of democracy, and then somebody said that there were quite a few grown people in this district who might not be able to vote —"

"Because they couldn't pass the literacy test!" said Sholem, another ten-year old.

"So," said little dark-eyed Felicia, "Demos made some posters" — she pointed to the tallest boy in the excited group around me — "and we put them up in stores and places."

"You see," Demos explained, "at the voting places they ask some funny questions, about the Constitution and things like that — so our posters said, 'Are You Sure You Can Pass the Literacy Tests? If You Want Help Come to Room 105, Public School No. 96, Any Day After 3 p.m.'"

"Did many come?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Joel. "And we and the teachers coached them, and then they could vote."

Here was young citizenship in action. And it wasn't school — it was fun!

P S 96 is but one of more than 150 New York City schools in which groups of children calling themselves Youthbuilders are reaching out of the classroom into life and proving that the average child has a drive to be a good citizen.

At a junior high in lower Manhattan, the Youthbuilders realized that an alarming number of kids their own age were roaming the streets at night, buying illicit sex literature, getting into dice games and petty theft. With the teachers' help, the Youthbuilders called a community mass meeting. Parents, policemen, social workers and children spoke their minds. Patrolman Wasselewsky told how he was trying to fix up an unused church as a recreation center for the children on his beat. "But I need help," he said.

"Why shouldn't some of us help supervise such places every day?" asked one mother. Many parents volunteered. So recreation facilities in the district were more than doubled, and the children got off the streets.

The spark which set Youthbuilders on its way came from pretty, blue-eyed, dynamic Sabra Holbrook, wife of a New York advertising man and mother of two lively young daughters. When Sabra was newly graduated from Vassar, she had gone to Boston

to work with underprivileged children. A thing that startled her was the sharp division in the minds of children between school and the world outside. Why couldn't school have more to do with life and thereby give children some part in their own education?

When Sabra married and came to New York she had a chance to talk with a group of junior-high school students. They were bubbling over with ideas about democracy, politics, the community, crime, gangs, their parents, their own future, *everything!* she says. 'But they seemed to have little time or encouragement to express these ideas in school, and certainly no chance to put any of them into action.'

Mrs. Holbrook got permission from the Board of Education to organize discussion groups at a few New York schools after hours, with volunteers as leaders. These groups not only *talked* but sometimes were able to *act* on their ideas. When the New York City school system decided to let Sabra Holbrook go further, she organized Youthbuilders, Inc., with Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council, as chairman of the board of directors.

For a time she operated in a cubby-hole office with one assistant, her expenses paid out of her own pocket and the contributions of a few interested friends. Then a zipper manufacturer, Louis Rabinowitz, turned over to her a large part of one floor of his building. The New York Rotary Club, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, John Golden, the theatrical producer, Newbold Morris and others have chipped in to help with

expenses. She herself has given her energy to the enterprise for six years without pay.

Fundamental in Youthbuilders is the teacher-leader for each club. Sabra Holbrook picks the leaders carefully; they must be interested in children, respect children as individuals, and must be gluttons for work. Each Youthbuilder club meets for an hour once a week on school time, but its activity spreads far beyond that hour in time and space, and the leader must go along, advising, directing, encouraging. Leaders get no extra pay. Their sole reward is the satisfaction of doing a pioneer job.

Youthbuilder clubs consist of 25 to 40 children. All are volunteers, but the leader attempts to get into a club many divergent elements of race, faith, economic status, and intelligence levels so that it will be a true cross-section of its school.

At one junior high the Youthbuilders were discussing racial and religious discrimination. 'Is there any of that in this school?' the leader asked. 'Yes there is!' cried one child. 'In the lunchroom, we all sit separate.' It was true. Jewish children sat by themselves, and so did Catholics, Negroes, and other special groups.

That, the Youthbuilders decided, was wrong. They asked the principal's permission to start an Honor Table, at which a student would sit by invitation. There were 35 different national backgrounds represented in the school and half a dozen religions, and the club invited a rotation of races and religions to the Honor Table. Many friendships formed across

Be Your Own Boss!

Another installment of ideas
for new enterprises in the
Digest \$25 000 contest

Part-Time Accounting Service A San Francisco woman, Genevieve L. Herrill, has built a service for small businesses which might be duplicated by an experienced man or woman accountant in a thousand cities and towns. Starting with the idea that many businesses cannot afford a full-time accountant, and found it difficult to keep up with social-security and income-tax regulations, she rented desk space and offered a part time accounting service. She serves seven clients—a small oil company, a florist, a geologist, a small steamship line, and three manufacturers.

Her fees are from \$25 per month to \$25 per week depending on the service rendered. For the larger fee she spends about an hour every day at the client's office, for the minimum charge she devotes one day a month, checking the client's books, and answering inquiries by phone when income-tax or social security problems arise. Her monthly earnings over four years have averaged between \$500 and \$600. To get business, she simply had to ask for it. While she could handle four or five more accounts, she prefers to use part of her time to take courses to keep her up-to-date in accounting practice and Government regulations.

Farm Machine Shop C. J. Carlson, owner of a 300 acre farm in Marshall county, Iowa, operates a "back-yard

industry" that keeps him, his hired man and his neighbors busy on rainy days and during the winter. In his well equipped machine shop on his farm he makes attachments for farm implements, builds farm machinery of his own invention, and does repair work for farmers who come to him from miles around.

In the winter of 1943, for customers who believe the corn cultivator is easier to watch in front of the tractor than behind it, he built 112 cultivator attachments to fit the front end of Ford Ferguson tractors. He has orders for many more.

Six neighbors are using low, two-wheeled trailers, built by Carlson to haul hay, grain bundles, corn fodder or livestock. The trailers are so constructed that they are much easier to load than the ordinary haystack. On a rainy day, cars of a dozen farmers often wait in Carlson's yard for machinery repairs.

Carlson may be setting a pattern for many farm boys who will come back from the armed services with highly developed mechanical skills. Certainly there is plenty for a farm shop machinist to do in a typical rural neighborhood, judging by his experience.

— John A. Rohlf, Associate Editor
Farm Journal and Farmer's Wife

Bachelor's Laundry Noting that Mrs. Anna M. Miller, a public stenographer and telegraph operator in a

Kansas City, Mo., hotel, augmented her income by doing mending for male patrons, a customer suggested that she start a laundry serving men only, and take care of their mending and darning. She started with one employe and \$50 borrowed from a bank. Her "Bachelor's Laundry" grew steadily until today it is a substantial enterprise, handling over 100,000 bundles yearly, and serving 5500 patrons. Service includes turning collars or cuffs, darning, mending, sewing on buttons. Prices are no higher than the average laundries and there is no extra charge for repairs. While this business now occupies its own building, employs 70 people, and operates three delivery trucks, it is a type of enterprise which might be started at home and built gradually into a well equipped commercial laundry.

Food Specialty. A young man in Chicago whose mother knew southern cooking and could prepare genuine southern lye hominy, built a thriving business on that specialty. The hominy was made in a shed packed in pint jars, loaded into a car, and sold on a 'trust and see' basis at 20 cents a jar. The little business developed several hundred customers and netted nearly \$100 per week. Empty jars were collected and used over again.

Trading Post. When Floyd Hawthorne, proprietor of an Abbeville, S. C., radio shop found that he could get no more merchandise to sell, he opened a novel business which he calls "Noah's Ark." He buys or trades old iceboxes, furniture, rugs, stoves,

musical instruments, antiques, plumbing equipment — anything that can be salvaged and used in homes. He has reclaimed thousands of articles that were ready for discard. To obtain them he scours the countryside. The enterprise is profitable, and draws customers from long distances. Several times a year he visits New York to buy used equipment. Last summer he sold 350 ice refrigerators, and in the past two years 500 bathtubs, many of them from the former French liner *Normandie*. Repairing and trading in used equipment promises to be a flourishing business for some time after the war ends, owing to the acute nationwide shortage of household goods.

Fireproofing System. Three men in Chicago, starting a year ago with a capital of less than \$500, built an unusual business known as Airways Fireproofing System. They contract with hotels, restaurants, department stores, etc., to vacuum clean kitchen exhaust systems, air-conditioning systems, elevator shafts, and acoustical walls and ceilings. An Airways crew consists of a working foreman and two helpers, and is equipped with two \$110 portable vacuums with special attachments. The charge per crew is \$15 an hour. The firm's average income is \$500 a week per crew.

This service has been so welcomed that one client recommends it to another, no salesmen are needed. The company serves 150 Chicago clients and has opened a Milwaukee branch. In the opinion of George L. Candler, one of the partners, this is a good permanent business for many

"At Your Service" A Pittsburgh woman with a flair for organizing, skill as a shopper, and a natural spirit of helpfulness, established a business known as "At Your Service, Inc." This bureau takes complete charge of weddings, from addressing invitations to arranging for music, flowers and refreshments, supervising rehearsals, cataloguing the presents, and making travel arrangements for the wedding trip.

It also packs and unpacks trunks, opens and closes houses, shops for gifts and wraps and mails them, provides singers, entertainers and orchestras for parties, procures tickets for theaters, concerts and sporting events, and, in normal times, operates a travel bureau.

Charges vary with the character of service rendered and the time consumed. In some cases a flat fee is charged; in some, ten or 15 percent is added to the total bill; in others all or part of the fee is the customary commission allowed by the firms

patronized. The business has provided a good income for two people for several years.

Such an enterprise can be started in many cities which are not now provided with a similar service. The only investment required is for a desk and typewriter. At the outset, desk room might be rented in a hotel, office or other central location. Possibilities are limited only by the resourcefulness of the man or woman starting it. A sense of humor, a desire to serve people, ability and a wide acquaintance are "musts." The chief problem is to work out a fair method of charging, and to be genuinely helpful without doing too much for nothing.

The Contest for Ideas for Small Businesses closes February 1. Thus far over 37,000 suggestions have been received. Awards to 175 prize winners will be completed as soon as possible—probably early in April.



Slips That Pass

» FROM the society column of the Boulder Colo. *Daily Camera*: Members of Thursday Club met yesterday at the home of Mrs. Frank Spencer for luncheon and contract. Guests were Mrs. I. D. Jinder, Mrs. A. A. Parkhurst and Mrs. Neil Wilkinson. Mrs. Wilkinson was high."

» CLASSIFIED AD in the New Britain Conn. *Herald*: "WANTED—JANITOR must understand boilers, also cleaning woman. Apply or call Teachers College."

» A SIGN in the Bronx says "Piano lessons, special pains given to beginners."
—Earl Wilson

» CLASSIFIED AD in a Washington paper: "Secretary about to be married urgently, needs a 2 rm apt."

» FROM the society column of the Greenfield, Mass., *Recorder Gazette*: "The bride wore an aquamarine floor length gown with fuchsia trimming and carried an old fashioned."



Our Postwar Problems of 1787

By Edwin Muller

JANUARY 23, 1787 was low water mark for America. It was the moment when all our troubles came to a head when it seemed possible that our tenth birthday would be our last.

On that day Captain Daniel Shays led his army of 2000 up the hill at Springfield. He wore his old Continental uniform. The muskets his men carried were those they had used against the British and the Hessians. Now they were to be fired at the militia of Massachusetts, drawn up above to defend the Arsenal.

Shays was a simple man of the people. He had fought before to right the intolerable wrongs that wicked men had done him. Now he thought he was fighting again for the same reason. The lawyers and financiers in Boston, the legislature and judges that they owned, were just as wicked as King George and his ministers. They had brought him — and the common people everywhere — to the point of ruin. So he believed.

Readers will find an abundance of rich detail on the forgotten years of our history in *The Critical Period of American History 1783-1789*, by John Fiske (Houghton Mifflin, \$3)

... by the elected men met ... the Constitution ... little republics ...

Steadily they marched up the slope. The late afternoon sun touched the cannon waiting for them up above. It was bitter cold, the worst winter in many years.

When the two armies were 300 yards apart a courier came running down the hill. He carried a message from General Shepard, in command of the militia. 'Halt your men or I fire.'

'I tell him that's what we want,' growled Shays. He led on.

A hundred yards to go. A command was shouted above and muskets were leveled. A volley was fired — then another — but aimed over the heads of the advancing rebels. Some of them wavered. But the Continental veterans were in front, and under their example the others came on.

Shays held his fire — too long. The third volley crashed, this time aimed to kill. The front rank was down, some writhing in the snow, others lying still.

Shays and his men broke and fled down the hill. The threat of the Rebellion was ended.

But the musket balls of the militia hadn't cured the troubles or ended the dangers that threatened us.

"There are combustibles in every state which a spark might set fire to," wrote Washington. "I feel infinitely more than I can express for the disorders which have arisen."

For Shays' Rebellion was only one of many "disorders." In western Massachusetts, in Vermont, elsewhere in New England there were armed clashes. In New York the militia of Dutchess and Columbia counties was called out.

There had even been the beginnings of actual warfare between states. The Wyoming Valley in northeastern Pennsylvania had been settled by men and women from Connecticut. One spring the Susquehanna rose and flooded the valley, destroying houses, barns and cattle. The Pennsylvania legislature sent a company of militia, ostensibly to help the settlers. The soldiers behaved as if in enemy territory, stealing and burning. The settlers resisted. Then the troops turned them out of doors at the point of the bayonet, burned their remaining houses, drove them out of the state.

Wiser counsel prevailed in Pennsylvania and amends were made — just in time to prevent Connecticut from sending an expeditionary force to retaliate. While the states were contending with each other there was the threat of foreign war. Britain was still hostile, refusing to withdraw her garrisons from the West. Spain was threatening to strangle the western

settlements by closing the mouth of the Mississippi. We no longer had an effective army with which to meet these threats.

Nor had we a navy to protect our shipping. The Barbary pirates, those savage sea-robbers of the North African coast, preyed on all the shipping that entered the Mediterranean. Britain, France, Spain were, to some extent, able to protect their vessels. We were not. So the pirates always welcomed the sight of an American flag. American citizens were kidnaped, sold into slavery, murdered. This went on year after year. We could do nothing about it.

Closer to the average American at home were the economic troubles, those which had driven Shays and his like to rebellion. There was no national currency. Instead there was a confused medley of dollars, shillings, moidores, pistareens — all sorts of odd coins. Each state had its own scheme of paper money, some more bizarre than others, fluctuating wildly in value but tending steadily toward zero.

Foreign observers commented on our affairs with complacent I-told-you-sos. For example, the Dean of Gloucester. "As to the future grandeur of America, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived. The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes and manners, indicate that they will have no center of union and no common interest. A disunited people to the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or prin-

qualities according to natural boundaries."

This wasn't really a nation. It was merely an alliance of 13 independent republics straggled out on a long sea-coast. The alliance was held together haphazardly by the Articles of Confederation, drawn up by the Continental Congress at the time of the Declaration of Independence, but not accepted by all the states until 1781. In effect the Articles comprised a treaty by which the 13 states agreed to act together — as the United Nations agree today.

The only machinery for acting together was Congress. It was all there was of the Government of the United States. And Congress was little more than a council of ambassadors. It had, supposedly, certain powers, such as declaring and waging war and issuing money. But these powers were illusory.

There was no central executive power. There was a President, the president of Congress, but he had no more authority than any other member. We had 14 Presidents before George Washington, between 1774 and 1789, but how many people today can remember the name of any of them?

The alliance had been able to win a war. But, as usually happens, when the war was over it began to disintegrate. Its members followed their separate interests.

In 1783 the Continental Congress sat in Philadelphia. Eighty soldiers, mutinous because they had not been paid, lined up before the state house

where Congress was sitting, passed the grog and began throwing stones at the windows. Then, pointing their muskets, they threatened to seize the members, to hold them hostage until the pay was forthcoming.

The members appealed to the state government. It did nothing. They appealed to the city authorities. No response. So they fled in undignified rout to Princeton, where the college charitably took them in.

Congress was weak because it had no effective way of enforcing its laws. As Noah Webster said, "A law without a penalty is mere advice." The central government could neither raise money, maintain an

army and navy, nor establish trade or other relationships between the states.

There were some Americans who saw the remedy. Washington was one. He insisted that the only hope was a real union under a single federal government.

But the average American wasn't for it — not yet. Washington had said that the people must be willing to sacrifice some of their local interests to the common weal. But the states were not willing to surrender any part of their sovereignty to a "superstate" — a word then much in vogue.

Rugged Governor Clinton spoke for New York. It had everything — strategic position, a great port, fertile lands, room for expansion. Why should it give up its advantages and pool its interests in a union? Rhode Island was even tougher. It prided itself on being "the state of the other-



GEORGE WASHINGTON

wise minded," the people who had left Massachusetts because they wanted to run their own affairs. Should they give up that independence?

Citizens of the different states hardly knew each other. They were much farther apart in time than we are from our Russian and Chinese allies. From Boston to New York took a week to ten days — a tedious, expensive, uncomfortable trip. To go from North to South meant a long ocean voyage, longer in time than going from San Francisco to Australia today.

There were no great press associations, newspapers or periodicals to maintain contact between sections. Madison wrote to Jefferson: "Of the affairs of Georgia I know as little as of those of Kamchatka."

And the most important reason of all for not wanting a strong national union was the healthy Anglo-Saxon instinct to get along with the absolute minimum of government. The people had just fought a war to get rid of too much government. Why impose it on themselves?

So there was a heavy, inert mass of resistance to the making of a nation. To overcome it required a crusade, as daring and forceful as that which had brought about the Revolution.

THE MEN who planned and wrote the Constitution were a remarkable group. One or two of them could claim genius.

Alexander Hamilton, just turned 30, had shown himself a master in every field he had touched — business, finance, law, military strategy, above all in the science of government. The driving force of his life now

was a desire to create a strong central government — a nation. Through the critical years 1781-87 he moved steadily toward that goal, together with Washington, James Madison and others.

Of that far-seeing group Hamilton was the leading spirit. He directed the strategy of the movement, taking care not to keep too far ahead of public opinion. There was little hope of accomplishing anything through Congress. Rather the objective was to bring together a new body, a convention which should write a constitution, build the structure of a nation.

That purpose could not be avowed — the people weren't ready for it. Hamilton and his group moved indirectly. In 1786 they proposed that Congress give its sanction to a convention of delegates from all the states to make certain revisions in the existing Articles of Confederation — no more than that. Five to so, Congress balked at first. So did the state governments.

But Washington favored the convention. Influenced by his prestige and by the persuasions of Hamilton and Madison, Congress reluctantly came around. It passed a resolution inviting the state legislatures to send delegates to Philadelphia.

The legislatures received the proposal without enthusiasm. They were dilatory in acting on it. But in the end 12 states did appoint delegates. Rhode Island decided to have nothing to do with the affair.

Fifty-five delegates assembled in Philadelphia in May 1787. They were well chosen. Of the men who had risen to greatness through the years of the Revolution few were absent. Wash-

ington was there, Benjamin Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were in Europe. Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee stayed disapprovingly at home.

When the delegates met in Independence Hall they elected Washington chairman and got down to business. At once they were faced with the fundamental decision that had to be made. Why were they there? To revise the Articles of Confederation? Or to tear up the Articles, write a new constitution, make a truly national government?

Now Hamilton, Madison and their group came out in the open. With all the force of their genius they urged their case. Slowly, reluctantly the convention came in line. At last the decision was made: a new constitution, a strong central government.

When the decision was apparent some of the delegates went home. They said that their people wouldn't stand for giving up any essential part of their state sovereignty. Others stayed only to oppose. And many wavered in their conviction. They would trim and weaken the proposed government so as to make it acceptable to the people.

Washington held them in line with his famous words: "If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair."

There still remained a difference

of opinion as to how far to go. Granted that state sovereignty must be surrendered to the national government. But how much of it?

Hamilton would cut the states into small units like the present French departments. He would have the President appoint the governors.

This went too far for the majority.

As his plan was rejected Hamilton dropped into the background of the convention. James Madison came forward as the effective leader. He was a shy, little man who blushed easily and had no relish for rough and tumble debate. But, like Hamilton, he was a profound student of government. He could analyze the faults and virtues of the



ALEX. HAMILTON

Amphictyonic League of the Greeks or any other system of government, ancient or modern. At the same time, he knew the grass roots of politics.

The delegates moved from step to step, sometimes a little shocked at the novelty of what they were doing. When it was first suggested that the executive power be entrusted to one man, there was a profound silence. Then old Mr. Franklin got up and said brightly that it was an interesting subject and he'd like to hear what the delegates had to say. That got them started. Whenever they seemed at a deadlock a compromise was found.

One fundamental issue nearly wrecked the convention. It was the question that always plagues an alliance: shall the big states run it or shall all, big and little, have equal powers?

The fight centered on the proposed

national legislature Virginia, speaking for the big states, presented its plan a lower house elected on the basis of population, an upper house selected by the lower out of persons nominated by the state legislatures

The smaller states rose against the proposal, and New Jersey offered an opposing plan a legislature of one house, representing the states — not the people — each state with an equal vote

That in turn was attacked by the big states The fight grew bitter There seemed to be no middle ground

Then the Connecticut delegation came forward with its plan the famous Connecticut Compromise Two houses the lower elected by the people, on the basis of population the upper by the state legislatures two votes to each state The chief advocate of this compromise was Roger Sherman He was a deacon of the church, a typical Connecticut Yankee who 'combined piety with a great desire to succeed in practical affairs' He had succeeded — first as a cobbler, then as an almanac maker, then as a man of business He shrewdly urged Connecticut's combination of the Virginia and Jersey plans

He was supported by another almanac maker, Franklin 'Yes, when a joiner wishes to fit two boards, he sometimes pares off a bit from both'

The compromise was scrutinized in every detail Somebody suggested that with the growth of population the House would be an unwieldy body in 150 years But Gorham of Massachusetts laughed to scorn the idea that any government which they might contrive would last 150 years

So by fitting together their differ-

ent concepts they worked steadily toward their goal — a national government which should be strong and centralized, yet in which the states should not be submerged They worked in an atmosphere of excitement and grim determination There were hurried conferences of different factions, long sessions in lodgings It was the hottest weather in years and sometimes tempers wore thin When a delegate grew p gheaded, refused to hear any point of view but his own, Mr Franklin came out with his favorite story — about the French lady who, in a dispute with her sister, said "I don't know how it happens sister but I meet with nobody but myself who is always in the right"

Slowly but steadily the structure of government rose under the hands of the builders They nicely balanced the three branches executive, legislative and judicial

The work was done at last The Constitution was written down They began it — perhaps with a little wry self-questioning — We the people of the United States

AND so the Constitution was submitted to us, the people On the whole we didn't like the looks of it Historians are generally agreed that at the start there was a clear majority in the country against its adoption

The common man felt that something had been put over on him He had been reconciled to the necessity of giving up some small part of the sovereignty of the states, of his own freedom But this went too far Here it was, the dreaded superstate He saw tyranny ahead Tyranny of Congress, which could control elections

Especially tyrannv of the President The Constitution was called a conspiracy of the well-born against the common people

Then Hamilton entered the fight in New York Therein he showed his greatness, since the Constitution was a disappointment to him For him it was a halfway measure of the most doubtful value, though an improvement on the existing order With all his matchless eloquence he urged its adoption Adroitly he maneuvered the different factions to its support He formulated the case for a federal union in the great series of the Federalist papers, of which he wrote the larger part

Through all the 13 states the contest developed It was our first national political campaign and one of our hottest In general it was up state against down state, town against country The farmers and small town mechanics were mostly against the Constitution the commercial classes in the cities were for it

All the devices of electioneering were used There were stump speeches, parades, torchlight processions, bonfires One parade in New York lasted from 8 a m to 5 p m Its feature was a great float that rumbled through the streets, the Good Ship Constitution in full sail

The newspapers were full of impassioned letters to the editor There was a flood of anonymous pamphlets, most of which were sold for a small sum "Plain Truth," "Brutus," "An Old Whig," "Rough Hewn," "Rough Hewn, Jr.," had their say An anti-

Federalist pamphleteer called the proposed Constitution "a beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly, having great iron teeth"

There were outbreaks of violence Very early in the campaign the voters of Pennsylvania came to the boiling point The majority of the legislature was pro Constitution They were about to vote to submit it to the electorate of the state The minority members tried to block the vote They stayed at home, preventing a quorum But a mob of pro-Federalists routed them out of their lodgings, carried them struggling through the streets to the state house, held them forcibly in their seats until the vote was



taken Federalist and anti-Federalist meetings were broken up Copies of the Constitution were burned In Albany a Federalist parade encountered a parade of the anti-Federalists There was a pitched battle in which swords and bayonets were used One person was killed, 18 wounded

SLOWLY the tide turned in favor of the Constitution It turned not only because the arguments of Hamilton and the other Federalists were effective Rather it was because the average man came to see the alternatives more clearly for himself On the one hand, increasing chaos On the other a strong central government As one Jonathan Smith, a plain farmer of the Berkshires, said "Would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please everyone's fancy, rather than keep

disputing about it until the wild beasts came in and devoured the crop?"

The popular will was expressed in state conventions. Delaware was the first to ratify, on December 6, 1787. Pennsylvania and New Jersey ratified that same month. Six were in by February 6. Then those who still hesitated began to feel the threat of being left out. By June 21 nine had joined — the number required to ratify. Rhode Island and North Carolina held out until after the new government had begun to function. Rhode Island was last to ratify, on May 29, 1790 — "otherwise minded" to the end.

So we the people took the Constitution — a little uncertain whether we had a bargain or not. Then we proceeded to make alterations. From the day it was adopted the Constitution began to change in certain important respects — by amendment, by interpretation, by usage. Jefferson summed it up when he said that the Constitution was a good canvas, only in want of some retouching. The first job of retouching was the addition of ten amendments, the Bill of Rights. The absence of such a bill had been the point on which the common people everywhere had attacked the

Constitution. They demanded that certain specific liberties be guaranteed them under the new government, among them religious liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, the right to assemble peacefully, the certainty that no man be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.



At first some states refused to ratify unless amendments were made covering those liberties. Finally they compromised on a sort of gentlemen's agreement that the amendments be made as soon as the first Congress assembled.

The agreement was carried out. The Bill of Rights, its wording largely influenced by Jefferson, was

voted by the first Congress and ratified by the states.

Our Constitution has been a model for other new nations in erecting their structures of government. It may be a model for greater structures of the future.

Nearly 60 years ago John Fiske wrote: "In some future still grander convention we trust the same thing will be done between states that have been wholly sovereign, whereby peace may gain and violence be diminished over other lands than this which has set the example."



DR. JOSEPH R. SIZOO, pastor of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in New York, says that this proverb of Confucius has been the golden text of his life:

"It is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness."



Verdict on INDIA

Verdict on India is the result of a recently completed tour by one of England's most provocative journalists. A vivid personal adventure among the Indian people and their present day leaders, it presents individual conclusions in striking contrast to some current views on the fateful problem of Indian independence.

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY BEVERLY NICHOLS

WHEN an infected foot landed me in an Indian hospital the first thing I learned was that there is only one trained nurse to every 65,000 inhabitants of India. This figure corresponds roughly, with 200 nurses for the whole Dominion of Canada. In the city of Peshawar, where I was confined, there are 60,000 cases of tuberculosis alone. If we allotted only one nurse to every ten of these unfortunates, we would need to employ the entire nursing community of India in this one comparatively small city.

In India, nursing is still regarded as a dishonorable profession by the vast majority of Indian women. The prejudices of Victorian England, which

Florence Nightingale had to fight, are mere whims and fancies compared with the hidebound rules of caste and custom which govern Hindu womanhood.

That is why so large a proportion of the tiny corps of nurses is composed of Anglo-Indian girls, most of whom are Christians. The humiliations which these girls often have to suffer are past belief, particularly when they go on private cases. One girl, of high culture and intelligence, told me that she was expected to eat with the sweepers, and that after bathing her patient with antiseptic the patient always insisted on bathing again in order to wash off the 'pollution' of her touch.

And those 60,000 cases of tuberculosis?

One reason is the institution of *Purdah*. If you walk through the streets of Peshawar you will never see a female face. The few women you meet are covered from head to foot, two narrow slits for the eyes and a tiny hole for the mouth—that is all the fresh air they ever get.

"If anybody had tried to invent a costume that was quite ideal for the incubation of microbes," said the doctor in my ward, "he could not have done better than *Purdah*. We fight it year in and year out, but we can't fight it too openly for fear of offending the religious susceptibilities of the people."

"There's trouble in one of the wards in the next wing," said my nurse one Monday morning.

"A little boy's just arrived with 18 relations who insist on sleeping by his bed."

"Eighteen?"

"Yes. Parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins, to say nothing of three babies howling their heads off. And he has to have absolute quiet."

"Why don't you get rid of them?"

"We can't. If we asked even one of them to go they'd take the boy away, and he'd be dead before morning."

The explanation is the Hindu joint-family system, under which families of 20 or more are required to live under one roof. When I was well enough to explore the quarters of the other patients in a wheel chair I found many of the rooms to be miniature Bedlams. Every inch of floor space was occupied by some

member of the family, from aged cronies to screaming babies.

Searchlight on Hinduism

OF THE hundreds of writers who have called attention to India's "religiosity" I do not recall a single one who has faced up to its implications in the modern world—who has shown how religious fanaticism today is sweeping its way into every phase of Indian life. Hinduism in its most extreme form is a turbulent force. Its voice rises above the roar of the factories, it dominates the assemblies of politicians and students.

In its very early origins, Hinduism was a mystical way of life of exceptional difficulty and extreme abstraction, which was immortalized in a few great works of art such as the *Gita* and the *Upanishads*. This "religion"—which in any case, would be totally beyond the comprehension of any large body of men—has become perverted beyond all recognition. It has borrowed here, there and everywhere, accumulating a mass of superstitions, deifying instinct, sanctifying convenience, and giving divine authority to human passion, till it found itself saddled with several thousand "gods," some of them of the most disreputable character, "gods" of greed and "gods" of lust.

The religious fervor with which so monstrous a custom as child-marriage was defended by the Hindus in their fight against the Child Marriage Act will come as a revelation to the average Westerner. Even today, the law is openly flouted.

I myself have stood in the Monkey Temple at Benares while streams of little girls, who could not have been

more than 12 years old, were dragged toward the idols to implore the "blessings" of fertility. They cringed, as though in shame because they had not yet fulfilled the divine duty of maternity.

Suttee, the custom of burning widows alive, thuggee, the use of professional religious assassins — these were part of the Hindu religion. They were abolished by the Christian British, and their abolition was fiercely contested by the Hindus in the name of their religion.

It was the same with the devadasis, the temple prostitutes who are dedicated from childhood to minister to the pilgrims and the priests. They are not so conspicuous as they were in the big cities, but you have only to go a little way off the beaten track to see them sitting at dusk in the doorways of the little houses that are grouped around the temple area.

"The idea of allowing the young girls of the prostitute class to grow up in the atmosphere of the temples," writes a leading Hindu apologist, "is to instill into them some religion, some fear of God, so that when they come of age they may not indulge in promiscuity. *The prostitutes of India are, therefore, one of the most God fearing and loyal class of mistresses known to that unfortunate profession.*"

Mumbo Jumbo

IF THE average British or American citizen were told that syphilis could be cured by drinking a cup of tea, he would be skeptical, if he were told further that this same cup of tea would also cure tuberculosis, brain fever, malaria, gonorrhea, and bronchitis — he would be inclined to

throw the cup of tea into the face of its inventor.

The cup of tea — or rather, a small tin of it — stands before me as I write. It has just come back from the analyst's. It is quite harmless, and, of course, utterly useless for any of the diseases for which it is recommended. Its basis is an herb that resembles the South American maté, it also contains thyme, cardamoms, cloves and the dried petals of a few common flowers. It might perhaps have slight digestive properties, but that is all.

This stuff was presented to me by one of the leading lights of Hindu medicine, a system of Mumbo Jumbo which goes under the name of Ayurveda. The Ayurvedic system, with its blend of astrology, witchcraft, and religion, and its claims to have rediscovered ancient secrets which are far in advance of Western medicine, is spreading throughout modern India; students are being enrolled by the thousands, in many parts of India the number of Ayurvedic doctors is between 20 and 30 percent greater than the number of allopathic or Western doctors.

The main impetus for the growth of this gigantic quackery is, quite simply, Hindu nationalism, of which it is the medical expression.

The things Ayurveda does not attempt to do are even more significant than the things it does. It disdains the microscope and ignores the whole field of bacteriology. It rejects surgery, and gives the cancer patient a pill. It has no disinfectants adequate to deal with any but the simplest cases of sepsis, to prevent the spread of cholera it hangs a bunch of flowers over the doorway. It delib-

crately rejects countless remedies that have unquestionably proved their worth in Western medicine, such as sulphonamide preparations for pneumonia or insulin for diabetes

On the other hand, one branch of this "science" has shown remarkable progress. In the manufacture of aphrodisiacs, Ayurveda reigns supreme. Firms of Ayurvedic chemists are legion, they have a huge mail-order business with catalogues setting forth in lurid language their claims to stimulate the sexual appetite.

Such is the system which in the name of nationalism is attempting to assume responsibility for the health of nearly one fifth of the human race.

The Other India

IT HAS always seemed to me quite futile to plunge into Indian politics before making any attempt to understand the Indian people. The lack of factual and atmospheric background is the cause of the unreality of so many debates about India, whether they are in the House of Commons or the columns of the American press.

A number of commentators, for example, write as though the India of the Princes did not exist. Actually, of course, the Princes exist to the extent of ruling over nearly two fifths of the entire territory of India and their subjects number no less than 80 millions. Moreover, their States, which number over 600, are sewn so firmly into the main fabric by the threads of history and of self-interest that any attempt to tear them out might cause the whole thing to fall apart. Some of these States, of course, are very small, they shine on India's quilt like tiny specks

of gold, but others are nearly the size of France, governed by rulers with wide powers and lusty ambitions, who have not the faintest intention of retiring.

The Elusive Indian

"Have you ever met an Indian?"

This startling question was put to me by a friend when I had been in India for nearly a year, and had traveled thousands of miles — from the snows of the Northwest Frontier to the markets of Madras.

Met an Indian?

What did the man mean? I had, of course, met many. To speak to at least a thousand. But supposing we looked at India from a more general viewpoint?

First, the 180 million caste Hindus. They were Indians all right, the very core of India. But wait a minute: were they? What about the 60 million noncaste Hindus who were groveling in their dust? Were they Indians too? According to the caste Hindus, they were not even men and women! They were "untouchable." To drink from the same cup would be spiritual poison, their very shadow was pollution. Could these 60 million — regarded by their own brethren as a good deal lower than the lowest animals — be described, by a Westerner, as "Indians?"

Or, if the Hindus were "Indians," what of the Muslims — nearly 92 million of them — with their dream of Pakistan, a separate Indian empire of their own? These vast bodies of men, the Hindus and the Muslims, are so acutely conscious of their differences that they not only refuse to eat together or think together, or pray

together, they refuse even to live in the same unit of territory

To begin at the other end, with India's smallest community, the Parsees, was no better. Although there are less than 115,000 of them, judged by their achievements the Parsees assume a position of importance out of all proportion to their numbers. Wherever there are riches in India you will find the Parsees. To give only one example, the vast network of Tata industries is entirely Parsee, in conception, in execution, and in present-day direction. The firm of Tata's is industrial India. Its steel works at Jamshedpur, employing 30,000 people, are the largest in the British Empire. Its hydro electric system is the largest unit in the country. Its aircraft industry in time may challenge the biggest combines of the West.

India without the Parsees would be like an egg without salt. And without a good deal of its salt too.

But — and it is a very big 'but' — we cannot really call them "Indians." Even if they themselves claimed the title — (and a large number of them do not, preferring to regard themselves as a separate community, living on tolerance) — the vast majority of Indians would deny it to them. They say that the Parsees are really Persians, as their name implies. And they say it in terms which are by no means polite. For the Parsees have aroused great envy, thousands of fingers are itching to get at their gold.

Then there are still other large communities, running into many millions — the Sikhs, the Jains, the Buddhists. The five million Sikhs, for example, are among the true aristocrats of India, they are virile and clean-

living, swift of brain and body. They are also implacable enemies of the Muslims. If the Muslim dream of Pakistan should ever be realized, the Sikhs, who nearly all live in the Punjab, where the Muslims hopelessly outnumber them, threaten to set up a separate Sikh state of their own and call it Khalistan.

Where, then, is the man who can say with real sincerity, without hypocrisy and without any thought of self-interest, "I am an Indian?"

Below the Bottom Rung

A man of about 50. Waiting for me in a wicker chair on the veranda of his house. Bulky, dynamic. Very charming manners, but nervous, inclined to fiddle with his shoelaces. Seemed to be on his guard, as though ready to parry taunts from all directions.

So runs an extract from my diary.

The man is Dr. Ambedkar, labor member in the Government of India, and one of the best brains in India. Then why this nervousness, this suggestion that he would be ready to take offense?

Because Dr. Ambedkar (M.A. London, high honors at Columbia University, special distinction at Heidelberg) is, in the eyes of orthodox caste Hindus, "untouchable." A person to bring pollution if his Mayfair dinner jacket should happen to brush against their dhotis.

A large number of people in England and America seem to imagine that untouchability is on the wane. They have read with approval Gandhi's denunciations of it, they have seen photographs of him with his arm round the shoulders of the outcasts. "Surely," they say to themselves,

"such a powerful example, in these enlightened days, must be having some effect?" It is not

Admittedly, one or two dramatic gestures have been made in the past few years. Certain temples, for example, have been thrown open to the untouchables. But what happens? As soon as the untouchables flock in, the orthodox flock out. The temple becomes an "untouchable" temple, it is tainted, unholy, and as such it ceases to be an object of reverence even to the untouchables themselves.

The life of the untouchables is largely a matter of negatives. They may not use the public wells which means that they are often condemned to drink impure water. Their children may not enter the schools; they must sit outside. They may not go near the bathing places. Hence they are usually filthy.

One evening I was talking with a British subaltern in charge of a training camp for young Indian engineers who was having trouble with recruiting.

"They come in fast enough," he said. "But I have to send 'em away again. Look over there."

We saw two fine-looking young Indians standing in the shadow of a eucalyptus tree, staring at the dust.

"Those chaps are two of the best who've ever come my way, physically and mentally. They want to join my lot, I want to have them, and I can't."

"Why on earth not?"

"Untouchable Sweeper class."

"But that's preposterous!"

"Of course it is. But it's India. My men would just down tools if I took 'em on."

As for Gandhi being the untouchables' friend, let us listen to Dr Ambedkar who is their undisputed leader.

"Gandhi," he said to me, "is the greatest enemy the untouchables have ever had in India."

This will come as a violent shock to most people. Gandhi has ceaselessly proclaimed his detestation of untouchability. He has untouchables in his ashram and has even adopted an untouchable child. What most people, however, do not know is that Gandhi has fiercely opposed any attempt to give the untouchables an independent voice in Indian affairs.

Give the untouchables separate electorates, he said, and you only perpetuate their status for all time. It is a queer argument, and those who are not bemused by the Mahatma's charm consider it a phony one. They suspect that Gandhi is a little afraid that 60 million untouchables may join up with the 92 million Muslims — (as they nearly did) — and challenge the dictatorship of the 180 million orthodox Hindus.

The future of the untouchables depends largely on the British. To leave their fate in the hands of a Congress dominated by the Brahmins, as we would have under the Cripps proposals, Ambedkar declared, "would deal a death blow to our interests."

Some people challenge Ambedkar's right to leadership. They would not do so if they had ever attended any of his meetings, such as the great rally at Nagpur where 75,000 untouchables acclaimed him with a fervor that even Gandhi might have envied.

"The keynote of my policy," said

Ambedkar, "is that we are *not* a sub-section of the Hindus but a separate element in the national life. In every village there is a tiny minority of untouchables. I want to gather those minorities together and make them into majorities. This means a tremendous work of organization — transferring populations, building new villages. But we can do it, if only we are allowed."

"We are as staunchly nationalist as any of the Congress. But we do not want the British to quit India till our rights are safeguarded. If they do, our fate will be more terrible than the fate of any of the oppressed peoples of Europe."

The Stormy North

TRADITIONALLY, the Northwest Frontier is the most volcanic area to be found in the whole of India. Even when the various tribes are not shooting at us, they are shooting at each other.

How thin the veneer of civilization is in those parts is apparent as soon as you leave Peshawar, the provincial capital. You lunch in a country club surrounded by pretty women in gay dresses while a smart little orchestra plays piepaw jazz. An hour later you are far off in the mountains, in the world's grimmest country, jagged and treacherous. The road over which you are speeding is a thin ribbon of safety threaded through a blood-soaked fabric of danger and death. And before bedtime you are at the Khyber Pass itself.

My guide up the Khyber was a young officer who had seen four years' service in the tribal area, where there is a babel of tongues but where the

tribesman's chief means of self-expression is his rifle.

"May I have a month's leave, sir, to go and murder my cousin?"

Perhaps the question is not phrased quite so bluntly, but that is the gist of many earnest requests which are put to British officers by their Pathan troops in these parts.

"If I refuse," said my guide, "the man just deserts, taking his rifle with him. And that means another good man gone, and another sniper to worry about on dark evenings."

To be sure, economics also plays a part.

As we stood there we saw, far below us down in the valley, the dust of camels and caravans moving in a long procession.

I look down there," said my guide. "There's wealth for you — bags of it, waiting to be seized in a single raid. In those caravans there'll be silks from Bokhara and Turkoman carpets and plenty of precious metal for the goldsmiths of Peshawar."

And now look round you," he continued. "What is there up here? Rocks and dust and thorn and scrub. No water. A handful of goats. And a hole in the rock for your home. Can you wonder that when they see a target like that the temptation's too much for a band of hungry men?"

Here was a land of wild tribesmen kept in comparative order only by the constant vigilance of a few British.

I found myself thinking how extremely difficult it would be to explain the situation to an audience of enlightened liberals at home who are so convinced that the British have only to march out of India for the whole country to blossom overnight.

with the benefits of representative democratic institutions

The Congress Party

It is a strange paradox that the Congress Party of India should be the darling of warmhearted Western liberals. The Congress Party is, to begin with, a 100 percent Gandhi dictatorship. Not that Gandhi rules openly. Instead, he dominates through Sardar Patel, whom John Gunther described as "Congress's Jim Farley, the ruthless party fixer and organizer."

During the whole of my stay in India, Gandhi was in jail. The phrase "in jail" is somewhat misleading, because the jail was one of the Aga Khan's palaces, and he could have walked out of it at any moment he chose, by signing, on a half-sheet of notepaper, a guarantee not to sabotage the war effort. He preferred to stay in jail.

At no time, to be sure, did Gandhi come out openly for Japan. He always speaks with one eye on America, and if America had caught him in an overt flirtation with Japan, the consequences to his prestige would have been catastrophic. But he went as far as he could. He suggested that the Japanese were only too anxious for peace but that they were reluctantly compelled to aggression because India was defended by the British.

It is almost impossible for even the most skilled observer to discover when Gandhi is sincere and when he is not. Consider his economic policy. It begins, ends, and has its entire being in the *charkha*—the spinning wheel. If only the peasants will weave their own cloth, in their own homes, and go on weaving it, then the economic

evils of India will disappear. The doctrine of *charkha* is about as practical as the suggestion that unemployment would disappear in the United States if only the American housewife knitted her husband's socks.

The other great plank in Gandhi's program, his so-called "nonviolence," has, in practice, invariably led to violence.

"What may be permitted for disorganizing government within the limit of nonviolence?" queried a subscriber in Gandhi's newspaper, *Harijan*.

"I can give my personal opinion only," ran the reply. "It will be nonviolence without blemish."

So far so good. And the next sentence?

"Cutting wires, removing rails, destroying small bridges cannot be objected to in a struggle like this."

In Congress bulletins theft, arson, riot and every form of sabotage were openly advocated, all in the name of "nonviolence."

It seems true that Gandhi's practical influence is sharply on the wane and is not likely to reassert itself. Gandhi is now 75 and he has stepped out of jail to find a very different world from the world he left behind. Britain is no longer struggling with her back to the wall, the Japanese are no longer advancing upon India.

Most important of all, the tremendous gap between his mystic Mumbo Jumbo and the hard but exciting realities of the modern world is more than ever apparent. Every day that Gandhi has been in jail has seen a rapid increase in the number of young Indians who are being brought into the orbit of the war effort, which means into the orbit of the 20th cen-

ture From thousands of villages young men are flocking to the army centers where, for the first time in their lives, they are taught the rudiments of hygiene and discipline, and are given their first sight of the magic of modern machinery

One of the most brilliant pieces of organization which Britain has achieved during the present war is the War Exhibition which has been moved from center to center in an effort to teach India the issues of the war and the manner in which it is being waged. The Exhibition is not merely a collection of tanks and propaganda posters, it is a complete and self sufficient picture, on an enormous scale, of modern engineering, aviation, transport, agriculture, radio, cookery, social service, botany, medicine.

In spite of the frenzied efforts of Congress to boycott it, the Exhibition has been an unqualified success, particularly with the younger men. It has marked a turning point in their lives. They have come from sleepy villages which if Gandhi had his way, would go on sleeping, and suddenly the whole wonder box of modern science is thrown open before them. They stare in amazement and growing delight and soon they are walking in a new world from which even Gandhi's hypnotic voice can never recall them. For into this new world he does not fit.

Pakistan

THE MOST important Muslim in India is 68, tall, thin and elegant, with a monocle on a gray silk cord, and a stiff white collar which he wears in the hottest weather. He suggests a

gentleman of Spain, a diplomat of the old school such as one used to see sitting in the window of the St. James's Club.

Mr. Jinnah is a man to watch because he is in a position of unique strategic importance. Not only is he president of the Muslim League, a compact and fighting organization which commands the allegiance of at least 85 percent of India's Muslims, but he is potentially the ruler of a vast new empire, Pakistan.

True, at the moment, Pakistan is only an empire of dreams, but in the minds of the Muslim it is none the less real for all that.

Literally it means Land of the Pure. In geographical terms it means a great block of land in the Northwest of India, consisting of Baluchistan, Sind, the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier, together with a block in the east, consisting of the greater part of Bengal.

It is proposed that these areas, which are predominantly Muslim, should be separated once and for all from the rest of India, which is predominantly Hindu, and should proclaim themselves an independent state. I am one of those who believe not only that this will happen but that it *must* happen. If it does, an entirely new situation will have arisen in Asia, which will shatter the existing balances of power, and drastically modify the policies of every country in the world.

It is often asserted that Pakistan is a mushroom growth, that hitherto Muslims and Hindus have managed to live together, however uneasily, and that therefore this summary divorce is too drastic a measure. This

argument ignores the fact that Britain has up till now been responsible for law and order. But with the approach of national independence, communalism has flared up in a spectacular manner.

When by the act of 1935 representative self-government was established in 11 provinces, Congress found itself in a large majority in seven out of the 11 provinces in the first election. Instead of inviting the Muslims to share the fruits of office, instead of attempting any form of coalition it rigidly excluded them from all responsibility. In schools, Muslim children were compelled to stand up and salute Gandhi's picture. The Congress flag was treated as the flag of the whole nation and in business matters the discrimination against Muslims, from the great landowners and merchants to the humblest tillers of the soil, was persistent.

The best proof of these allegations is the fact that, when war broke out and the Congress ministries resigned, the Muslim League called for a Day of National Thanksgiving to mark the end of the tyranny.

What is strange, in the whole Pakistan controversy, is the opposition which it still evokes from sincere well-wishers of India. This is due to the strength of Congress propaganda. The Hindus, by persistent suggestion, have managed to persuade the world that *they* are "India," and that any attempt to divide "India" is a wicked "plot on the part of the British," acting on the well-established principle of "divide and rule."

Most liberals of the West have fallen for this propaganda, hook, line and sinker. Consequently we have

the extraordinary spectacle of British politicians pleading in the House of Commons the cause of Indian "unity" in the joint cause of Indian independence — sublimely ignorant of the fact that their insistence on this so-called 'unity' is the one and only thing that keeps the British in the saddle!

Jinnah's own testimony on this point is explicit: "The one thing which keeps the British in India is the false idea of a United India, as preached by Gandhi," Jinnah told me. "A United India, I repeat, is a British creation — a myth, and a very dangerous myth, which will cause endless strife. As long as that strife exists the British have an excuse for remaining."

White and Off-White

PERHAPS the most singular feature of British rule is the fact it is the rule of a mere handful. In peacetime (apart from the tiny standing army) the ratio was about ten thousand British subjects to 400 million Indians.

Many persons seem to think of a British withdrawal as a mass exodus, a sort of transfer of population, spread over many months and involving an immense disruption of transport. Actually, it could all be accomplished over a week-end and every man, woman and child could be removed from the country in a single convoy of modest proportions.

What if we attempt to assess the British as frankly as we have assessed the Indians, to inquire what sort of people they really are and how far they are worthy of their responsibilities?

Those ancient figures of comedy — the pukka sahib and his men —

do they really exist? Do they yell for chota pegs at sundown, in the manner of E. M. Forster? Do they "go out in the midday sun," in the manner of Noel Coward? Do they indulge in illicit passions against a background of tamarind and sandalwood, in the manner of Somerset Maugham?

In some of the larger cities, yes. Fortunately they are by no means typical. The average British men and women are a "pretty decent lot," particularly those who live in remote districts.

Whatever else you may deny to this tiny handful, scattered over the country like a pinch of alien dust on a gigantic desert, you must grant them courage. You must grant it to the little garrisons of the North-west Frontier, living in the perpetual shadow of the sniper, to the judges, steering a straight furrow through a jungle of falsehood, trickery and vituperation to the doctors, sticking to their principles in an encircling atmosphere of superstition and hostility, above all, to the women, nurses, missionaries, wives of country officials, to whom such things as the sound of music and laughter and the swish of crepe de Chine are to be found only in the pages of a magazine.

Yet we cannot deny that there are a number of criticisms to be made of the British in India, if we consider them as individuals rather than as cogs in the Imperial machine.

Riding in my first Indian train, from Gwalior to Delhi, I asked a very red-faced colonel the Indian for "thank you." The coolies who had carried the luggage were waiting to be paid, it was very hot and they had

worked quickly and well, it seemed ungracious merely to tip them and send them off.

"Thank you?" ejaculated the colonel. "Thank you?"

"Yes," I repeated. "Thank you."

"But, my dear fellah," he spluttered, "you *don't*."

"Don't say thank you?"

"Certainly not Nevah. It isn't done."

The British have got a lot out of India, but they have never said "thank you." It is a pity, these things do help.

Again, it sometimes seems that the British who live in India do not live in India at all. Their heart is in the Highlands — or in Kensington High Street. What can you know about India, if after 20 or 30 years you have never seen an Indian film, never heard of the Bhagavad Gita (which is as though an Indian coming to England had never heard of the New Testament), never spent even one night in an Indian village?

Admittedly, I did not do it often, but even a short experience taught me more than a dozen books. I learned, for instance, the strange sense of oneness which the Indians have with the animals, it seemed quite natural that four little goats should be sleeping in one corner of the hut, that a cluster of hens should be brooding in another, and that from time to time a bullock should push a solemn head through the door. It was not possible to get much sleep, and the bites were legion, but there were many compensations. The wail of the flute as the dusk was falling, the lovely silhouettes of the women at the well, charcoal black

against a jade-green sky, the bowl of curds and fresh fruit which they brought me before going to bed, and the wreath of frangipani that they placed around my neck.

And then — the sudden dawn, very rich and red, a regular blood orange of a dawn, and the singing of the peasants, as they set off to the paddy fields. There are few things more beautiful than a paddy field in the early light, it is like a quilt embroidered in many shades of green, from the pale stretches of the outplantings, thinly sown against the red earth, to the vivid squares of glowing emerald which mark the crop to come.

"Have you any real Indian friends?" I asked Englishmen again and again. The answer was always the same.

"Friends? Well — I know some very decent Indians. But I wouldn't exactly call them *friends*."

That is perhaps the major tragedy. And it is not all the fault of the British. Here is an example. Most of the clubs in the hill stations are mixed, members meet on terms of perfect equality, provided that they pay their subscriptions, no questions are asked, no privileges given.

So far, so good — in theory. But in practice, what happens? The Indian men refuse to allow their wives and daughters to come to the club. They come themselves, night after night, they dance with the wives of British officers, but their womenfolk stay at home.

One of the unhappiest consequences of this lingering color prejudice is to be seen in the lot of the 140,000 Anglo-Indians, who in many ways are perhaps the most luckless community in the world. Not only are

they equally despised by both their half-brothers, the British and the Indians, they despise themselves.

Their one idea, which amounts to an obsession, is to deny their colored blood.

It would be funny if it were not tragic. I once knew an Anglo-Indian nurse. She was a nice girl, patient, efficient, and pretty in her dusky way. There could not be a moment's doubt about her origin, but to hear her talk you would think she could trace her pedigree back to the Plantagenets.

"These *Indians*!" she would cry, in contempt, when the bearer brought the wrong medicine or the sweeper was lazy in his work. "Really — these *Indians*! One can do *nothing* with such people!"

"I have been out here far too long." That is another favorite phrase of the Anglo-Indian girl. "I've absolutely lost touch with home." They have never been "home" at all, poor creatures, but they would die rather than admit it.

The great ambition of these girls is to marry an Englishman, to be taken out of the country, and so to escape from the dubious halfway-house in which life has cast them.

For Anglo-Indian men the situation is not so bad. A fair proportion of posts is reserved for them in the public services, particularly in the police and on the railways. Some of them, by exceptional merit, have risen to positions of eminence and wealth.

For the greater part of the Anglo-Indian community, however, the future is none too bright, with the tide of British power ebbing fast, they are left stranded on the beach, scanning the empty seas for a friendly

sail a sail which will never come

Shaming the Volcano

• It is astounding, in retrospect, how soon India gets into your system, how rapidly the initial shocks wear off. The flaming blossoms of the golden mohur trees, which scorched your eyes when you first saw them, soon lose their glory, today you do not even turn your head whereas yesterday you stared and stared.

It is the same with the horrors. I had not been in India ten minutes before I had seen a typical skeleton horse, limping and staggering down the road, a quivering mass of pain and sores. A visit to a railway station, the favorite rendezvous of India's beggars, is like a trip through the galleries of waxy monsters. Here are lepers, and tertiary syphilitics, and blind children — not born blind, but blinded by their parents so that they may prove a source of future income in the beggar market.

In the beginning, you extended your charity. But the flock of dreadful beings that were attracted by the clink of coins was too great, they seemed to appear from nowhere, gibbering, spitting, moaning, screaming, and pointing to their sores. You gave it up. You learned that the Hindi for "go away" is "*jao*", you said it reluctantly, you said it louder, and still louder, till at last you found yourself shouting it.

A year ago, at New Delhi however, I had experienced a very different kind of shock. This had been my first big Indian city, a very grand car was waiting for us at the station, driven by a giant in white and gold,

with another giant sitting by his side, for we were going to stay with the Viceroy. We turned to say a word of thanks to a coolie who had been unusually efficient with the bags. As we did so, the words died on our lips. We had seen something in letters a foot high, chalked on the wall a few yards away: QUIT INDIA.

I blinked at it, growing rather red in the face, not through anger, but through a sort of social embarrassment — as though one had been found gate-crashing.

Out of the corner of my eye I scanned the enormous chauffeur. Supposing he saw it too, and turned and barked, 'Well, you know what to do about it, don't you? Get out and go home!' But the giant stared impassively ahead.

Really this was a very extraordinary situation. Here was a flaming insult, an incitement to revolt, flaunted before the eyes of hundreds of people. But nobody was taking any notice of it. Passengers hurried past, British soldiers with rifles on their sweating backs, businessmen carrying attache cases, Indian women in sarees of green and silver, Brahman priests, peasants carrying hens by the legs, Indian sailors lugging kit bags. None paid the least attention.

And then I thought of another scene, far away. Gray trees, November mists, sooty railings. Hyde Park and mob orators shouting "Quit!" They were shouting it to the King and Queen, to the lords and ladies of England, to all those who dwelt in gilded palaces. And nobody paid any attention. The policemen grinned, the mob chimed in with coarse but affectionate interjections.

Had England, in India, performed another of her unconscious miracles? Was she once again shaming the volcano by ignoring its eruptions? It looked very like it

To Quit or Not to Quit

THERE is no doubt that most of the British electorate, when they think of India at all, which is seldom, have a vague and generous feeling that we *should* quit, and they would probably vote accordingly even though they knew that they were voting against their own interests

On moral grounds there can be no other choice. Yet, equally on moral grounds, our quitting must be conditional on the recognition of the equal sovereignty and independence of the two great Indian nations — the Muslims and the Hindus. Otherwise, we shall be in danger of giving freedom with one hand and taking it away with the other, of letting 250 million Hindus out of what they are pleased to regard as jail in the morning and shutting up 92 million Muslims in what they are quite *certain* is jail in the afternoon

Only a wildly irresponsible person, however, would suggest that we *can* quit overnight, India would be left almost completely defenseless from aggression

This quite fundamental matter of defense has received scant consideration from those who claim that 'India is eager to defend herself, if only she gains her freedom'

"Defend herself with what?" one may reasonably inquire. There is, for example, practically no such thing as an Indian navy. At the beginning of the war the entire Indian navy con-

sisted of a few *small patrol ships*. This toy navy would have been totally inadequate for a country the size of Denmark, let alone an area the size of England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, the Balkans, and then some. Even the craziest optimism hardly suggest that a navy could be built in much less than 20 years

The same argument applies to the Indian army. Nobody will deny the bravery which Indian troops have displayed in the present war, but it would be ludicrous to suggest that these same troops are capable of undertaking, on their own, the defense of India. There is only a handful of Indian officers who have ever been entrusted with any wide powers

And yet — presumably — in one way or another, we *shall* quit. Maybe in haste, which would be an unredeemed tragedy, maybe in comparative leisure, which would at least give ourselves and the world a chance to adjust itself to the immense changes — racial, strategic and economic — which our withdrawal will entail

But whether it is tomorrow or a day a little more remote, there will be one sense in which the British will never quit India and that is a spiritual sense. With all our faults of omission and commission, our occasional outbursts of temper, our frequent lack of imagination, we gave India peace, and it was not the peace of the desert, we gave India law, and it was not the law of the strong, and — in the final judgment, we gave India liberty, for it was the ideals of Milton, of Locke, of Wilberforce, Mill, Bright and Gladstone that first kindled the Indian mind to an understanding of what liberty really is



The READER'S DIGEST

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

March 1945

The Cause for Which We Fight

Condensed from
an editorial in The
New York Times

★

"For the holy love of God, let's listen to the dead Let's learn from the living Let's join ranks against the foe The bugles of battle are heard again above the bickering"

The quotation is from *Stars and Stripes* We might well listen to the soldiers

BECAUSE Russia made a unilateral settlement in Poland, because Britain "interfered" in Greece, because a Prime Minister in London turned thumbs down on a Foreign Minister in Rome, because France made an alliance with Russia which does not speak of Dumbarton Oaks, because misery and unemployment dominate parts of Europe as aftermaths of a still unfinished war, because nations stirred to their very depths by years of torture and humiliation do not settle down as quickly as we wish, civilian voices are beginning to be heard on our side of the Atlantic, proclaiming mournfully that all is lost

The chant becomes familiar We are told that "we are not liked" in Europe We are told that "power politics" are once more master of the scene We are told that lasting peace is an illusion, and that plans to

achieve it are a snare We are told that the brave new world has died unborn We are told that even before the fighting ends we have lost the cause for which we fight

If this is a true picture of the situation, then there is nothing to be said to *Stars and Stripes* But if it is not a true picture, if it is distorted by wrong emphasis or mistaken judgment, then this flurry about "losing the war before it is won" is uncalled for and harmful It is harmful to our own morale It is exasperating to our allies It must be bitter to our troops

It cannot give much encouragement to a soldier in the field to be told that the cause for which he is about to die is already lost

IF THE criticism of events in Europe is examined at all closely, it will be found to carry contradictions Observer A wrings his hands in despair

because Mr Churchill "tried to force a settlement on Greece," but he is perfectly ready to have Mr Churchill try to force a settlement on Poland. Observer B, on the other hand, approves of Mr Churchill's policy in Greece, but accuses him of betraying the Poles in whose behalf the British originally made war on Hitler. It must be evident, therefore, that we have not all been asking Mr Churchill to do the same thing. Each of us is taking a perfectionist view of what we think ought to happen in Europe, according to our own standards. And it is largely on the basis of such frequently contradictory and always perfectionist opinions that we are told, by the mourners' chorus, that the cause for which we fight is lost.

Let us remember that we went to war to defend ourselves against aggression.

We did not tell our boys, when they were drafted, that they were being taken from schools and farms and workshops to maintain a particular frontier in Europe.

We went to war because two savage enemies had made war on us.

We went to war to preserve a large enough part of the world, intact against aggression, for our own democracy to live and prosper.

The die was cast from the moment Nazi Germany, sworn openly to eternal war upon the democratic system, struck an alliance with imperial Japan, bent upon a conquest of the Pacific which would bring her predatory power close to our own shores.

We know now that by midsummer of 1940 the issue was crystal clear. The historic strongholds of democracy in Europe — France, Belgium,

Holland, most of Scandinavia — had been overrun. German armies were at the English Channel. South America lay wide open to blackmail or invasion. The prospect of Nazi bases within striking distance of Panama Canal was immediate, and unmistakable. Japan was on the march into Indo-China, on the way to her attack upon Pearl Harbor.

It was in those circumstances that both political parties in the United States, suddenly aware that the world we knew before had exploded, resolved at their national conventions to give American aid to nations which were still fighting in defense of freedom. It was in these same circumstances that lend-lease took shape. It was our right, and our duty, to take defensive measures to protect our very life against an alliance aimed at the destruction of every friend and potential friend we had.

It was by the choice of Germany and Japan that the answer to our defensive measures was open war.

It is preposterous to say that by winning this war, regardless of anything that may come afterward, we shall not have accomplished a great and good purpose, commensurate with whatever cost it may entail.

We shall have preserved our independence as a nation.

We shall have kept our friends, and helped to keep our friends alive.

We shall have preserved a world in which democracy can live.

We shall have turned back the greatest threat that has ever arisen to the spiritual and moral values of Western civilization.

All is not lost when this is true. All

THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE FIGHT

is not lost when Britain and the democratic Commonwealths of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa can defend themselves so successfully that their free institutions survive the struggle. All is not lost when democracy can begin again, with fresh hope and courage, — the only countries on the continent of Europe — France, the Low Countries and Scandinavia — where democracy has ever really prospered. All is not lost when South America is spared invasion. All is not lost when a new League of Nations offers us a chance to prove that we can help accomplish this time what was never tried with our assistance at Geneva.

To say these things is neither to pretend that there are no differences of opinion between the major Powers

nor to counsel drifting into a defeatist acceptance of some second-best solution.

We owe it to the men who are fighting for us to do all we can to help make a wise and lasting peace. We owe it to them to come out of the ivory tower of our own perfectionism, when compromise is necessary. We shall need patience for the task ahead. Patience and perseverance, and willingness to try to understand other peoples' point of view — and faith, above all else.

And because we shall need faith let us be done with this talk that we have lost the cause for which we fight. We are winning that cause, winning it splendidly and for the benefit of generations still to come, with every step that brings us closer to Berlin and Tokyo.



Caustic Comments

» To a new Supreme Court judge who had just relinquished a very lucrative practice in New York to go on the bench, a rich clubman said "I can't understand how you can give up your practice for the salary of a Supreme Court judge. Why, it costs me twice that to live."

"I wouldn't pay it, Harry. It isn't worth it," replied the judge.

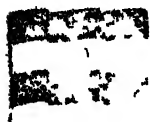
— Contributed by Watson B. Berry

» Visiting a newly rich friend in the country, Wolcott Gibbs refused to be impressed by tennis courts, swimming pools, stables, and other forms of luxury. Finally, returning to the house, the owner pointed to a magnificent elm growing just outside the library window and boasted "That tree stood for 50 years on top of the hill. I had it moved down here so on pleasant mornings I can do my work in its shade."

Said Gibbs "That just goes to show what God could do if he had money."

— Frank Case, *Do Not Disturb* (Lippincott)

A Post correspondent who went to Argentina to weigh the mass of claim and counter claim here makes his



Report on Argentina

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post + Jr., Year

THE true Argentine thinks he can lick anybody, just because he is Argentine. And his personal rights come first. This applies not only to An Argentine *is* Somebody Else, but to One Argentine *is* Another Argentine. On the streets of Buenos Aires, people continually bump into one another rather than concede one inch of space. Frequently an automobile driver whose fender has been bumped chases the car that bumped him until he can bump it harder.

This seeming nonsense springs from the national fear of being taken for a *zonzo* — a fool. It is not so important whether a man actually is a *zonzo*. But to be made to look like one is a fate worse than death.

We Yankees are almost as touchy about our personal rights as the Argentines. The trouble between the Argentines and us is that they believe we are trying to make them look like *zonzos*, while we are convinced they are trying to make *zonzos* of us.

This antagonism has spread the notion that the Argentine revolution of June 4, 1943, which overthrew President Ramón Castillo, was directed against us in some way. Nothing could be further from the truth. It was strictly Argentine.

When it happened it had the full support of the people. To them it was a promise of change in the feudal economy that has held the mass of the Argentine population in peonage to the Select Minority, a handful of rich men — some 2000 or 3000 families — who long have ruled 13,500,000 Argentines through ownership of the fabulously fertile pampas.

After more than a year of the revolution, the people still hope the change will come, but they have lost faith in the men in power. The present government is nothing more nor less than a band of soldiers quarreling among themselves over what they should do and who should get credit. They have no interest in world affairs, except as those affairs affect their personal futures in the army.

For all practical purposes in this strange government, rank runs backward. President Edelmiro J. Farrell's limitations are aptly described in a story they tell. On a visit to San Juan General Farrell dropped his handkerchief and a woman picked it up as a souvenir. General Farrell asked her to return it, explaining, "That handkerchief is the only place I can stick my nose without catching hell from Perón."

Juan Perón is Vice-President,

REPORT ON ARGENTINA

known as "the Colonel." And the Colonel tells the General what to do. He has a colossal ambition, and his boundless energy enables him to handle the jobs of minister of war and secretary of labor and social welfare in addition to the Vice-Presidency. Yet he is not a boss. He takes orders from a clique of majors, captains and lieutenants — the immediate commanders of the troops who made the revolution.

There is nothing mysterious in the power of this soldier group. It is pure force. They are members of the Campo de Mayo, a garrison made up of model units of every branch of the army, with the best arms and equipment. No other garrison is close enough and strong enough to stop the Campo de Mayo troops once they start moving on the Casa Rosada, the rose-tinted old Spanish counterpart of the White House. Its power is a silent but constant threat. There have been three presidents, three vice-presidents and almost three dozen cabinet ministers since the revolution. Through all the changes, the Campo de Mayo commander, Colonel Eduardo J. Aulio, has sat poker-faced in the cabinet, without portfolio or responsibility — but with a veto always in his pocket.

Outside Argentina there is a popular belief that Castillo fell because the Argentine people opposed his policy of neutrality. Few Argentines have any desire to change their country's profitable status as a neutral. The mistaken impression rises mainly from the fact that Castillo had gagged his opposition — a move the opposition branded pro-Hitler. Actually this gag policy was merely a part of

Castillo's efforts to make permanent the regime of the Select Minority acting through the Conservative Party.

The masses of the Argentine people have a different political faith from that of the Select Minority. Although it would be considered only mildly liberal in the United States, they call their faith Radical. These Radicals fought the Conservatives for a quarter century, and in 1916 finally elected a president. The next 14 years were the only period in Argentine history when the country really had a democratic government. The Radicals carried out a program which included a minimum-wage law, an eight-hour-day law, low-cost housing, and abolition of the scrip the land barons had used for money to keep their workers in absolute bondage. But the Radicals ran into a phase of shady politics. With that as an inducement a politically ambitious general persuaded the army to enter politics and seized the government by force in 1930. The discredited Conservatives, put back in power, held their grip for 13 years through election frauds and a split among the Radicals. They were more firmly in the saddle than ever with Castillo as President in 1943. He tolerated frauds of all kinds, muzzled the press, gagged opposition.

When Castillo chose another Conservative to succeed himself as President, the Argentine people were fed up. But the Radicals, although they controlled 60 to 80 percent of the vote, lacked a strong leader. This was the opportunity the ambitious army officers had waited for. Their troops marched gaily into the Casa Rosada, joking and singing, while the city

THE READER'S DIGEST

police detoured street traffic out of their way

The soldiers' program of government is to clean out fraud, end oppression of the poor, industrialize natural resources with Argentine money under Argentine management, and expropriate foreign-owned public utilities, grain elevators and flour mills to bring down the cost of living. This program is popular with the people. But the army has few men acquainted with the practical difficulties of everyday government, and has been unwilling to entrust power to civilians who do know. As a result, the program has been a crazy-quilt patchwork, carried out with childish disregard for normal processes of law and a technical nonchalance that floors even the most casual observer.

In the chaos, one thing is clear — the militarists are determined to plant Argentina firmly on her own feet as a nation. During the war the national industrial output has passed agricultural production in value for the first time. The war also has given Argentina her own merchant fleet through seizure of Axis ships. Now Argentina is ready to push on to real independence — that is, freedom from England.

The country has been an economic dominion of the British Empire for a half century. Intensive development of the pampas did not occur until after the British moved in and built railroads, packing houses and port facilities to gather, store and ship overseas Argentina's grains, meat, wool and hides. English factories turned these raw stuffs into products for sale to the rest of the world. The British investment today

is 5,439,084,000 pesos, ^{free fourth} one-fourth of the total foreign investment in the Argentine.

This has political implications. Many British merchants, to hold the vast market for themselves, have encouraged Argentina to war the United States. They have done more than the Germans to create anti-Yankee feeling. It is British trade, too, that enables the land barons to hold their power. As long as Argentine raw stuffs are manufactured in England, it is prosperous for the landholders to do nothing but breed and plant, fatten and harvest. That keeps costs down.

Argentina's battle for independence through industrialization has been obscured by the military government's more spectacular nationalist policy. While waving the flag, the soldiers have abolished freedom of expression. Hundreds of school-teachers have been summarily removed — some because they are Jews, some because they are not Catholics, and some because they are Catholics who believe in freedom of the mind. One hundred and fifty of Argentina's foremost intellectuals have lost their jobs for signing a manifesto asking a return of democratic rights. The few courageous political leaders are either in jail or under surveillance. Labor unions have been dissolved. Newspapers and radio stations are bound hand and foot by a censorship of ridiculous extremes.

The prestige of the military is today the military government's first thought. The ordinary war budget for 1944 was almost one and a half times that of 1943. Creation of at least two new army divisions has

been announced, and 60 new barracks are going up in different parts of the country. Machine shops and iron foundries are up to their necks in military jobs. Iron and copper mines are being subsidized. Companies have been formed to produce chrome, aluminum, zinc, tungsten carbide, heavy chemicals and artificial rubber.

The Argentine people are solidly behind those parts of the program that promise to add to Argentine stature in world affairs. And they are behind the government, even when they think it is wrong, if an attack is made on it from abroad, especially from the United States.

Although the Argentines have helped us in the war in many ways, we have fussed and fumed at them for not doing all we wanted. Meanwhile, the British have said nothing and have gone along treating Argentina as though it had a right to do things its own way. As a result the Argentines have done all the British wanted throughout the war, even opening their ports to Allied warships and planes.

Unhappy as they are under the oppressions of their military governors, the Argentine people are living too comfortably to be bothered, and they have never had any desire to enter the war on either side. They have unrationed beefsteaks and butter, all the vegetables they can eat, all the wine they can drink. They think that after the war is over their country's economic dilemma

will prove too much for untrained soldiers' minds, and that civilians expert in finance and business must be called in.

Unless we intend to go to war to drive the Argentine people our way against their own wishes, the only weapon we could possibly use would be economic sanctions. Sanctions cannot work without England. England does not want sanctions, for fear of crippling her vast Argentine market after the war.

Suppose, with or without Britain, we could force a new government in Argentina? Under prevailing circumstances, it could be only another military clique, perhaps disguised. Anything else must have time to grow.

Suppose, on the other hand, we took the practical view and left the Argentine Government up to the Argentine people? At the end of the war Argentina will have at least \$750,000,000 to spend; she has accumulated that much in credits abroad from sales of war supplies to the Allies. Argentina wants to spend a lot of that money to buy machines to build her own industries. The United States wants to sell machines after the war to keep factories going and people at work. If we could get together, Argentines would come to the States to buy those machines. Experience shows that Argentines arrive here in an anti-Yankee state of mind but leave thinking we are swell people. We might win them over to our side faster that way.



Ten Men and a Vest

Mrs. Jones sewed pockets in a vest in Kansas — and received a letter of thanks from a B 29 crew in India

Condensed from Cosmopolitan +

Corey Ford

THIS is the story of a vest — an ordinary wool vest that belonged to Lieutenant Jones, and the story begins in a small apartment back in Kansas, with Lieutenant Jones's wife perched on the edge of the bed amid half packed suitcases as she hurried to finish the vest, sewing the little compartments to hold first-aid supplies and food, never dreaming that she would save the lives of ten men half a year later on the other side of the world.

The ten men told the story at their base in India, sitting around a wooden table in the Intelligence Room. Their brand-new million-dollar Superfortress had dropped its bombs over Bangkok and was heading back across the Bay of Bengal to India when their fuel transfer system burned out. This meant they could not get at their auxiliary supply of gas. One by one the engines cut out, and at last, an hour off the coast of India, the pilot calmly told the engineer to wire him into his seat. He ordered the bomb-bay tanks emptied, and fumes from the leaking gas filled the ship.

Ten minutes later Number Four engine cut out, and the plane started down. The tail touched slightly, bounced, touched again. Then the nose of the plane hit the water solidly like hitting a concrete wall, and the 60-ton gas-filled ship blew up.

"It was like a million express trains loaded with dynamite all meeting

head-on at once," they said. "We never saw the pilot again."

"The men were floating all around me in the water dazed, like dynamited fish," said Second Lieutenant Joseph Phalon, the engineer. "I guess what really pulled us through was Lieutenant Jones's vest."

Lieutenant Louis Jones of New Orleans is assistant intelligence officer with the group. Before he left the United States he had read in intelligence reports that half the men who bail out of planes either forget or lose their first-aid equipment, and he had urged the need for a one-piece garment that would be right there with you if you jumped or had to ditch. When he could not arouse official encouragement, he decided to work out a sample one himself.

He got together various first-aid items, like sulfa drugs and bandages and a morphine syrette, and he put all the medicines in aspirin tins and enclosed each tin in rubber tissue to keep it watertight. He included a pocketknife, food tablets, fishing line with hooks and lures, flashlight, maps, even a book on survival. His wife sewed a score of pockets for the equipment on a vest. The whole thing weighed less than five pounds, and Jones put it in his bag when his group headed overseas to India.

Lieutenant Jones did not go along on that first mission. But he handed the vest to Lieutenant Phalon just

before the take-off "Wear this," he said, "in case anything happens."

Phalon grinned. "Sure, I even bet you'd like it to happen so you could find out if it works."

It was the copilot, Second Lieutenant A. J. Briggs, who pulled the life rafts after the ship hit. He gave the first order to Phalon, the engineer, and told him to pick up the crew. "I was having a hard time getting the second raft clear of the airplane," he said. "I tried to untie the paddles, but the rope was knotted. The plane was beginning to sink, so I chewed the rope in two with my teeth."

"I picked up three men in my dinghy, and Phalon had three in his. We fastened the two boats together and began looking for other survivors. Finally we sighted two men swimming a quarter-mile away. We tried to row toward them, but in the heavy running sea it was hopeless."

"We settled down for the night. We had five cans of water, two tins of hard candy, and an E-3 kit. Everything else had been lost in the explosion—everything but the vest."

"There were two sharp squalls during the night. Everybody was sick from the salt water they had swallowed, the right gunner was vomiting blood. Afterward they all slept as best they could except myself. I sat up and prayed."

He said it very simply, looking at you with level unembarrassed eyes.

"The next morning was dead calm. The hot sun and the rowing made us very thirsty, and our water supply was almost gone. As we rested the oars, somebody noticed a couple of objects bobbing in the water. We thought they might be coconuts."

Then I saw it was Sergeant Wiseman, the left gunner, and the radio operator, Lieutenant Beal. It was what I'd been praying for."

Wiseman was treading water holding Beal's head up, he had kept Beal afloat that way for 24 hours. Wiseman weighed only 120 pounds, and Beal was at least 160. Briggs said, "I'd like to go on record that what Sergeant Wiseman did was as fine an act of courage as I've ever heard of."

There was a pause, and Sergeant Wiseman picked industriously at his knuckles. "All I did," he said in a shy Georgia drawl, "I just swam around until they found me, is all."

Both of Beal's legs and his right arm had been broken in the crash, he couldn't swim and he was in terrible pain. He had found an oxygen bottle floating in the water and was hanging on to it when Wiseman reached him and tried to help hold him up.

"I couldn't hold him up very long at a time," Wiseman said, "because the waves were breaking over me so fast I couldn't get my breath. He would start screaming with pain and I would lift him up again. After we'd been in the water a few hours the crabs began eating on my neck and arms, and on Lieutenant Beal's broken legs. I could brush them off, but he couldn't move his legs."

"Finally he seemed suddenly to go out of his mind. He pulled out his knife and wanted to kill us both. I was scared stiff, but I managed to get the knife away. My own strength was almost gone, and if he hadn't passed out just then I think it would have been good-bye for us both."

"I guess I was pretty groggy by now. I closed my eyes, and when I

opened them the dinghies were coming."

Wiseman had three deep cuts in his neck and his left arm was gashed to the bone. The broken bones of Lieutenant Beal's left leg stuck through the calf, and his shattered right ankle likewise protruded from the flesh. He was delirious from the pain.

Phalon opened the vest. They poured the sulfanilamide powder into the open wounds. They bound them with the compresses and bandages. Lieutenant Jones's wife hid sewed into the little pockets. They made a splint out of one set of oars to keep the broken bones from grinding together, and they gave Beal a syrette of morphine.

"About midnight a north west wind came up," Briggs continued, "so we put up sail and tried to make land. I could hear the waves beating on the mudbanks. As we drew nearer we saw the banks were eight or ten feet high. This time everybody prayed we would wash over the banks on the crest of a high wave so our boat would not be overturned. We floated up high and dry on the beach."

The effect of the morphine wore off and Beal was delirious again, begging for water. Everyone was suffering terribly from thirst. "The vest helped us again," Briggs said. "The book on survival had a paragraph on distilling salt water. We took the rubber hose off a Mae West, and attached it to the oxygen bottle which we had filled with salt water. Then we boiled the water, catching the steam as it came through the hose in a plastic water bottle. We poured cool sea water on the container to help condense the steam. It was hot work, but we man-

aged after a few hours to get half a pint of water, and we gave it to Lieutenant Beal. Then we laid Beal and Wiseman under a tent we made out of the sail, and kept them cool by wetting some maps we found in the vest and putting them on their foreheads."

The next morning Briggs and Phalon set out to find help. Five miles down the beach they sighted a native. He led them to a small village, where they were given water to carry back to the injured men. They made a stretcher out of the life raft and carried Beal 12 miles to the village, where a native doctor dressed his wounds. Two days later they were picked up by a PB4, summoned by native runners, and flown to a base hospital. The native doctor refused to accept any money. So they gave him a present that meant more than anything else they could offer. They gave him the vest.

The story ends in Greensboro, N.C., with Lieutenant Jones's wife reading two letters. One is from Lieutenant Jones telling her that Brigadier General Ira Verner Saunders has transferred him to headquarters to develop the idea of his vest for submission to Washington. The other is written on a piece of scratchpad in a big masculine scrawl, signed by ten names. "This is just a note from the boys in the crew to try to thank you." Lieutenant Jones's wife, reading the letter, is thinking of Lieutenant Jones goading her on to finish the vest by telling her that maybe it would save a life someday. She is thinking that the idea of the vest may go on to save other lives, and bring other fliers safely home again.

STETTINIUS—Dynamo in the State Department



Condensed from
The Washington Post

Bob Considine
International News Service
Staff Correspondent

EDWARD REILLY STETTINIUS JR., the youngest Secretary of State since George Washington's Edmund Randolph is the most-talked-about man in Washington. When he succeeded Cordell Hull he was regarded as an amiable, good-looking figurehead—a kind of glamorous yes-man. But in the short time he has been in office the 44-year-old, white-haired, black-browed former chairman of U. S. Steel has given the traditionally static State Department its most violent shake-up in a hundred years, and has served warning on Washington's windy diplomatic corps that there will be less bowing from the waist and more rapid fire red-tape cutting.

He has a young man's outlook on the world. He believes we should train diplomats and foreign-service men as we train midshipmen and cadets, and he will recruit young blood until such a school develops. He will hasten the end of the League of Nations in order to make way for the stronger United Nations agree-

ment which came out of the meetings at Dumbarton Oaks *

He believes that the world can live in peace by bringing heavy pressure on the first nation that gets truculent (political pressure at first, then diplomatic, then economic sanctions and finally force). He is certain that, if the richer nations have the guts and humanity to help the poorer nations, the very cause of wars can be exterminated, that the American people deserve to know exactly what their State Department is up to, and that when this mess is cleared up Edward Reilly Stettinius, Jr., is going to get out of Washington and find another job.

He has less chance of achieving this last goal than any of the others. There will be things for Stettinius to do for a long time after the war is finished, and his missionary's zeal can usually be appealed to.

Stettinius is a curious blend of businessman and world social worker—the physical and mental opposite of the traditional elderly, grave Secretary of State. The chief rap against

* See "What the Dumbarton Oaks Peace Plan Means," by Edward R. Stettinius Jr., *The Reader's Digest*, February, '45

him has been the suspicion that he might be a secret quarterback of Wall Street and big business "When I came to Washington I realized how vulnerable I was, with my U S Steel and General Motors background," he told me "So I resigned from U S Steel, turned all my stocks into Government bonds, and cut all my business ties ' He now makes \$15,000 a year as Secretary of State — as compared to his \$100,000-a year job with U S Steel

One of the great illusions about Stettinius is that his father's wealth got him one big job after another His father, an orphan brought up in St. Louis by Jesuits, became a Morgan partner, and worked himself to death as Newton D. Baker's Assistant Secretary of War Young Stettinius was launched into his precocious career by John Ice Pratt, a vice president of General Motors and in Stettinius of Stetson's school, the University of Virginia

Young Stet was an oddity at the University He didn't drink, didn't smoke, spoke with a drawl Yankee accent (it was hard for fellow students to recognize that his mother was a Richmond girl), didn't go in for sports, didn't have a Stutz Bearcat though he had money enough to buy a stable of them, taught a Sunday-school class, and interested himself in the work of the school's YMCA and in setting up a bureau to find jobs in Charlottesville for hard pressed students

Stet had the inexplicable habit of going for a horseback ride, a swim or a long hike instead of sitting in a grandstand and watching other athletes work their muscles (He still

would not walk across the street to see a world series or an Army-Navy football game) Yet he wasn't as unpopular as might be supposed, because he had an easy grin and unfailing amiability The University extended him a grudging respect When he left in 1924 without a diploma (he fell ill while a senior) the *Alumni News* wrote up his good works and concluded that he wasn't such a bad egg after all — just uncollegiate

He had decided to become an Episcopal minister, but Pratt's unexpected offer of a job at General Motors changed his mind Pratt said in effect "You seem to have a lot of fresh ideas on people's rights Look around and let me know if you think we can do any more for our people than we're doing now"

The young man worked three years as a stock room attendant in GM's Hyatt Roller Bearing Works at 44 cents an hour and worked hard He learned much about the lot of the workingman and in 1926 when Pratt appointed him a special assistant he put through a group-insurance plan for GM's quarter of a million employees a policy amounting to \$450,000,000 He set up clinics for employees, cleaned out washrooms and commissaries, inaugurated the plan of institutional advertising now so popular In 1931 when he was 31, he was made vice president in charge of industrial and public relations incidentally, he was already literally as well as figuratively the white-haired boy

The country was groggy with depression in 1932 when Stettinius volunteered to work for the share-the-work plan in New York The plan needed an endorsement from Gover-

nor Roosevelt and he was picked to get it. He borrowed a Cadillac from the GM showroom and drove up to Hyde Park. Roosevelt and his mother were having tea and Mrs. Roosevelt invited the slightly harried young man to have a cup. He dropped the cup with a clatter — but he got the endorsement.

Stettinius served for a year with the late General Hugh Johnson on NIRA, and then was taken into U. S. Steel by his friend Myron Taylor. He helped reorganize that vast empire and, to the discomfiture of older men, was voted Chairman of the Board when Taylor retired. He was 38 and the old guard considered him too big for his breeches. Had he not come to terms with the CIO? Did he not successfully oppose a reduction of wages in keeping with the reduced price of steel? He did, and Franklin Roosevelt, who has a long memory, began making inquiries about him. There followed jobs with the Council of National Defense and the Office of Production Management, as chairman of the War Resources Board and Administrator of Lend-Lease.

As head of Lend-Lease he was charged with giving away some 15 billion dollars' worth of goods. "But Stet was almost tight fisted," an old State Department hand says. "He made certain that what the Allies wanted they absolutely needed and had no way of building for themselves."

With a good hardheaded background in the most fundamental kind of international relations, Stettinius was brought into the State Department as Under Secretary in September 1943. He worked very well with

Cordell Hull, who, in poor health, began to place more and more of the burden on his assistant's strong and willing back. Last November 27 the President told him that he was Hull's successor.

The new Secretary wasted no time. After telephoning his pretty wife, the former Virginia Wallace of Richmond, he called an immediate meeting of State Department heads and began to reorganize the Department. When he moved to the Secretary's office, out went Hull's dust-gathering rubber plant, the heavy old desk, the overstuffed furniture, the glass-door bookcases filled with tariff hearings and Pan-American tracts. In came painters to brighten up the room. In came new furnishings, a long clean table, which Stettinius uses instead of a desk, and his two telephones, a black one for regular calls and a white one which connects with the White House switchboard.

Then Stettinius bounced out to see Mr. Hull at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md. and had a long chat with the wise old man who is his friend and booster.

"I think he'll approve of the changes I've made and the changes I have in mind," he says. "When I took my problems to him he was more than generous in helping me. He's a great old man."

Nobody in Washington works harder than Stettinius. He gets up at seven and makes his own coffee. While he sips it he scribbles notes in a little black book ("my mind's clear then — it's a good time for thinking"). After that he reads the New York, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia newspapers, and has breakfast with

his wife and three sons By the time he has finished, his waiting room is half-filled with his battery of young assistants and secretaries He dictates for about 20 minutes, hands out some scribbled notes and rushes to his office There he goes through a digest of the overnight cables and begins to dictate to two stenographers

He meets with his staff, sees a stream of visitors, mostly diplomatic, then has a press conference before lunch At 2 30 a rush period of interviews with Department heads begins The Ambassadors start to come in at three "All of them want to be seen 'immediately,'" he says At five o'clock he begins signing official mail and cables After dinner until midnight he dictates, discusses reorganization plans with his associates, talks with the President, and fills his pockets and the pockets of his young men with more notes

The Secretary is a muscular, vigorous man, but about the only exercise he now gets is passive He is a great booster of osteopathy, brought his own osteopath to Washington, and calls on him whenever time permits He has a swimming pool and several riding horses at his 580-acre Virginia estate and he wishes he could get down there, but it's hopeless"

At his first reception Secretary Stettinius gave a sample of how he is going to speed up protocol A large number of diplomats wanted to present their respects He threw a cocktail party for them in a house across the street from the State Department When the mob got together Stettinius stood up and said he was glad they came, and thanks for the congratulations He got one of them to respond in the name of all the others

Then he walked back across the street and went to work

❁ ❁ Ladies in the Dark ❁ ❁

» A LADY trustee of a home for delinquent girls approached the director recently with something on her mind She really thought, she said, that the time had come to try to have a better class of girls in the institution Wasn't there something that it could be done about it?

— *The Pleasures of Lull* (Columbia University Press)

» A WOMAN customer asked the salesgirl for a Ouija board Oblivious to the other customers' curious stares, she placed her hands on the planchette and concentrated deeply until it had moved to the corner marked "yes"

At that point, the salesgirl inquired if she should have it wrapped

"No, thanks," said the customer, pushing the board away "I just wanted to ask it a question"

— Eleanor Clavage in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

» ARCHIE BLOOM, U S Weather Bureau forecaster at the Washington National Airport, reports that a woman called up one day in March to ask what the exact weather would be on June 18 She was planning a bang up outdoor wedding for her daughter

"We can't look that far ahead," the weatherman told her

"What's the matter with you people?" she snapped Haven't you got an a nanac?"

— Frank Carey AP dispatch

Your man, home from the wars, doesn't
want to be treated like a problem child

The Soldiers Say Don't Do It!

Condensed from Common Sense + Don Wharton

THIS IS urgent advice to the wives, sweethearts, parents, relatives and friends of the veterans who are coming back from war. The advice is stop trying to practice amateur psychiatry on them, don't be misguided by the widely published attempts to tell you 'how to handle' these "changed men." Instead, welcome the boys home naturally as what *they* are — that is, fundamentally the same boys who went away.

This bit of advice is not the writer's idea, not an editor's idea, not the idea of the War or Navy Department. It is the idea of a bunch of combat veterans back from action overseas.

They brought up the subject, and asked that something be written to prevent other homecoming soldiers from having to undergo the patronizing, oversympathetic, kid-glove treatment they had encountered on their own return. They were disgusted with the impression created among their home folks that most returned soldiers were strange neurotics who didn't want to talk about what they'd been through, who had to be handled with care. They wanted everyone to know that returned soldiers asked only to be treated like normal human beings without any of the pampering advocated in most "When-He-Comes-Home" articles.

It began in a hotel room in Richmond, Va., where ten returned soldiers were sitting around "shooting the breeze," mostly about how it seemed to be home. One of them mentioned the campaign in the American press telling people how to act when Joe comes home. That set them going.

"My wife had been reading a lot of that tripe," said one infantryman, wounded in Italy. "It damn' near spoiled my leave. Here I was, full of the war, wanting to tell her what I'd seen, and how I got nicked — all the things I couldn't put into letters. She'd just listen, never say a word, never ask a question. It seems she'd swallowed some article telling wives they mustn't talk about the war, mustn't show any interest, my God, in the thing which has completely absorbed their husbands' lives for two years and more!"

"It's stupid," another boy said. "Crack down on it! We heard about it over there from replacements, heard they were treating us queer. Same propaganda in magazine fiction, too. Do they think *we* can't read?"

One boy with a cast on his leg said his mother went through the most extraordinary performance, never even asking how he was hurt, never mentioning the cast, pretending not to see

it — but all the time, he said, “treating me as if I were her pregnant daughter”

“Yeah, I know,” said an ordnance sergeant “Ma kept watching me all the time, trying ‘not to do anything that would make me nervous’ Of course that just made me nervous as hell”

A gunner chimed in “I was visiting my brother, and everything was going fine until his wife piped up, ‘Don’t ask him any questions’ Why don’t you write a piece telling people to forget all that nonsense and be natural”

All this is in sharp contrast to the recent spate of articles and advertisements purporting to help individuals ‘help’ veterans in their ‘painful readjustment’ to civilian life. A program book of the Office of War Information admonishes, “Avoid questions of combat experience”, similar warnings have appeared not only in books and magazines but even in advertisements. Writers of such nonsense should have been at St Albans Naval Hospital and heard four sailors laughing at this one. To ask him about the new lands he has visited and the folkways of the people is quite in order.”

No man likes to be prodded into talking about his combat experiences unless he is in the mood for it. Some men never want to. But, given a little time and sympathetic listeners, the normal service man *wants* to talk. Why not? They are the most exciting, the most terrible, the most important, the most interesting things that have ever happened to him in his life, or probably ever will. What else would he talk about?

He has been writing home. He imagines you have read his letters over and over, as carefully as he read yours — that you tried to read between the lines, figure out things he tried to get across to you without violating the rules of security. “Now what happened that made you break off such and such a letter so suddenly?” “What ever became of Sergeant Valetti you mentioned once?” — Such questions show your genuine interest and understanding.

A naval officer put it this way “I was at a dinner party the other evening, and the hostess turned to me and said, ‘You were on an aircraft carrier, weren’t you? Tell us some of your experiences’ Like everybody else in the service I resented being put on the stage as a trained seal. But my little girl asked me, ‘Daddy, what’s it like when a bomb goes off on a ship?’ Now that started me talking! You see, she’s only eight, and she never read any propaganda on how to treat papa.”

One piece of guidance which spread into millions of homes says “If he chooses to talk about these things, it will help him if you listen well. This patronizing tone would insult a boy home from prep school, let alone a man home from war. Its implication is that mother or dad or wife actually has no real interest in what the veteran has to say but out of some therapeutic concern for his welfare can be persuaded to “listen well.” A sailor, back from Antwerp, read this gem and shook his head when he found that its source was a mental hygiene organization.

“So we’re all mental cases, huh?” he said.

My own friends have come back from overseas after plenty of rough experiences. They're the same men who went away. More mature, of course. But the convivial ones are still convivial, the reticent ones still shy. Common sense tells you that would be true — and common sense plus your natural tact would cause you instinctively to encourage one man to talk and let the other sit quietly and take it easy.

Yet some psychiatrists write didactic generalities. Says one magazine article: "Not only will your Joe come back changed, he is changed already." Certainly combat has had its effect on him, but basically he is the same man. What he needs most is intelligent handling and time to adjust himself to civilian life. Throughout human history many men have gone through horrors, hardships and suffering without emerging as psychopathic change-lings. They are matured by the experience, and when their personality is changed, it is often for the better. Hardship sometimes tempers a man.

The words of a Maine officer, back from South Pacific duty, blow through the mists like a clean breeze:

"The whole thing is wrong — trying to set up rules on how to treat men back from war. There are no rules. Every man is different. People draw up plans about just how they're going to act when Johnny comes through the front door. Then Johnny comes in through the back door, and they're all upset."

There's been a lot of advice printed telling wives to make allowances for this strange man who has come home, and for his strange new habits. Some of this advice is wise, some of it seems

downright petty. It would be just as valid to remind wives that, except in the front lines, he's used to very tidy housekeeping, and he's used to having his chow on the dot — and plenty of it. And he is not used to having the mess sergeant regale him with stories about the troubles he has getting this or that, or how tired he is from standing over the stove. Maybe he has as many allowances to make as she.

More serious is the letdown from tension and excitement. Civilian life, after the novelty wears off, may seem pretty dull to the veteran. But there's no recipe for dealing with that, other than the good old formula of common sense. He has to face it, and nobody helps any by treating him as a "case." However, as one of the boys said: "If I could adjust myself to the sudden hell of jungle fighting, why can't I easily adjust back to the simple and familiar ways of civilized life?"

Major General Normin T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the Army, says, "The average soldier returning to civilian life is basically the same man he was when he went away. True, the rigid training, the disciplined life, the experiences far from home have matured him. But to feel that each returned soldier is a 'problem child' is to underestimate the character of American manhood. The large majority of these men can take their experiences in stride and can return to their homes, their families, and their jobs finer citizens, ready and able to shoulder their share of responsibility in the civilian world."

Maybe it's we civilians who have been getting neurotic about this, losing our perspective. Certainly we ought to remember that after the last

war the great majority of veterans were simply their own normal selves when they came back, and often went on in matter-of-fact civilian life to achieve great success and distinction — which would hardly have been possible if they'd all come back with strangely shattered personalities

Major General David N W Grant, head of the Army Air Forces medical services, deals with men who are, by and large, the most highly strung bunch of youngsters ever assembled. If any veterans needed to be regarded as "special" it would be they. But General Grant says flatly, "Much of the stuff that's being printed is nonsense." He adds

"This is the challenge we face each time a war veteran returns home — to see that he has full opportunity to spring back to his original personality

curve. Given a little time and a little help most of them will. Removal of abnormal stress and tension is cure enough in most cases. But the change from an environment of tension to one of relaxation is a radical one and, in instances in which the fatigue of the personality has been great, special help must be given in making the adjustment."

And for a calm bit of wisdom, hear Major General William R Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, U S Army. "Let's not underestimate the courage and common sense of returned service men. Be natural, friendly, and normally glad to see them. Welcome them home. Encourage them to talk about their experiences. Genuine respect and affection will do more than all studied efforts to heal the hurts of the human spirit."



» THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Vice President under Wilson, was a great admirer of the President. One of the books Marshall wrote was dedicated "To President Woodrow Wilson from his only Vice" — E. L. Edgar

» AN ARMY LIEUTENANT and his bride were toasted by friends before the officer sailed. Lifting his glass to his pretty wife, the officer smiled, "This is the only time I am leaving my future behind me" — Sid Ascher in *Carus an*

» WHEN THE late Cardinal Gibbons and Jacob Epstein, merchant and philanthropist, met one evening Mr Epstein beamed, "How are you, Your Eminence?" "As well as can be expected," the Cardinal replied, "but I'm 80, you know, and my Heavenly Father may call me any time."

"Don't worry about that," the merchant replied. "Our Heavenly Father is a good businessman. He isn't going to call any gilt-edged bond at 80."

— Contributed by Harold Duane Jacobs

» IN A RING which Paul Lukas gave his wife, Daisy, on their 16th wedding anniversary, are inscribed these words: "For service far beyond the line of duty."

— Walter Winchell

❖ The Desperate Need for Faith ❖

Condensed from the book "The
Predicament of Modern Man"

+
D Elton Trueblood

Professor of the Philosophy of Religion
Stanford University

THE chief problems we face to day are not the problems of the war, great as these are. The war is only a symptom of the sickness of our civilization.

The most urgent problem of our time is the spiritual problem, and unless it is solved, civilization will fail, indeed, we already have a foretaste of that failure in many parts of the world.

The Nazi creed presents a new conception of civilization. It is the supposition, advanced with fanatic zeal, that civilization consists primarily in material achievements and can reach its goal without ethical considerations. It accents power, authority and obedience, denies human equality and the worth of the individual.

As he faces this assumption, the ordinary American is curiously helpless. He does not like Hitler's creed, but he has very little notion of what to do about it, except in a military way. He mumbles something about democracy, but he seldom examines the moral grounds that make democracy possible. He has no living faith to put in the place of the heretical one that the Nazis so vigorously preach.

In Western society we believe the right things - but with no enthusiasm. The Nazis believe all the wrong things with terrific zeal.

It is generally agreed throughout most of the Western World that human individuality is precious and that things must be used for the sake of man rather than man for the sake of things. We hold that there is no favored race and no nation which ought to be dominant. It is generally agreed among us that war is a sorry necessity at best, always a means to an end, and that the end is peace. This cluster of beliefs is our ethic.

Yet the fearful aspect of the present situation is that those who have inherited the major tradition of the West now *have an ethic without a religion, whereas they are challenged by millions who have a religion without an ethic*. We shall win the war, because we have the preponderance of men and resources, but we should be gullible indeed if we supposed that mere military victory would end the powerful threat of the faith which is proposed as a successor to the religion of the West.

The only practical alternative to an evil faith is a better faith. Though this is the lesson of history, we are now trying the utterly precarious experiment of attempting to maintain our culture by loyalty to the Christian ethic without a corresponding faith in the Christian religion that produced it.

In a word, ours is a *cut-flower civilization*. Beautiful as cut flowers may be, they will eventually die because they are severed from their sustaining roots. We are trying to maintain the dignity of the individual apart from the deep faith that every man is made in God's image.

In our public schools we teach children about our system of distribution, but we make almost no effort to give them a living knowledge of the spiritual sources of our civilization. The teacher may tell about Nero, but she must not tell about his distinguished contemporary, St. Paul. In our universities hundreds of young men devote themselves to engineering as against one devoting himself to theology.

Distinguished men of letters have recently asserted their conviction that the only thing which can save our sagging culture is a revival of religious faith. Yet many of these men make no contact whatever with organizations in their own communities dedicated to the nourishment of that faith. Countless others who would resent being considered irreligious reject the practice of group religion. "I have my own religion," they say.

When we think of the awful need of humanity at this hour, indeed it may seem almost grotesque to turn to the church for help, for most of the popular criticisms of the church are justified. It has hypocrites, and it is weak when it ought to be strong. But vague religiosity is really the only alternative to the church that our present culture offers. Loyal identification with the church may have difficulties, but the alternative position may have more

Theoretically it is possible to be a good man without participating in the life of a religious community, but the difficulties are enormous. We know what we ought to do, but we need reminders, we believe in a moral order, but we need inspiration and fellowship. *We need to participate in something bigger than we are.* The person who says so proudly that he has his own religion and consequently has no need of the church is committing what has been well called "the angelic fallacy." If we *were* angels, we might not need artificial help, but, being men, we normally do need it.

By participation, an isolated individual is partly lifted above himself, not only because he may, in a group, be more recipient of God's help, but also because he there shares in the distilled wisdom of our race. Week after week he hears the reading of great classics, such as the Psalms or the parables — and the reading can hardly be so poor as to spoil utterly the noble words. He shares in ancient hymns that weak men like himself have used for generations. He may still find that his highest experiences come to him as he walks alone with his dog, but these experiences are the more likely if he walks with the richness of memory that participation in the religious community makes possible.

Poor and weak as it is, the church makes vital contributions that otherwise the world may lose and that men have actually lost in some areas. The great testimonies, which it is the mission of the church to make and without which human life would be even more savage and degraded than it now is, are many, but four are of

paramount importance in the reconstruction of civilization

The first is that of equality before God

Because every man, whatever his color, his knowledge or his financial standing, is a child of God, there is a profound level at which men are equal. They are not equal in that they have the same powers, but they are equal in that each is equally accountable each is equally subject to the moral law.

The second great testimony is the testimony for peace

It is sad truth that wars have raged intermittently in Christendom, but the Christian faith has never failed to deplore them. Given the inventions of our day, life might be even worse if there were not the leavening influence for peace which shows itself in the renewed determination, on the part of millions, to try to make a world in which war is no longer recurrent. The point to remember is that these millions are voicing a conviction which it has been the role of the church to foster for centuries. The world is bad enough with the leaven; it is frightening to contemplate what it might become without the leaven.

The third great testimony of the church is that of universality. Man is naturally divisive and would be more so were there not a conscious fostering of the principle of essential oneness. Our faith has never fully succeeded in bringing together men of various nations and races as one family conscious of their common origin and destiny, but it has never ceased to preach that this is the true way. We have denied this in practice by racial discrimination, and in other ways, but the Christian faith has been

always at work, so that we cannot contemplate these things with complacency.

The fourth great testimony is that of renunciation of worldly pride. The church has sometimes aped the world in the honor it gives to its "dignitaries." But the fact remains that the Gospel continues to be the chief antidote to the cult of power which has been the worst scourge of our distraught century. If it did nothing else but keep alive in the world the notion that humble service is better than strutting power, wise men would support and foster the church with all the strength at their command.

The admitted imperfection of our present churches does not absolve a man who cares about civilization from seeking to join in the kind of group action that will help to conserve what cannot be conserved in any other way. It is not enough to oppose the Nazis' new paganism by mere individual moralizing about liberty and humanity. Such moralizing is almost as ineffective as an umbrella in a tornado. The only way we can overcome the Nazi challenge is by the discovery of a sufficient faith, something that can set our souls on fire. What, in historical experience, has most often been able to do this? It is that often criticized organization we call the church. Without it we might long ago have been submerged. With it we may yet save civilization. The rock on which the church is built often appears to be weather-beaten rubble, because it is all mixed with human frailty, but the lesson of history is a continual verification of the judgment that the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

Americans don't like cartels — but other nations do, and we shall have to adjust our thinking to the facts

WHAT ARE CARTELS

and What Shall We Do About Them?

Milo Perkins

Former Executive Director of the Board of Economic Warfare

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

BUSINESSMEN of several foreign nations have already decided that competition in international trade is dead and that they will conduct a large part of their foreign trade after the war through cartels. Their governments will support them. This fact will not only affect every American who does business abroad but will deeply influence the domestic economy of the United States.

Most Americans don't like it. President Roosevelt, former Secretary Hull and Eric Johnston, among other leaders, have denounced cartels. We Americans still believe in free markets, and distrust big combinations of industrial power which parcel out countries to their members on a monopoly basis. But it will do us little good simply to wave our arms in righteous indignation. If we are not to be outsmarted and outgeneraled we must face the facts as to what cartels are, why they are, and what they do. Then we may be able to decide on a workable American policy.

An international cartel might be described as a world-wide trust or monopoly. It is an agreement among producers in various countries for joint action to achieve stability in a

given industry. Sometimes this means raising prices and trying to hold them up, sometimes it means trying to avoid a price collapse. *All cartels are in business to keep prices at levels which could not be held if free competition existed.*

In 1939 there were 179 world-wide cartel arrangements. American firms participated in 109. There were foreign cartels in which no American firms participated directly but which covered commodities we needed to import, such as rubber, tea, quinine, tin, nickel and industrial diamonds, and there were cartels in which American firms joined, in chemicals, plastics, pharmaceuticals, electric lamps, photographic materials, aluminum, magnesium and other metals.

Cartels use many and ingenious devices to stabilize prices. Sometimes they do outright price-fixing. Sometimes they divide markets into specified sales areas. "You let me have Europe to myself and I'll let you have the United States." They may limit each member company's production to keep prices in line. (Members have been fined for exceeding their quotas, the amount of the fine being distributed among the other companies. The

German steel industry, for example, paid a fine of some \$10,000,000 in one year during the 1930's while it was producing more than its cartel allocation permitted)

Cartel members often swap patents and technical processes. This gives each member a pool of scientific knowledge much bigger than it could command by itself. Moreover, patent arrangements usually protect American companies from foreign competition in the United States market — and frequently from domestic competition too, because their American rivals don't hold the necessary patents.

Such patent agreements can lead to gross abuses. An arrangement among American, British and German chemical companies made possible the sale of the same plastic material to commercial molders at 85 cents a pound and to dental laboratories at \$45 a pound. International patent agreements may also endanger our military security, as did those which restricted magnesium production in this country to protect the market for aluminum. However, our American bombers over Germany use 100-octane gas, synthetic rubber tires, and synthetic toluene explosives, all based on German patents acquired in a deal made in 1929.

We know that if goods moved as freely among countries as they now move among our 48 states the world would have more production, more employment and higher living standards. If all governments encouraged open competition and did away with restrictive trade devices such as export and import quotas and blocked currencies, American business could give a good account of itself in inter-

national trade, despite its higher wage levels. Why, then, shouldn't we simply legislate that no American firm shall have anything to do with a cartel?

The answer is. Because American business even at its strongest is relatively helpless against the competition of well-organized foreign businesses supported by the power of their governments.

For our government is the only government in the world actively opposed to centralized controls over foreign trade.

Take a look at the world scene. Obviously the Russian government monopolies are much more at home in a cartelized world than in a world of free competition. And the cartelized control of industry is an easy, stable way of doing business in a semiclosed economy like Britain's. Small countries like Belgium and Holland and Switzerland are forced to use cartels once the big powers use them.

Even weak nations, if they resort to quotas and blocked currencies, can lick strong American companies operating in their countries on a competitive basis. They can even establish cartels by government decree in which American exporters have to take part unless they pull out of these nations' markets altogether. For instance, several Latin-American and European countries before the war set up cartels for the oil business. Here's how it's done. The government sponsors a company of its own, and then calls in the privately owned foreign companies and tells them that it wishes its company to get a certain percentage of the business at what

amounts to a government-approved price. It suggests that all these companies agree as to the percentage of the business each will get. If the American company doesn't join in such an agreement, it doesn't do business in that country.

Our State Department is unlikely to bring any real pressure to bear to break up such arrangements. It probably would regard any such move as interference with the other country's internal policy. And no American firm is strong enough to buck such arrangements by itself. The only alternative is to pull out — and our need for foreign markets won't allow that to happen very often.

The world supply of many goods is bound to exceed the effective demand as soon as we get beyond the "catch-up" period after the war. New synthetic and substitute products will be competing with natural products. Rubber is an outstanding example. When heavy surpluses reappear, producing countries will call for stabilized marketing operations to avoid bankruptcy, and the United Nations will be likely to resort to government-sponsored cartels as one of several stabilizing mechanisms. If by that time we have entered a United Nations organization to keep the peace, there will be large economic areas where we shall want to collaborate with other member nations on worldwide marketing problems. To do otherwise would be to engage in economic warfare against our present allies. So here again *the pressure of circumstances will tend to make us accept cartels because other nations accept them*.

However, American firms have joined cartels in the past less to get

foreign business than to keep competitive foreign products out of the rich American market. Cartel agreements have frequently fenced in that market more effectively than any tariff. For instance, the agreement between Du Pont and Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries has been the equivalent of a prohibitive tariff on a long list of British chemicals in the United States (and vice versa). A sizable part of American business will want to join cartels after the war to protect its domestic market, and popular opinion will back such a move exactly as it has backed the imposition of high American tariffs. For as a people we are still under the delusion that the way to be prosperous is to sell as much as we can abroad and to buy as little as we can from abroad.

Already we Americans have gone a lot further toward giving up free competition here at home than most of us realize. Not only does our tariff shut out foreign goods to prevent price-cutting from abroad in our home markets but our patent laws underwrite monopoly most effectively in the fields where science has made its greatest progress. Under the Miller-Tydings Act, manufacturers and retailers can now act jointly to control sales prices of items such as food and drugs. This is in effect an abrogation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in a segment of the economy that affects the cost of living for every consumer. Oil is now produced under strict proration to prevent the waste of a vital national resource. And our labor and agricultural legislation protects millions of Americans from the strictest competition.

Nowhere is the trend clearer than

in agriculture The same fluid milk sells today in the New York City milkshed at a dozen different prices, all supported by law and all designed to make us pay about twice as much for bottled milk as processors pay for the same milk to manufacture into cheese, butter or ice cream This is a neat domestic cartel for a selected group of farmers The last OPA act included an extraordinary provision — which won the support of both parties — guaranteeing American farmers 90 percent of “parity price,” or more, for most of their crops for two years after the *official* proclamation of peace Our farmers may thus be spared the rigors of competition for four or five years after the Axis folds — even though this costs the rest of the country several billion dollars a year

We Americans are also parties to international price stabilization agreements on such imported agricultural commodities as sugar and coffee We promoted the Inter-American Coffee Agreement of 1940 to help the Latin-American countries market one of their main crops at a profit Incidentally, wholesale prices now are nearly double what they were in 1939

All this does not mean that the proponents of free enterprise should abandon their battle But it does mean that it's time to rearrange the line of battle to take account of actual circumstances It's time for us to make our foreign-trade policy fit the realities of an era which has already gone a long way toward cartelization

No one can suggest with finality what our eventual policy toward cartels should be If the United Nations build an effective organization

for keeping the peace, an atmosphere for genuine international cooperation on economic matters will be created If, however, the world drifts into great regions, more or less self-sufficient, there may be little chance for real collaboration on a world-wide basis

We may, therefore, want our businessmen to work with the businessmen of other nations in certain cartels, or we may be forced to build great combines of our own as offsets to Russian and British combines Events themselves will have to determine our final course

In the meantime, these preliminary steps and principles seem to make sense

1 American business firms should be required by law to register proposed international cartel agreements with our State Department All agreements should be made available to Congress and to the public, unless military security dictates otherwise Such exposure to critical public view would eliminate some of the cartels' more restrictive practices

2 There should be a Board of International Trade within the State Department, empowered to approve or disapprove all cartel registrations Legislation should set up broad principles to guide this board in its decisions, including consideration of our military security, our foreign policy, and the effect of any agreement on the volume of our international trade, on prices, on the status of labor in the industry, and on our domestic economy The Board would have to reach its decisions quickly Most business firms in other countries will not be subject to these restrictions Annual reports on the functioning of the car-

tels made by American member firms should be required, and the Board itself should review regularly all approved cartel arrangements for their effect in operation. It should submit its own annual report to Congress. Sometimes it will be necessary to revoke or modify the previous approval of cartel arrangements, but so long as Board approval is in effect, any American firm participating in approved cartels should be granted immunity from prosecution under our antitrust laws, provided they operate within the framework of the specific approval granted them.

3 We may want to make, as we have in the past, international agreements to meet problems of chronic oversupply—in wheat, sugar and coffee, for example, or in metals. We may also want to use these agreements to conserve, on an international scale, the natural resources of important raw materials. The recent Anglo-American Oil Agreement, which provides for international co-operation in the development and marketing of petroleum products, is a good example.

There is no single, easy answer to the cartel problem. Some kinds of foreign trade are best suited to competitive enterprise—like automobiles, textiles, and manufactured consumers' goods in which there is considerable variation in quality. Others can be handled better by cooperation among countries—raw materials like sugar, coffee, petroleum, certain metals and probably rubber.

We should prepare for any eventuality, however. International diplomacy, military security, and economic policy are no longer separate; we must integrate them into a vigorous cohesive foreign policy if our leadership in the modern world is to be alert and effective.

With our major foreign competitors in world markets already operating as closed economies—or moving rapidly in that direction—we are likely to find free competition in many fields as obsolete after the war as a Model T Ford. Where we cannot eliminate cartels, we must gradually perfect ways to make them into instruments which will serve the public interest.



To All Friends to Whom I Owe Letters

Affixing a stamp to a letter always thrills me. I am sending to someone a small fragment of myself, and commanding my government's cooperation. Dropping the letter into a postbox is even more stirring, for I know that it is about to ignore space and bridge distance. It may be an ambassador empowered to reach agreements, or an arbiter to dispel misunderstandings, or a confidential messenger to whisper secrets. There is such power in that folded bit of paper that my fingers relax their hold lingeringly, so I may gain the full flavor of the act.

Mailing a letter, in fact, so thrills me that I wish I could ever find the time to write one.

—Burgess Johnson in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Conquest of a Killer

By Paul de Kruif



A dread heart infection, formerly fatal in 97 out of 100 cases, responds to a treatment pioneered by a group at Brooklyn's Jewish Hospital

BACTERIAL endocarditis, an infection of the heart, has until now been the most surely deadly of all microbic maladies. It has killed 97 out of every 100 persons it attacked, and the few who survived have seemed saved only by some freakish whim of nature. It is estimated that endocarditis murders at least 10,000 Americans annually.

In the past year certain men of medicine have thrown this death march into reverse, they bring hope of recovery to 80 out of every 100 victims. And this death-fighting victory means a better chance for life for nearly 1,000,000 Americans in various stages of rheumatic heart disease, for it is chiefly these people who are threatened by endocarditis. Their rheumatic condition doesn't have to be active, bacterial endocarditis may aim its murderous blow at the scarred valves of hearts that have long ago recovered from rheumatic trouble.

While a variety of germs may cause endocarditis, by far the most frequent murderer is the green streptococcus, one of the strangest creatures in the rogues' gallery of the microbe hunters. The green streptococcus is ordinarily a gentle creature. It lives innocently in the mouths of nearly all human beings, harmlessly minding its own obscure mi-

crobe business. Even when it gets into the blood circulation, as it sometimes does after the pulling of a tooth, or from infected tonsils or sinuses, it does not harm at all — if the person's heart is healthy. But let this gentle germ light on the damaged or scarred valves of a rheumatic heart, and it becomes an implacable assassin.

The microbe guards itself cleverly from medical attack by burrowing into those valves and covering itself with a cauliflowerlike vegetation of clotted blood. In this evil nest it grows and swarms, seemingly out of reach of any curative serum or chemical. Then it sallies out into the blood. It not only wrecks the heart by attacking the delicate valves but it causes deadly mischief all over the human body. Bits of blood clot from the heart valves detach themselves, swirl through the circulating blood, and lodge in arteries of the brain, the kidneys, the eyes, the skin, the lungs and the heart itself. This blocking of the arteries, called embolism, devitalizes one part of the body after another.

In the early stages of this inexorable murder the sufferers may simply feel very tired and strangely sleepy. They have low fevers and feel grippy, and their doctors may think they're suffering early tuberculosis, or typhoid, or malaria, or rheumatic fever,

or any of a dozen different diseases. Then little red spots come out on their bodies, and little hemorrhages, looking like splinters, appear under the nails of toes and fingers.

Doctors can diagnose the ailment early by testing the blood for the presence of the green streptococcus. But — until now — when they have found it, they have been faced with the tragic task of telling the patient's family that the situation is desperate, almost hopeless.

More than 30 years ago Dr. Emanuel Libman of New York wrote the classic description of this dread sickness. After that, death fighters tried every weapon in their medical arsenal — serums, arsenicals, transfusions, fever treatment — all in vain. In the late 1930's came a hint of hope from the new sulfas. A few cures were registered, but not enough to dent the endocarditis death rate.

Then in 1943 penicillin entered the battle. High hopes were held because this new wonder drug was not only powerful but marvelously safe. Yet, after what seemed to be thorough testing, a committee of the National Research Council published gloomy news. Of 17 cases of bacterial endocarditis treated with penicillin four were dead, ten showed no appreciable improvement, and two of the three who had seemed to get a bit better relapsed soon after the treatment was discontinued. It was officially decided to break off the battle for the time being, because penicillin was still so scarce and so badly needed for saving the wounded of our armed forces.

This negative report was published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* on August 28, 1943, and this

is a date to be particularly remembered. On August 27, the day before, Dr. Leo Loewe and his associates in the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn stood by the bedside of a 34-year-old man far gone with bacterial endocarditis. For more than six months they had fought a losing battle to save his life. They'd tried huge doses of sulfas, and added artificial fever, but in vain. Then to the sulfa treatments they'd added the drug heparin, which acts to slow the clotting of the blood. They'd hoped that heparin might act upon those blood clot vegetations on the man's heart valves, exposing the green streptococcus to the sulfa-magic. Then in June they'd combined moderate doses of penicillin with heparin and still they were baffled.

As death-fighters the Brooklyn doctors stood with their backs to the wall. And so Dr. Loewe took drastic action. He had been using what was considered an orthodox daily dose of penicillin, little more than 40,000 units. Now, since the patient was so far along the road to death, he decided to risk enormous doses.

The Brooklyn physicians began giving the dying man *five times the orthodox dose* of penicillin — 200,000 units daily, combined with heparin injections every other day. From a large flask above the man's bed a continuous flow of penicillin dripped for 14 days and nights into a vein in the region of his wrist. The needle inserted in his vein was held in place by a strip of adhesive tape. The man could move his hand freely, and it was remarkable how this continuous injection was no bother to him, waking or sleeping.

The green streptococcus vanished from the patient's blood during this treatment. But after the treatment was stopped, the man relapsed. Then, after a second course of 200,000 units daily, the evil microbe disappeared for good. This man, who'd been marked for death, is alive and in excellent health today.

On August 28, 1943, the very day the Government thumbs-down on penicillin for endocarditis was published, a 52-year-old woman was brought to the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn. She was in coma, paralyzed from blood clots blocking blood vessels of her brain. She was at the brink of death — moribund is the medical word for her condition.

Dr. Loewe and his co-workers at once began the massive penicillin-plus-heparin treatment, and kept it up for 13 days. The second day this woman sat up in bed. Within two weeks she was free of her infection.

I've just talked to this historic woman. A year and a half after she was brought to the hospital, so sure to die, she is alive, strong and working. She told me she had read a newspaper statement by a high Government authority that, while penicillin is a remarkable medicine, it couldn't be expected to raise people from the dead. "But penicillin made me as good as sit up in my coffin, and I'm resurrected," she said. And I wish you could have seen her smile.

By the end of 1943, Leo Loewe and his co-workers, Drs. Philip Rosenblatt and Harry J. Greene and their technical assistant, Mortimer Russell, were ready to make their scientific report of seven consecutive, *unselected* cases of bacterial endocarditis who

had recovered after the new treatment. This was published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* in January 1944. The National Research Council decided to restudy the effect of penicillin upon the disease.

Now to the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn came a parade, in ambulances, on stretchers, of victims of endocarditis. Many of them were in pitiful condition. Some were already suffering congestive heart failure, so that it was risking immediate death even to begin to treat them.

Dr. Loewe and his co-workers turned none of them away. They knew that the inevitable deaths of some of the far gone might tend to discredit their work, but they tried their new method anyway. In his report in *The Canadian Medical Association Journal*, in January 1945, Dr. Loewe thus defended his boldness: "Despite the precarious manifestations of many of the afflicted we had no choice since refusal was tantamount to the imposition of a death sentence."

To put it bluntly, he didn't care about a fine show of statistics, he just wanted to save lives.

From the very start of this life-saving adventure the Brooklyn doctors had a nonmedical co-worker without whom they would have been helpless. This was John L. Smith, vice-president of the Charles Pfizer Company of Brooklyn. This firm was one of the first to engage in penicillin research in America and to pioneer large-scale production in fermentation vats. Smith furnished the penicillin for the new treatment. After the report of the recovery of those first seven cases, the National Research

Council added a certain amount of penicillin to the quantities the Pfizer Company was giving — free — to Dr Loewe and his co-workers, as well as to other doctors who were now beginning to join the hopeful battle.

Mr Smith stood at the bedside of virtually every one of these victims whose lives had been saved by the new treatment. Day after day he went back and told the Pfizer scientists, engineers and workmen of the lives their skill and devotion had saved. "They were all thrilled, and their knowing they were saving those lives has been a major factor in our tremendous increase in penicillin production," reports Mr Smith.

When you remember the large proportion of the far-gone forlorn who came to the Jewish Hospital grasping at a straw for life, it's no wonder that Dr Loewe and his associates had to record failures among their growing number of fantastic penicillin-heparin successes. In their second report, totaling 54 cases, the Brooklyn death-fighters recorded 13 fatal treatment failures, one reinfection, and three deaths from heart failure after the victims had been absolutely sterilized of all trace of the green streptococcus, as proved by autopsy. Of the 13 people who died in spite of the treatment, ten could not be saved because their hearts were too far gone, or the blood vessels of their brains were blocked by embolisms, or there was a profound wasting of their tissues, or terminal pneumonia. Only three deaths were due to infection with a green streptococcus resistant to penicillin.

Dr Loewe and his associates found that the longer the evil green strep-

tococcus had been gnawing at the heart valves of the victims, the longer they had to treat them, and the larger they had to make the doses. As of today, when the recovery rate for *unselected* cases (from early to far-gone desperate) is exceeding 80 out of every 100, most patients are treated continuously for at least five weeks with as much as 1,000,000 or more units of penicillin daily, plus heparin.

Heparin, unlike penicillin, is a two-edged sword, if it is given in excessive doses, hemorrhages and even deaths may occur. However Drs Loewe and Rosenblatt, with the cooperation of E. H. Bobst and Dr R. D. Shaner, of Roche-Organon, Inc., another pharmaceutical concern, have developed a safe way of administering the drug. They dissolve it in gelatin, acetic acid and dextrose, a medium invented by Dr George Pitkin. Injected in this form it is absorbed very slowly and safely.

Dr Walter S. Priest and his associates at Wesley Hospital, Chicago, Dr M. H. Dawson and his co-workers at Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and Dr Ward J. MacNeal and his co-workers at Post Graduate Hospital, New York, have all confirmed penicillin's power against this most dread of all infections of the heart. Tests of massive doses of penicillin with and without heparin, are being conducted in a growing number of hospitals.

On December 1, 1944, the National Research Council included subacute bacterial endocarditis in the list of diseases to be treated by penicillin when the infection is due to susceptible microbes — which includes the vast majority of all endocarditis.

cases And now our death-fighters have the weapons with which to work Nearly a score of chemical and pharmaceutical manufacturers have succeeded in increasing production of penicillin so sharply that the price to the Government per 100,000 units has tumbled in the past year from \$20 to 85 cents

Now that the power of the new treatment for bacterial endocarditis has been established, physicians will be more alert to detect the affliction,

by taking blood cultures when it first hits They can feel confident that when bacterial endocarditis is detected within three months of its onset and before the heart valves are too grievously damaged, and if the microbes are sensitive to penicillin, as the great majority of them are, then recovery may be expected in virtually every case

Two years ago victims of this disease had only three chances out of 100 to remain alive!

Coping with the Public

» THE BLIZZARD had turned Chicago's Michigan Avenue into a pedestrian hazard of churned-up slush A pretty young thing, standing irresolutely at the crossing, extended a dainty foot and as hastily withdrew it The big Irish traffic cop regarded her sympathetically It took but a minute to blow his whistle, stride to the curb, gather her up in his arms, and deposit her carefully on the other side Whereupon the young lady, her eyes blazing, slapped him—hard Without a word he once more swept her from her feet and bore her, kicking, back to her original position Then he released the traffic

—Contributed by J C Graham

» IT HAPPENED on New York's Fifth Avenue A girl with her arms full of bundles went up to a cop and said a few words to him He promptly took her packages, and while he held them, she straightened the seams of her stockings Taking back her bundles, she thanked the cop and departed When she was a few paces away, he said, 'Yep, that's better' Then he blew his whistle, and traffic rolled again

—W D in Collier's



Down to Brass Tacks

ACCORDING to unofficial sources, a new simplified income-tax form contains only four lines

- 1 What was your income for the year?
- 2 What were your expenses?
- 3 How much have you left?
- 4 Send it in

—The Link

The Last Prussian

Condensed from Life

David Cort



FIELD MARSHAL GENERAL Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt, commander of the German armies in the west, is the last and by far the greatest of the Prussian masters who almost won the world for Hitler. He is as cold, functional and masked as a pillbox. And he knots in his own person all the crucial clues to the German Army, the Nazi state and the present under-cover fight for power in Germany as well as an omen of the next war. He is a useful man to examine.

In June, when the invasion struck, he was in command on the western front. When St. Lo and Caen were falling, he advised withdrawal to the line of the Seine. Hitler overruled him. Von Rundstedt was dismissed for "special duties" away from the front. Rumors of a plot against Hitler promptly filled the air and behind them, even more faintly, was breathed the name of von Rundstedt. Suddenly there came the story of the bomb explosion at Berchtesgaden.

But von Rundstedt was not arrested. Instead, he was named co-chairman of the Wehrmacht Court of Honor which handed the plotters over to a Nazi people's court to be tried for treason. The plotters in-

To understand German plans for World War III, consider von Rundstedt, who almost won World War II for Hitler

cluded at least two of his old friends, Field Marshal von Witzleben and Colonel General Ludwig Beck, chief of staff until 1938. Thus there came about the unprecedented

and, to Germans, shocking spectacle of a Prussian field marshal being garroted in civilian clothes in public.

No break appeared then in the inscrutability of Gerd von Rundstedt. The dead men had broken the sacred law of the Prussian officer corps, they had failed, they had been caught. The army washed them out and they understood. But they had not died for nothing. They had blasted into the open the enormous schism between Hitler and the Prussian officers who own the German Army. Had they succeeded, their course probably would have been to seek a negotiated peace that would leave Germany and their caste strong enough for another comeback. Since they failed, their purpose became — as von Rundstedt's behavior showed — to pin the coming defeat on the Nazis. Thus the honor of the army (meaning its officer corps) would be preserved for the next war. The Prussians certainly do not plan to destroy Germany by an endless guerrilla warfare. And if they try again

THE LAST PRUSSIAN

to take power from the Nazis, the falling finger to give the signal will probably be that of the mysterious Field Marshal von Rundstedt

The mystery surrounding von Rundstedt and the other generals of his caste comes from the tribal taboo among the aristocratic Prussians against being conspicuous. Their compressed lips and harsh, ascetic-looking faces come from their unremitting effort to maintain this aloofness, to suppress emotion. They walk slowly and, despite the stiff backed posture, with relaxation. It is almost unheard-of for them to be involved in public scandal, to marry for love out of their class or to do anything spontaneous. They always wear gloves, wear their hair short, never carry packages and seem to hold their monocles in place without effort, even when mounting a horse. They are all agreed on a morality of self-discipline, silence, toughness and of constant planning for war.

The result has been the ablest and most exclusive military caste that the world has lately seen, numbering perhaps 5000 aristocrats from the northeastern corner of Germany. They regard with disguised contempt the Nazis, most of the rest of Germany and civilians everywhere.

Von Rundstedt's importance is in direct proportion to his personal obscurity. In 69 years there seem to have issued from the field marshal a great deal of silence and certain acts.

Of these latter the most spectacular were three. The first was his direction of the invasion of Poland, when his southern army group enveloped the Poles' main armies west of Warsaw. The second was the invasion of

France by his central army group, which tore through to the Channel in 11 days and forced the Belgian surrender and the British Dunkirk. This was the maneuver that seemed at the time to have won the war.

Yet of von Rundstedt's activities during its execution, only a few moments have been reported. He was seen standing on the bank of the Meuse, exposed to French machine-gun fire, watching German detachments drowning in their rubber boats, but at last making good the crossing. He stood there for some time, not speaking, watching the one all-essential operation, not liking the risk of the blitzkrieg but taking it coldly and precisely. When the crossing was made he went away.

In the third act, in the war against Russia, von Rundstedt commanded the southern army group, trapped half an army at Uman then swung around Kiev and destroyed most of another army.

On the record, he is a deadlier foe than any other German general. In personality he has a certain gloomy integrity. His eyes appear to be always wide open, like a turtle's, his mouth is long, grim, controlled. It is evident that von Rundstedt has no sense of guilt about anything, he is merely carrying to their apotheosis the triumph or tragedy of forces greater than himself, and does not especially care whether he himself is killed in course.

Gerd von Rundstedt's family, originally Swedish, can trace itself back to the 12th century and appeared five centuries later in what we now know as East Prussia, where the Slavs and Balts who survive as peas-

ants still kiss the sleeves of the lords and take off their shoes when they enter the great houses. Von Rundstedts served in the army of Frederick the Great, and fought Napoleon. Gerd's father fought France in 1870 and was commander at the crucial battle of Sedan. His son, a corporal, was captured last year in Italy.

At the age of 12, Gerd enrolled in the savage, aristocratic cadets' school at Grosslichterfelde in 1887. Unlike military schools elsewhere, Lichterfelde did not train boys for the army; it trained them for war. They were taught primarily to endure pain, to learn self control, to root out self pity, to remain calm always. Gerd learned his lessons so well that in 1940, reproached for his cold heart, he said, 'Certainly we think earnestly of the dead, but we do not mourn.'

In World War I, von Rundstedt and his regiment distinguished themselves in battle. He won the Iron Cross and ended the war as a major.

When the German mass army was wiped out, the General Staff Corps was abolished and the cadet schools were closed all by order of the Allies. von Rundstedt was among the Prussians who began conspiring for the next war. Only among these barons from northeastern Germany is this done thoroughly between wars.

The problem was not too difficult. The victors were psychologically disarmed by the "democratic" Weimar Republic. The power in Germany was kept, secretly, in the hands of the army as always. What the army needed was a base of war spirit in the German people, to be drummed up by a political party. This the Nazis provided.

By 1931, now a lieutenant general, von Rundstedt had become commander of the all-important Third Military District of Berlin. At the critical point in modern German politics he sat at the center of action, holding all the real power.

Chancellor Brüning of the Weimar Republic had two fatal plans at this moment. One was to break up the estates of the Prussian aristocrats and give them to the peasants. The other was to demolish the Storm Trooper formations of the Nazis. Instead, the army and the Nazis broke Brüning.

Before the dismissal of Brüning by President von Hindenburg, von Rundstedt was the go-between who brought together the great political intriguer of the army, General von Schleicher, and the next chancellor, von Papen. Thereupon von Rundstedt took the last step up and became commander in chief of Group I, which controlled the heart of Germany.

Soon after Hitler came into power. Von Rundstedt, as army chief in the Berlin area, had the military force to stop the Nazis' seizure of power. He did not use it. Obviously he and the generals believed they could control Hitler and paid small attention to the Nazi aims, which to them were just one more politician's mess of pottage. Von Rundstedt, however, declined to accept the Nazi leaders socially.

He was busy helping to remake the German Army. Calm and resolute among the un-power fanatics and the tank fanatics, he judged correctly that the infantry was still the queen of battles. He increased the armament of an infantry company to the

THE LAST PRUSSIAN

strength of an old-time regiment and increased its mobility

There is silence, then, until January 1938, when the hidden battle between the Nazis and the generals for control of the army came into the open. Commander in Chief von Fritsch called in 18 generals and told them about the marriage of War Minister von Blomberg to a humble young woman alleged to have been immoral. It was von Rundstedt who moved the dismissal of von Blomberg. Since Hitler had been witness at the wedding, this was a pretty clear-cut showdown.

Hitler answered by firing both von Blomberg and von Fritsch and accepting the resignations of a dozen generals. Von Rundstedt resigned with the others. But he was recalled to duty for the Polish campaign.

When the invasion of Russia reached its preliminary climax in October 1941, it was clear that victory had eluded Hitler. The Russian field forces had escaped and the general mobilization had been safely completed. The German generals held a meeting in field headquarters. Hitler was not expected, but he showed up with his own chief of staff, General Jodl. The generals were cool, correct and ironic toward the two Austrians. They had been saddled with one of the greatest flops in history, even as the Nazis' Rabelaisian boasts were echoing in the press. Hitler had a brief case of new and yet more wonderful plans. The generals grew cooler and more ironic. At length, however, it was decided to concentrate on Moscow.

Von Rundstedt was there, but presently, since he was the one who

was always talking about the western front as the major menace, he was assigned to it.

And that is where he was when the invasion came on June 6, 1944.

A month after the invasion, Hitler dismissed von Rundstedt. And then the position of the Prussian officer corps became dramatic. Hitler had got rid of one after another of the old Prussian generals, and now, finally, of von Rundstedt. But still *Der Führer* was obliged to call on their Junker blood brothers: von Kluge, Zeitzler, von Busch, Kesselring, von Manstein. As fast as he pushed Prussians under, they rose around him, two for one. And in his extremity, when the Americans had raced through the German lines in August 1944, he was obliged to recall in mid-September the old man himself, von Rundstedt.

The field marshal has carried military obedience and repression to an extreme point of treachery and class self-destruction. He may be remembered as the ablest general of this war. He is certainly not afraid of Hitler or afraid of death. Yet he has repeatedly carried out Hitler's orders with rigid, turtle-eyed composure, just as though he knew that the Prussians could not possibly lose, as though a few or many dead men were of no consequence, as though the von Rundstedts were, in the last hour, omnipotent.

To meet von Rundstedt out of uniform you would be disarmed. He would seem merely a respectable, church-going, hard-faced old gentleman. He would look at you evenly, with controlled face and hooded eyes.

But he would be thinking about the next war.

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN

City sparrows in brown business suits talked the day over (Clady Lober)

Hail plucking fretfully at the windows (Margaret Halsey) Stars, the spendthrift jewelry of evening (Christopher Morley) The morning was whiskered with frost (G Conway) The sea like a great liquid metronome beats its solemn measure (Oliver Wendell Holmes)

Overheard Bride whose wedding had been repeatedly postponed due to troop movements 'I've been alerted five times' (Mary Ann Kulp) They live in a beautiful little apartment overlooking the rent (W H Lidy Jr) He spent so much on the girl he finally had to marry her for his money (Quincy Mass Patriot Letter) Her baby stares are for guys to trip on (Walter Winchell)

He's tall, dark and foreign (Betty Alice Nix) She looks intelligent when she wears her glasses, but it's only an optical illusion (Kate Salton)

Man buying a new tire Leave the wrappings on I might get a couple of miles out of them" (R C Dell artion in This Week)

A face rusted by the weather (John Mason Brown) She barged in with the children like a bomber escorted by fighters He must have had a magnificent build before his stomach went in for a career of its own (Margaret Halsey)

Motto in a Curtiss Wright war plant Absence Makes the War Grow Longer (Florence Armshaw)

Radio quips Bob Hope at a WAVE center, "This is the first time I've ever seen petty officers with Petty figures"

Daddy explains to Baby Snooks, "A girdle is a device to keep an unfortunate situation from spreading" Frank Morgan, 'I was lucky I met her at the age when her voice was changing from 'no' to yes'"

Lighting three cigarettes on a match isn't unlucky — it's unlikely (Detroit News)

At the front A big war gun with its nose sniffing at the sky (Joe F Brown) The plane, caught in a skein of search lights over the town, pulled the whole web with it across the sky (Norman Corwin)

Headline Gypsy Rose Has a 5½ Pound Strippling (Cleveland Ham Dealer)

Said of Kathleen Winsor's book, *For every Amber* Not since Manhattan Island was sold for \$24 has so much dirt been available for so little money (Elizabeth Arques)

A woman in slacks — so round, so firm, so fully picked (Paul Collins) Two dumplings tacked her mile into place (Reva Rhy Brown) He was conspicuous by his abstinence (Joe Siström)

Looking as aloof as a camel (Ira) A mother's life disorganized around her children (Clara Treese) When she looked up, her eyes went to his, and she knew it was like a key fitting into a lock (Cale Wilhelm)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Pattern or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contribution cannot be acknowledged or returned but every item is carefully considered. ADDRESS PATTERNDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

Here's Something Really New—

Condensed from The Rotarian

• *Harland Manchester*

in Plastics

ABOUT a year ago a General Electric Company publicist tore open a pack of cigarettes and threw them into a bowl of water.

"Have a smoke, boys," he said to the assembled reporters. When they fished out the cigarettes, the water rolled off them in little beads and they weren't even damp.

A few months later, Westinghouse engineers took apart a three-horse-power electric motor and rewound it with a secret new type of insulation. The motor then delivered ten horsepower.

Soon afterward our B-29's swarmed over Tokyo equipped with a rubber-like gasket which stood up under intense heat as no other material would.

Then a few weeks ago some fascinating putty-like stuff made its appearance. It looks like modeling clay, but if you roll it into a wad and drop it on the floor it bounces like a tennis ball.

These achievements, and many others equally amazing, are the work of silicones, a new family of synthetic resins—the greatest sensation in plastics in the last 30 years. Research men of the Dow Chemical Company, the Corning Glass Works and General Electric are responsible for developing the versatile newcomer.

All the silicones are made from the

same basic materials—petroleum, brine and ordinary sand. The new material comes in forms all the way from a gas which will vanish in thin air to a solid substance as hard as rock. It is a watery liquid, thick oil, pliable rubber. And each shape it takes has unexpected and priceless merits.

The cigarettes, both paper and tobacco, were waterproofed with silicone vapor. Dr. A. L. Marshall, a pioneer in the development of silicones, gave me a demonstration. He held a paper towel over a jar containing a transparent silicone fluid. Then he sprinkled some water on the paper. Each drop retained its round identity. When he tilted the paper the droplets rolled off intact, leaving the paper without a trace of moisture. Exposure to silicone vapor, Dr. Marshall explained, imparts to the fibers of the paper a coating so thin that it cannot be seen under a microscope, yet so durable that drops of water still roll off samples treated three years ago.

This single trick of the new resin opens up numerous possibilities: showerproof grocery bags, for example, and water-repellent paper raincoats to be sold at football games for the price of a hot dog. The vapor

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By
Cornelia Stratton Parker
Lecturer and author of
"An American Idyll, etc

ONE SUMMER, just before leaving home to lecture at the University of Maine, I received a letter from a Mrs Beulah Akeley. She was librarian of the little town of Presque Isle, near the Canadian border. She had read some of my books and was coming to my lecture even though it meant a journey halfway across the state even though she was pretty busy, what with a job, a husband and — hold your breath — 18 children. Yes, 18, all but five of them her own.

As I stood before the audience a few days later my eyes scanned in vain the rows of people before me for a face that might belong to a woman with 18 children. When I first saw her after the lecture, plump, and nondescript from her mail order hat to her broad flat shoes, I stupidly wished I had not let the situation get beyond an exchange of letters. After six hours of delightful conversation with her, looking into those brown eyes that snapped out of a face without a wrinkle, I knew I was wrong. And when I had seen more of her, and learned her story from her own lips, from the pages of a diary she had kept, on and off, over the long rich years, I knew her for what she was, a woman whose depth of humanity, courage, humor and faith in life the whole world might envy.

At 15 Beulah Barton married George Akeley, a potato farmer and

a widower of 36. He had four children, a hired man and a housekeeper. They were all there when the second Mrs Akeley arrived at breakfasttime — all except the housekeeper, who got out the kitchen door just as the newly married couple came in. Beulah had never prepared a meal in her life. In her desperate searchings she found a white tablecloth and laid it across the kitchen table.

An inquisitive neighbor crossed the road before breakfast. "Hm," she sniffed, standing at the door without so much as a good morning. "White tablecloth Mrs Akeley's best. It's the last time you'll be going to the style of a tablecloth, I should hope." Beulah Akeley made up her mind then and there that she'd lay a white tablecloth on every table she ever set for the rest of her life and she has.

Soon after she was married, Beulah lay collapsed in bed, and the doctors gave her six months to live. "Consumption," they called it then. Her father had died of it. The first Miss Akeley died in that house of it. And now it was Beulah's turn.

Six months to live! Yet she lived to bear 13 children.

How explain the miracle of it? Her gay eyes looked calmly into mine. "I just made up my mind I *wouldn't* die!" As simple as that. Thirty-two years later she had a physical examination. The X rays showed serious lung scars, long since

healed And the doctors pronounced her to be in "what would be considered excellent physical condition for a girl of 16"

It takes fortitude of soul, as well as youth of heart, to wring such a verdict from inexorable time And Beulah had both At the age of 17 she started teaching She weighed only 100 pounds then Some of the boys in the school were not only much bigger than she, they were older, too One day the whole roomful started throwing spitballs Up to then she had never believed in corporal punishment At noon instead of eating her lunch, she walked all the way to town and bought a ruler and a strong leather strap

That afternoon she announced "All those who did not throw spitballs can leave the room The others stay" Almost the whole school stayed Then she walked down to the biggest brute in the room "Put out your hand!" she ordered She hadn't the faintest idea what she'd do if he didn't But he did She went down one row, up the next, using ruler or strap on every boy and girl in the room There was no more trouble

She taught school because she loved children, and because she was so sure her looks would prevent her from ever being married and having children of her own

"Look at me!" she says Oh, dear, if God had only seen his way clear to make me a little easier on the eyes" But a long time ago she stopped crying about how homely she thought she was

"Just before I was married" — "Is Beulah talking — "my mother to me, 'Beulah, with his four,

you oughtn't to have any children of your own' I answered that I intended to have a dozen And I did With two extra for good measure — one of them adopted"

Eighteen children Thirteen of her own, only the last one born in a hospital And all the inevitable disasters and near tragedies and mischief and illnesses — yet somehow every last one of the children raised to adulthood and alive after 48 years

There was Richard Richard fell over in his high chair onto the kitchen stove, and carries the scars to this day Richard once drank kerosene instead of water Richard was run over by the double wagon in the barnyard, and had gravel in his face till it wore out with the years High school football put Richard in a plaster cast for weeks Richard shot himself through the foot Richard — I could go on for quite a spell about Richard He is now a lieutenant on the *U S S Idaho*

And Gene and Barton They found some dynamite caps in the barn For days no one could tell whether Gene's eyes were still there or not Barton lost three fingers of his left hand And Barton was the musician of the family But somehow the doctor saved the fingers up to just below the big joints, and Barton plays the piano now

Not to speak of Russell, who tripped up Emma as she was carrying just about every dish in the brand-new set of white china with a gold band around it

"You must have spanked Russell," I said to Beulah

"Actually," she replied, "I remember spanking him only once That was when he set Elizabeth on fire"

Beulah thinks of her children as a comparatively easy lot to bring up, "perhaps" — her brown eyes twinkle — "because I never asked them to do anything they weren't going to do anyway" Above all, she wanted them to have the courage and determination to do what they wanted to do "Don't say, 'How I wish I could do this or that,' " she'd tell them "*Do it!*" And so, whether they wanted to go barefoot to a church picnic or quit a job and roam California they did it

Barton once told his mother, "You haven't raised a family You've raised 18 individuals" Maybe it's true," Beulah comments You can't send children out into the world as a family Each has to meet life as an individual Each must have the courage to be himself"

Sometimes Beulah herself seized the rare chance to do something for which Presque Isle would set her down as crazy I like the kind of woman who at 52 suddenly decides to go off with a friend and walk from Presque Isle to Houlton — over 40 miles away "Afoot and light hearted I take to the Open Road," she quotes in her diary And four days later she writes "We returned only \$1 out in money and rich in memories for years to come"

But such holidays were rare She was far too busy at home For one thing, those 18 children had close to every disease except smallpox Uncountable were the times that Beulah Akeley nursed a child all night and worked and nursed again all day

They had measles — all 18 of them, all 18 had mumps and chicken pox Eighteen had their tonsils out, 11 are minus their appendixes, the number

who had pneumonia cannot rarely be recalled

Sally had it the worst of all — at the age of two When the doctor got there, Beulah was on her knees dropping brandy down Sally's throat with a medicine dropper one drop one drop one drop Never had she seen a child so sick

"There's no use," the doctor told her "She's cold to her waist right now and she'll be dead in an hour" Beulah turned on him "You get out of this house!" she shouted "Everybody who thinks she's going to die get out of this house quick!" And she shoved the doctor, and her husband too out the front door Then she went back to Sally and began dropping brandy again One drop one drop At three in the morning they found her still there on her knees with the medicine dropper, still saying, "She's not going to die" Sally lived Every one of the 18 always did get well

The Akeleys were quarantined three times for scarlet fever, the last time when Roger, Robert, Richard, Barbara and Olive all had it at once, and Olive had pneumonia as well Three months without getting out of the house "I just settled down to enjoy it, and I have," she wrote in her diary "Three wonderful months"

The diary fails to say that she had no nurse or help whatsoever, that her husband was at the same time laid low with rheumatic fever, and that it was Beulah who had to tend the furnace and bring in the wood for the kitchen stove The hot-water boiler blew up Also, because her firing was not all that a bitter winter demanded, one night the kitchen

pipes burst and next morning she practically skated to the stove on ice. Wonderful months, indeed!

Just before Gene was born, Beulah got the conviction that there was a good deal in the idea of prenatal influences. So she took an armful of the world's best literature from the library and read every night. 'This next baby,' she assured herself, "will be a brilliant scholar."

Gene is the only Akeley who never read a book through in his life. But Beulah acquired the habit of reading in bed, and it never left her. How in the world did she keep her eyes open, after a day of working for that enormous family? "Often it seemed to me," she said, "that reading rested me as much as sleep."

Early in her married life she determined that she wasn't going to have her children grow up to think of her self as forever hard at work. That's no memory to have of a mother. And she arranged things so that she did all the heavy work after the young children were in bed. By day she could play with them, and do the lighter work, such as cooking. Cooking for eight or ten—light work, you understand.

But she had to give up the garden that she loved. "Since there are many things I cannot have," she wrote in her diary, "I am going to make up for my lack of 'things' by throwing all my powers of soul and body into creating a real home—a place of helpfulness, cheer and courtesy."

There were days when even her great spirit flagged. They moved many times—there was nothing that warmed Papa Akeley's heart like taking a trade. One of those moves

landed Beulah in a wretchedly inconvenient house with no water at hand.

"I am tired," she set down in that old diary, "working 18 hours a day—and tired beyond words to express. I cannot go on this way."

One day not long after, when she was at her kitchen sink, with her mind working, working on the subject of the everlasting debts that weighed them down, suddenly she heard a terrific roaring, as of a cyclone, coming from the barn side of the house. She opened the door onto a blazing inferno. The house itself soon was a mass of flames. In the orchard she watched the crackling blaze of everything treasured through the years, and suddenly the weight of the world fell off her shoulders.

'How,' she asked me, "can I make it sound sensible? It was as if all care and weariness were burning away."

The older children came home from school and found her staring at the smoldering embers of nothing above the ground. All at once they formed hands and began to circle about the trees, singing some crazy song. "We'll begin a new life!" Beulah kept chanting.

But the Akeleys were wiped out—the barn, the new car, all the farm machinery, even the fertilizer ready for working into the spring soil. There began a long period when every day was heavy with the burden of debts on the conscientious.

Some years before the fire, Beulah Akeley had taken a momentous step. A large farm on Hardy Hill above the town was for sale. She had found an old friend who lent her the sum needed to buy it, and she planned to have it laid out as the finest residen-

tial section of Presque Isle The glories of Aroostook County were spread out at the beholder's feet Three years later she had sold enough lots to enable her to build and sell a house as bait to start further building After the fire she mortgaged her entire equity in the property to get Papa started with his spring potato work — teams, machinery, fertilizer, seed potatoes

But no matter how hard Papa worked, Beulah knew that she too must bring in cold hard money A mere half of the 18 children were then at home Out of the goodness of her limitless heart she had filled in for the aging town librarian so that she might take a much needed vacation, and later on the library trustees asked Beulah Akeley to become the permanent librarian Who else in Presque Isle was so well read, who else so loved books?

She liked the library job, and many a week the cash it put into her hand was all the Akeley family knew It busied her with books and people, and she loved books and people She made the library a place for the lonely to find her own friendliness and the friendliness of books

For years she and Papa Akeley have taken care of the Methodist Church nearby, rising early Sunday morning to go over it with brooms and brushes, mop and dustcloth In

winter Papa Akeley, hale and hearty at 84, tends its furnace And no matter how low their finances, every Sunday one tenth of what has come in goes into the church envelope Beulah Akeley has treasured the Good Book all these years God knows how it has lighted the way for the dark places her feet have had to tread

On one of their wedding anniversaries Beulah lay ill in bed Papa, knowing the day was something special, came in with roses "Isn't this your birthday?" he asked "Papa!" she reproved "It's our anniversary!" And Papa answered shyly "I knew it was some kind of birthday It's mine, because I just began to live the day I married you"

Of all the entries in Beulah's diary, the one I like best is this "Thursday Papa and I celebrated our 34th anniversary We had chicken supper, the children came in, and when they had gone we thanked God for the years we had been permitted to live together and love each other It is wonderful that our love has grown until our early love seems as nothing compared with the understanding that is ours now"

One Sunday morning in Presque Isle I sat between the Akeley's in the little Methodist Church It seemed to me that it would be impossible to be near two people of more value, as God judges value

WE CAN appreciate the miracle of life even more when we realize that human embryos a week old are so small that it would take about seven of them to cover the period which closes this sentence

— Bernard Lewis in *Pageant*

Lest We Forget

IV

SLAUGHTER OF THE PRISONERS

Condensed from *The American Legion Magazine* + *George Kent*

IT WAS an ordinary convoy of U S Army vehicles jouncing over a road in eastern Belgium near Malmedy trucks and jeeps filled with artillery GIs and a dozen or so medics with Red Cross arm bands There was also an ambulance, empty except for the driver and three medical officers The men sprawled in the trucks, smoking and talking

As the convoy rolled to a crossroads there was a flat report and a shell tore through a jeep filling the air with fragments of steel and human flesh Another shell demolished the front wheel of the lead truck which spun crazily and slumped across the highway A column of German tanks emerged from behind a row of trees

The GIs, armed only with carbines, scrambled out of the trucks and jumped with a splash into the ditch hip deep in water Others ran behind a farmhouse They fired sporadically — pathetic volleys which pattered harmlessly on the steel tanks An 88 on one of the tanks blasted the ambulance Another shell plowed a brown furrow across the road and through the ditch A man cried out in pain

The officers, crouching in the ditch, whispered to each other then passed the word down the line The tanks were moving up to point-blank machine-gun range The situation was hopeless A lieutenant held up his hand in token of surrender The

men dropped their guns and climbed up to the highway, those behind the farmhouse came forward, hands locked behind their necks

The tank hatches opened and men with SS (Elite Guard) insignia leaped down and herded the Americans into line They pulled rings from fingers and searched pockets for money — in violation of the Geneva Convention Then the German commanding officer ordered the prisoners into a field across the road Three tanks locked into the field and lined up facing the group

High in the first tank a slim German officer of about 25, whose wide eyes gave an impression of innocence suddenly raised his Luger and fired three times A soldier in the front row sank to his knees and fell over dead The group broke a little and one of the officers spoke sharply 'Don't budge — don't do anything!' If the men attempted to run away, the Germans would have a legitimate excuse for shooting

They were the officer's last words A smiling man in the lead tank moved a machine gun from left to right, and the entire group of prisoners fell in a heap, the wounded sprawled over and under the dead In the foreground were two still figures, one a medic, the other a companion whose wound he was bandaging

Men writhed in pain Some prayed aloud as another machine gun sprayed

the pile of bodies, and another. Then the tanks began moving out of the field.

IN A HOSPITAL in the Belgian City of Liege I spoke with six survivors of the massacre, and this story has been pieced together from the things they told me. "As the tanks moved away," one boy said, "the Germans took shots at us, like shooting at tin cans on a wall. Some of them were laughing. I was cold and wet, but I kept my face in the mud making out I was dead. My buddy was killed and lying over my arm."

"Everybody around me was groaning and twisting, he went on. 'They were hollering. Please help me!' and 'Medic! Medic!' Lots of us were praying. Then the tanks went away and four men, talking in German, came up with pistols in their hands and whenever a man groined or moved they shot him. An officer gave orders, pointing out those of us who were left alive."

They walked on and a thin boy from Indiana "They sure thought I was dead because they lifted my arm and took off my wrist watch. It was a Christmas present from my mother."

"After a while," the first boy went on, "I raised my head a little and looked around and didn't see anybody. So I got up and began to run." As he talked, his head jerked and his face twitched. "The Germans opened fire with machine guns. They missed me and I kept on running down the road until I came to a house. There were good Belgian people in that

Near Malmedy, Belgium — Two miles beyond Malmedy the men of the 30th Division found, under 18 inches of snow, the mutilated bodies of American artillerymen who were murdered by German SS troops. The bodies had been perfectly preserved by the cold. Several of the dead had bashed in heads. The eyes of others had been gouged out.

While the snow was being shoveled away a column of German prisoners came marching down the road. An American lieutenant who spoke German halted the column and shouted at the Germans to look at what their people had done to American prisoners. The scared Germans stood trembling, obviously fearing that the angry lieutenant would order the same thing done to them. But after a minute he told them to move on.

— I saw it all in New York *Herald Tribune*

house, they gave me something to drink, and told me I was only two miles from Malmedy. So I started out again and finally I got there."

The others who managed to escape waited until it was dark. Most of them, though wounded, had to walk several miles before they reached shelter.

The stories of the men I spoke with, and about 14 other survivors, have been taken down and sworn to. The only discrepancy is that the estimates of the number of men present vary from 120 to 170.

In the presence of such inhumanity it is hard not to question the validity of the Geneva Convention, signed by 35 nations, including Germany, England and the United States, governing the treatment of prisoners of war. The Americans and

the British have conformed strictly to all its provisions. The Germans have violated them both in spirit and in letter.

The Convention requires that prisoners be fed as well as soldiers and officers of equal rank in the captor army. But while German prisoners in the United States and England have had the same food as our troops, the Germans fed captured Americans and Britons so badly that we were obliged to protest through the International Red Cross. In reply we were told to feed them ourselves. So rather than see our men die of malnutrition, the American and British Red Cross had to establish a costly and

complex system of sending weekly food packages for Allied prisoners.

Now the Germans have begun to violate the Convention in more violent and bloody ways. Even before von Rundstedt's drive into Belgium they had done it, the record is documented in statements sworn to by American, British and Canadian troops and by the killers themselves. But since the Battle of the Bulge there are even more witnesses with conclusive testimony. When our troops fought their way back they found groups of GIs laid out in neat rows, each man stripped of his uniform, each man with a bullet hole in his head.



Cartoon Quips

» GI to beautiful girl: 'I'm lost in this town. Can you direct me to your house?'

— *Irving Berlin in Saturday Evening Post*

» INDIAN stenographer to another speaking of their boss: 'This is the fourth time he's revised this report. The incompetent help you have to put up with these days!'

— *Dave Coverly in Chicago Tribune*

» SMALL BOY, calling on next door neighbor: 'If that little boy next door ever bothers you practicing the piano, you might try complaining to my mother.'

— *De Sitter in The Saturday Evening Post*

» ONE attractive gal war worker to another: 'I've got the postwar world all figured out — when the guy comes back to take my job, I'll marry him.'

— *Frank Beaumont in The New York Times*

» SALESWOMAN showing victory guide to buxom customer: 'I don't think it will support you in the manner to which you're accustomed.'

— *M. H. Fisher*

» GIRL to boy friend: 'I didn't say it was a small diamond. I just said it looked like it was all paid for!'

— *Scott Brown in The Saturday Evening Post*

» EMPLOYER to bungling workman: 'This is the last straw, Evans! I'm giving you two years' notice!'

— *Dick McCatters in The New York Times*

» SWIFT young thing, about to take a train, to station bookseller: 'I want a good book to catch a soldier's eye with.'

— *Alvin Karpis in The New York Times*

Life in These United States

* IN THE Hollywood Canteen a girl sits at a typewriter to take letters from service men to parents, friends and sweethearts. The other day I saw a tall blond sailor, not over 19, waiting in line at her desk. At last he stood shyly in front of the girl, but just as she asked him to sit down, he suddenly seemed to lose heart. 'I'll have to think it over!' he said, and walked back to the end of the line.

Finally he sat beside the girl. Looking down at his shoes, he dictated hesitatingly

"Darling. This is the last night of my leave. Tomorrow we are shipping out again. I just want to tell you that you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I wish I'd met you before. I wonder if you'd write to me sometimes. I'll surely appreciate it. I'm sure you'll wonder how I wish you luck and hope you'll write. I never saw a girl like you. Honest. I didn't."

After giving his name and address, he got up quickly, saying, "That's all. Thanks!" as he moved away.

"Hey, sailor!" the girl called after him. "What's her name and address?"

The sailor turned around, swallowed hard, and said, "I don't know your name." Then he was gone.

P.S. The girl told me this was one boy she was surely going to write to.

— FRED HEIMERS

NEAR a big Government building a Washington bureaucrat's car was parked in a lot whose sign read "All day parking 35 cents." At lunchtime he asked the boy at the gate if he could drive his car away to lunch, bring it back after an hour and not pay a second time. The attendant's reply was wholly Washington.

"Suh, each car comes in has to pay 35 cents, and don' argue with me. I'se not on the policy making level."

— BARBARA C. McNAMEE

WE JOINED the crowd around a cage containing two brown bears and a pair of raccoons at the San Francisco zoo. Beside me was a little foreigner who, like everyone else, was laughing at one of the bears which sat, arms spread wide, begging for peanuts. When my daughter began throwing candied popcorn to one of the 'coons, the bear walked over and pushed the 'coon roughly aside. Instantly there were shouts from the crowd. "Leave that 'coon alone!" "Go pick on some body your own size!"

The 'coon, seemingly encouraged, darted forward, sank its teeth in the bear's forepaw and leaped nimbly back. There was another roar from the crowd. "Good for you!" "That's showing the big hun!"

I noticed that the little foreigner wasn't laughing with the rest. He seemed to be almost crying. But he wasn't embarrassed by my state. "Ach," he said, "that's why I love America so. Over here they all cheer for the little fellow — even if it's only an animal." — LAWRENCE F. HUNT

AN ANCIENT gentlewoman in Albemarle County, Virginia, frequently complains about the suffering and damage caused by the war. (Of course she is referring, not to the present conflict but to "the War between the States.")

"We're still paying for that dreadful war," she exclaimed recently.

"But what made you think of that today?" she was asked.

"I'll tell you what made me think of it," she replied with spirit. "When those damyankees came through here they

broke the hinges off our cellar door, and today the hogs got into the cellar and ate up all my butter"

— AGNES ROTHFRY

* REQUESTS from service men to their Commanding Officer for extensions of leave are based generally on one or more of a half dozen pleas: sick family, missed train, wife expecting, tax matters, etc. But lately a bluejacket at Bunker Hill (Indiana) Naval Air Station came up with a new one.

"Request ten days' extension for shake-down cruise of new wife."

It was granted — LT DOUGLAS CAMBELL

* WHILE VISITING an Indian Reservation in New Mexico several years ago, I noticed an old Indian striding back and forth across a plowed field, his hand dipping into the grain sack at his side, and his arm swinging rhythmically as he apparently broadcast the seed in the same honored fashion. But to my surprise, the sack was empty: no grain fell from his hand.

Mystified, I asked an Indian standing nearby what he was doing.

"Him fool crow," was the reply.

Then I noticed the large flock of crows following the sower, seeking the grain that wasn't there.

The old Indian continued this performance for three days at the beginning of the planting season every spring. Then, when the black robbers gave up and departed for more profitable fields, he sowed his grain without loss — J M TERRACE

IN THE mining country of West Virginia I stopped at a modest restaurant and was astonished by the menu which read:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Small, dry, tough steak | 60¢ |
| Thin pork chops, mostly bone and fat | 50¢ |
| Tasteless meat loaf | 45¢ |
| Fat, greasy spareribs | 40¢ |

"Why do you list the meat like this?" I asked.

"Because that's what it is," the waiter said.

"But even if it is, couldn't you make it sound a little more attractive?"

"Look, if y'all was reg'lar here, y'd know better," he replied. "Our menus always tell ya just what ta expect. That's been our policy a long time and we don't reckon on changin' it fer no temporary thing like a war." — PVT BERNARD M. BOUR

* THE SAILOR had sat in a corner of the Boston Service Men's Center most of the night, looking as though he had lost his best friend, only leaving his seat to enter his name every time there was a drawing for a free telephone call home. But he had no luck. I tried in vain to cheer him up. I learned that his name was Johnnie Quinn, that this was his first wedding anniversary, and that he hadn't seen his young wife in California for months and didn't know where he would again.

Reminding him that he might still win on the last drawing, I hunted up the man in charge of the phone call raffle and told about Seaman Johnnie Quinn. He said he was sorry, but he couldn't fix the drawing. A group of service men overheard the story.

A few minutes later the last drawing was held — and Johnnie Quinn was the winner. From the glow on his face as he went to make his call I'm sure that two hearts a continent apart were thrilled with unexpected happiness that night.

Later, when I put away the box used for the drawing, I made a touching discovery. Every one of the other soldiers, sailors and Marines had written on his card: Seaman Johnnie Quinn.

— GEORGE M. CARRON

CROSSING THE Green Mountains near the home of Robert Frost, we fell to discussing poetry. My companion was of the opinion that only those of education and wide experience have the background es-

sential to the making of a poet We stopped to ask the way of an old farmer who was plowing with oxen He must have been 70 years old

"How long have you lived here?" I asked

"I sprouted here," he told us

"Delightfully warm weather for autumn"

"Yes The breeze comin' down the valley brushes agin a feller's cheek soft 's a colt's nose"

"And the air is so still at night"

"Ain't it though! This mornin afore sunup it was so still you could almost hear yesterday goin' down the back stairs"

"A comfortable country There is a look of plenty around here"

"Yes" He took a long look at the meadows and pastures with their haystacks and cattle, the pumpkin dotted cornfields and weathered buildings

"Sometimes when the valley looks this way I sort of think of it as bein' a Thanks-givin' basket on the arm of God"

He swung his oxen around and moved away, leaving us convinced that poets still are born and not made — M P ALLEN

The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay \$200 Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents, from your own experience or observation Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc Address 'Life in These United States' Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N Y

"Maybe My Mother Didn't Need to Die!"

AN Army sergeant overseas wrote to the American Cancer Society I read your startling statement that by education alone death from cancer could be cut in half My mother died of cancer last June Maybe she didn't need to die! Here is a month's pay to help keep some other boy's mother alive"

This was one of the thousands of donations in response to the appeal made in the October Reader's Digest for funds for a nation-wide fight against cancer The first two weeks after publication of the article, the few cancer prevention clinics now operating received thousands of inquiries Appointments were booked as far ahead as June 1945, and hundreds were turned away

For an enlarged attack on this disease, including the establishment of cancer detection clinics in every state, centers

for education, scholarships for doctors wanting to specialize, and a coordinated program of research, the American Cancer Society will conduct its first nationwide campaign this April for \$5,000,000 But it is not necessary to wait until then to send a contribution Thousands of volunteers also are needed to augment the Society's Field Army Force Those who wish to help in the campaign should write now to the American Cancer Society, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N Y Give your age and suggest what you can do, such as helping solicit funds giving space for exhibits, manning booths, secretarial work, or addressing envelopes You will be told where and how you may help through your state campaign headquarters

Every hour we waste, cancer is killing 18 Americans!



Genius with a Slapstick

Preston Sturges, maestro of the screwball comedy, has given Hollywood a jolt

Condensed from Variety

Frank S. Nugent

KINGPIN of comedy in Hollywood today is Preston Sturges, creator of hilariously off-center stories, who has given the screen its healthiest shaking up since the talkies. Gifted with a sense of fantasy that has been compared favorably to Disney's, the only time Sturges comes anywhere near the beaten track is when he jumps across it. There's probably a close connection between this and his income — \$250,000 a year.

Sturges is the man who found Hollywood's old slapstick gathering dust in the closet, polished it up, added wild refinements all his own and in five years whacked out a series of eight zany comedies from *The Great McGinty* through *The Lady Eve* and *Miracle of Morgan's Creek* down to his most recent outburst — *Hail the Conquering Hero*.

The one-man assembly unit who wrote, directed and (in all but name) produced these assaults upon national sanity is a solidly built six-footer who rides around in an Austin somewhat shorter than his three-year-old son's express wagon. When he wants to call his secretary, he dis-

regards the interoffice communication gadget and punches the rubber bulb of an ancient automobile horn. His golden Academy-award Oscar stands on a table behind him, while the place of honor on his desk is held by a foot high statuette of a horse's hindquarters.

Sturges has probably caused the Hays office — moral arbiter for the movies — more gray hairs than any other man in Hollywood, but has won battle after battle by the simple device of obeying the letter while violating the spirit of almost every tenet in the code. Sin must not be made attractive, says the Hays office, evildoers must be punished and the good must triumph.

In *The Great McGinty*, Sturges' principal character began a political career by voting 37 times in one election. Ultimately he became governor of the state and, under the influence of love and high office, attempted the first honest deal of his life. For this he was pilloried, discredited, broken. The moral, or immoral, of this fable was all too clear, but when the Hays lads protested Sturges cited the code, reminding them that evildoers must be punished. A crook like McGinty couldn't remain in office, could he?

9 *A baby is better than a kitten* 10 *A kiss is better than a baby* 11 *A prat fall is better than anything*

Sturges owes all his success, or nearly all, to strict observance of Law 11

It is obvious that Preston Sturges, at 46, is not the complete screwball he frequently pretends to be. Many of his celebrated idiosyncrasies were hatched in the minds of press agents. Some like the midget roadster and the auto horn, have their practical side. He bought the car for his wife three years ago because she was afraid to learn to drive a regular one. She toured it through a line of hedges and gave up. Now, with gas rationing

but why explain? He uses the horn because his secretary (who treats him with profound disrespect) once told him he sounded like a mouthful of mush over the loud-speaker.

Most of his reputation for eccentricity springs from working methods odd even for Hollywood. He habitually arrives at the studio at noon and heads immediately for the commissary, gathering an entourage en route. He rarely sits down to lunch with fewer than 12 at his table, never dawdles a minute less than three hours, always picks up the check. Back in his office, he dictates a batch of letters, generally tears up half of them after reading. He has tea at six — "tea" being coffee, crackers and cheese. Work may begin at eight, nine or ten, often continues well past dawn. (His mind, he explains, heats up slowly, it takes him a whole day to get it ready for a night's work.)

He dictates his stories, rarely has more than a rough idea of the plot

when he begins. Inevitably this ad-lib composing leads him down blind alleys or into situations whose solution may baffle him for days. He regards this as an advantage: audiences will be as puzzled as he was, and won't be able to beat him to the punch.

A case in point is the poker game in *The Lady Eve* where Henry Fonda held three queens, Charles Coburn had four crooked aces and Fonda had to win. After brooding over that one for ten days, Sturges solved it by having the dealer (Barbara Stanwyck) expose a card from the deck: an ace. Coburn didn't dare show his hand.

In spite of his method — or maybe because of it — Sturges turns out his scripts with remarkable speed. He wrote *Miracle of Morgan's Creek* in three and a half weeks, *Hail the Conquering Hero* in six — and that included three rewritings.

Basically, in spite of appearances to the contrary, Sturges is a crusader. What he is trying to overthrow — using slapstick instead of a lance — is the old Hollywood theory that picture-making is a collective business, that a dozen minds all bumping together are necessarily better than one good one working alone.

The chances are that he won't win a lasting victory, but the chances also are that he will continue getting in enough licks with his slapstick to stir up some thinking. After all, there's nothing like a swat in the pants to stimulate the mental processes.

That's Subdivision A of Preston Sturges' Box Office Law 11

How the French Fought Starvation

Condensed from Tricolor

Edwin Muller

WHEN the Nazis planned this war one of their long-range objectives was to weaken neighboring countries — weaken people's bodies and break their spirits, so that the right of the Master Race to rule Europe would never be challenged in the future

One of their chief weapons was systematic starvation. Thereby they would lower the birth rate, increase the death rate, reduce those who survived to a state of permanent enfeeblement. Above all they would stunt the children, so that they would never grow up to be healthy adults.

In some countries the Nazis have attained this objective. It may be generations before Greece or Poland can fully recover. But in France the Nazis did not succeed. Though they caused suffering and hardship, they failed to starve the people to the point of permanent damage. They failed because the French, fighting for their lives, won the battle of food. It is one of the significant stories of the war that can now be told.

France had always lived well. Even the peasants and the workmen had thick soups, long crisp loaves of bread, massive cheeses, red wine. No Frenchman will ever forget his shock and despair when, in 1940, the Germans announced the official food ration. This ration amounted to 1300 to

Self-reliant ingenuity stumped the Germans at every turn — but now it's desert and the food situation is again critical

+

1600 calories per day. Nutrition experts estimate 2200 to 2600 calories as the absolute minimum for health.

The chief item in an adult's diet now was a loaf of dark bread each week. He had about a pound of meat per month, less than half a pound of butter, fat and cheese, about a pound of sugar, and a varying but always unsatisfying ration of potatoes. That was all except for such unrationed fruits and vegetables as could be obtained.

It was a black winter, 1940. The French nation began slowly to starve to death. By 1941 the death rate had risen 11 percent above the 1938 figure. Adults lost 30 to 40 pounds in weight. Malnutrition diseases increased: tuberculosis, anemia, rickets. Worst was the state of the children. They stopped growing. Babies had spindly legs, bloated abdomens. Infant mortality was appalling.

But the people's will to live was not destroyed. Eventually they found a way to feed themselves and their children.

It wasn't planned and carried out by a central authority — rather it was the sum of the efforts of self-reliant individuals. Gradually, over a period of many months, there developed a complete undercover method

of food production and distribution

Under the Nazi system for the control of agriculture, the mayor of each farming community was required to furnish a list of all farms, with acreage and normal production figures. German inspectors visited every farm to verify the lists. Most of the mayors were patriots and non-collaborationists. They started an elaborate balling-up of the records. They reported incomplete acreage figures. Fields were plowed in irregular shapes to make the acreage harder to compute. A field between two farms would be juggled back and forth. It is estimated that 250,000 acres thus "disappeared."

When the Germans found a "mistake" and angrily protested, the mayor would have plausible excuses, the local official in charge of farm records was a prisoner or a deported worker, the mayor was doing his best. One gets a picture of the choleric German inspector confronting the blank stupidity of the mayor. Many times there'd be blows, imprisonment. But violence couldn't bring order out of chaos. And the next mayor would be just as stupid. At one point the Nazis brought back to France 280 prisoners of war who were agricultural experts. They scrambled the figures even more thoroughly.

There were various ways in which a field could be kept off the record. One year, for example, the Germans ordered a large production of oil seeds. The seeds were dutifully planted under German supervision. Then when the inspector departed, the farmer destroyed most of them. When the inspector came again and saw

only a few straggling plants, the farmer would complain of the lack of fertilizer and labor, or his unfamiliarity with the crop. The inspector would write that field off his list. Then the farmer would plant some other crop that could still mature before frost.

It was easier to conceal cattle and hogs than acreage. Every farmer had two pigsties, one in the barnyard and another hidden in the woods. And while the inspectors were going from farm to farm on the main road, cattle would be driven back and forth on lanes in the rear, so that they would never be found.

Rabbits have always been raised in large numbers in France but during the occupation their production increased immensely. The rabbit is a prolific animal, requires little care, eats almost anything green. Above all, it is easy to conceal. After the war the French should erect a colossal statue in honor of the rabbit.

And so with guile and courage and unending labor the farmers of France supplied the greater part of the deficit in the nation's diet. But this was only half the battle. The harder job was to establish a workable system of undercover distribution.

Wholesaler and retailer carried on two parallel businesses, one legal and aboveboard, the other illegal and clandestine. They transported the illegal food from the farms by loading freight cars beyond the stated amounts, and by adding extra cars to freight trains. Patriotic railway employees cooperated. They also used much truck transport at night.

Illegal distribution to the consumer was often on a house-to-house

basis. The man from the butcher or the grocer would take orders during the day for off-ration food. Deliveries would be made after dark, or the customer would call for his order. All this, of course, was black market. But to the Frenchman it was necessary, patriotic, without reproach.

But this system could take care of only a small part of the undercover distribution. Often the customer got the off-ration food himself, traveling into the country by bicycle or by train. Bicyclers would slip back into town after dark, their baskets loaded with provisions. The trip was more hazardous by train, but thousands of Parisians made a weekly trip to Normandy to buy food. Numbers were caught but there weren't enough Germans to inspect more than a fraction of the travelers' luggage. As time went on that became evident and some inspectors only half tried to do a thorough job. A Parisian told me that once he arrived at the St. Lazare station carrying two big suitcases. The French inspector, with a German at his elbow, asked what was in them. "Oh, a fat pig, of course," replied the traveler. All three laughed as he went on his way. It really was a pig, cut up. Many parcels were sent by mail. Many Nazi officials were themselves doing a surreptitious business in parcels and didn't want an efficient mail inspection.

A town family having a country contact would share it with friends and neighbors. A Parisian woman told me that her contact in the country was an elderly aunt who lived near Avranches. Eventually, the old lady was riding her bicycle 15 to 20 miles a day, collecting from a num-

ber of farms and supplying six families by mail.

The Germans tried to break up the system. They took the best labor from the farms. They cut the official ration again. They increased the volume of food that they carried away to Germany. So the people stayed hungry and underweight. Yet the undercover system did keep the nation from collapse.

The death rate fell so that at the time of liberation it was only about two percent above prewar normal. The rate of some diseases directly affected by malnutrition was still high, however. Worst was tuberculosis, 15 percent above prewar. The majority of adults are still underweight. Many are not capable of a full day's work.

The children began to grow again, although probably 70 percent are still underweight. But children have great resiliency and restoration of a normal diet will insure their future health.

AUGUST 1944. The Allies raced across France, entered Paris. Now, thought the man in the street, I'll really eat again. Once more the rich, creamy soup and the fowl stewed in red wine with little onions and the tender beans cooked in plenty of butter, and the big, round, golden cheeses.

He had a shocking disappointment. During the fall and winter of 1944 France had less to eat than under German occupation.

It was inevitable that it should be so. The retreating Germans carried away what stocks of food they could, destroyed the rest. They took or destroyed locomotives, cars, trucks. Allied and German bombing and

artillery fire wrecked railroads and bridges, hindering food transportation. There was little gasoline for farm machinery or coal to run the beet-sugar factories. Fishing in the Channel was prevented by naval operations.

To prevent a disaster like that of 1940, the new French Government set up a most stringent rationing system. But the people went on breaking the law although now it was their own law. Everybody deplores the black market — and everybody patronizes it. The grocer's man still makes his off-ration deliveries. Black-market restaurants flourish, serving super de luxe meals at \$20 a head. Truckloads of illegal butter come into Paris,

food trips to the country still go on.

It is difficult for a people thrust into freedom after four years of slavery to throw off instantly the habits of those years. But if they can repair their attitude toward rationing, and if the Allies can divert some small effort to help repair the transport system, the French may in the end emerge not only with their physical well being restored but with a more important, intangible betterment. Before the war France was a disunited nation, class fighting class. There is evidence that the spirit of sharing which grew up during the occupation may be reflected in the postwar political and economic life of the nation.



Served with Sauce

» JIM CROWDER, midwestern book magnate, got a seat in a railroad diner one day. "Do you like split-pea soup?" asked the waiter. "No," said Jim. "Chicken croquettes?" "No." "Prune pie?" "No." The waiter took the napkin off the table. "Good-day," he said. "You is had your lunch."

— Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

» A WAITER in the diner of a Canadian Pacific train approached a regal looking woman and bent over her solicitously. "Pardon me," he asked, "are you the cold salmon?"

— Rod Maclean in *Rob Wagner's Scripts*

» ONE OF our soldier friend's stories concerns a dining-car waiter who, when asked which breakfast combination was best, said "It doesn't make much difference. Nothin's any good."

Our friend ordered a No. 3, Spanish omelet and things, and when he'd finished, called the waiter back. "Say," he said, "that was fine. What was your idea?"

"I always tell 'em nothin's any good," the waiter said. "Then they're pleasantly surprised." And leaning over, he almost whispered, "You see, I'm a psychologist." — PM

Man's Best Friend

By Alan Devoe

II

SOMETIMES WISE, often foolish, usually fierce in loyalty and gentle in devotion, the personalities of dogdom make a never ending story. Readers have sent these anecdotes about their dogs. Other stories of man's favorite four footed comrade will be published in future issues



Devil Dog

POOCH, mascot of the LST which carried some of us Marines to Guam was of indeterminate origin but was loved by all of us. Her special chum was our runner who made a small bed for her near his. After D Day he began taking her with him on his trips to the front.

One night the runner didn't come in. We didn't know what had happened of course, until we went out and found him, wounded by a land mine two miles inland, and what led us to go out was Pooch. She had come stumbling back in the darkness, her mouth raw and bleeding from the telltale burden she had brought. It was our runner's Marine helmet.

— Pfc Clyde I. Weeks USMC



Chum

OUR YOUNG Doberman, Iudo, grew profoundly annoyed with her pups as they grew into little demons. She wanted to run with us when we went riding and she didn't want any bothersome youngsters trailing along. Finally she hit upon a plan. As soon as she saw us starting to saddle the horses she ran into the field and began digging vigorously in the soft earth, stopping only to push her nose into the excavation and sniff excitedly, as if some fascinating animal were only a few more inches down. Of course the pups became entranced and began to dig like mad. As soon as they were sufficiently absorbed in the project, Iudo sneaked away and came running after the horses.

Since she did this every time we started to ride, we knew it was a carefully thought out scheme. Iudo was employing a method of upbringing used by some human parents — she was diverting her progeny's attention from what she did not want them to do to something that they would like just as well.

— Judy Van der Veer



Newsdog

IAD, my fox terrier, knew my newspaper delivery route as well as I did. If I started to pass a customer's house, he'd bark to remind me. But if the customer had moved, a simple 'Not any more, Tad' would quiet him, and next day he'd pass that house without a glance.

One morning near the end of the long route I exclaimed in dismay, 'Tad we missed one.' I hate to backtrack all the way — and I don't know whom we missed. Tad whimpered a moment then picked up his ears, vipped, and began running back and forth the way dogs say, 'Follow me!'

I followed him. Back near the beginning of my route, Iad made a dash for a porch. It was the home of a new customer — and the one I'd missed. — Frank J. Willis Jr.



Wise Father

OUR big shepherd, Tim, dealt with stray dogs strong-mindedly, those who ventured on the farm would either have to fight him or outrun him. So we gaped in amazement when Tim trotted up the lane

followed closely by a female mongrel we had never seen before. He led her straight to his bowl of scraps and stood silently by, allowing his guest to gulp the food no other dog had ever dared to touch. Then he led her to the barn, where later we found her asleep on Tim's own bed of burlap bags. At the end of a week of such hospitality she presented the world with seven puppies.

Every one of them was the spitting image of our Tim!

— George J. Johnson



Old Friend

Our farm collie, Drive, would unerringly catch for butchering any chicken we pointed out to him — except for one particular rooster. Time after time we'd ask him to catch that rooster but he

would either sit and stare at us as if he hadn't the faintest idea of what we were talking about or simply run away.

Long ago, when the rooster was only half grown, he was partly crippled for a while. And for just one week he and the little collie puppy, who grew up to be our Drive, shared a box bed behind the kitchen stove.

— Mrs. H. A. Dannecker

True stories about dogs are invited for this department. Contributions must be typewritten, less than 300 words long, and should be addressed to Dog Story Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y. No material can be acknowledged or returned but for any published anecdote The Reader's Digest will pay \$100.



Copywriters on the Loose

» AN AD for Black Panther, the 'Untamed-Perfume' reads "The slum being fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart — attacks a woman's — until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an *unforgettable* evening — but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all ten cent stores.

» A CHICAGO billboard advertising a funeral parlor reads simply "The Fifth Freedom — Freedom from High Funeral Costs."

— Contributed by Pvt. John MacIaurin

» A CANNON TOWEL ad in *Better Homes & Gardens* "Home is wonderful but I can't wait till Jim comes back to feather one of our own! With a bathroom beautiful as all get-out. And Cannon towels for two. He size ones and me-size ones, bright as a flower bed, in thick, soft heaps. Big dreams for a fledgling pair like us? Uhuh. Cannon prices, I know, will make the outlay sweet and low."

» A NEW HIGH in advertising features a picture of a Marine and a girl in a torrid embrace, captioned "Contact — " The copy goes "A moment bright with rapture. Winged ecstasy set to shimmering music. You're whirling through space, *lost* yet you've just found yourself for the first time! This is love, love, love. It's so easy with Woodbury Facial Soap."

— Tide

America's

Market Babies

Condensed from
Woman's Home Companion

Virginia Reid

JIM and Helen Brown are proud of their tiny blue eyed adopted son. While Helen discusses formulas with other mothers, Jim is likely to confide a bit boastfully 'He should be a winner—we paid a thousand bucks for him.'

The Browns are probably not aware of their part in America's most shameful black market, the baby-selling racket. According to estimates by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, three to four percent of all live births are illegitimate. Soaring wartime birth rates have brought a comparable rise in the number of illegitimate babies, and far fewer than half those adopted are placed by professional children's agencies. The majority of adoptions are handled by individuals or quack agencies at a substantial profit. One woman, for example, who operates an unauthorized adoption agency in an eastern city, boasts of an average annual net income of \$20,000.

The quacks flourish despite the fact that every state now has facilities, under its health and welfare depart-

Mothers yearning for children they have given up too quickly couples sorrowing over defective children they adopted too hastily—such are the tragedies of the growing adoption racket

+

ment, to give advice to unmarried mothers and prospective foster parents. These departments will also recommend authorized adoption agencies, public or private, which make careful investigations of both foster parents and child before an adoption is made final. Such investigations may seem like bothersome red tape, but they assure foster parents that their adopted child has potentialities for normal development, and they protect the child from adoption by couples who would not offer him a normal home atmosphere.

Because they don't know of the easy availability of state aid, many frantic unmarried mothers to-be turn to doctors, lawyers or relatives for advice and financial help. Illegitimate babies are frequently sold to commercial adoption agencies or foster parents before they are born. The mothers, who are often little more than children themselves, gladly sign relinquishment papers, relieved that their doctor bills will be paid and the child taken care of. If the mother realizes after birth that she wants more than anything else to keep her baby, that is her misfortune. It is then too late.

A 17-year-old girl discovered that she was going to have a baby. Her soldier-fiance was hundreds of miles away in an Army camp. To keep out of sight until the baby came, Joan visited her Aunt Ella in a distant town. Aunt Ella, with an eye on the

possible profits, consulted the nearest commercial adoption agency. The agency agreed in writing to pay Joan's medical expenses and, in addition, promised the unscrupulous aunt a check for \$500.

Joan reluctantly signed the necessary relinquishment papers. When the child, a boy, was born, she fell in love with him at once. She told her aunt she couldn't give him up. But Aunt Ella worked fast. The very next day she took the infant to the agency — and got her check.

Joan went home and at last told her parents all that had happened. Her father went to a lawyer but the lawyer was forced to state the truth — Joan had no legal rights to her son. Her signature on the relinquishment papers made legal action impossible.

Joan's tragedy could not have happened in a state that has a law making approval by its department of health and welfare necessary before adoptions become legal. Such laws are urged on all states by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. But unfortunately Joan lived in one of the 28 states that have not yet taken action.

There is no legal way, in these 28 states, to prosecute the unscrupulous "baby brokers" who conduct quick undercover sales of illegitimate babies. In one large city recently, a lawyer who had persuaded an unwed mother to sign relinquishment papers appeared at the hospital a few hours

Sidelights on the Baby Market

BABY BROKERS, offering to pay hospital expenses for pregnant women, are advertising in the personal columns of newspapers.

The Harris County (Houston, Texas) probation office cites two examples of local baby sales. A couple bought a baby for \$112 and sold it for \$218 — a profit of \$106. A pregnant 17 year old Alabama girl went to a Houston abortionist, who gave her house room when her baby was born, and two dresses worth about \$5, then sold the baby for \$350.

To halt the growing trade in babies in the District of Columbia, Congress a year ago passed the "Baby Brokers' Bill," which prohibited the placement of babies except by high standard licensed agencies.

— *New York*

after the baby's birth. He demanded the child. He had the legal right to do so, and, regardless of the danger involved in putting the infant in inexperienced hands, hospital officials could not prevent his taking it away.

In a large hospital recently twin boys were born. A family had arranged in advance to adopt them. One of the twins seemed to be a little frail, so the foster parents decided to leave both in the hospital for an extra week. The frail twin died and a post mortem examination showed that he was hydrocephalic. Doctors then discovered that the seemingly normal brother was similarly afflicted.

The foster parents are trying to arrange for institutional care for the surviving twin, who may live for eight or ten years with an enormous, grotesque head. He is their responsibility and they must pay for his care just as if he were their own child.

If they had waited for a few months, and put up with the red tape in-

involved in supervised adoptions, the family would have the assurance that the child they adopted was free from disease

Maud Morlock, consultant for the Children's Bureau, advises unmarried mothers, or couples planning to adopt a child, to communicate in confidence with the Council of Social Agencies or the Department of Welfare in their community, or with the Division of Child Welfare in their state's Department of Welfare. She suggests a four to six months' waiting period after an illegitimate baby is born before adoption is considered. During this time the child would be cared for by a recognized social agency and the mother would have time to make arrangements to keep

her child if she wished to do so. Tests could be made to determine whether the child is alert and healthy. And experts could, during the waiting period, make provision for defective children. Under such conditions, the Children's Bureau believes, many tragedies could be averted.

Authorities agree that a black market in babies is certain to exist as long as couples are willing to pay surreptitiously for adopted children rather than go to recognized agencies. And there will be "baby brokers" wherever there are unscrupulous people who put personal profits above human welfare and happiness.

But there must, at least, be laws under which these brokers can be brought to account.

The Male Animal

HENRY and Zoe lived on a chicken ranch near us in Arizona. Zoe was a hard worker, she never hesitated to drive a tractor, build a chicken house, or anything else usually considered a man's work. Henry enjoyed nothing so much as visiting with the neighbors. One day my husband and I drove by and saw Zoe working near the barn, with Henry watching. We stopped to visit and after a few minutes' conversation, Zoe returned to her work. Henry, deep in a story, stayed with his foot on our running board.

At the sound of a rumble the three of us looked toward the barn. Zoe, attempting to move a 50 gallon steel oil drum, was straining at it with all her might. With only a pause in the story and without shifting his weight, Henry called out, 'Don't try to lift it, honey. Roll it.'

— Contributed by Audrey Sandberg

» WHEN I was spending my vacation with a friend in Kentucky, he decided to take me up in the hills to see how the mountaineers lived. We came to a farm where a man was lying on the front porch, smoking a corn-cob pipe, and a woman was digging in a plot of land. I approached him and asked, 'Isn't that hard work for your wife?'

He said, "Yes, but we work in shifts."

"Oh, I see, when she gets tired you take over."

"Naw," he said. "When she gets tired out in the garden she shifts to the house chores."

— Contributed by E. T. Silvestri

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By Wilfred Funk

DURING our youth we constantly — and almost unconsciously — learn new words. Each of us acquires his own vocabulary, his own store of tools for learning and for expressing his ideas. But by the time we reach the middle 20's our word development has almost stopped. Thereafter it is necessary to make a slight but conscious daily effort to expand our vocabularies. If you make this effort you will derive greater pleasure from reading, steadily increase your own powers of self expression and discover unexpected interests in new fields. Getting out of your word ruts will help you get out of your other ruts.

The following test is based on the 20 hardest words in a recent number of this magazine. Underline the italicized word or phrase, a, b, c, or d, that you believe to be nearest in meaning to the numbered key word. Compare your results with the answers on page 65, and then — unless you are exceptional indeed — resolve to improve your vocabulary level.

- (1) analogy — a *susceptibility to disease* b *separation of anything into its constituent parts* c *something similar but not quite the same* d *a story or parable*
- (2) exigency — a *speed* b *urgent need* c *a serious blunder* d *difficulty or trouble*
- (3) megalomania — a *delusions of persecution* b *delusions restricted to one idea* c *a mental disorder producing grandiose delusions* d *a mental derangement producing extreme depression*
- (4) zany — a *a fairy* b *clever or fool* c *a witch* d *an unruly child*
- (5) extirpate — a *to wipe out a sin* b *to take out b, the roots* c *to plunder a country* d *to punish a criminal*
- (6) apposite — a *appropriate or pertinent* b *highly unpleasant* c *on a higher level* d *self assertion*
- (7) fetid — a *feterish* b *disease breeding* c *emitting a foul odor* d *frivolous*
- (8) asepsis — a *absence of fear* b *absence of memory* c *absence of blood poisoning* d *general weakness*
- (9) duff — a *a clumsy fellow* b *a parasitic plant that grows in swampy land* c *partially decayed vegetable matter on the forest floor* d *a small utility bag*
- (10) strictures — a *serious injuries or strains* b *severe punishments* c *severe criticisms* d *serious mistake*
- (11) homily — a *a serious moral discourse* b *great humility* c *simplicity* d *extreme poverty*
- (12) antithesis — a *a marked dislike* b *a proofreader's term* c *the direct contrary* d *an antidote in medicine*
- (13) apathetic — a *extremely sympathetic* b *without emotion or feeling* c *imitative* d *causing sadness and sorrow*
- (14) sardonic — a *hopeless* b *helpless* c *unusually ridiculous* d *bitterly sarcastic*
- (15) Cajun — a *someone of Acadian French descent in Louisiana* b *a member of an Indian tribe in Manitoba* c *a slang term for Kentucky mountaineers* d *a native white squatter in the Florida Everglades*
- (16) abrogate — a *to abolish or repeal* b *to judge unfairly* c *to override brutally* d *to subject to question*
- (17) presidium — a *a Russian administrative committee* b *a speaker's platform* c *a military post* d *a form of parliamentary procedure*
- (18) canalize — a *to confer a church title upon b* c *to direct into certain channels* d *to condemn*
- (19) spoonerism — a *a philosophy of a religious cult* b *an intentional pun* c *a local dialect* d *the accidental transposition of letters or syllables of words*
- (20) allegory — a *a fairy story* b *a prolonged metaphor* c *a fast movement in music* d *a positive assertion*

Quiz for Word Champions

C. J. Foster
The
American Magazine

THIS FIRST is a toughie. Even if you're a college graduate, over 40, you may not do any better than a recent high school graduate with a high IQ. So, if you insist on taking the test, don't say we didn't warn you.

After you have finished it, see answers below and give yourself eight points for every correct answer. Anything above 48 is excellent. Over 56 is extraordinary.

(1) Germany is reported to be putting elderly and unfit citizens to death by painless means. Regardless of your moral verdict, is she practicing the science of a eugenics b euthanasia c euthenics?

(2) If a patient is ambulant he is a delirious b carried in an ambulance c able to walk.

(3) Epizootic is only a \$10 word for a an epidemic disease among animals b phenomena pertaining to the glacial age c specimens difficult to rear in captivity.

(4) A bibliographer is a man who a owns a large library b composes the history of books c is a student of the Bible.

(5) If a convention is held biennially, do the delegates meet a every two years b twice a year c twice in two years?

(6) If you deplore you are a exaggerating b bemoaning a loss in life c praising someone.

(7) If a pretty girl met a misogynist he

would a try to date her b talk about her troubles c pay no attention to her d stutter from, a speech defect.

(8) If you have a pessimistic attitude about your health you are a a megalomaniac b a misanthrope c a hypochondriac d a sycophant.

(9) You would be most likely to meet an eleemosynary a on the street corner b in a museum c at the aquarium.

(10) All but one of the following words mean high praise. Is it a encomium b euphuism c panegyric d eulogy?

(11) If you are myopic and have to wear glasses are you a cross-eyed b farsighted c nearsighted?

(12) If you are a semanticist are you a a student of the Hebrew language b qualified to a diagnose diseases by their symptoms c a teacher in a theological seminary d interested in the meaning of words.

Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

1 - c 6 - a 11 - a 16 - a
2 - b 7 - c 12 - c 17 - a
3 - c 8 - c 13 - b 18 - b
4 - b 9 - c 14 - d 19 - d
5 - b 10 - c 15 - a 20 - b

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct genius rating
19-15 correct excellent
14-10 correct good to fair
Under 10 inadequate to poor

Answers to Quiz for Word Champions

1 - b 5 - a 9 - a
2 - c 6 - b 10 - b
3 - a 7 - c 11 - c
4 - b 8 - c 12 - d

How to Swallow a Sword

Condensed from Collier's

The Great Zadm

As told to Jule Junker Mannix

I SHALL never forget the first time I swallowed a lighted, two-foot neon tube. The tube was a boot-legged one, like all neons used by sword swallowers at that time, because the electrical companies wouldn't allow anyone to buy a tube if they knew he intended to swallow it. Several sword swallowers had been killed by the tubes breaking inside of them, and the companies felt it was bad publicity.

Neon swallowing really has a lovely effect. All the lights are turned off except the tube itself, and then the artist, stripped to the waist, swallows it to the hilt. Almost instantly the light is glowing out through the body of the artist. The effect is indescribably weird. Usually several people faint, and this makes the trick very popular.

I wanted desperately to be a neon swallower. At the time I was working with a carnival and living in the side-show's truck with Flamo, the fire eater. One night while we were playing Trenton, N. J., he located an electrician who said he would make me up a couple of tubes. With neons, you must have an electrical connection at both ends of the tube before the gas inside will light. For swallowing, therefore, the tubes are U-shaped and the ends stick out of your mouth.



If children
scream and
women faint,
your act is
a sure success

Louise Long, Ringling Brothers Circus performer, demonstrates the fine art of gulping a sword with a 24 inch blade

This means swallowing a double tube, which is naturally much harder than swallowing a thin sword blade, and so the tube has to be made as thin as possible. The thin tubes are brittle and likely to break.

Flamo and I picked up the tubes one evening after our last show. But when we had them lit and ready to swallow I got nervous.

"Flamo, I'm getting scared," I told him.

We had just been reading in *The Billboard* of the death of Prince Neon, the first neon swallower. The tube had broken inside of him. The Human Electric Light Bulb, who had followed him, had got a short circuit somehow and died before he could be carried off the platform. The game hardly seemed worth while.

"Well, if you're scared, kid, I wouldn't swallow 'em," Flamo urged. "Your throat'll tighten up and snap the tube."

I knew if I were going to swallow them I'd have to do it at once, before they got too hot. A hot tube will stick to your insides and you can't with-

draw it So I picked up a tube and wiped it

I stood with my head thrown back and the tube held straight up from my lips with my right hand With my cupped left I guided it down my throat The basic principle of sword swallowing is to establish a straight line from the throat to the stomach As the tube slid down, it was pleasantly warm, unlike the chill of steel, but terribly wide

I felt it strike my breastbone This is always a creepy feeling It sends a shudder all through you Then the tip of the tube slipped off the bone and glided down smoothly until my right hand touched my lips

I withdrew the tube and turned to Flamo "Did it shine through my chest?" I asked eagerly

"Son, you shone like a jack-o'-lantern," he assured me respectfully "It's a wonderful act I was darned near taken sick myself"

The next night I performed with the neon tube, and the act was a sensation Two women had to be carried out, and the parents of a child who had been frightened into hysterics sued the show My reputation was made

Most sword swallowers were once "carny punks" — young boys who have run away from home to join a traveling carnival For a while a punk hangs around the lot, running errands for the performers, helping the joint men set up their concessions Soon he wants to learn an act He can't be a freak He can't afford the elaborate apparatus for an aerial act He hasn't the ability to be a talker or a gambler So he becomes a sword swallower

I have often been asked why any-

one wants to be a sword swallower Well, in a carnival a sword swallower is an artist who is properly respected It is an art which everyone would like to know but few have the patience to learn

The performer's swords cost him only \$15 or \$20, and if he doesn't like the carnival he can tuck them under his arm and hop a freight to the next show Or he can give shows in barrooms or on street corners for dimes He is absolutely free and can always get a pocketful of change for a few minutes' work

Learning to be a sword swallower takes about three or four months of hard practice First, find out how long a sword you are able to swallow Swallow a very long sword slowly and carefully until you feel the tip touch the pit of your stomach Stop there Feeling the blade touch is a sensation difficult to describe, but you'll know when it happens Then mark the blade just above your teeth Withdraw it, cut it off right there, and you have your sword When you start the sword down your throat for the first time, you will probably be sick This will keep up for several months until your throat gets used to the feel of cold steel

Naturally a tall man can swallow a longer sword than a short man Being quite tall, I held the American record for the longest sword swallowed (26 inches) for many years The record was taken from me by a shorter man who resorted to the device of eating a heavy meal just before the test, which weighed down his stomach the additional few inches he needed to win I leave it to the reader to decide whether such a trick is legitimate

No one knows who was the first to discover he could swallow a sword but he must have been an unusual personality with a flair for experimentation. Traveling jugglers performed the trick for the Pharaohs, and Agrippa mentions seeing it in ancient Rome.

Sword swallowing first became famous in America at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. For years afterward it was being "exposed" in newspapers and magazines. The usual explanation was that the sword folded up into its hilt. I used to carry around a straight blade without a hilt and swallow that to convince people. This blade was finally broken by a young man in his efforts to find something wrong with it. Later I heard him say, 'That sword folded up. I couldn't find out how, but it busted on me.'

There are several variations to the regular routine. One friend of mine swallows red-hot swords by first swallowing an asbestos scabbard. But the presence of the scabbard is a secret and it is surprisingly difficult to walk around with a scabbard inside of you without looking awkward.

In the last few years there has been an epidemic of female sword swallow-

ers. I don't approve of it. Women are likely to take chances. I saw a girl who swallowed a sword with a tin blade and then twisted around until the blade was bent inside her before she withdrew it. I don't care if she was drawing down \$20 a week for this act. It was dangerous.

A girl who featured neon swallowing appeared in Ripley's Believe It or Not show at the New York World's Fair. She performed on a revolving stage, and I was surprised that she dared to swallow the tubes, as even slight vibrations of the stage might crack one. After going through the usual routine, she produced a tube mounted on the stock of a rifle. She swallowed the tube halfway and then fired off the rifle so that the kick of the gun drove the neon the rest of the way down her throat.

I rushed out of the hall in a panic while the audience howled with laughter at me. As I staggered past the last row a man stopped me. 'I guess you think that girl really swallowed them tubes, don't you?' he said. Then in a low voice he added, 'I'll tell you a secret. Them tubes are faked. They fold up into the handles.'



Many Moons Away

THE first American I ever met was a sweet sad faced nurse. She stayed at our hotel in Rotorua, New Zealand, and to cheer her up I showed her around the town, pointing out the boiling water in drains, geysers spouting in a park, and itarsome pools of boiling mud. Although polite, she remained unenthusiastic, so I showed her native plants and trees. When we reached the hotel again she would not go inside, though it had become dark. With an enraptured expression she stood on the veranda looking at the sky. "Gee," she murmured, "we got a moor just like that back home."

— Contributed by Darryl McCarthy

The "rockets' red glare" now lights the skies over every battle front

War's Screaming Infant Prodigy

Condensed from Science News Letter *Holman Harvey*

ONLY 27 months ago the war's first battle rockets — American-made, tank-shattering bazookas — were hurled against Rommel in Tunisia. In the short time since, this screaming infant of warfare, the rocket, has become as important in every theater of the war — on land at sea, and in the air — as conventional small arms, artillery or naval guns. Never before has any weapon won such widespread acceptance in so short a time.

As a measure of the crucial importance attached to rocket warfare the Navy has tripled its budget for rocket production for its own and the Army's use to from around \$33,000,000 a month in 1944 to \$100,000,000 a month for this year, and the Army has stepped up its own smaller expenditure 13 times over last year to a total of \$13,000,000 a month. The combined U. S. rocket program, with a total of \$1,350,000,000 for 1945, begins to approximate Army-Navy expenditure for heavy-gun ammunition.

I have just talked with Army and Navy officers detailed to rocket development and research. They can't tell you much about the size, or range, or destructive power of weapons yet to come, but they will tell you that experimental models not yet perfected have been put into production and rushed overseas, and that

one model is scarcely in the works before an improved one is awaiting its turn on the assembly lines.

A rocket we now use — the 4.5-inch — is a far cry from the original bazooka rocket of 2.36 inches diameter. It is about twice as long as its 18-inch forbear, instead of a mere three and one-third pounds, it weighs 38 pounds. It packs the punch of a 105-mm howitzer shell.

A single-tube 4.5-inch outfit, mounted on a folding tripod, has been used by our soldiers in jungle warfare. Launcher, tripod and rocket weigh only 50 pounds. One man can advance with this, set it up, and let go. To avoid the furious wake of dirt and rubble kicked up by the blinding blast of hot gases from the rocket's rear vent, the soldier fires from a safe distance by means of an electric wire and push button. The blast kicks over the tripod and often bends or destroys it, hence the launcher is considered expendable with one firing. Scores of 4.5 launchers can be connected up and fired simultaneously.

The bazooka, with its shoulder launcher which can be fired many times, and its lightweight rockets, a plentiful supply of which can be carried by one man, remains — in improved form — a stand-by. At 200 yards, because of its famous 'hol

low charge," an American invention which concentrates the blast of the explosion at a single point, it can penetrate six inches of armor plate, filling a tank's interior with flying fragments of molten steel and flaming gases.

The Navy's island conquests in the Pacific have shown the terrific striking power of massed battle rockets. Troops have to land on heavily fortified beaches and move inland against defenders hidden in dense growth. The Navy realized that a short range, powerful weapon was needed to fill in the critical time between the lifting of the naval gun barrage and the arrival of landing boats at the shore line. But landing craft were too light to support an adequate number of large guns, with their heavy mountings. The rocket, with its comparatively featherweight launchers and its paralyzing short range wallop, was obviously the answer.

LCI and LCI landing boats, converted into rocket bearers, now spearhead our landings. They have a fire power comparable to that of a battleship. As they near the shore, their banks of launchers send a continuous cascade of high explosive rockets crashing onto the beaches, knocking out pillboxes, barbed wire, machine-gun nests and fortifications in a tornado of destruction. After the troops are ashore the rocket ships cover them as they land their equipment, emplace their guns and dig in. Then the ships direct a creeping barrage inland ahead of the troops.

The rocket ships are so successful that the Navy is arming bigger and bigger vessels with the new weapon.

A rocket is nothing more than a

cylindrical casing of metal with a pointed nose and an open vent or vents at its rear end. The head contains a high explosive charge, as does an artillery shell. The rear section is packed with powder. When touched off the powder burns furiously. The gases thus produced escape through the vent. What drives the rocket forward is *not* any push of the gases on the outside air but the pressure the expanding gas within the cylinder exerts against the forward end of the rocket. The distinction is important. It explains why a rocket travels faster at high altitudes: the thinner atmosphere offers less resistance to the progress of the projectile. If the rocket were propelled by the push of its exhaust, it would fly more slowly in thin air, having less to push against.

The rocket's light weight makes it of special value as an aircraft weapon. It has little or no recoil and therefore does not deflect a plane from its course as does the discharge of any sizable gun. The Navy has aircraft rockets up to a 5 inch one with the explosive power of a 155-mm shell.

Army fighter planes mount a battery of six rocket launchers beneath each wing. Rockets released from a plane in flight are more accurate than those launched from stationary positions, for the plane's speed is added to their own, and speed helps to hold a moving object to its course. Aircraft rockets are more accurate than an equal weight of free falling bombs, up to 400 yards they are as accurate as aircraft machine gun fire.

Rockets do not replace other weapons, they are additional equipment. As against a maximum of 12 rocket

shots, a plane's machine guns can fire hundreds of rounds. Wind resistance created by rockets beneath the wings slows a plane and affects its maneuverability. For this reason, they are arranged so that they can be jettisoned by the pilot.

The German V-2 is a rocket in that it derives all its motive power from the fuel it carries, and does not depend upon the intake of outside oxygen for combustion as does the V-1, which is classed as a machine. The British Ministry of Information states that the V-2 ascends to a height of 60 miles, attains a speed of 3000 miles an hour (several times faster than sound), and has a maximum range of 200 miles.

How important the rocket eventually will become depends largely on whether it can be made to achieve better accuracy. Its accuracy has been improved by the precision man-

ufacture of parts. The bazooka appeared with stabilizing fins, newer rockets have folding fins which spring open after the rocket leaves its launcher. For the first time, too, rockets have been given spin by an ingenious arrangement of the tail vents. This is a pioneering effort to achieve the greater accuracy which a rifled barrel gives a shell.

Meanwhile the Army has developed a propelling powder which burns more uniformly, gives increased speed and is less affected by atmospheric conditions than previous rocket fuels.

The rocket men never rest. Hundreds of square miles of our Mojave Desert thunder these days to the crashing of rockets as American research sends ever newer models to these vast testing grounds. The U. S. Army and Navy are convinced that they can beat the Germans in further developing this appalling new weapon.

Native Intelligence

» AT JARO on Panay, an American soldier picked some fruit. It looked delicious, but to make sure he strolled over to a Filipino youngster, pointed to his mouth, then to the fruit, and looked inquiringly at the boy. After going through this routine several times without result, he turned in despair to an approaching doughboy. "I was trying to find out if this was good to eat," he explained.

The young Filipino's face brightened. "Hell, yes," he said. "It's got Vitamin B."

— Walter Simmons in *Chicago Tribune*

» SHORTLY after coming to New Guinea, I was out walking one day when I met a native near a coconut grove. Pulling out a florin (32 cents), I pointed to a tall tree and said, "You climb tree, I give you this."

With a big smile, he reached into his pocket, pulled out a half-pound note (\$1.60) and said in perfect English, "Here's a half-pound. Let's see you climb it."

— Contributed by Cpl. Paul I. Gilmour



Condensed from Esquire

Fred Rodell

How and why "the funnies"—now Big Business and not funny—make for tunes and influence people

+ + +

THEY used to be called funny papers and they appeared only on Sunday—to be read by youngsters sprawled on the rug, or by adults who grumbled at "having" to read them aloud to children. Now they are called comics, though the name is a rank misnomer for most of them. And they are big business.

Four out of every five of the people who read newspapers, or almost 70,000,000 citizens in all, shamelessly and regularly read the comics. The huge syndicates that handle them claim that, next to front-page news, it's the comics that sell the papers. Sixty percent of the income of the vast Hearst empire is attributed to comics owned by Hearst's King Features Syndicate, and the NEA syndicate spends more on them than on all other editorial features combined.

The weight which comics swing in public affairs is shown by the fact that when Joe Palooka enlisted in the Army in 1939—the first comic-strip character to don a uniform—President Roosevelt personally thanked his creator, Ham Fisher, for helping put across the draft. A Sunday speech

by Flip Corkin in *Terry and the Pirates*, the cartoon counterpart of real life hero Colonel Philip Cochran, inspired newspaper editorials and was read into the *Congressional Record*. The U. S. Treasury commandeered the help of comics for the sale of war bonds, drives for the Red Cross, for the USO, for scrap collection have been boosted by them.

The comics influence people in strange and various ways. "Sadie Hawkins' Day," a sort of annual leap-year day, first celebrated in Lil Abner's village of Dogpatch, has burgeoned into a national institution with hundreds of colleges, towns and Army posts taking part. *Blondie* has given the nation the mountainous and precious Digwood sandwich, *Bringing Up Father* has inspired Dinty Moore restaurants, specializing in corned beef and cabbage, hamburger stands have been christened for Popeye's ever hungry Wimpy.

American slang has been enriched by a long list of expressions born in the comics: *hot dog*, *thanks for the buggy ride*, *baloney*, *banana oil*, *horsefeathers*, *hotsy totsy*, *sweet mamma*, *heebie jeebies*, *goon*.

Polly and Her Pals, the first of the girl strips, and others like *Winnie Winkle*, *Tillie the Toiler* and *Dixie Dugan* help set feminine styles by

portraying the latest and smartest to every town and crossroads. The glamour-girls-of-the-future who decorate the *Flash Gordon* strip have popularized the upswept hair-do, the bare-midriff playsuit and wedgies.

Not so harmless is the occasional influence of the comics on the young. One boy had to have 16 stitches taken in his mouth after trying to bite off the top of a spinach can like Popeye. Another fell 30 feet on his head trying to fly like Superman. Religious groups, judges and other solemn folk pounce on incidents like these and on juvenile crimes possibly inspired by the "murder, mayhem and arson" strips as evidence of the comic strip menace. But child psychologists call the comics a "type of mental catharsis for normal, well adjusted children, filling a basic emotional need for adventure and escape from adults."

Adults are as likely as their offspring to take the strips ultra seriously. When Blondie was expecting, artist Chic Young offered \$50 for a name, and along with 400,000 suggestions ("Cookie" won) came copious advice on how to rear summer babies. Dick Tracy, wounded, was showered with notes of sympathy, and also got an offer of blood for transfusion. When Little Orphan Annie lost her dog, a few years back, artist Harold Gray received this telegram: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested [signed] Henry Ford."

The rare deaths in the comics bring the most revealing personal response. When artist Milton Caniff killed off beautiful Raven Sherman of *Terry and the Pirates*, phone calls tied up newspaper switchboards, flowers were

sent for the funeral, and 450 students of Loyola University, Chicago, met together at dawn and faced east for a minute of silent mourning.

Many famous men have been comic fans. Wendell Willkie read them regularly. Justice Holmes thought Milt Gross was a genius and William Lyon Phelps often badgered the syndicates for advance proofs because he couldn't wait to see what happened next. When things looked black for England in 1940, King George VI would relax with Otto Soglow's *Little King*.

The comics are just half a century old. On November 18, 1894, readers of the *New York World* opened their Sunday supplements to find a six-box series of colored funny pictures about a snake and a dog, which staff artist Richard F. Outcault had clairvoyantly entitled *The Origin of a New Species*. Borrowing the technique of putting talk in balloons from political cartoonist Opper, Outcault later fathered *The Yellow Kid* for Hearst. Parents and preachers protested violently against this "yellow journalism," thus coining a phrase and initiating criticism which has continued ever since.

Meanwhile Rudolph Dirks created *The Katjammer Kids* for Hearst's *New York Journal*, and soon — after a famous legal case, still studied in law schools — transferred the kids to the *New York World*, all but the title. Since the Katzies still cavort for Hearst under artist H. H. Knerl and Dirks still draws *The Captain and the Kids*, Hans and Fritz, the oldest living comic-strip characters, are the only ones who lead a double life.

Popular since its birth 33 years ago, George McManus's *Bringing Up*

Father, with its newly rich Irishman, Jiggs, has been published in 71 countries and translated into 27 languages, with Jiggs' pet dish, corned beef and cabbage, becoming tripe and onions in England, rice in China, spaghetti in Italy, and hot tamales in Mexico. Another ancient favorite, still going strong, is Bud Fisher's *Mutt and Jeff*. The first of the daily strips, it came to life in the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1907 as *A Mutt*, and changed its name two years later, when Mutt ran across a sawed-off runt in an insane asylum who introduced himself as James J. Jeffries, retired heavyweight world champion.

In early decades the comics really lived up to their name. But in 1921 Artist Frank King started the trend to straight storytelling when he turned his *Gasoline Alley* from a funny strip into a pictorial life of Skeeze. Three years later, Little Orphan Annie—who never grows up—began her series of quite unfunny vicissitudes.

The humorless era reached its peak—or, some would say, its nadir—with the sudden, spectacular success of *Superman* in 1939. Although not the first of the fantastic strips (*Tarzan*, for one, was earlier), it became a top favorite almost overnight. *Superman* was responsible for the mushroom growth of comic books and magazines. Specializing in out-of-this-world adventure, these now sell over 20,000,000 copies a month.

Before the war, foreign circulation of the comics was tremendous. Even today Blondie and Dagwood, as *Pepi y Lorenzo*, have more readers in Buenos Aires than in any other city.

The comic-strip industry is built on a remarkably small foundation. A

recent list of all syndicated comics includes less than 250 titles and, of these, many are brand-new strips with small circulations. The ten comics of largest circulation are, in this order: *Joe Palooka*, *Blondie*, *Li'l Abner*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *Terry and the Pirates*, *Dick Tracy*, *Moon Mullins*, *Gasoline Alley*, *Bringing Up Father*, *The Gumps*.

Top-flight comic artists rank financially with movie stars. Some of them make over \$100,000 a year from their strips alone, and add thousands to their incomes from radio, film and other rights. Sidney Smith, who created *The Gumps*, had signed a five-year contract for \$150,000 a year on the very day he was killed in an automobile accident. The average successful comic artist makes from \$400 to \$500 a week.

Some strips are mass produced, with perhaps half a dozen people involved—editors, continuity men or gag men, background artists, letterers. But in a good strip the ideas and most of the important drawing are the work of the man who signs it. The drawing consumes the longest time—particularly for a painstaking artist like Milton Caniff, whose works have been hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and who is rated the finest draftsman in the game.

Left-wing intellectuals inveigh against comic strips as "distractions from the real problems of our times." Psychologists say people read comics "to feel superior" to puny Jeff or henpecked Jiggs, or "to identify themselves" with Dick Tracy or Superman. Others call it all a form of infantilism. But the 70,000,000 who read them don't care.

Children CAN Be Taught Life

The Terrapin's Shell

DURING one of my childhood visits to the country I found a land terrapin and started to examine him, but the terrapin closed his shell like a vise. Seeing me trying to pry him open with a stick, my uncle said, 'No, no. That's not the way.'

Then he took the creature inside and set him on the hearth. In a few minutes he began to get warm, stuck out his head and feet, and calmly crawled toward me.

"People are sorta like terrapins," my uncle said. 'Never try to force a fellow into anything. Just warm him up with a little human kindness, and more n likely he'll come your way.'

— Rilla I. Agett

Who's Superior Now?

ONE summer evening my father caught me tearing down the street after another child screaming, 'Wop, dirty wop!'

He stopped me short, and said, 'Young lady, just *who* do you think you are?'

He took me into the house, sat me down at a desk, and gave me a sheet of paper. He said, 'Now, I want you to write down every way in which you are different or better than the little Italian girl.'

Ah, that was easy. She was Italian, a wop — but I was of French descent, a 'frog.' Besides we were both really Americans. I'd better not put that down. Well, she was dirty! I looked at my own grimy hands and dirt-stained dress. I'd better skip that part. I was in the fifth grade, and she was only in the fourth! Hmm, but I was ten and she was only eight. I was blonde — but she had curly hair.

Dinnertime rolled around, and my paper was still blank. I took it slowly to my

father. He smiled and said, "That's a good paper. Now until you can create a wonderful human soul, as God can, don't presume to criticize anyone because God chose to have him born a member of *any* one of His nations or races. Remember this paper."

And I always have

— Sylvia Vaughn

Moss and Remorse

MY MOTHER and aunts used to love to go blueberrying. I was a lazy child and always carried the smallest pail. While the others picked I lolled about. One day I filled my pail with moss and topped it off with a thin layer of berries. The pail looked full of berries, and I was highly commended for this unusual industry.

The next morning Mother made pies, and there was a 'saucer pie' for me, with berries peeping through a slit in the crust. Imagine my chagrin to find beneath the tempting crust — moss!

Before I could fly into a tantrum, my mother said, 'When you cheat others you are cheating yourself most of all. You are training your bad impulses; soon your good ones will cease to exist.'

I have never felt any gain would be mine by cheating since that deceptive pie.

— M. H. L.

Bossy and the Saw

MY COUNSIN and I continually argued with each other while doing household chores. I was older and tried to tell her just how to do everything, and of course she resented it.

One day my grandfather took us out to the log pile and gave us a crosscut saw. Picking out a sizable log, he said, 'Start sawing.' We were both a little bewildered, but obeyed. I began to saw as

fast as I could, thinking I would show up my cousin. But when I pushed the saw back faster than my cousin could pull it, the saw would bind, throwing me off balance. Then I realized that the more evenly I pulled without pushing, the easier the saw cut. My grandfather, with a twinkle in his eyes, explained the principle of the crosscut saw: work together in harmony. Whenever you have a job to do, he said, work together and you will find he job goes easily and quickly.

— Mrs. Wm. M. Hotchkiss, Jr.

Empty Wagons

MY PARENTS earnestly strove to impress upon us children the dignity of courtesy. They disliked especially the interruption of one speaker by another.

One morning, when meadow larks were fluting, my father called to me in the yard: "Do you hear anything besides the birds?" he asked.

I listened a moment. "Yes," I said, "there's a wagon going down the lane."

"Yes. It's an empty wagon. Do you know how I can tell?"

"No," vaguely wondering.

"Because it rattles so. Empty wagons make the most noise."

That was all, but across the years whenever I hear a clatterer running on and on, my father's voice comes back to me: "Empty wagons make the most noise."

— Mary Agnes Felly

Make a Little List

HOUSEBOUND several days by terrible weather, my brother and I fell to quarreling, and finally complained to Mother about each other's 'mean' traits. She listened patiently, then told us to sit in opposite corners of the room for half an hour, facing each other, and each make a list of the *good* things we could think of the other — with a prize for the longer list.

One can't concentrate on a person's virtues and be thinking about his faults, and I have found this an invaluable lesson through life.

— Frances Greene



Master Minds

» A HYPOCHONDRIAC told his doctor in great alarm that he had a fatal liver disease. "Nonsense!" protested the doctor. "You wouldn't know whether you had that or not. With that disease there's no discomfort of any kind."

"I know," gasped the patient. "My symptoms exactly."

» MRS. REX BEACH, phoning from her Manhattan hotel suite, was greeted by the switchboard operator with a cheery "Hotel Algonquin."

Replied Mrs. Beach, "Yes, I know."

Asked the operator, "Is this 1106?"

"No, it's 408, and I want to order breakfast."

"There's no room service except Sunday."

Yes, there is. I've had breakfast up here every day — and furthermore it's Sunday.

Operator: "Sunday! My God, I'm not supposed to be here!"

— Time

» A RALEIGH newspaperman separated two men whom he found exchanging blows. "What's this all about?" he asked.

"I called him a liar," growled one.

"Suppose I *am* a liar!" roared the other. "I've got a right to be sensitive about it, haven't I?"

— John Harden in Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News

Louisiana's Fabulous Muskrat Marshland

Condensed from *The Progressive*



Every winter 20,000 Louisiana folk drop everything to go camping in the vast marshes and trap rats

Carolyn Ramsey

ALCEE BROUSSARD can make good wages right in Thibodaux, La., and live in comfort in his tidy little home. But, come autumn, Alcee gets restless. The marshes call. The love of outdoor life is strong in him — and so is the gambling fever. *Enfin*, one day in late November he tells the boss he's quitting. And the boss knows better than to try to dissuade him.

With 20,000 other Creoles, Cajuns, Isleños, Dalmatians, Sabines — the mixed folk of south Louisiana — Alcee is going to trap muskrats. For nine months in the year the trappers are loggers, moss gatherers, fishermen, oystermen and, nowadays, shipyard workers. Every winter they go camping in the marshes — they and their whole families in a great seasonal migration.

Alcee's outfit is typical: a houseboat — "campboat," he calls it — for himself, another for his married son, a half dozen skiffs, and two or three pirogues, those tricky little canoes beautifully fashioned from a single log. The boats are piled high with stoves, mattresses, washtubs, pots, pans, all the gear of housekeeping. There are likely to be a crate of squawking hens, a hog in a pen, there may be room even for the family cow. And children, always children, waving

to everyone they pass, gay with the thought of three months' camping, far from the schoolroom.

The land into which a "putt-putt" tows the trappers is like no other in all America. It is a subtropical marsh 400 miles long and 15 to 30 miles wide, fringing the Gulf from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Texas line. Over this watery, treeless wilderness grow luxuriant grasses, shoulder high, which in the winter turn to gold. There is no solid ground. A man can walk, stepping from clump to clump of the grass roots, but he must be wary or he will sink waist-deep in muck.

This is muskrat paradise. Here the animals feast on their one food, the sweet roots of the grasses, here they multiply incredibly. From this one area trappers take more than 6,000,000 muskrat pelts a year — about as many as from all the rest of the states combined, and more than Canada and Alaska together produce. This narrow strip of quaking marsh supports the weight of the great American fur industry, for muskrat in its many guises is the staple, the bread and butter, of the fur trade.

The industry can count with reasonable certainty on a supply of pelts that will vary little from year to year,

but the individual trapper has sharp ups and downs. Some years he doesn't take in the \$350 he needs to pay for his supplies. Other years he makes a killing. Plenty of trappers earned \$3000 last season, some of them \$5000 — big money to a Cajun. And he loves this gambling aspect.

The work is arduous. Alcee begins by firing the grass on the tract he has leased. It burns down to about ten inches above the water line. That will make it easier to get around, and easier to find the traps. Next he makes a *traverse* by dragging his pirogue several times over the route, breaking down the grass stubble and plowing the soft peat to create a water lane along which the pirogue will float and save him much weary walking. He learned that trick from the muskrat, whose little water paths, three inches wide, crisscross the marsh everywhere.

The 70 day season opens December 10. In the trapper's leased area are thousands of little trails which indicate feeding grounds. In a path where the water is just six inches deep he builds a little mound of mud, lays the trap on it, drops a little more mud on top as camouflage, and marks the spot with a length of cane. No bait is needed. The trap is only two inches below the surface of the water, and when an adult muskrat comes along he cannot avoid being caught. A little one will swim right over the trap unscathed.

The daily routine of trap-tending starts before daybreak, when father and sons rise, gulp down their Louisiana-style coffee ("If she don't leave rings in the cup, she's no good"), don their hip boots, sling 'rat sacks over

their shoulders, pick up the long poles to push the pirogue and "marsh sticks" to help them with the difficult walking, and set out.

In a good week the trapper may get 300 large top-grade pelts and 500 smaller ones, in a poor week about 75 'tops' and 150 poorer ones. The weather causes these striking fluctuations. Muskrats "run" best on cold nights, scurrying ceaselessly down their water trails, intent upon their search for food, their lovemaking, or upon repairing their houses.

The women of Alcee's family skin the 'rats and stretch the pelts on wire frames to dry. The fur buyer comes once a week. He divides the pelts into five grades, and pays an average price on the whole catch. The OPA ceiling for a top-grade pelt was \$1.44 last year. During the last war, the price was 25 cents. In 1927 it was \$2.55, the record high.

The buyer works for the syndicate from which the trapper subleases his land. Five big syndicates control most of the marshes, leasing them from big landholders who bought up enormous tracts years ago at ten to 20 cents an acre. The state itself owns large areas which it leases out, and some of the revenues go to the schools.

Agents of the syndicates make annual surveys and apportion the catch so that each trapper should catch about 2000 muskrats. The usual contract between syndicate and trapper calls for 35 percent of the catch as rental. The division is made not in pelts but in cash, after the company agent has bought the fur. This share-cropper system is bitterly resented, but it persists, though a few enterprising trappers are buying their own

land, and some others have accumulated enough working capital to pay their rental in cash and sell their pelts in the open market.

And what about the little animal that is the cause of all this industry? To begin with, its name is half lie. The muskrat is not a rat at all, but it does secrete a powerful musk — as good as any of the expensive musks now imported by the perfume industry, recent experiments seem to prove. It is a sturdy creature, about 12 inches long, with a ten inch tail which it uses as an oar and a rudder when swimming. It feeds at night. With its sharp teeth it cuts a grass root about six inches under water, then comes to the surface, holds the food in its little hands, washes it and nibbles it daintily. The muskrat's beaverlike house, built of grass and mud, is an apartment building of ingenious design, with a central stair well and various rooms, of which the nursery is the largest. It rises two to four feet above the water line and is four to ten feet in diameter at the base. Tunnels radiate like spokes of a wheel to underwater entrances.

In Louisiana, muskrats breed in any month of the year except August and September. Three times a year

mama chases papa out of the house for two weeks, and produces a litter of three to seven "mice." The muskrat population may multiply sixfold in a single year, in spite of hungry mink, alligators, owls, hawks, snakes, garfish and raccoons. Were it not for the trappers, the muskrats would soon outrun their food supply.

But neither preying beast nor man is the muskrat's worst enemy. In years of drought the marsh dries up, there is no good grass, many rats starve, and breeding almost stops. There is a short fur crop the following season.

Flood is as bad, drowning out the muskrat houses, covering the grass clumps until there is no place for the animal to rest. In the great flood of 1927, when water stood deep on the marshes for 108 days, conservation officials, trappers and landowners built rafts, covered them with marsh grasses and set them afloat. Millions of muskrats climbed aboard these life rafts and rode out the flood.

There was a time when nobody would have cared what happened to the humble muskrat, but he has made Louisiana the leading fur producing state of the Union, and Louisiana is grateful.

Backward March

FROM ALSACE, New York *Times* correspondent Dana Adams Schmidt reported a stunt that beat Goebbels at his best. French authorities in the liberated areas discovered a Germ in propaganda movie depicting the expansion of the Reich. They gathered an audience and ran the film backward. The Nazis goose stepped in reverse out of Alsace, Lithuania and Czechoslovakia. In one shot Reichsmarshal Goring withdrew a piece of candy from the mouth of a little Czech girl.

— *New week*

The Terrible B-29

No wonder Jap fighters don't like to tackle the Superforts!

Condensed from The New Republic + Bruce Bliven

THE Army Air Forces released some of the facts about the B-29 the other day, and I went along to have a look. The B-29 is the most powerful bombing airplane on earth. It flies higher, faster and further than any other bomber now in existence. The distance between its wing tips is greater than the total distance the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk.

Everything about this plane lends itself to superlatives. More men and more money are being employed on the B-29 than on any other instrument of warfare in the history of the world. General Arnold and his aides earmarked three billion dollars before a single B-29 took to the air. Seven hundred and fifty engineers worked for two years on her design. Even today, when she seems to be a triumphant success, a thousand engineers are making alterations and already about a thousand new improvements have gone into mass production. A B-29 has 55,000 numbered parts. They go into a ship with an operational weight of 63,000 pounds, of which as much as 20,000 pounds may be bombs.

The big bomber, which flies 3000 miles or more on a single mission, requires a long ordeal in the air for her crew. Nobody could fly this distance in a heavy, electrically heated suit, using oxygen, without becoming completely groggy. If the gunners had to

curl up in a plastic bubble with a hand-operated machine gun, they would be too tired to hit anything, least of all a Jap Zero coming in at 400 miles per hour.

Therefore the designers went to work. With a series of mechanisms, they have made it possible for the entire crew to sit comfortably, in light clothing, in a 'pressurized' cabin where warm fresh air is circulated constantly at low-altitude pressure, and do their work under conditions which allow maximum freedom from fatigue.

The first of these mechanisms is a system of remote firing control. Scattered about the ship are five gun turrets, each mounting two machine guns which can be pointed anywhere in slightly more than a complete hemisphere. There are also five plexiglas blisters—sighting stations for the gunners. Both turrets and sighting stations are so arranged as to give complete visibility and complete firing range from every point at every moment. Indeed, the fire of several turrets can be concentrated upon any enemy fighter, approaching from no matter what angle. Although normally each gunner controls only one turret, an electronic device permits him, in a split second, to take over the guns of one or more additional turrets. About 30 combinations of gun turrets in series are possible.

This is remarkable enough, but it is only the beginning. The B-29 has an unparalleled accuracy in its aerial guns. In the Pacific area 14 bombing missions were completed before the first B-29 was shot down by an enemy fighter plane. On one occasion a single Superfortress fought off 79 fighters in a four-hour running battle, shot down seven, and returned safely home. The shooting is so good that on some recent raids Japanese fighter pilots have been seen to bail out of their planes just before coming within range.

This record has been achieved as a result of a new mechanism—the electronic computer. Firing a machine gun from one rapidly moving airplane at another presents complicated problems. With the planes going in different directions, a bullet fired point blank will obviously miss its target by many yards. The B-29 creates a wind which by itself will deflect the bullet, gravity will pull the bullet down by many feet. Also, bullets act differently in the different temperatures and air densities of low and high altitudes.

All these problems are met by the electronic computer with the utmost accuracy and with, literally, the speed of light. Perhaps I can illustrate the operation with a hypothetical dialogue between the gunner and the machine.

Gunner: We are traveling at 31,000 feet, temperature 40 below. Please take account of these two factors in everything you do.

Machine: (is silent)

Gunner: We are traveling 300 miles an hour and the enemy is traveling 400 in a

different direction. Take account of these two factors also.

Machine: (says nothing)

Gunner: Take account also of the pull of gravitation, wind resistance on the bullet, and the distance between my eye and the gun turret several yards away.

Machine: (gulps or, at least, I should if I were in its predicament)

Gunner: Make all these calculations simultaneously and instantly, and keep on making them as long as is required, so that whenever I fire these guns the bullets will be 99 per cent certain to hit their mark.

Machine: (responds only with a slight whirring noise)

I saw a demonstration of this whole mechanism in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. They had set up a couple of turrets—a sighting device and the electronic computer, which is a black square box the size of a big suitcase, covered with dials and with heavy wrapped cables protruding like the tentacles of an octopus.

The demonstrator from the General Electric Company, which worked out this instrument, sat down behind the sighting device—a complicated mass of openwork mechanism rising about five feet from the floor. His head was lost to view among the cogs. In front of him was a ground glass screen on which appeared a circle of luminous red dots. He had already determined the size of a hypothetical Jap plane he saw approaching and set a dial in accordance with that size. Now, after feeding the other required data into the machine, he needs only to keep the image of the Japanese plane within the circle of luminous red dots, its greatest horizontal diameter just touching the dots on either side. He presses the trigger and the mechanism does the rest.

The sighting device gunner and all, revolves freely in every direction. As it does so, the gun turret, ten feet away, and connected only by wires, moves with it, instantly and perfectly, down to the minutest fraction of an inch. If two or three turrets are locked into circuit, the turrets swing their heavy black machine gun barrels in absolute synchronization with the sighting mechanism and with the will of the gunner who seems a wisp of frail humanity amid these massive and deadly machines.

Perhaps most astonishing of all is to see the gunner draw his own bead on a target, doing his human best with the computer cut out. Then he cuts the computer in. Instantly there is a hiccup and jerk as all the turrets simultaneously correct the bad aim of the blundering mortal whose very best seems fearfully incompetent by the standards of electronics.

Since each pair of guns has an area of fire greater than a hemisphere, some of them sometimes point at a part of the airplane itself. For instance, the upper midships turret has part of the tail assembly of the Super-

fortress within its range. But the computer is equal to the occasion. Let us suppose the guns are firing (800 bullets a minute) at a plane in the rear, and are swinging from left to right past the tail. As they come to a fraction of an inch of the range where they might cut into the fabric of their own ship, they automatically stop firing, the right-hand gun cutting out a fraction of a second earlier than the left-hand one. As they come to the fraction of an inch where they can shoot past the tail, they start firing again — the right-hand gun resuming firing a fraction of a second before its mate. To swing the guns through a 180 degree turn needs only two seconds, so you can imagine how rapidly this process of interrupting the fire is carried out.

Even an amateur strategist can see the tremendous importance of the B-29 and the still greater ships that are to come. I wish when the Senate comes to debate peace plans that the facts about the B-29 could be put into the *Congressional Record*. For if we can build them now, so sooner or later can our enemies.



» BATTLE WORN Marines were moving out of their front-line position as fresh troops took over. When one grumpy Leatherneck climbed out of his foxhole, the clean-shaven youngster replacing him asked: "What outfit did you relieve when you came?"

The Marine rubbed his stubbly chin and pondered: "The Jap infantry," he replied.

— LT. BEN SCHULTZ in *Coronet*

» ON A bombing mission over Germany we were flying along in formation when we saw a P-38 from our fighter cover diving down very fast, on his tail was a German Me-109 and coming right after him was a P-51. About that time over the radio we heard the pilot of the P-38 say, "I look to Lockheed for leadership."

Continued by LT. William F. Kiser

Man with a Bull-Tongue Scooter

Condensed from The Atlanta Constitution

Harold Martin

MACK GOWDER is just an ordinary-looking fellow, 61 years old and a little stooped from work. He wears an old felt hat and an old brown coat and the faded blue overalls that many a Georgia farmer wears. He lives in an ordinary house, tin roofed and unpainted, and there is nothing unusual about it except the fact that all the food that is in it — and there is plenty — he raised on his own place. His barn is a log barn and his outbuildings sort of lean against the wind like everybody else's, and there is nothing unusual about them either, except that when nearly everybody else is having to buy feed he has feed to sell.

The main thing about Mack Gowder is his farm, for there is no farm like it in Georgia. It sits like a garden of Eden, green and lush among the eroded hills of Hall County, and the soil upon it is as deep and rich as if it were virgin soil that had never known a plow. It is as rich as bottom land, though every inch of it is steep and sloping, dropping 15 to 20 feet to the hundred — just like land around it which shows great gullies like open wounds, and huge scalds where sheet erosion has washed the soil away.

At planting time, you'd think it was

the sorriest-looking place you ever saw. The fields don't lie smooth and bare to the wind and sun and rain like the fields on other farms. They are covered with litter — cornstalks and cottonstalks and stubble, pea vines and weeds. They look that way until the crops spring up to cover this trash, and Mack Gowder harvests his cotton and corn and grain in quantities three or four times greater than the average for his county. For 30 years, in dry seasons and wet, Gowder has made money.

Mack Gowder knows why and he is willing to tell anybody who asks him about it. Throw away your turnplow. Leave everything on the land you don't have to pick off to eat or sell. And let the hay stay where God Almighty put it — down under the ground.

Forty years ago, when Mack Gowder was a tenant farmer working the other man's land, he started studying about what it was that caused the land to wash away and wear out. He came to the conclusion that the turnplow was causing it, by burying the litter that lies on the land after a crop is gathered. To keep the land productive, he figured, you had to keep a good mulch on the top of the

ground to hold the water on the soil, and at the same time you had to break up the ground so the water could sink in as it fell. You had to keep the plant food up close to the top of the ground where the roots of the plant could feed on it.

Gowder figured these things out 30 years before Edward Faulkner wrote his book called *Plowman's Folly*.^{*} But there wasn't much to do about it so long as he worked the other man's land. So he saved what he made as a tenant until he got enough to buy 100 acres of woodland. Stutting out from new ground like this, he says, 'I knew I could find out whether I was right or wrong.'

He started clearing his land, and right there he did the first thing that was different. He didn't burn anything but the biggest brush. The little limbs and trash that were left after he took the timber off he left lying on the ground to rot.

There was no plow that would handle the soil exactly as he wanted it handled, so he made his own. He took an old road scrape blade and hammered a slight curve in a section of it about 14 inches long, and 4½ inches wide, and put a sharp point on it and fastened it to a two horse turner beam. He tried it out, and it went down deep, 12 to 14 inches, just enough to go into the top of the clay. It rooted through the earth like a mole, but it left all the trash and litter lying on top of the ground. He called his homemade plowpoint a 'bull tongue scooter.'

Then he went over the ground with a disk harrow. The harrow chopped

up all the debris and mixed it with an inch or two of dirt.

Gowder had cleared about 30 acres, and he plowed it all this way and planted on it. He didn't build any terraces the first few years. He wanted to see if his mulchy topsoil would hold by itself. It did, except in the very heaviest gullywashing rains, though it lay on a 20 degree slope. The hard rains made a few little washes, the beginning of trouble, so he built his terraces then.

If a man's terraces break when the gullywashers come,' he says, 'then he might as well have no terraces at all. The surface of his land ought to be able to take up all except the heaviest rains.'

The crops he made those first few years, and the way his soil stayed on the slopes, convinced him that he had hit on the right system. He believes his land is just as deep and rich today as it was the day he cleared it.

About ten years ago he had another idea. He figured it what he was doing could save good land and keep it from washing away the same system could be used to build up land that was worn out and badly eroded. So he bought eight or nine acres that joined his place. It was land that had been broken with a turnplow all the time that he had farmed with his bull tongue scooter, and it had almost completely washed away.

Right here, he showed me 'was a wash a mule could not cross a gully six or eight feet deep. Over there was another one. But you couldn't tell where these deep washes had been, so completely had he restored the soil.

^{*} See 'The Evangelist of Plowman's Folly' The Reader's Digest, December, 43

"It will be a long time," he said, "before the accumulation of trash and litter can build up this land to where it is as good as my original land. But right now it is making three to four times as much as it was when I took it over, and there is not a wash on it anywhere."

There on top of the eroded hill he had restored to fruitful production he took off his hat and talked about the land with a depth of feeling that was almost religious.

"I love the soil better than any man in the world, I reckon, or just as good," he said. "And to my mind a man who abuses it is committing a mortal sin."

Mack Gowder's method of farming is both harder and easier than the turnplow system. It takes a little longer to prepare the soil, for the bull-tongue scooter does not take as big a bite as the turnplow. Later, though, it is easier because his crops get such a start they choke out a lot of the grass, and the grass and weeds are easier to kill because the soil is so mellow it breaks away from their roots instead of clodding up when he plows.

He makes 50 bushels of oats per

acre against a county average of less than 25, and 25 to 40 bushels of wheat when the county averages about 10. He makes 50 to 75 bushels of corn to the acre, and he has made as high as 90 bushels, which is bottom-land production, on steep upland. "I always have enough to do me and some to sell," he says.

Gowder differs with *Plowman's Folly* in one respect. He thinks the land must be broken deep so the water can go down, where *Plowman's Folly* says the surface mulch is all the water-retainer needed. He does not argue the point. He just believes otherwise from his own experience.

And every year in good seasons and bad, Gowder has made money on his farm. He sees his barn bulging with feed for his stock, and his pantry packed with food for his family. He climbs his terraces right up on the steepest slope, where you'd think the soil would be thin and bleached out, and picks up a handful of it, black and mellow for eight inches underground. This pleases him, for, as he says:

All I want is to leave the soil here as good as I found it, ready to feed another generation after I am gone."

Pat Retort

RECENTLY I WAS seeing my husband off on a Navy transport plane for duty in the Aleutians. Among the passengers was a little black cocker spaniel. Bemoaning my fate, I said to the officer in charge: "A fine thing — letting a dog have passage aboard the plane when wives must stay in the United States."

"After all, madam," replied the officer, "all the men can pat the dog."

— Shirley H. C. in *Shirley* in *Coronet*



The Mystery of the Stone Towers

Who were these strange people,
and who their destroyers?—
An archaeologist's detective
story from the New Mexican
wilderness

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Frank C. Hibben

JOE AREANO found the towers in 1933 when he was searching for gold in a wild, unmapped section of north-central New Mexico. And so because a Mexican rancher went gold hunting, we uncovered a 700-year old mystery—a thrilling story of violence and bloodshed without a beginning and without an end.

Joe brought into Santa Fe eight ancient painted pottery bowls which he said he had found in the ruins of the stone towers. Now, our southwestern states are full of pueblo ruins, but no pueblos have stone towers. Here was something different. We fitted out an expedition and went to see Joe Areano's towers.

Only one small mud road leads into the rough canyon country along the Gallina River, where Joe guided us. We saw the first tower as we came into a canon walled by jagged sandstone cliffs. It was perched on top of one of these rocky pinnacles. With

our field glasses we could see other towers singly and in clusters looking like medieval castles on the cliffs.

Who built the towers? Why did these unknown people go back into this unbelievably rough country and perch their stone defensive works in such precarious places? We could not attribute the remains to Navahos or Apaches or any of the so-called "predatory" Indians.

We set up camp and spent weeks in an extensive survey. We scaled the cliffs on either side of the canon and penetrated for miles in every direction. What had at first appeared to be a small cluster of stone towers in one isolated canon turned out to be a whole series of villages made up of towers. In this one section alone we located more than 500 towers, spreading over an area of some 35 by 50 miles.

It took us three months to excavate five of the towers. The first was perfectly typical, as we found later on. Originally 25 or 30 feet high, the walls were built of roughly squared sandstone blocks put up with adobe mortar with rubble in between to form a double wall about six feet thick at the base.

FRANK C. HIBBEN, former University of New Mexico anthropologist, now a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, is the author of 'Our Search for the Earliest Americans,' The Reader's Digest, September, '44.

Part of the roof of this first tower was preserved, showing a stone parapet from which the occupants could fight. The only means of entrance and exit was by ladders through a hatchway in the roof. We found parts of the ladders in the debris.

As we carefully shoveled dust and fallen masonry from the interior of the first tower, the edge of a painted design appeared on the plaster wall that covered the stone on the inside. Plants and birds and flowers, interposed with pennantlike flags, appeared one after another.

The floor, some 20 by 20 feet, was paved with massive slabs of sandstone. Around the room were hollow benches of stone and adobe capped with sandstone; these benches also served as bins for storage. Let into the floor at one side was a fire pit with a coping around the edge, and a shaft built in the wall for ventilation—a sort of chimney which started at floor level.

Everywhere in the interior was evidence of life—and also death. The puff of centuries old air that came out of the bins when we opened them was like the breath from an Egyptian tomb. The bins were full of intimate things—buckskin bags of ceremonial face powder, shell ornaments, painted prayer sticks of wood and feathers, good luck pieces, buckskin clothing, feather robes, arrows of cane and flint, and ceremonial masks and horns.

But these things that had been left so casually there were not so interesting as the occupants of the tower. Scattered about in various attitudes were 16 people, and their story was with them. Everywhere was evidence that this fortification had been at-

tacked, the defenders killed and the tower fired with fire arrows. The roof timbers had burned through, and the roof had collapsed. Those fighting on the parapet doubtless had fallen in with the roof. The remarkable dryness of the southwestern climate, together with the charring action of the fire, had perfectly preserved the bodies. They were better preserved than many Egyptian mummies.

Here was the body of a woman sprawled backward over one of the storage bins. She had been crushed by falling stones, but her body was remarkably preserved, even to a look of intense agony on her face. Studded in her breast and stomach were the charred ends of 16 arrows. She clutched in her left hand a short, powerful looking oak bow with a part of the string still on one end.

Another woman, with an arrow in her shoulder, was badly crushed. But her hair do was in perfect shape. She had parted her hair in the middle and swept it down on either side in three braids which were looped up again and fixed with little pieces of painted buckskin into a knot at the back of her head. Her scalp along the part of her hair was painted red.

A cluster of warriors lay on the floor. One grasped three bows and a bundle of 27 arrows. Evidently he had been passing the ammunition when struck down with an axe. Another man had met the same head end. A stone axe with a jagged edge was still embedded in his skull, clear to the middle of the blade.

In the chimney opening was the most pathetic sight of all. A young boy of 15 or 16, with his hair in long braids, had crawled into the small

aperture as far as he could. Apparently he was still living when the burning roof fell, for only the lower part of his body was burned. An arrow had struck him in the back. You could almost read on the dried and mummified face the look of terror that it still held, centuries after the boy had crowded into the hole, trying to escape the heat.

We excavated some 17 Gallina towers and each gave us more details of the same terrible story. Each tower had been burned, and each had been defended to the last by men and women whose bodies we found in them. Our scientific thirst for the answer to the question of who built the towers was augmented by another question: Who destroyed the people that built them?

We are able to date these ruins by specimens of wood found in them. The patterns of successive dry and wet periods—as revealed by the tree rings in the roof beams and ladders—indicate that the timbers were cut between 1143 A.D. and 1248 A.D. It seems obvious that the Gallina people were not ordinary Pueblo Indians. The physical make-up of their skeletons is slightly different, and many of their utensils and weapons were radically different. The very fact that they built stone towers distinguishes them from any of the Pueblo peoples that we now know.

In one of the towers we found pieces of pottery of a type not indigenous to the Southwest at all. But it is known in Nebraska, and even farther east in the Mississippi Valley. We also found that the inhabitants grew a kind of corn and varieties of pumpkins that were known to the

early people in the vicinity of Iowa and the Missouri Valley.

Near the stone towers we found round pits, 30 to 50 feet in diameter, dug deep into the ground—apparently early Gallina houses. Pit houses were known to Indians on the Great Plains in early times.

On this and other evidence we concluded that the Gallina people had come from the plains several hundred years before they were destroyed. It seems that they found the Southwest already populated by others, which possibly explains why they picked the rough but beautiful Gallina country for their home. Where they got the trait of building towers is not known, possibly they invented this type of architecture when the need arose to protect themselves.

But who were those who swept down through the Gallina country around the year 1250 and burned these stone towers one by one? If any of the bodies of the attackers lie among the bodies of their victims we have not yet identified them. The only definite clue that we have as to who killed the Gallina people lies in the arrows embedded in the bodies. Both the Navahos and the Apaches habitually used broad, barbed arrowheads on heavy shafts. The arrows in the Gallina bodies were compound arrows, made with a shaft of red and wood and a small, triangular flint point. They are three-feathered, and painted with identification marks on the butt end, so that you could add up the score when the fight was over. These compound arrows are exactly the type used by the Pueblo Indians.

Did some Pueblo group resent the intrusion of the Gallina people, and wipe them out? We are not yet sure. We are only certain that the Gallina towers, perched on inaccessible cliffs and ridges, were picked off one by one by an unknown enemy. Every tower is a part of the same tragedy of 700 years ago.

The other day we got a letter from

Joe Arcano. He has found a cliff house far back in the Gallina country, in a canyon we have not yet explored. In the cave house are several Gallina towers, and everything in them is perfectly preserved by the dryness. When the war is over, we shall go again to the tower country, to find the rest of the lost story if we can.

Your Hospital Needs More Nurse's Aides

Condensed from
The Houston Chronicle

Louise Macy Hopkins

MANY thousands of men returning home after the war will need nursing for months, perhaps years. Hospitals will be even more crowded than they are now. Any woman anywhere may find herself cast in the role of emergency nurse. Every woman should be prepared — and in preparing herself she can help her community and her man in the service. Now, as never before, our hospitals must have more nurse's aides.

I was in France for nine months before that nation's fall. By day I worked on a fashion magazine, but at night, when I did my stint at a canteen, I knew that the effort expended there was more satisfying. When the Germans came into Paris, I returned

There never was a better nurse's aide said a Washington hospital official of the author Mrs. Harry Hopkins.

to New York to continue my magazine work. But with Pearl Harbor came the conviction that I must change to something more significant than concern over the width of a skirt ruffle or the size of a hat brim.

Where would I be most useful? What did I have to offer? Not much, I feared. But where could I get the best training for a new kind of activity? A friend suggested that I become a nurse's aide. Every nurse's aide helps to release a more highly trained nurse who can be sent to hospitals for soldiers — and there is a desperate need for nurses for the armed services. A nurse's aide helps the man in uniform by helping his loved ones back home. There's no better way than that.

I enrolled at Memorial Hospital in New York and completed 300 hours of looking after cancer patients. After my marriage I shifted to Washington's Columbia Hospital. Since then I have completed more than 3000 hours in hospital service and with every hour on duty I have found the work more fascinating, more gratifying.

No woman can be at a bedside of pain without getting a renewed appreciation of doctors, graduate nurses, and the wonders of medical science. Just learning something of how pain can be eased at childbirth and in operative cases has been worth all the fatigue I have felt after carrying trays, rubbing aching backs and scrubbing floors from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

The work is hard. It is also frequently distressing, particularly when one is trying desperately to help hold back the hand of death. You cannot work in a hospital and bother much about your own troubles. Personal worries are forgotten in watching at a bedside where, but for you, there might be no one else to watch.

The appreciation patients show is

touching. They are deeply grateful for even the smallest attention — the attractive breakfast tray, the cool hand on the fevered brow at just the right moment. Every day I receive thankful letters from former patients.

Frequently, too, I find myself a kind of mother confessor, listening to a patient's innermost secrets. A closeness invariably develops between the patient and the nurse's aide, and that too is a gratifying part of the job — the best wartime job any woman can have.

At Columbia Hospital about half a dozen nurse's aides are on duty each day. There should be at least 20. "If it were not for nurse's aides, we couldn't carry on," a physician told me the other day. "But we need more — many more." The problem is much the same at every other hospital in the country. I hope that every woman and girl who can give up the time will enlist.

For complete information on nurse's aide training courses consult your local Red Cross organization.



The Still, Small Voice

SOME years ago in our rural section of southern California, a Mexican mother died leaving a family of eight children. The oldest girl, not yet 17, was a tiny thing. Upon her frail shoulders fell the burden of caring for the family. Taking up the task with courage, she kept the children clean, well fed, and in school.

One day when I complimented her on her achievement, she replied, "I can't take any credit for something I have to do."

But my dear, you don't have to. You could get out of it."

She paused for a moment, then replied, "Yes, that's true. But what about the *have to* that's inside of me?"

— Contributed by Verna Ballings

Russ Nicoll's experience suggests opportunities for many who want to start their own businesses

Bonanza by the Roadside



RUSS NICOLL says that a man "with imagination, enthusiasm for work, and a family to play along with him" can make his own bonanza by the roadside almost anywhere in the U.S.A. Nicoll ought to know. Starting with 500 borrowed dollars in 1928, he took in more than \$150,000 at his roadside store near Thermal, Calif., in 1944. Nicoll specializes in selling the neighborhood's top crop — dates and date products.

I could have done the same, in other places, with nuts, hams, fish, cheese, pottery, weaving, or any local product distinctive enough for my customers to talk about, he declares. "It's a rare part of the country that doesn't produce something better than you can find anywhere else."

Friendly, slow spoken Russell C. Nicoll was mustered out of the Army in 1919. He returned to the Coachella Valley and for years drove a tractor for farmers. Then, in 1928, he decided to sell dates. He owned some land on Highway 99, and a shack on which he now painted a sign "Dates — Wholesale and Retail." He was all set — except for the dates. And he had no money to buy them.

Nicoll induced H. A. Westerfield of the First National Bank of Coachella to take a ride with him down the highway to where the roadside stand

Condensed from True + Frank J. Taylor

stood at a turn. He pointed out that a motorist approaching from either direction couldn't help seeing his sign. Impressed by his earnestness, the banker loaned \$500. Nicoll kept on driving a tractor by night, caught some early morning sleep, sold dates by day. His wife and daughter helped tend the stand. That year they made \$5,500. Nicoll paid his debt, and gave full time to date selling.

Then engineers rerouted Highway 99, straightening the curve. The date shop now stood too far from the road to lure motorists. Undismayed, Nicoll bought a new site, then collected old sun bleached bridge timbers and telephone poles with which he built a desert structure so distinctive that tourists have come hundreds of miles to photograph and sketch it. To decorate the new site, Nicoll transplanted 40 old palms from a nearby garden. They give the Valerie Jean Shop — named after Nicoll's little daughter who could barely peek over the counter — the atmosphere of an oasis in Mesopotamia. From that time business boomed.

"In this game," Nicoll explains, "you're selling not only your product, you're selling romance and glamour as well."

Russ Nicoll learned that lesson when he began experimenting with containers for dates, until then marketed in cardboard boxes. Nicoll packaged his in cellophane bags so that customers could see them. Later he sold them also in small steel-bound kegs and in redwood boxes.

One day Nicoll regaled a visitor with facts about date growing: how dates thrive in the United States only in the irrigated groves of the Coachella Valley, a blistering desert below sea level where rain seldom falls; how the oases of Mesopotamia, Egypt and Arabia had been combed for the best varieties to launch the infant American industry; how all the palms of the Deglet Noor variety, the Valley's standard crop, had sprung from the transplanted shoots of a single tree grown from seed; how the date growers picked their dates one by one as they ripened, instead of as the Arabs did plucking the whole bunch and then pressing the overripe and underripe dates into one unappetizing mass.

When Nicoll finished the fascinated visitor ordered \$1,000 worth of choice dates for Christmas gifts. "But I want your story along with the dates," he added. So Nicoll had booklets printed and attached to all his date boxes.

"That taught me another lesson about roadside marketing," he said. "You sell not only the best product of the neighborhood but the story that goes with it."

After that, Nicoll overlooked no opportunity to add glamour to his product and items to his line. Reading up on dates, he learned that in the desert Arabs exist solely on dates and camel's milk. He experimented,

and finally perfected a date milk shake. It saved his over-the-counter business when war restricted motor travel, because soldiers from a nearby training camp consume date milk shakes by the hundreds.

Not long ago a traveler stopped in, ordered a date milk shake, drank it with relish, then demanded another. "Know where I first heard about that drink?" he asked. He had been riding in a train in Siberia when he met another American. They fell to talking about good things to eat back in the States. The other man described date milk shakes with such relish that Nicoll's customer had resolved to have one at the first opportunity.

That's what I mean when I say you want to give people a product so distinctive they'll talk about it," Nicoll comments.

When a woman motorist mentioned a date cake she once made, Nicoll put on a cake baking contest. Out of it came a date cake, which Nicoll himself now bakes — 25,000 pounds for the Christmas rush, 40,000 pounds a year. While perfecting his milk shake he evolved a process for turning dates into a paste. He sells it as date butter, usable as a spread or a flavoring.

Other date merchants had assured him that people would never buy dates in hot weather; they were too sweet. Nicoll refrigerated his showcase, and customers liked his chilled fruit. Then he put in air conditioning. That made visitors linger — and buy more dates.

From the start Nicoll kept a guest register. This came in handy when motoring dwindled. He wrote to sev-

eral thousand former customers. Would they like to have some dates by mail? Orders poured in. Last year he employed 20 people at the peak season.

Russ Nicoll's imagination has turned several of the neighborhood's problem crops into choice business. The Tabuizal, a date as large as a plum, has delicious meat but skin so thin that the fruit proved unacceptable for standardized marketing. One grower had spent 30 years establishing a six-acre planting, only to find that there was no profitable market for his crop. Nicoll picked those soft, luscious dates carefully, in fancy boxes, and almost overnight Tabuizal became a premium fruit.

He plants that shelter and decorate his own oasis produce a date once considered too soft to be worth harvesting. But Nicoll now harvests a 5000-pound crop from them annually. The fruit is ideal for date milk shakes and date cakes.

Nicoll enjoys talking up products

of other roadside merchants. "There's a fellow on Foothill Boulevard with a couple of old railroad refrigeration cars," he said. "He brings down delicious mountain apples and sells them chilled. I know a man who started a place under some walnut trees and specialized in nuts. Now he has one of the busiest eating places in the state. Another man did the same with berries. I send orders regularly to a fellow who specializes in cheeses, and to Massachusetts for fish. There's a fellow up in the Sierra Nevada who sells wild honey — at a dollar a pound. There's no limit to the products in this country, especially things to eat that can be developed by imagination combined with integrity."

Now the Government is ready to guarantee up to \$2,000, half of any approved loan made to a veteran to set himself up in business. If I were a young fellow making a new start, I'd lose no time grabbing off one of these opportunities by the roadside."

Dreams of Home

A YOUNG Marine recently returned to the States after two years overseas as ordered a glass of beer one evening in a well-known bar in New York's Times Square. For the next half hour he sat at the table smoking his pipe, staring off into space dreamily, then staring at the beer.

Finally curiosity got the better of the waiter, and he asked if anything was wrong with the beer. It's this way, the Marine explained solemnly.

"Most of the boys in my outfit were New Yorkers, and for two years I've heard them talk continually of the day they'd come home, come to this place, and sit down to a tall cold glass of beer. So I've dreamed of it, too."

"I understand that," said the waiter, "but why aren't you drinking the beer?"

"Oh, that would spoil my dream," said the Marine. "I can't stand the taste of the stuff."

— Contributed by Mr. M. J. D. Smith

The Pinnacle of Fame

Condensed from
The American Mercury
Robert Fontaine

I CAME, after many years of fairy tale books and pretending to be Napoleon and Wellington under the apple tree in our back yard, to yearn for a little more realism in my adventure.

From the top of that tree I could see the great lumber yard of M. Fairburn and the other children, including the exciting tomboy, Sally, scampering wildly and yelling with what sounded like joy.

I spoke to Maman and Papa.

"It is now necessary that I go and play in the Fairburns' back yard like the others. I do not wish to sit always under a tree alone."

"So!" my father exclaimed. "Under a tree once sat a scientist and when an apple struck his head he became famous. It is not necessary to go some place else to be famous."

"I do not speak of famous. I wish to go for the sport."

"You are too small for the rough games," my mother said.

"I am *not* small," I insisted. "I only *look* small."

"Let him go," my father shrugged. "Where would we be if the mother of Columbus caused him to remain forever in the back yard?"

ROBERT FONTAINE was born in Canada but is now a U. S. citizen. He has been a newspaperman, and a radio and movie script writer. The title of his forthcoming book, to be published by Simon and Schuster, is *The Happy Time: The Story of a Boy*.

AT THE Fairburns' they regarded me with humor. I was too small, they said. I was too thin. I had too much fear. It was necessary for me to buy ice cream for each of them, with my ten cents' allowance, before I secured permission to play Follow the Leader.

I could do nothing the others did. I was afraid to jump through the hole in the floor to the hay below. I would arrive halfway up the pile of lumber and then fall down. I took only five steps along the high fence when I landed in the tomatoes of the garden next door.

Since I was the worst of the adventurers I had to be punished. They tied me in the stall of a horse named Hurry. The horse was of a great size and very gentle, but even the nicest horse does not wish a small boy tied to his tail. Especially in the summer when there are so many flies.

The other children laughed loudly as I tried to avoid Hurry's bumping me against the boards.

In the end I was released, unharmed in body, damaged badly in spirit.

"I will show these cabbages!" I said to myself in my bed that night. I prayed that the good Lord would send an angel who would help me become strong and brave.

At Sunday school I inquired of my teacher how one became brave and strong.

"Thrice-armed is he who has faith," said my teacher

"*Th bien,*" I told myself "I will get faith"

Every night I spoke to myself in the mirror "You have faith You are brave and strong"

After a month of this in which I was not contradicted, I decided I had enough faith

There came, as there always does, the right moment

I was walking past the church when I met Sally and the others

'Harry the horse is lonesome for you,' said one boy

Did your mother kiss the bruises when you went home?" inquired another

"Maybe he will grow up and be a midgit," Sally said

I clenched my fists and my eyes were hot

'Make me [I spoke directly to the Lord] see something to do Make me very wonderful all of a sudden I will be very good and never keep the collection money for ice cream cones"

Suddenly it was like the white light flashed in the face of Saul on the road to Damascus

There it was before me, the steeple of the church with the cross on top, and the ancient sturdy vines which a small boy could climb easily but which were too slight for the bigger ones

"Oho!" I said

I climbed slowly up as my scoffers regarded me in amazement

Upward I climbed, hearing but faintly the cries of fear for me from below I came at last to the edge of the steeple The vines were gone There was now only smooth slate tile

I hesitated Then I was filled with the strange feeling that an angel was pushing my posterior and telling me not to lose faith

"So," I noted, "I have an angel It must be that the Lord intends me to go to the top"

I arrived there and, looking down, I saw I had come up over what was almost a smooth sheet of glass

Below, my comrades were waving and shouting I was very proud It was all quite wonderful

Soon, however, I became very hot and very thirsty I decided to go back down

It was not, alas as easy as all that Going up you could cling to the tiles Coming down you were very likely to slide forced down by your own weight

I was of a sudden in a panic I hung tightly to the cross

Don't Lord I murmured are you going to let me fall all the way down and become like *beef roulad*? Send me a messenger A raven perhaps with a ladder in his beak Or perhaps an eagle since a raven could not be expected to carry a ladder Send something and I will memorize in one week, 20 Psalms I promise You'

That apparently started something in Heaven For, far below, the minister Reverend McKintosh, stuck his head out of the window of the minse

I felt better Here was a special envoy of the Lord Surely the Reverend would find a solution And soon I heard a great clang of bells and the sound of a siren

It was the fire department!

In no time the enormous ladder

came sliding up, and before I could think about it, I was being carried down to safety.

Back on the ground, but still trembling, I refused to answer questions or speak to anyone except the Reverend McIntosh.

"What," he inquired angrily, "is the meaning of this?"

The excitement had weakened my body, but it had also sharpened my mind.

"My Shepherd," I said (this alone impressed him), "there came to me a great desire to come closer to Heaven. It was like St. Paul. Even to the white light. Believe me, I climbed as high as I could. Is such a thing wrong?"

He looked around nervously. One could see that his reputation was at stake.

"No, my child," he said, patting me gently on the sweating head. "No. But coming close to Heaven is a job for the spirit. It is not necessary to take the body along, too."

The next morning at breakfast, as I was devouring the puffed rice, my mother made a noise of annoyance.

"What a thing," she said. She was

reading the paper "Listen 'Unknown Boy Climbs Church Steeple On Way to Heaven He Tells Minister' Only ten or 11 years old, too."

My father grinned and blew gently on his coffee. "Perhaps he is crazy," he suggested.

"If you ask me," my mother said, "he probably comes from a home where the parents do not show him love or interest and he wished to escape."

"C'est possible," my father agreed.

"Such parents," my mother said sternly, "should be in jail."

"What do you think, *bibi*?" my father asked. "You are about the age of this daredevil."

"No?" Oh, I don't know. I, myself, do not like to climb, since I become dizzy. Tell me, Papa, how is the new show at the theatre? Do they have any dogs who turn somersaults? Or pretty gals who sing?"

My mother went to the kitchen.

"The next time," my father whispered, "you wish to show off, take along with your faith a ladder and some rope. *Comprends-tu*?"

"Yes," I said, blushing very red and sticking my nose deep into the puffed rice.

DOROTHY PARKER Involved in a plot

CARI BRISSON This is the first time I've ever taken anything lying down — Louis Sobol in *N.Y. Journal American*

GEORGE KAUFMAN Over my dead body — Carroll's Corner in *Coronet*

ROBERT BENCHLEY This is all over my head

MILTON BRIE This one's on me!

ILKA CHASE I've finally gotten to the bottom of things

— Contributed by Ade Kahn



Super-Salesman of Music

Condensed from *The Etude* + *Doron K. Antrim*

Pat Gilmore, band leader extraordinary
combined 1000 piece orchestras, choruses
of 10,000, and batteries of cannon in the
most colossal musical jamborees ever staged



THE PLACE is New Orleans, the time 1864. Louisiana has been returned to the Union, a Union sympathizer has been elected governor, and the Union Army desires a rousing celebration. Massed in Lafayette Square are 5000 singers, bands numbering 500 pieces, and a huge drum-and-bugle corps. And high on a podium, directing the whole stupendous ensemble, is Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, army bandmaster and ice showman.

Bands and chorus swing into Gilmore's own composition dramatizing the occasion - *When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again*. The crowd goes wild. Other songs follow. But the knockout number is *Hail, Columbia!* For this Gilmore has assembled a row of cannon, one of which booms on each beat of a thunderous drum. The effect is staggering.

This was the first and mildest of a series of monster musical shows put on by Patrick Gilmore, who knew how to make a band concert as exciting as a circus. With a fine sense of the spectacular, he brought together in the course of his ebullient career orchestras of 1000 and 2000 members, choruses of 10,000 and 20,000. Touring the country with his band after the War Between the

States, he introduced the hinterlands to the bassoon, bass horn and Beethoven. In his wake, amateur bands sprang up, people drove to the towns of a Sunday to hear them. Following his footsteps, John Philip Sousa and scores of other band leaders covered the country with crack concert bands.

That so many school kids play in bands today is due largely to Patrick Gilmore. Yet the man is almost as uncelebrated now as was the ring-leader to go Irish kid of 19 who burst on Boston, the cultural hub of the nation, in 1848. As a boy he had mastered the cornet and had come to America with a regimental band. In Boston he was soon playing cornet in one band, leading another. His skill in putting a fine polish on a band was quickly recognized; he formed his own Gilmore's Band and remained its head until his death, save for his Civil War service first as bandmaster of a Massachusetts regiment and later as chief of army bands.

The New Orleans show only whetted Gilmore's appetite for another, even grander, musical festival. The idea of a National Peace Jubilee came to him in a "vision" one June day in 1867. Chorus from every state in the

Union singing great music together would foster a friendlier feeling among people sundered by war "A vast structure rose before me," he wrote, "filled with the loyal of the land, through whose lofty arches a chorus of 10,000 voices and the harmony of 1000 instruments rolled their sea of sound, accompanied by the chiming of bells and the booming of cannon"

Aglow with this idea, he hurried home to tell his wife Mrs. Gilmore commented "When the hosts of Angel Gabriel sound the last judgment, I know you will be there directing it"

For his Jubilee Gilmore envisioned an auditorium to seat 50,000 persons (Madison Square Garden in New York seats only 18,500) One of Boston's best architects agreed the gargantuan structure could be built and drew up plans But Boston's city fathers thought the Peace Jubilee fantastic New York was likewise cold So was the federal government, when Gilmore asked backing for a festival coinciding with Grant's inauguration Gilmore, his Irish dander up, determined to see the project through himself

Returning to Boston, he canvassed for subscriptions, pleading with merchants, hotel proprietors and railroad heads who might profit by the venture No one wanted to be first to subscribe The leader was feeling pretty low the day before Christmas when by chance he bumped into one Josiah Bardwell, to whom he had sent an outline of the festival "You're just the man I'm looking for," boomed Bardwell "I think your Peace Jubilee is a great idea" And he handed the astonished bandmaster a check for

\$5000 That started the ball rolling

Excitement mounted as the nation's press reported the progress of the Temple of Peace It was to cover two city blocks and was to be illuminated by thousands of star-shaped gas jets Four balconies were to run around the sides Its retiring rooms were to be "completely equipped for every necessity of nature"

Pat Gilmore staged ingenious publicity stunts to fan the nation's interest A specially built bass drum, 25 feet in circumference, was exhibited to goggle-eyed crowds as it was taken from New York to Boston The organ installed in the Temple had pipes the size of factory chimneys Daily excursions disgorged hordes from adjacent cities to witness the colossus taking shape But the feverish musical activity of people all over the land who were to participate was the best stimulant Picked bands were rehearsing daily Eight hundred choirs from Maine to California were lifting voices in Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, Gounod's *Ave Maria* and other programmed numbers Gilmore provided them all with a magazine containing the music to be sung and minute directions for singing it

Days before the opening, a huge and varied crowd, the like of which the city had never seen, began pouring into Boston — lumbermen from the north, southern gentlemen with their ladies, New England's first families Half fares prevailed on all railroads Choice seats for the five-day festival went for \$100 apiece

Came June 15, 1869, the great day At three o'clock the doors were closed to crowds still clamoring to get in A hush settled over the throng as

Edward Everett Hale rose in the dim vastness of the stage and offered a prayer. Then Gilmore appeared, and the applause shook the building. Fifty thousand pairs of eyes now focused on this man atop a high stand as he raised his baton. When it came down, organ, orchestra and chorus burst with mighty tone into Luther's choral, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*.

Just as the number drew to a close, the sun broke through clouds and flooded the auditorium as though Gilmore had planned it that way. The effect was overwhelming. Press wires buzzed with the miracle. During the intermission a visitor telegraphed his wife who had felt she could not afford the trip. "Come immediately. Will sacrifice anything to have you here. Nothing like it in a life time."

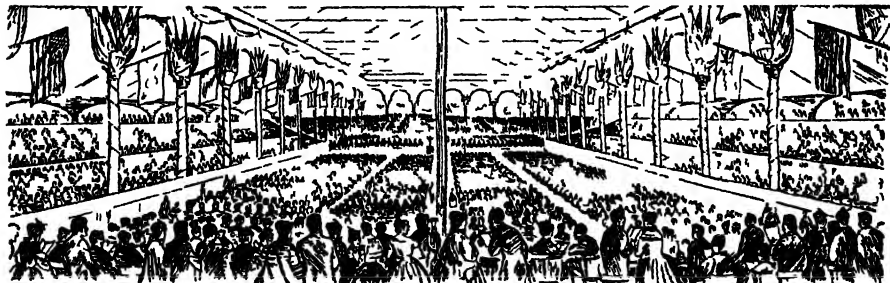
The hit number was Verdi's *Anvil Chorus*. As a prelude, red-shirted Boston firemen marched out and stood like statues before 50 anvils. Soon the sparks were flying as hammers swung in perfect time with the chorists. As the piece proceeded, bells pealed and finally a battery of cannon on the outside — fired electrically from a row of telegraph keys on Gilmore's stand — boomed in awesome climax. The crowd was almost hysterical.

After the first concert a listener described his impressions "There was a mystic quality to the music impossible to analyze. It bore you up as on a great tidal wave. You felt the beauty of brotherhood, the majesty of America. Tears rolled down your cheeks. I thought I was in heaven."

The festival continued throughout the week. At the second concert President Grant and his cabinet walked down the broad center aisle to the strains of *See, the Conquering Hero Comes!* One afternoon a visitor from Chicago, overcome with emotion at the singing of *Let the Bright Seraphim*, quietly expired. It was the only fatality.

Gilmore showed resourcefulness at all times in keeping his far-flung cohorts under control. Once the chorus got completely out of hand while singing, significantly, *All We Like Sheep Have Gone Astray*, Gilmore tried strenuously to round them up, shouting orders through speaking tubes to lieutenants throughout the chorus. When he saw it was hopeless he turned on his cannon and drowned out the singers. The piece came to a roaring halt. Then he began again.

After the festival a grateful Boston citizenry presented a purse of \$40,000.



View of the interior of the great Temple of Peace in Boston. 1869

to the beaming band leader who had "awakened the country to such musical enthusiasm as it had never known before." Gilmore went to Europe to recuperate from his labors.

While he was gone a hurricane wrecked the coliseum. But he was already dreaming of another, bigger and better. Opportunity to build it came with the ending of the Franco-Prussian War. To celebrate this event Gilmore organized the World Peace Jubilee, to be held in Boston in 1872. He promised that it would be twice as large as the National Peace Jubilee, and he made good. He got together Europe's top bands, including La Garde Republicaine from France, the Grenadier Guards from England, the Kaiser Franz Grenadiers from Berlin. Johann Strauss came at a reputed \$20,000 fee to lead his band in *The Waltz of the Blue Danube*. The festival lasted three weeks and made the leader's name an international byword.

The last of Gilmore's big shows was given in Chicago the following year, to celebrate the city's recovery from the great fire. Then, having achieved the ultimate in quantity music, Gilmore turned to quality. His objective was to build the world's leading concert band. In those days bands were for parades. Gilmore envisioned an indoor band of 100 star instrumentalists. He believed it could play great music with more spirit than a symphony orchestra, which he considered effeminate, high hat and a foreign importation. The band he felt to be virile and heroic, more in keeping with our inherent energy and itching feet.

With this ideal in mind, he combed the world for the finest players, and paid them handsomely. One of his cornet stars, Jules Levy, received \$750 a week, good money even today. The remarkable precision of his band, however, was due to his own electric enthusiasm.

Adept at advertising, Gilmore announced his concerts on circus-size posters. People drove miles to hear them. At the old Madison Square Garden, in New York, he hung up a record that still stands: 150 consecutive concerts, packing in 10,000 persons at each concert. Some of his numbers invariably had the audience on its feet cheering.

Gilmore had a trim military figure, and he made a striking picture in a uniform which glittered with medals, some of them diamond studded given him by kings and potentates. To the end of his life he never showed age.

The fall of 1892 found Gilmore playing at the St. Louis Exposition. He was 63, and planning a round-the-world tour, his third. But one evening, an assistant conducted in his place. Gilmore had not been feeling well. Between numbers a note was handed the assistant. In halting tones he read "Patrick Gilmore died at 7:45 p.m. of a heart attack." There was a stunned silence, then unrestrained sobbing by the men in the band.

When President Harrison received news of the leader's death, he said, "I don't believe it. Pat Gilmore couldn't die." And he was right. Gilmore's irrepressible spirit lives on today in every American kid who toots a horn.

'That's the Man!'

Which would you believe—
eyewitnesses of a crime or cir-
cumstantial evidence?

By Anthony Abbot

Author of "About the Murder of Geraldine Foster" "The Night Club Lady" etc

A MAN is on trial for his life. The testimony of honest and conscientious eyewitnesses may doom him to the chair. Yet he may still be innocent.

Consider three actual cases.

OLD Schuyler Ranier did not believe in banks. For almost all of his 70 years he had worked hard on his New Jersey farm, and the money he had earned he kept in the little wall safe of the farmhouse. Neighbors said he had 25 to 50 thousand dollars in bills and silver there.

One afternoon Schuyler Ranier was away on errands that would keep him out until six o'clock. His housekeeper, Jane Nixon, dozed in her parlor chair. Careful footsteps approached, the door opened—and Jane awoke to a harsh voice. "Sit still and keep your mouth shut. Standing before her was a tall, heavy figure, masked in a red handkerchief, gun in hand. While she watched in horror, this grim figure snatched up a hammer, burst open the tin-pot wall safe and scooped out the treasure.

Error kept Jane Nixon frozen to her chair, terror and common sense. There was no need to run after him and risk that gun. "Because," she revealed to the outraged old farmer on his return, "I know *who he was*."

For while the robber was pillaging the safe, the handkerchief had slipped

down, and Jane Nixon had seen his face—at a distance of only five feet. It was a face she knew almost as well as that of Schuyler Ranier himself. It was the face, she said, of Will Hamilton, who worked the neighboring farm.

The same afternoon Will Hamilton was arrested. His guilt was affirmed by three more witnesses. The pastor of the village church had seen Will running with a bag from the Ranier farmhouse, and called to him but received no reply. Next, two hunters had seen Hamilton crouched in the bushes behind the Ranier farm, and they too had called to him, with no answer.

It was bad luck for Will Hamilton, of course—this man of hitherto impeccable character—that after his careful planning the mask just happened to slip from his face; the pastor just happened to be passing by, the hunters just happened to be in the field.

Now let us consider a case as surprising as Will Hamilton's, in that the convicted person had an even more sober and respectable history.

Nancy Louise Botts was serving a sentence of from two to 14 years in an Indiana prison. She had been married only three months when she was tried and convicted. Obviously she needed money because her husband,

William, was out of work, and she was very much in love with him. Rather than keep on at the back-breaking grind of washing and sewing for neighbors, apparently she decided to put to use a certain talent for forging checks.

The checks were passed in a score of central Indiana stores. According to the detectives, Nancy's handwriting gave her away and finally enabled them to track her down. The case was clinched by seven salespeople who identified her without hesitation. They had good reason to remember her, of course, for the business of writing out a check — always for more than the amount of the purchase, so that she could obtain the change in cash — takes several minutes of face-to-face conversation. They had seen her with their own eyes endorse checks to which other people's names — it developed — had been forged. Her husband's place were, in comparison, a pathetic defense.

BUT here is an even more sudden and dramatic turn from respectability to the temptation of easy money — two young men now charged with murder. The jury will soon retire to consider their verdict. But it is a foregone conclusion.

One January morning just before nine o'clock, three bandits invade a large motion-picture theater in Lynn, Mass., point guns at ten theater employees who are cleaning up, and herd them into an inner office. All unsuspecting, the theater's treasurer is on his way, he alone can open the safe.

Meantime, an old billposter comes in through the stage entrance to take

away a ladder. He is ordered into the inner office, but does not move quickly enough to please the thugs. He is knocked over and then, for no apparent reason but ruthless brutality, a soft-nosed bullet shatters his head.

The treasurer arrives and quite willingly opens the safe, because — "As you can see," he explains, "there's nothing in it." The receipts of the day before had been deposited in a bank's night slot at two that morning. The bandits have nothing to show for their exploit but murder.

For two and a half hours ten people have been in the same room with these murderers. They have had excellent opportunity to stare at their faces, to set down indelibly their physical characteristics, the timbre of their voices.

One of the bandits, they know, was addressed as Mac. Another wore a blue jacket with a brass zipper.

The next day a dead man is discovered on the railroad tracks by the Boston police. He is identified as a taxi driver named McMannon. Mac! It is found that he was friendly with two other Boston cabdrivers, Louis Berrett and Clement Molway. They have led eminently respectable lives, but — their stories of what they were doing on the morning of January 2 are confused and contradictory. Berrett, when apprehended by the police, is wearing a blue jacket with a brass zipper.

Berrett and Molway are put in the police line-up with a score of other men. One after the other, five of the theater employees who have such good reason to remember the murderers pick them out of the line and posi-

tively identify them. Had they not seen them with their own eyes?

So here are the three cases, each as tight as a drum. Will Hamilton seen by Jane Nixon, the pastor and two hunters, Nancy Louise identified by the seven salespeople, the theater staff in the same room with the murderers for two and a half hours.

All the cases are similar in that the chief actors turned so suddenly on their earlier lives of sober respectability. All of them are also exactly similar in that Will Hamilton and Nancy Louise and Berrett and Molway are perfectly innocent.

For while Will Hamilton waited in jail a letter came from a man in whose conscience had been bothering him. He knew who had broken open old Ramer's safe—it was John Ellsworth, superintendent of the building in which the letter-writer lived and against whom he had a grudge. And sure enough, when picked down by the police, John Ellsworth was found to have the money.

And while Nancy Louise entered upon the seventh month of her sentence, reports of bogus checks again began to come in. A skeptical detective took Nancy's picture and showed it to complaining store people. Of course," they said, "That is the woman!" So Nancy Louise Botts, who obviously couldn't pass checks while in a cell, was pardoned by the governor. Three years later the real criminal confessed.

And while Louis Berrett and Clement Molway wait in the courtroom for the jury to retire, a messenger comes in. There is a whispered conference with the district attorney.

The trial is halted—and that same day Berrett and Molway are free. In New York, two other young men have been arrested. What they say leads to a third man in Boston, and from him comes a fabulous story of crime and murder—not only the Lynn theater killing but several others. These young killers are the Millen brothers and their confederate is Abraham Faber. There was no Mac—they had used false names in addressing one another.

If you put a picture of Will Hamilton beside a picture of John Ellsworth, it is difficult to fancy the slightest resemblance.

Compare the pictures as I have done of Nancy Louise and the real forger. It is hard to imagine how the two could be confused.

And finally, as I have also done, line up pictures of the Millen brothers with those of Berrett and Molway, it would be hard to find four more dissimilar men.

Then how in the world could all those witnesses swear so positively that these were the criminals? In all the cases the opportunity for positive identification was excellent—and glaringly, horribly wrong.

It has happened time without number and it can happen to anyone. The police will ask the time honored question—"Where were you on the morning of so-and-so?"—and because most of us do not keep an hour-by-hour record of our doings, the question may be difficult to answer. Of course, we are implicated in no crime. But here is someone who points at you and swears, "That is the man!"

Such evidence cannot be entirely

dismissed But it is because the veracity of eyewitness identification is so peculiarly subject to error that police and the FBI place less faith in it than they do in the much-abused "circumstantial evidence"

Will Hamilton, Nancy Louise Botts, Clement Molway and Louis Berrett,

four "criminals" in cases most fortuitously cleared up, could tell you why They know, as psychologists, prestidigitators and detectives know, that the eyes and the ears of all of us are fallible and forever inclined to fool us — and maybe some innocent bystander

It's Human Nature

» COMING back after two years with the Red Cross in the South Pacific, I was packed into a cabin on the troopship with 17 other women The first night when the order came to "darken ship," we had to close the portholes Our cabin was stifling However, since the ship was not sailing until morning, we were allowed to open our portholes after everyone was in bed I volunteered to do the job It required maneuvering to find my way across the baggage filled cabin and unscrew and lift the heavy ports But I finally managed it, and was rewarded by sighs of relief

"Now we can sleep!" breathed somebody

And sleep we did — soundly But when we awoke next morning, we found that I had opened only the inside layer of each porthole, leaving the outside, black-out layer securely shut against both light and air!

— Margareta West in *This Week Magazine*

» AN ART DIRECTOR, who commutes from Westchester to New York City, carries a New York Central commutation ticket, complete with photograph Twice a day he exhibits this document to the conductor, twice a day the conductor scans it and nods For the past two years, however, the art director's folder has contained an authentic picture of a Chi-

nese mandarin in the period of the Ming dynasty

— *Advertising and Selling*

» THE RECTOR of an Oneonta, New York, church was ordered West by his physician for the summer, on the theory that a change of climate would improve his rose fever He returned in the fall, cured

The following day he conducted a funeral, standing next to a magnificent blanket of American Beauty roses He could feel his rose fever creeping over him and went home horribly ill When he recovered sufficiently, he called on the widow of the man whose funeral he had conducted

"How did you like the roses?" she inquired

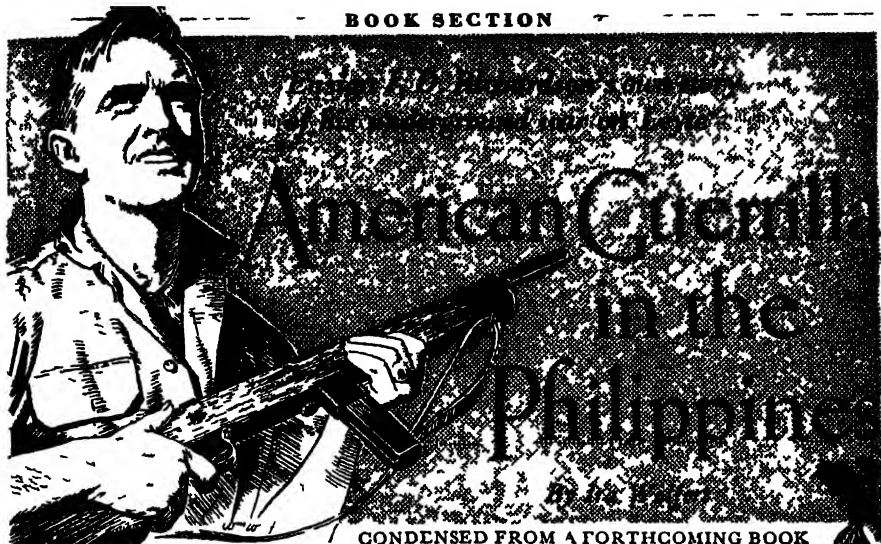
"They were remarkable," he told her, not explaining why

"Would you believe it?" — her eyes shone — "my laughter and I sat up all night before the funeral — making them!"

— Contributed by Wheaton P Webb

» A CAPTAIN at a U S bomber base in the Marianas had a truckload of lumber piled near the GI tents Atop the pile he placed a sign, "Government Property" During the night all the lumber, including the sign, disappeared The captain said nothing to the GIs who had used the lumber to floor their tents That's what he had wanted done with it in the first place

— *Midpacifican*



Ensign Iliff
David Richardson

Here reported in full for the first time is Ensign Richardson's dramatic story of a hidden war against the Japs in the Philippines. For two years, without mention in the news, hunted survivors of the disaster of Bataan carried on this heroic underground fight. General MacArthur kept it a dark secret because the guerrillas who waged it were radioing him invaluable information about the movements of Jap ships, planes and troops.

IN W. L. WHITE's classic, *They Were Expendable* — the saga of the motor torpedo boats in the first Philippine campaign (The Reader's Digest, September, '42) — Lieutenant Robert B. Kelly relates how Ensign Iliff David Richardson, on his 24th birthday, was at the wheel of their MTB when they sank a Japanese cruiser after an epic fight. Kelly sent Richardson ashore on Cebu in a rowboat to get a doctor for the wounded, while he was gone, Jap planes destroyed the MTB. The next day, April 10, 1942, Bataan fell.

"Ensign Richardson assembled what was left of our men and joined up with our naval forces on Mactan Island, where

they would all try to escape to the island of Leyte," said Lieutenant Kelly "It was the last I ever heard of them."

But it was not to be the last the world would hear of this young "expendable." He did escape to Leyte. Then he and 11 other Americans bought a small sailboat, stocked it with supplies, including a live pig, and started for Australia. They had gone only 200 miles when a sudden storm capsized them eight miles offshore. Five of the men, in an incredible swim of 13 hours, managed to reach shore and the others were picked up by friendly natives.

Richardson was hoping to set out again for Australia when an extraordinary opportunity to be of immediate service to his country presented itself.

He got in touch with guerrillas, helped organize them, train them, lead them. There have been other stories of guerrilla warfare, but none ever exceeded in excitement and heart warming courage and loyalty this account of the struggle in the Philippines.

The narrative is set down by Ira Wolfert in Ensign Richardson's own words, as follows:



THROUGH the summer of 1942 [said Richardson] the part of the Philippines where I was remained quiet. The Japs weren't there in much force. Their main army had rolled on and only dribs and drabs had been left behind. My boys and I spent several months around the *barrio* (village) near where the boat we were trying to sail to Australia had foundered. We led a pleasant life — going spear fishing, swimming, and generally laz-ing about.

We were living with Filipino families and would move every now and then — mostly so that the burden of

feeding us would not be too heavy on any one family, but partly on account of the Japs, who would send out in occasional patrol. But whenever we were, even if in a strange *barrio* or just passing some farm out in the hills, the people would warn us if Japs approached.

"Oh, sir, yes, sir, the Americans were here, sir, I saw them with my own eyes, sir, but they left three or four months ago."

That's what the Filipinos would say when maybe we had ducked out five minutes before.

There were Americans scattered all around, hiding out. And about September 1, a former Arizona cattleman named Abbott and another American, Tony Heratuk, got tired of

hiding from the enemy. These boys had been in the hills near Balingasag. They came into town often and everybody knew them. On September 1 they walked in as usual and were told that three Japs were there. "Let's run them the hell out of town," Abbott said.

The boys had Browning automatic rifles. The Japs were armed, too, but they were scared. They ran into a wooden church and up into the steeple. Abbott and Heratik couldn't take time to starve them out. So they set the church on fire. Nobody protested.

One of the Japs jumped out of the steeple and smashed himself dead against the ground. The other two were burned with the church. Then Abbott and Heratik went on about their errands, the people saying, "Good," to them, "a fine accomplishment, sir," although their beloved church was completely destroyed.

The bamboo telegraph carried the news of this event all over the island and the idea caught on. "Kill Japs" — a simple idea but nobody had done much about it before. Now they began. In about two weeks, there were some 50 separate guerrilla bands wandering around the island, each with a proud name and an ambitious leader.

It was no trouble to get these bands started. The Japs had made a lot of men jobless: small boatmen whose craft had been confiscated, former Filipino soldiers. The Filipino policy of noncooperation in Jap "co-prosperity" had made more men jobless — schoolteachers, for instance, political servants of one kind or another, bus and truck drivers. As guerrillas,

these men had a respectable position in their communities.

The wrong people led these bands at the start. They would descend on a *barrio*, identify themselves as fighters for freedom, then levy on the people — take clothes, food, guns, whatever they could get. Women, too.

"This kind of activity is not for us," I told the men with me.

Before long I heard of an American colonel who had a small guerrilla army at Malitbog, on the south coast of Leyte. I managed to get there and found Colonel Morgan, an American formerly in the Philippine Constabulary. He had joined up with Colonel Wendell Fertig, U.S.A., who after the surrender had been assigned by General MacArthur to organize guerrilla activities. Morgan explained he was now working for Fertig, trying to get the guerrillas everywhere to unify in separate military departments. When they did unify they would get recognition from MacArthur, and aid. But no recognition as long as the monkey business kept up.

This opportunity looked good to me and I threw my lot in with them. Colonel Morgan sent me to another guerrilla leader, Colonel Ruperto Kangleon. He had been in the Filipino Army for 27 years and was the first native to be made divisional commander by MacArthur. After the defeat he had surrendered with his unit. Later he had managed to escape to southern Leyte.

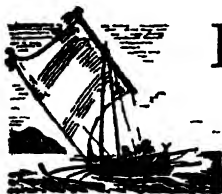
Kangleon had a clean little house hidden in the hills. Nobody could approach it without being stopped by men who hid in the bushes and held you until the Colonel had agreed to see you. This was the headquarters.

of the Leyte guerrillas — such as they were at the time

Colonel Kangleon's band did no looting. To get money, he had built a primitive soap factory. This consisted primarily of a wooden wheel and handle which powered a crude scraper used to shred the meat of coconuts. The shreds were boiled and the oil floated to the surface. After the water boiled off, an extract of hardwood ash was added to it. It wasn't very good soap, but it was better than none and the people were eager to buy it.

When I visited Colonel Kangleon that first time, a soldier was turning the wheel and the Colonel was holding coconut shells to the juicer. I introduced myself as an ensign in the U. S. Navy. He said he had heard of me from other Americans. We discussed at length the problems of guerrilla organization — how to unify in order to get recognition and aid, how to live until the aid arrived without preying on the people.

I came away from there with a mission. He had sent two people to try to contact Colonel Fertig. They both had disappeared without trace. I offered to be the third to try.



IN A banca (small native sailboat), with a revolver given me by Colonel Kangleon, I set out for Mindanao. My first job was to find a Colonel McLish, who would know where Fertig was.

I had luck about the Japs, didn't even see any, and found the Colonel very easily, just by asking natives. When I got to him I saw a real guer-

rilla outfit. There was a whole herd of Americans, both Army and Navy — Major Childress, Ed Dyess, survivor of the death march, Mike Dobrovich, who had escaped from Davao penal colony, Mooney, who had been a radioman, Lieutenants Marshall and Spielman, who had also been on the death march, and others who had made their way safely to guerrilla land.

Colonel McLish said he would be leaving soon for GHQ, as he called the house in which Fertig hid, and would be glad to take me. We put out in the launch *Rosalie*, a fine motorboat captured from the Japanese.

We're starting," the Colonel told me. "All the way back of the goal posts. Our present battles are for supplies. We don't even fight for our lives. That would waste bullets. We just run. But we fight Japs for supplies. Hence the *Rosalie*."

Colonel McLish put me in charge of the launch. "When I joined the Army," he declared, "the Navy said, 'We'll take you there.' Okay, boy, take me." I checked speed and course and got under way at three in the afternoon.

About four o'clock in the morning, we were going along with a good, smooth gush, the two lookouts on the bow looking alert and satisfactorily dim, when suddenly their black bodies turned bright pearly gray. A searchlight was on them, a big one, a destroyer searchlight.

The light was full on us. It made us look a bleached-out kind of bluish green. By one of those lucky freaks that happen in war we weren't challenged — to this day I tremble when I think of it. We put on full speed —

about six knots — and headed right for the beach. We were off a reef that extends out from shore for a mile. At high tide the *Rosalba* could go over it while a ship couldn't follow us. We ran up to the beach and jumped ashore.

Colonel McLish and I started toward the hills. We began working through rice paddies. Pretty soon a woman came running toward us down a road. 'Japons!' she cried. 'Japons coming!'

A platoon of Jap soldiers passed us while we crouched low. They made a scuffling sound as they walked. Their equipment creaked and scraped. They padded past us like figures in a dream. As we went on we had to hide from many Jap patrols.

We later learned that a short time before the Japs had landed at many places all up and down the adjacent coast in a swoop to catch the guerrillas off guard and capture their supplies. Aided by fifth columnists, the Japs knew exactly where to go. Fertig had been using widely scattered hill houses as storage dumps. Where these were inaccessible to troops, the Japs sent airplanes. The airplanes made few mistakes. They'd pick the right house out of a cluster of them and work over it until they had leveled it.

But they didn't get Fertig. When we finally found him, he had established new headquarters in an ordinary hill house on stilts. It was the most mobile headquarters I have ever seen. Fertig had a little suitcase in which he kept maps, papers and codes. He could jump through a window and be off with it any time of the day or night if it became necessary.

His records and files were stored in carefully covered holes in the ground.

By the time I arrived, Fertig was already in daily contact with "Sou-wespac," as General MacArthur's southwest Pacific headquarters was called. Contact had been made in December 1942. Robert C. Ball, an Air Corps man from Indiana, and William F. Konko and Stuart Will-ever, radio operators out of our PT squadron, had escaped the Japs and joined up with Fertig in the hills. 'You're my signal corps,' Fertig told them. They scrounged around and improvised, and finally went on the air. Their set was strictly hambone, but it could send and it could receive.

They played their key a week, trying to get San Francisco, but got no answer. They thought maybe their set didn't work. Each night they'd take it down and put it together again. There would still be no answer.

Then suddenly dots and dashes, communications with San Francisco were established, and Colonel Fertig was satisfactorily identified. Now he was enthusiastic about the possibilities of setting up a really effective guerrilla intelligence organization for MacArthur. We talked for half a day about the problems involved in putting the guerrillas on a sound working basis. Then I started back to Leyte.



WE HAD to walk through some 300 miles of Japs before we could get where it would be safe for me to take a *banua* for I eyte. I had never been fat but I lost

about 30 pounds on that trip. Toward the end I could feel my bones rubbing through my skin and hurting it. Our party consisted of Colonel McLish, ten Filipino soldiers and myself. We had 2000 rounds of .30-caliber ammunition and five large boxes of medical supplies. We had to stop in every town to get volunteer carriers to help us along to the next town.

We walked with a Filipino scout going ahead, unarmed and looking as if he were a local boy out on an errand. Behind him came an advance party of four soldiers, then the main body with packs and equipment, and finally a rear guard. In case of anything suspicious the scout would drop back to the advance party and the advance party would sound a warning with a *bojong* — a conch shell with a hole in it. Blowing this produces a long, melancholy, far-reaching note.

There is a *bojong* bird that sounds just like it which makes it useful for warnings, but every time a *bojong* bird sounded off we thought, here it is, and ducked into the jungles. It slowed us up considerably. We had to send a runner up to contact the advance guard and find out if it was their *bojong* that we were hiding from or a *bojong's bojong*.

We tried to average 15 miles a day. After a while my heart developed a sort of bubbling flutter. Everybody walking the jungles gets it sooner or later from fatigue. You lie down and it feels like a pump squishing in your chest. After a rest it goes away. Sometimes there is a fever with it, but that goes away, too.

I'll never forget that walk, the nettles and the underbrush lashing arms

and legs, the dank musty odor of jungle, the squishing and squashing of my heart, and sweat and blisters and sweat salting and burning them, the typhoons throwing rain so hard the drops felt like bags of pebbles, and the *bojong* sounding and a Japanese armored column whisking by while we lay in the jungle, wondering sweatily what are we doing here, how did Americans ever get into a world like this?

When I got back to Colonel Kaneon he didn't recognize me at first. The Bamboo telegraph had brought word to him I was dead.



KANEON'S first problem was ammunition. His little army had been using battery separators, battery terminal lead, and other soft metals for bullets. With metal like that you fire a few times and the rifling of the barrel fills up. Then you get a recoil that throws you ten feet.

The whole ordnance problem became my baby. I had made a deal with Colonel McLish for 4000 empty .30-caliber cartridges. We'd load them and give him back 1000 loaded cartridges in exchange. I found a kid named Kuizon to organize an ordnance factory. We scrounged around and got a hand forge, some hack saws and a file. That was our small arms factory.

Kuizon was about 21. He had never been in the army before, but I made him a third lieutenant because he was so ingenious and willing.

We foraged in schoolhouses for the

bullets to fill the shells. The brass curtain rods were made of a good hard metal just about as thick as a 30-caliber bullet. We cut the rod up into appropriate lengths, then filed the end down to point it. The boys would stick the bullet in an old broken-down Springfield rifle, take a rod and try to ram it through. If it went, it fitted. If it didn't, they'd file it smaller.

For the primer we used sulphur mixed with coconut-shell carbon and antimony. Our main source of powder was from Japanese sea mines that we would dismantle. We'd mix it with pulverized wood to retard the burning, because mine powder is too violent for a rifle bullet. We blew up five rifles to find that out.

You'd pour the powder into the cartridge with a little homemade funnel. Then you'd put the piece off the brass curtain rod into the cartridge and crimp the cartridge around it with a pair of pliers.

Getting the right measure for the mixture was Kuizon's business. It was all trial-and-error. When there was an error, the cartridge would blow up in the gun. Powder flashes would come out between the bolts and burn his hands. One morning he broke three rifles in succession, burning his hands three times and jolting his shoulders so hard his toes ached.

"Sir, I do not like to do this work, sir," he admitted finally. "I will put the rifle on the table, sir, and test by long distance, sir."

Then we managed to dragoon an apothecary's scales and no more rifles blew up. Using this ammunition was hard on our guns, but it killed Japs

There was even a cannon for the attack on one town. It had been made by Filipino Captain Zapanta and his wife. The barrel was a piece of three-inch gas pipe, kept from blowing up by metal sleeves and rings reinforced with wedges. The firing pin was a tapered marlinspike given tension by rubber bands made from an inner tube. The Zapantas had made three shells for their cannon from three-inch brass pipe filled with battery lead and junk they found around. The powder charge was in a case about four inches long. They filled it nearly to the brim with black powder. They wanted to make sure the shell would go.

The whole contraption was mounted on wooden wheels. The lanyard was about 30 feet long, because they were pretty sure that if the thing worked at all, there was going to be a recoil.

There were 110 Japs in the town's schoolhouse, which had concrete walls to make it cool.

The Zapantas wheeled their cannon into place. They spent all night, with a whole excited crowd giving advice, aiming the cannon. They waited for dawn to make sure everything was just right. Then everybody fell back and Mrs. Zapanta took the lanyard and pulled it.

There was the biggest explosion ever heard on earth. The cannon leaped high into the air, turned a complete somersault, landed on its barrel and began to bounce. It bounced so far back Mrs. Zapanta had to run. But the shell went right through the concrete wall, banging concrete fragments into the Japs behind it. The Japs could be heard moaning all day.



THE WAR had made Filipino politics very simple. There was only one party — the 'Drive Out the Japs' party.

The Japs were trying to complicate this by winning all the Filipinos to their side. But they were trying also to get rich off everybody. These are two horses that are very hard to hitch to the same wagon, but the Japs made a try with something they called 'The Good Neighbor Association.' You work for us and we will be pals.

The guerrillas replied by killing one "good neighbor" (Filipino collaborationist) for every guerrilla or guerrilla sympathizer killed. Kangleon was much distressed by this, but a guerrilla leader's control over his men is 'elastic.' He can lead them only where they want to go. The guerrilla kept killing Japan's 'good neighbors,' leaving their faces untouched so that they might be recognized but muncing up their bodies gruesomely, then floating them down stream to their home *barrio* to serve as an example. It was an ugly kind of politics, but it worked, and the number of 'good neighbors' decreased so radically that the Japs all but stopped executing guerrilla sympathizers for a while.



WE WERE working against time in those days. We knew that as soon as we became strong enough really to worry the Japs they would move in and

crush us. We didn't expect to be able to win until MacArthur returned, but we did count on killing Japs and above all on keeping alive in the people hope of eventual liberation.

Meanwhile, in our area, Kangleon set up a new anti-Jap government. Its Proclamation No. 1 was drawn up by me. It stipulated that on or before September 25, 1943 the following materials necessary to the prosecution of the war must be delivered by whoever owned them to the nearest municipal mayor: There were listed paper, tires, lubricating oils, firearms, ammunition, radios, motors and tools — everything useful all the way down to thread and buttons. Payment was to be made by voucher, redeemable after victory. Those failing to respond voluntarily were subject to confiscation.

We got great masses of stuff — mostly junk, but usable with a little renovation. Then we added to it by raiding Chinese shops. The Chinese in the Philippines were in part representative of old China in their thinking — the China that was not a nation but a grab bag for war lords. To them all governments were alien and treacherous. The Chinese made only token offerings of their goods, so we raided them and made a considerable haul wherever we struck. The raids created no antagonisms among the Chinese. They accepted it as part of the game.

We got 2000 gunny sacks from the raids, and Kangleon designed a uniform that could be made from them. It consisted of a short-sleeved shirt and trousers. We got 700 uniforms out of the 2000 sacks. They were harsh to the skin, but uniform

The establishment of the civil government enabled us to set up a mint. With wood blocks we printed paper money. It had pictures — a carabao, a nipa hut, local scenery — and looked very official.

The mint worked on an assembly-line basis in an old schoolhouse. One man would cut the paper, another would place it in a frame stamp, the wood block into a pad of ink, then press it onto the paper.

We did not worry about counterfeiters. We had all the paper there was. Some of our money was printed on wrapping paper, some on notebook paper, lined and all. We made our own ink by taking a crude oil lamp, putting a hood over it and trapping the soot which we then mixed with glycerine.



KANGLEON made the chief of staff, and I naturally felt it necessary to have a staff to be chief of. There was no signals of fieri — no psychological warfare department, no medical corps, no transportation corps. We set up Gordon Veloso, a former politician as propaganda chief. We gave him a radio as his news source and he turned the news into fiery words which were distributed by our transportation corps. The corps had been started by a yeoman in the U. S. Navy, who contributed a motorcycle he had picked up somewhere. We added a station wagon that somebody had hidden in the jungle. We got from civilians three light trucks and three sedans. We could not spare

paint to make them look like Army cars. One truck had "International Coconut Corporation" painted all over it. We let it stay.

Gasoline was an immediate problem. But Frank Laird, an American who had served 15 years in the Army, got us over this hurdle. "You learn how to do anything in the Army," he said, and we got him some barrels, galvanized pipe and a wrench and he went into the petrol business distilling alcohol out of *tuba*, a local kind of palm booze.

The fuel was rather treacherous. It absorbed water quickly. If you left half a bottle around with the cork off, in a few hours it would fill right up to the top, the *tuba* alcohol soaking up moisture out of the air.

But the cars would get six to eight miles on a gallon of this alcohol, if you opened up the jets on the carburetors to let in more fuel than usual. The boys took to sipping the fuel, but they stopped that when one of them went blind temporarily. Laird was using galvanized pipe in the distilleries for a drinking still. You have to have copper tubing. We got around to that later when things were well organized using the copper tubing off the gas lines of wrecked automobiles.

I took the signal corps under my special supervision. Kangleon had been getting along with runners who would take anywhere from a week to a month or two to make their round trips.

The population had cut down all the telephone wires soon after the Japs came in. It was a patriotic move and also the wire could be shaped into nails — which were extremely scarce. I got a supply of wire by send-

ing the army out to take the barbed wire off all the fences. Then I put soldiers to work with pliers, taking the barbs off, unwinding the wire and rolling it on spools.

For insulators, I accumulated a supply of old pop bottles. Where we could find telegraph poles, we wired the bottles to the top of them. But mostly we constructed our communications on palm trees. In a month and a half we were able to put up approximately 140 kilometers of telegraph lines.

So we had communications 24 hours a day, which expedited intelligence reports enormously. Intelligence was the primary mission of each unit in a Jap area. Kingston wanted to know every time a Jap sneezed, and now the telegraph told him the same day the Jap sneezed, not two months later.

Well then we had the makings of an army. We had communications. We had uniforms. The men were being drilled and taken through practice exercises in ambushes, night maneuvers, forced marches and target practice.

ON OCTOBER 27 a message came from Colonel Fertig, summoning some of us to his headquarters.

We thought it meant evacuation to Australia. We had a fine big launch for the trip. Guerrilla Captain Valley had captured it.

The launch was seagoing. It had come in with 15 Japs, probably direct from Japan. They had come ashore to

get coconuts and meat. Valley's men, carrying their rifles slung across the backs of their necks with bunches of coconuts hanging from the stocks and barrels, unostentatiously surrounded the Japs as they were making a landing. When they got in close, Valley's men dropped the coconuts and opened fire. They killed all the Japs.

On arriving at Fertig's headquarters I found that I wasn't going to Australia. The Navy had caught up with me. I was reduced from chief of the guerrilla staff to ensign in the U. S. Navy, assigned to construct a radio network to spy on Jap shipping. At the time MacArthur didn't so much care whether we killed Japs or not. He wanted intelligence.

However, the big news was that a submarine was coming in with supplies. Fertig had delegated about 500 soldiers to help with the unloading. He had summoned guerrilla leaders from as far away as Manila, ostensibly to coordinate their activities but actually so that they might see the submarine and the aid America was giving. Then he had got together two truck loads of fresh vegetables and fruits to give to the submarine. He wanted them to bring back word to Souwespac that he had a real organization going.

When the submarine was due we all walked over to a little bay about six miles from headquarters. The Japs didn't have enough troops to patrol all the island and this area had been free from their activities. About 4:30 a cry went up all along the beach. The submarine had broken water.

We had two launches to guide her in. I was in charge of one of them. We even had an orchestra, dressed up in

white shirts and white pants, which played *Aloha, Anchors Aweigh* and *The Stars and Stripes Forever*

It looks like we made a wrong turn," said one of the sub's crew, and wound up in Hollywood.

I was very proud of the Navy that day in front of all those Filipinos. The submarine looked as big as a battleship. She brought us tommy guns, carbines, hand grenades, bazookas, fifteen 30 caliber machine guns, ammunition, jungle camouflage suits, and cigarettes and chocolate wrapped with the slogan *I Shall Return* — MacArthur.

On the submarine they gave me all the cherry pie I could get down with cherries that you could taste the North American climate in and big thick cheese sandwiches, and a razor and blades, soap, hair oil — all the stuff that when you die in about you wake up with a smile on your face.

Everything was so well organized by Imitig that we got the submarine unloaded and away by midnight. I felt all mixed up. They were going to be in Australia in less time than it would take me to get back to Leyte. If I had gone I could be back in the Navy, talking United States, fighting Japs with made-in-U.S.A. power not with pop bottles hung on palm trees.



AMONG those present at the submarine was Long Tom Baxter. His guerrilla career typifies that of many American fighting men who hid out after the surrender.

Baxter really wasn't very tall, but

he was taller than the Filipinos so they gave him the nickname "Long." Just an average American boy in his early 20s, Long had been an enlisted man in the Air Corps stationed on Mindanao. When the situation looked hopeless he cut loose across the hills. After a rough trip he finally made Hinatuan on the coast, but he was in bad shape. The mayor and the chief of police invited him to dinner. They gave him a pretty fancy chow to make it last until late at night. Then the mayor took him over to show him something in a corner and the chief of police put a gun in his back and marched him off to jail. They wanted to do that late at night so none of the anti-Jap population would interfere. Their idea was to ingratiate themselves with the Japs.

Turned over to a Jap patrol, he was taken to the jail at Surigao, where a Japanese captain paid him a visit. He had two soldiers with him. They carried fixed bayonets.

The captain stood looking at Long a minute. Then, without warning, he kicked him in the groin, kicked him in the shins, hit him in the face.

He kept talking as he did it. He'd knock Long to his knees. 'That wasn't so good,' he'd say and pick Long up by the front of his shirt. "Let's try it this way," he'd say and knock him all the way down. 'There that's good. That's better,' and kick him as he lay there before picking him up and holding him and knocking him down again. The soldiers stood motionless with fixed bayonets.

Finally all three went away. There was no explanation.

The next day the captain came again. "How are you, Tom Baxter?"

he asked. He was smoking a big cigar and looked pleasant and full, as if he had just eaten.

Long was lying on his bunk. He swung one foot out of bed to get up. He was barefoot. The Jap grabbed the foot and held the cigar against the instep. Long kept lunging back and forth while the Jap rolled the burning cigar over the tender flesh. Finally Long, in one of his lunges, hit his head against the stone wall and knocked himself out.

This treatment kept up for two weeks. The Jap concentrated on the shins with his big army boots. Long still had scars there a year later.

Then one Saturday afternoon Long looking out of his cell window, saw work begin on a gallows in a plaza back of the jail. Sunday morning the guard told Long that the following Saturday was a day of fiesta and the Japs intended to celebrate it by executing him.

Long waited all day for darkness. Those were as long hours as anybody ever has spent. When night finally came, he started to cut through the window bars with a beer-can opener he had found in his cell.

The thick bars were made out of *bayong* wood, which is the hardest known. He had to knock out two bars. He couldn't work steadily, because two guards walked by outside all night. His hands got blistered in the first two hours of work, but he kept on. He made a mud of dust to stuff into the holes in the bars.

By dawn Tuesday morning he had hollowed out the bottom part of the two bars. The top was going to be much harder. He couldn't get the leverage there and he was all tired

out now. He was panting as he worked. His panting sounded so loud in the quiet night that he was afraid it would give the alarm, but he couldn't hold it in. The muscles of his arms were so tired they were trembling all the time and his hands were all blistered. But he kept at it.

Thursday night, a typhoon blew up. There was a lot of rain with the wind. By ten o'clock it was over but there had been a failure in the power plant and the street lights were out. Long waited two minutes after the guards had passed outside, counting the seconds. He figured that would give him 13 minutes' head start. Then he snapped the bars off and climbed out.

He sneaked down to the beach and found a small boat with the quarters full of water. There were no paddles. He scurried up and down the beach frantically, before the beach patrol could come back, and finally found a piece of bamboo about six feet long and maybe two inches in diameter.

You can't paddle very well with a round stick. In an hour and a half he'd made about a half mile. Then luckily he got into a current that took him down the coast a few miles. At dawn he beached the boat.

Long didn't know what to do. His face, pulped up as it was still by the Jap captain's fists, was like a flag, marking him wherever he went. Then along came an old man who had been out fishing all night. He could not talk any English, but he took Long to his hut, fed him and covered him all over with copra sacks, and Long went right to sleep.

Late in the afternoon, Long woke up. The old man was standing over

him with a pistol. There was a ten-year-old boy alongside him.

"I am my father's son, sir," the child said. The old man had brought the boy along because he spoke English. "My brother, sir, in the army. Before he surrendered, he gave me a pistol, sir. Now it is to you."

It was a .32 and there were five rounds of ammunition with it. The old man took Long that night to another family down the coast. Long stayed there about two weeks. The whole family worked in the fields all day except for one little girl. She played around the house by herself and Long slept all day and all night. But some fifth columnist found out he was there and the Japs sent two men down to pick him up. They figured to cover the front and rear exits and holler for him to come out with his hands up. But they reckoned without the little girl.

She woke Long up. "Two men," she said. She spoke in a very low tone. They came here, sir.

Long had his gun with him. He had slept with it cocked by his side. He went to the window and saw a man standing there looking at him with mouth open in surprise. As the man reached for his gun, Long shot him between the eyes. Then he saw the second man and shot him.

He got two more guns out of the deal. Now Long had three guns and 18 bullets and with these munitions he started his own guerrilla outfit.

Bamboo telegraph usually brought word to one American of the existence of another. In this way, Long Tom Baxter hooked up with Gordon Smith, who had been a cook in the

Army Air Corps, and with Dutch Gevsen, a character not even Joseph Conrad would have dared invent. Dutch is dead now. I am pretty sure, but in his time he had shipped in sail and steam between Chile and the Orient and had been in every trade from mining to running slaves for rich Chinese.

The three-man guerrilla army went up to the Mindanao mother lode mine and got a piece of iron tubing about eight inches long, and they grooved it with a file so that it would fragmentate when it exploded. They worked into it two sticks of dynamite that they found in the mine, and added a cap and a fuse.

Then they went down to Malamono where about 20 Japs were using the school as a barracks. Gevsen and Smith stayed on a little hill to give protective fire and Baxter sneaked through tall grass to an outhouse just behind the school. There he lit the fuse and held it in his hands a second or so listening to the splutter and to the Japs chattering inside the building. Then he heaved it straight arm in the window.

After that, Baxter told me, "I ran like hell. Then I looked back. The sides of the building seemed to bulge a little. And then things started flying through the walls."

That's the story of Long Tom Baxter as far as I know it. After the submarine sailed his next mission was to hold a river. There were no jungle paths there and if he could deprive the Japs of the river they would have to go miles around to keep contact between their garrisons.

The last I saw of him he was slouching along with his men, so

sunburned and wild-haired that he looked like one of them

"So long, kid," I called

"Keep punchin'," he waved back at me with his Garand

His mission was very dangerous. The only way he had to patrol the river was by native canoe. There were places for ambush all up and down the whole length of that damned river, and I never heard of Long again. But I sure hope he's alive.

I STARTED back to Leyte December 1 on a *banca*, with enough equipment to make three radio sets.

After an exciting trip, dodging Jap patrol boats, we landed at Burgos where Lieutenant Joe RifaREAL, a former radioman, and I put up one radio station.

It was the first and only time that any guerrilla enterprise that I had anything to do with worked right off the bat. We put the set in a house by the side of the road. We stretched the antenna between two coconut trees, hooked it up and we were on the air. But Fertig didn't get my messages for two days. Something was wrong at the other end. They had their own troubles down there.

The next day the Japs landed all over everywhere. They took every one of our towns on Leyte, and two on Panaon Island across the bay. The southern Leyte guerrillas had begun to itch the hide of them. They reached out fingers to squash us.

The Japs landing in southern Leyte found no army to oppose them. They came charging up the beach, they

fanned out into the hills. We watched them staring curiously at our pop bottle telegraph system. Their columns converged on nothing.

The only action was when the Japs started to use our pop bottle telegraph. We cut the line. They repaired it. We chopped down the trees. They strung the line from other trees. We took down ten kilometers of wire in a single night. They gave up.

Kingleon was waging a canny war. He had only 700 men, half as many rifles and little ammunition. The Japs hunted them with more than 3,000 heavily armed troops. But Kingleon knew the Japs would tire of sending their columns on long fruitless forced marches. The force would be too expensive to maintain doing nothing with guerrilla activity on other islands. The Japs would start to withdraw it. He could not wait until they withdrew altogether. For political reasons there must be a fight. The people had supported a guerrilla army. It must fight for them. Else, how would hope of liberation be kept alive until MacArthur arrived? If hope of liberation died, what would MacArthur do for intelligence? What force would there be to aid him when he landed?

No, there must be a fight. But not yet—not when the Japs were at their strongest.

MEANWHILE RifaREAL, Sergeant Pedro Patuyan and I had gone to set up the master radio set. We paddled across the bay at night and the next evening

a guerrilla guide led us four kilometers up a river to a ramshackle hill hut. Now all I needed was an engine, a generator, fuel, gasoline, lubricating oil, and wire. I diagnosed a fine boy, Lieutenant Juanito Baybay, to scrounge up stuff for me. I remembered an engine and generator unit in Sogod, a Fairbanks-Morse that had provided power for a hair-curling machine. A fifth columnist had it. Juanito went in at night and took it from him.

It required three days to make the round trip. In that time, we went among the Filipinos living in the neighborhood and set up a volunteer guard system, and hired helpers, and then camouflaged the trail to our hut, littering the path with stones and underbrush. The camouflage was a work of art.

The generator turned out to be 110 volts. The set needed 220 volts. We worked for five days winding and unwinding, unsuccessfully trying to step up the voltage. Nothing we did had any luck.

The volunteer guards were green then and very nervous. Once they reported the Japs were coming, and we moved out. It took 12 men to carry the engine on poles. It took 12 to carry a barrel of lubricating oil. There were 50 carriers altogether. We stuck to the jungle, wading down a rocky river. A man would fall, a pole would break, but nobody shouted or even talked loud. We moved as silently as we could and all that marked our passing was the cockatoos shrieking at us.

It turned out to be a false alarm. I called all the civilian guards together and spoke to them earnestly

"We have lost valuable time," I said. "It is necessary to be brave and be men and not be women seeing a Jap behind every *calao* bud."

They agreed. They would not report the shadows of Japs, only Japs.

Then we had a beautiful stroke of luck. We found a transformer which would convert 110 volts into 220. It had been used for the only movie projector in southern Leyte. But then our engine wouldn't work. It would start to sputter and then die. We'd start over again and it would sputter again and die. It just kept leading us on.

Finally we said the hell with it and all went out among the Japs and found and captured another engine. It took us two days to mount it on hewn logs. We didn't have a brace and bit. To bore holes we had to heat up a bolt and hammer it through. If you hammered too hard the bolt bent.

Then at 11 o'clock one night in the rain a volunteer guard arrived panting to say the Japs were on their way. This time it was no false alarm. We started disconnecting the wires and boxing up the equipment. We worked all in a tumble. But we were able to move the stuff out into the jungle and cover it before the Japs arrived.

We reestablished the station in a jungle hut built especially for the purpose. About then Hangleon decided it was time for the guerrillas to strike. He ordered his men to go over to the offensive at midnight February 1, 1944 and all through the last night of January, units came slouching down from the hills to take up previously scouted positions.

The offensive was a guerrilla offensive. It didn't consist of fellows going over the top after an artillery

barrage Joe Nazareno, Kangleon's artillery chief, had one 81-mm mortar with five shells and one bazooka gun. The strategy was to hang around near the towns waiting for the Jap patrols to come out. Except at Anahawan. There was a garrison of 12 Japs there. They never went out on patrol, so the boys went in after them, first cooking up a plan with the mayor. They had found one unexploded hand grenade. That was the basis of the plan.

The mayor invited the garrison to breakfast the morning of February 1. All came except one. They left him outside as guard. Then the mayor told the Japs he had something special for them in the yard outside, and would go out to get it.

When he came out, that was the signal for the guerrillas to begin. Some had already crawled in close to the house with the hand grenade. One, wearing a playshirt, the tail of it hanging down over his trousers, wandered over to the guard. Under the shirt, stuck in his belt, he had a revolver. He carried in his two hands a live chicken with a string around its leg, a peg at the end of the string. He held the chicken out dumbly to the guard. The Jap motioned to him to take the chicken inside. The kid acted as if he didn't understand and dropped the chicken. The Jap clucked vexedly and stooped over to grab the peg and stick it in the ground. He didn't like to see the chicken go to waste.

When the kid dropped the chicken, one of the others pulled the pin on the grenade and held it, counting. When the Jap stooped over for the chicken, the kid pulled out his re-

volver and shot the Jap in the back of the neck, and the grenade was tossed into the window of the house. Then the guerrillas rushed through the door with their rifles to finish the job.

Joe Nazareno, all flushed up over having the mortar and the five shells, tried to take his boys into the town of Liloan. The battle started with a mortar shell that landed just outside the school building where the Jap garrison was staying. The Japs came piling out into foxholes. They had barbed wire entanglements, too. They fought all day and the battle was pretty much a draw.

That night the Japs fired star shells and Joe reasoned that meant a plea for reinforcements from across the Iloilo Straits. He posted his men on the beach. When a *banca* full of Japs came sneaking over the water, Joe and his boys were waiting for them. The *banca* grounded on the beach and they opened up with everything they had. They had counted about 80 Japs in the *banca*. It was a massacre. Joe's boys dived all the rest of the night for bodies and rifles and supplies. They were anxious to recover the dead to get their clothes and cartridge belts.

The bazooka had been set up to command Iloilo Straits. On February 10 a launch came along, about 75 yards offshore. The boys had never fired a bazooka before. There were not enough shells to waste on target practice. They aimed for the engine, and then pressed the trigger.

There was an explosion in the water 50 yards the other side of the launch. The Japs all ran to the far side and looked astonished at the cascade of water. It had been a

delayed-action shell for use against tanks. The missile had gone through one side of the launch just above the water line, passed through the other side and exploded harmlessly in the sea. But the Japs never put a launch through Liloan Straits again. They preferred to go more than 60 miles out of their way rather than risk it.



THEN the planes came, bombing and strafing. They bombed flat four houses that I had been in with my radio station, but they didn't come near my new setup in the jungle. They hadn't been able to find out about it. The only result of the bombing was that I lost all my civilian workers for about a week. Their wives came and dragged them off to build foxholes for them and the children.

The Japs sent heavy weapon squads out with their patrols. The guerrillas let them go by. Then in the evening when they came dragging back all loose and tired from me—by a 15-mile march on which they had found nothing, the guerrillas hit them.

There is no accurate figure on Jap losses. Certainly they ran into the hundreds and perhaps eventually into the thousands. One major had a blackboard in his headquarters as a morale builder on which he chalked up the totals. But guerrillas seldom take over battlefields. They shoot until out of ammunition. Then they retreat. If you don't take battlefields, you can't get an accurate count on dead.

At any rate, the Jap losses were

enough to make them react with ferocity. The people of the towns ran frightened into the hills. That made the Jap food position in the towns serious. Their garrisons were living off the townspeople. They were forcing them to work. The Japs could not exist in deserted *barrios*. They went into the hills with fifth columnists, hunting the evacuees. When the fifth columnist identified a town family it was compelled to return home. The hill families were killed to keep them from aiding guerrillas.

But the evacuation of the towns kept on and it was a big help to us. It forced the Japs' hand, made him send out searching parties which we could hit. There were hundreds of heroes among the townspeople. Oh, that story will never be told the way it should be. Its chapters are so numerous and so many of them happened in such lonely places where the only witnesses were those who are now dead.

Guerrillas invented native mine fields that didn't cost a cent and didn't require any fancy war materials. They would drive bamboo stakes with barbed ends in the grass along both sides of a trail. They used a special type of bamboo called *bangalay*. If you cut yourself on it the wound festers. Natives hate to work with it, but guerrillas made thousands of these barbs and planted them along the trails that the Japs took, so that the sharp ends stuck out about a foot above the ground. Then, when a Jap patrol came along, the guerrillas would fire or shout and the Japs would instantly throw themselves to the ground—to be impaled on the murderous stakes. A lot of Japs were

killed in this way and many others were wounded and finished off by guerrillas with bolos

The hill men took to carrying two bolos. An ordinary bolo has a blade about 12 inches long and is carried on a strap over the shoulder. They carried this and then they carried a small bolo under their shirts. When they were caught they'd drop their big bolos as ordered and wait until the Japs came close to tie them up. Then they'd draw the small bolo and work with it until killed. It finally got so the Japs wouldn't go near a prisoner until he had first taken off his shirt. Then the Filipinos took to carrying shards of glass in their mouths, razor blades if they could find them, and sharpened nails to strike enemy eyes—anything that would do damage.

Slowly, desperately and bloodily Kangleon's army fought the Japs back into the coastal towns. The hills were left to us.



MY STATION in the jungle was like a ship at sea. I made a desk out of a door and I had my radio receiver on it and a door bell with a telegraph key to ring it. When we were to go on the air I rang the bell to signal the engineer, just as if I were on the bridge of a ship. One bell was to start, two to stop, three to reduce power, four to increase power, five to come in for chow. There was no signal to stop the engine. When it stopped, it was an accident. It took gasoline to start it and gasoline was worth diamond-studded golden

eyeteeth. Once started the engine ran on crude oil and we had plenty of that. A Jap ship had been torpedoed off the coast and drums of oil had floated ashore. I had every civilian and every guerrilla for 20 miles down there three nights in a row grabbing the oil. But gasoline—Lord, oh, Lord—oh, gasoline!

Distilling *tuba* for fuel wasn't practical anymore. The *tuba* grew down by the sea and anyway we had nothing now with which to make stulls.

I had my radio network all set up—but I can't say functioning smoothly. I sent a radio set to North Icyte with a guerrilla named Capilius. We built it out of spare receivers and out of this and that, and it took forever to get it working. Capilius spent three weeks going the 120 kilometers to the new station. There were Japs around and he had to be cautious. Finally he went on the air. The transmitter worked, but the receiver wouldn't receive. It had worked all right for us but it didn't for him—and he didn't know how to fix it. I didn't have a man to spare to send to him. He just kept on sending plaintive queries, asking if we heard him.

I sent a runner up giving him a schedule, telling him to broadcast at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. It took three weeks for the runner to go up there and three weeks to come back. The runner came back saying Capilius didn't have a watch. I sent the runner back with a watch, six weeks more for the round trip. Then the Jap patrols became most active at 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. He couldn't broadcast at those times. He asked for another schedule. I had to send another runner with it six

weeks more. After that, his watch became erratic. All we could do was to keep our receivers running five minutes on the morning schedule and five minutes on the evening schedule and hope we would hear from him.

There were no spare parts for any of our sets. When, for a change, I was going good, the station at Mindanao would go off the air. The Japs came in there once with 15,000 men and 100 airplanes and knocked hell out of Fertig's installations. Mindanao couldn't let a peep out of itself for more than two weeks.

Then the Japs would knock hell out of us. We usually managed to save most of our equipment, but it took time and work to get set up again. And we did lose one transmitter when they raided the station. I had set up under Joseph St. John, an Army Air Corps man who had been on the sailboat with me to Australia.

The first thing St. John knew, bullets were coming into his shack. When he got out of the hut he saw about 100 Japs coming down the hill toward him, shooting. He had no ammunition, so he threw down his gun to get himself no encumbrances, put down his hands and ran.

About 50 feet from the house, a field of very high grass began. St. John knew that if he ran through that he'd leave a wake. A fall in a tree lay out on the edge of the grass. St. John threw himself under that. There was a narrow space under there, enough for Johnny's skinny body, and the grass where Johnny had had to wade to get to the tree was wiry enough to snap back into place without leaving a trail. Johnny had a Smith & Wesson pistol. He cocked it

"You could have heard the click of that hammer in China," he told me.

The Japs came over, swishing their bayonets from side to side, pushing the grass apart. A Jap walked along Johnny's tree, poking along the side of it. Johnny just lay still. A fall of rain came on. It hit on the log and dripped down on him. He didn't move. The red ants came out and walked on his eyelids and in his ears and looked up his nose. He didn't brush them off. He didn't move for five and a half hours. Every two or three minutes the Japs would fire shots indiscriminately into the jungle and grass and hills, just to keep the guerrillas away. Then they went away, taking everything Johnny had including 150 eggs, a sack of rice, and Johnny's shoes.

No, there was no end to it, resistors burning out and transformers and tubes going and raids and helpers losing their nerve and saying they had to evacuate their families to safety, then not coming back. But to make a very long very exasperating, very frustrating story short. Leyte never went altogether off the air. Somebody always passed a miracle and kept us going. I think we were the only island that never lost contact with MacArthur for a single day.

Then, another submarine came in and after that it was beautiful.

WE HAD to have another miracle to bring the sub in. A condenser on the radio set broke down. Then the batteries started to go. We hooked two

batteries together by stripping and taping to get enough voltage to send a message. It was the last message those batteries sent. But it did the trick. It completed the arrangements for the sub.

The sub broke water off our beach about six o'clock at night. We had 4000 Filipinos waiting to unload it. There was no pier. It had to be unloaded with small boats. We had 50 of them, but we had to lash them in pairs to make a platform to hold anything. The skipper kept the sub trimmed down by pumping ballast so that we could throw the cargo over the side.

"Where are the Japs?" he asked.

"They are five kilometers below us and seven kilometers above us," I told him.

"My boy," he said, "if you are trying to scare us, you are doing a good job."

The Japs did send a patrol to find out what all the noise was about. But 150 guerrillas were waiting for them in trenches they had dug with their bolos and the Japs thought they got out of there — got out running.

After the Japs sent ships but there was nothing for them to shoot at. The sub had gone and we had gone, carrying more guns than Hangleon had soldiers for, more radios than we had operators for — brand-new, glistening, powerful U.S. Navy radios — and medical equipment, big medical chests. I remember Doc Parado, our chief medical officer, opened one of them up on the beach. Then he just sat looking.

"Now I have to read my books again to remember what all this is for," he said when I came up. There

were tears of happiness in his eyes.

There were two Americans on the sub whom I was instructed to assist in setting up a weather station — Sergeant Hank Chambliss, from Georgia, and Corporal Gamertsfelder from Athens, Ohio.

The boys were very nervous at first. I had a fine time acting the veteran for them. "Oh, we've got nothing to worry about there ain't a Jap nearer than a hundred yards of here. That sort of thing. They had four tons of equipment with them and I rounded up 60 Filipino boys to carry for us."

As soon as the weather station was established, a message came directing me to go to southern Samar, establish a radio station and plot a mine field at Surigao Strait between Homonhon and southern Leyte.

I knew what that meant. MacArthur was on his way.

HOMONHON ISLAND was less than six miles long and a mile wide. A hill rose at its widest point. Japs were everywhere.

Now and then Japanese planes did fly. Sulu Island, four miles away, was garrisoned by Jap marines. And there was no place to hide on Homonhon from a determined search. I had only six soldiers with me to beat off a search, so if the Japs came we would have to run and on Homonhon you could run only until your hat floated.

The local population gathered to watch us land. We gave them razors, zines and soap and chocolate and matches, all marked "I Shall Return

— MacArthur” There were 1944 pictures in the magazines They proved to the people we were in touch with MacArthur The pictures of Japanese sinkings caught their hearts and the maps showing what Nimitz and MacArthur had done thus far caught their minds

I had aspirin for the people and quinine and atabrine — the island was crowded with malaria — and I told them MacArthur had sent this for them to show how he always thought of the people of the Philippines

Then I made a MacArthur is not far-off speech I knew how the people felt A certain proportion of them would want liberty at any price MacArthur talk would put ferocity into them A larger proportion would want peace at any price MacArthur talk would get them on the band wagon They would realize that was the price of peace

The big new radio did not work We tried for four days, taking it apart and putting it together shifting from location to location Then it occurred to me how stunted the trees of Homonhon were, and how red the earth was The island was just one big black of iron ore We had a small set which we put on a banca, hoisted the antenna on the mast, went out about 20 feet from shore and grounded the set in the water It worked fine

It did not take long to plot the channels through the mine fields Jap ships of all sizes passed frequently I had an alarm clock with me and a small Army compass with a pelorus arrangement

“Destroyer, distance 1600 yards, time 11028 hours, bearing 090, course 275, speed 25 knots” I’d call that

out and my assistant, Reposar, would mark it down Distance, course, bearing and speed were taken every minute until the ship was out of sight

I used to sit in a house right on the beach, just a little bit back from my window with my binoculars to my eyes The ships came very close I could make out the expressions on the Jap faces there sometimes, and could get the whole feel of just what it was like on those ships

Then one morning when Reposar was working the set in the banca, I heard a swishing up above and there was a float Zero coasting directly over us I could see the two Japs in the plane One of them was looking at the banca with binoculars The plane didn’t come back, but that afternoon a Jap destroyer escort came nosing along the coast I had all the equipment out of our house and hidden and I deployed my men, in the high grass just off the beach There was no point running and we could kill some, anyway of those who landed But nobody landed The destroyer escort just nosed along, the starboard side full of men peering with binoculars, and then finally nosed out of sight I guess the airplane hadn’t been able to give them a very accurate fix on our position

When the channels through the mine fields were accurately plotted and dispatched to Souwespac, I split up my crew and took off with half of them for Samar I figured those who remained on Homonhon would be reasonably safe without a white face around If Japs came, they could just take off their guns and then nobody would be able to tell them from the rest of the population



ON SEPTEMBER 12, Admiral Halsey's planes came. By that time I had set up my radio station in southern Samar and it had broken down. We had fixed it and the generator had broken down. We fixed the generator and then it burned out and we stole some generators out of the automobiles in the Jap-dominated Bureau of Constabulary garrison. Then we had to go back and steal the fan belts. We had a lot of trouble breaking in to where the first car was. Then that didn't have a fan belt. We had to break in to where a second car was.

Then the planes came. Holy cow, there never was such a day anywhere before. I was just getting out of bed. There was a droning that filled the sky. The guerrillas must be getting very important, I thought, if the Japs send all that number of planes for us. The boys came running.

'Sir, planes,' they cried, 'planes, planes, planes, many, many planes, sir.'

We were sending plane flashes to MacArthur then and I wanted to count the flight and check its course. For a minute I couldn't take the sight in. Then I realized they were American planes of a type I had never seen before. The last American planes I had seen had been nearly three years ago. But there was the star there was the good old unmistakable star.

"American planes?" the boys cried.

"Why, of course," I said. "You don't think the Japs have that many planes do you, and every one of them brand new?"

I tried to be nonchalant. But gee, I couldn't keep a straight face at all and pretty soon I was cheering my head off.

Those planes came over every hour on the hour all day long for three straight days. We cheered ourselves into rags. We clapped our hands sore. We jumped like balloons.

The raid was on Manila. We saw only one example of bombing. There were about 360 Japs coming on a lugger to relieve the garrison at Guwan. Three planes dropped out of formation to have a look at it. Only one bombed. It hit square. Holy cow, if he'd have missed I'd have had some exploding to do. But is it was all I had to tell the Filipinos was, "What are you getting so excited about? American planes don't miss. They never miss."

I had been waiting for MacArthur to come for a lifetime. It seemed centuries since our P.I. boys had taken him off Corregidor. I had worked for it and suffered for it, too. Those little "I Shall Return -- MacArthur" wrappers on the soap and chocolate had gone twisting like jumping tickler tape through my mind as I slept and I dreamed it would be that way. MacArthur's boys would come charging up the beach, we'd go charging down to the beach, hitting the Japs in the back, we'd meet among the dead bodies of the Japs, we'd shake hands. I'd wake up yearning. I'd still be feeling the clasp of an American hand around mine.

However, the way it happened was that it didn't happen that way.

One morning we heard explosions like distant thunder. It was the American fleet. MacArthur was land-

ing on Leyte, 40 miles away. As soon as word came to the nearby *barrio* the guerrillas raised the American flag over the schoolhouse. When we came up and saluted it the town cheered.

"Why do you not put up the flag of the Philippines, too?" I asked.

No, sir. MacArthur is coming. It is for welcome him only, sir."

"Americans will be glad to see the Filipino flag, too," I declared.

A tremendous cheer went up from the crowd and the Filipino flag was hoisted alongside the American flag. A man grabbed me. "Sir, please." He had been saving something three years for the liberation. Would I share it with him, please? It turned out to be three bottles of Coca-Cola, all dusted over like old wine. The cokes were warm, but they had the taste of home in them — and the gratitude of the Philippine people.

Then we got hold of a *banca* and set out to meet the fleet. Fifty-three minutes, the planes would pass overhead in threes and nines. They'd be testing their guns when they passed overhead. I didn't have an American flag with me, but I waved everything I had. I wanted to make sure they understood the *ma* was not Jap, but was Ensign Richardson, USNR, leading Task Force Minus Zero to reinforce MacArthur.

We sailed all afternoon. At dusk the wind died and we just sat where we were for a long time until suddenly there was a big ship gliding by us. They blinked a recognition signal at me. I was scared to death because I didn't know how to answer.

With a flashlight I flicked out in Morse code

"I am an American officer en route to Leyte. Major Richardson."

The destroyer came nearer.

"Come alongside aft," a voice megaphoned.

We sculled like mad. We put our backs into it and our hearts. The moon shone full on the destroyer. I saw that every gun aboard, including the main battery, was trained on us. When we got 30 feet away, they told us to stay where we were. Sailors lined the rail looking down at us.

"Who are you?" It was the voice of an officer.

"I am Major Richardson and I'm in the Navy, too."

I heard someone say, "This guy is crazy."

"I am a guerrilla." They didn't know what a guerrilla was the Spanish way I pronounced it. "I am an American gorilla," I cried.

"He thinks he's Gargantua," someone said. "I told you the guy is crazy."

Finally the officer said to come alongside. He turned a flashlight on me. I had my sun helmet on jungle boots, khaki shorts and short-sleeved shirt. My pistol was in my belt and my tommy gun looped over my shoulder.

They let down a rope ladder for me and my three boys. On deck a big bosun's mate grabbed hold of me and held me while they frisked me of my guns. I just stood there grinning. I was tickled to death. I showed them my Navy ring and my dogtags from Corregidor. I was grinning so much I couldn't talk. I just held them out.

My boys were dressed in shorts, all dirty and ragged, and wore no shoes.

"Is this the Army?" cried a sailor
"Where's their clothes?"

Teodoro held up his trigger finger happily. "Sir, here is my uniform only."

They took me to the wardroom for good old American chow. I had been waiting three years for it and then I found I couldn't eat it. It was too rich for my taste after eating bamboo all that time.

I took a shower and bunked down in a real bed with springs and white sheets and a pillow. But I couldn't sleep. The bed was too soft. I finally finished up on the rug on the floor.

When I came topside in the morning, I saw three Filipino mess attendants. They were my boys! They had complete Navy uniforms on—hats, dungarees, shirts, black shoes, everything. Under their arms they each had about six cartons of cigarettes, soap, shaving cream, razors, boxes of chocolate bars.

The crew had given them everything out the hull of the ship.

That afternoon I was ordered to the cruiser *Nashville*. Some colonels talked to me, passing the time of day sort of, while I wondered what the order had been about.

"The General will see you now, sir," said an orderly.

That still didn't register with me. I followed the orderly into a cabin and there sat General MacArthur. I was stupefied. The General stood up and walked around the desk and held out his hand. I was so surprised I didn't even hold out mine. He had to take it from my side.

Our talk lasted about ten minutes. I don't remember much about it. It consisted mostly of questions by General MacArthur. Hell, you don't just sit and shoot the breeze with a general. I was surprised to find out that MacArthur had not only read every single message we ever sent out but he seemed able to recall the detail in each of them. But I remember mostly the feeling of pain I had every time I forgot to say *su*. The pain was quite frequent. I hadn't said "*su*" to anybody in so long, I kept forgetting.

AND I guess that about winds the story up. I worked with the Army Air Corps a while, helping them out on spotting Jap targets, and we had quite a guerrilla reunion in the Molokai — Colonel Kingleigh Joe Refrugal and myself. We hugged each other, skinny. Then orders came for me to return home for re- and reassignment.

Ladies in Waiting

ON A Washington, D. C., bus a woman was heard to remark: "I hope my husband isn't late tonight. I always like to see him home before seven."

Another woman, wearing a Marine Corps emblem on her dress, sighed: "How wonderful it must be to expect your husband home by the hour and not by the year."

— Contributed by Sgt. Harold Helfer

The READER'S DIGEST

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

April 1945

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

IN *The Road to Serfdom*—writes Henry Hazlitt in the *New York Times*—Friedrich A. Hayek has written one of the most important books of our generation. It restates for our time the issue between liberty and authority. It is an interesting call to all self-interested planners and socialists—to all those who are sincere democrats and liberals of heart—to stop look and listen.

The author is an internationally known economist. An Austrian by birth, he was director of the Austrian Institute for Economic Research and lecturer in economics at the University of Vienna during the early part of the rise of fascism in central Europe. He has lived in England since 1931, when he became Professor of Economics at the University of London, and is now a British citizen.

Professor Hayek, with great power and rigor of reasoning, sounds a grim warning to Americans and Britons who look to the government to provide the way out of all our economic difficulties. He demonstrates that fascism and what the Germans call National Socialism are the inevitable results of the increasing growth of state control and state power of national planning and of socialism.

In a foreword to *The Road to Serfdom* John Chamberlain, book editor of *Harper's*, writes: "This book is a warning cry in a time of hesitation. It says to us: 'Stop look and listen.' Its logic is uncontested, and it should have the widest possible audience."

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arianism, is based on the respect of Christianity for the individual man and the belief that it is desirable that men should be free to develop their own individual gifts and bent. This philosophy, first fully developed during the Renaissance, grew and spread into what we know as Western civilization. The general direction of social development was one of freeing the individual from the ties which bound him in feudal society.

Perhaps the greatest result of this unchaining of individual energies was the marvelous growth of science. Only since industrial freedom opened the path to the free use of new knowledge, only since everything could be tried -- if somebody could be found to back it at his own risk -- has science made the great strides which in the last 150 years have changed the face of the world. The result of this growth surpassed all expectations. Wherever the barriers to the free exercise of human ingenuity were removed, man became rapidly able to satisfy ever-widening ranges of desire. By the beginning of the 20th century the workingman in the Western World had reached a degree of material comfort, security and personal independence which 100 years before had hardly seemed possible.

The effect of this success was to create among men a new sense of power over their own fate, the belief in the unbounded possibilities of improving their own lot. What had been achieved came to be regarded as a secure and imperishable possession, acquired once and for all, and the rate of progress began to seem too slow. Moreover, the principles which

had made this progress possible came to be regarded as obstacles to speedier progress, impatiently to be brushed away. It might be said that the very success of liberalism became the cause of its decline.

No sensible person should have doubted that the economic principles of the 19th century were only a beginning -- that there were immense possibilities of advancement on the lines on which we had moved. But according to the views now dominant, the question is no longer how we can make the best use of the spontaneous forces found in a free society. We have in effect undertaken to dispense with these forces and to replace them by collective and "conscious" direction.

It is significant that this abandonment of liberalism, whether expressed as socialism in its more radical form or merely as 'organization' or "planning," was perfected in Germany. During the last quarter of the 19th century and the first quarter of the 20th, Germany moved far ahead in both the theory and the practice of socialism, so that even today Russian discussion largely carries on where the Germans left off. The Germans, long before the Nazis, were attacking liberalism and democracy, capitalism and individualism.

Long before the Nazis, too, the German and Italian socialists were using techniques of which the Nazis and Fascists later made effective use. The idea of a political party which embraces all activities of the individual from the cradle to the grave, which claims to guide his views on everything, was first put into practice by the socialists. It was not the Fas-

cists but the socialists who began to collect children at the tenderest age into political organizations to direct their thinking. It was not the Fascists but the socialists who first thought of organizing sports and games, football and hiking, in party clubs where the members would not be infected by other views. It was the socialists who first insisted that the party member should distinguish himself from others by the modes of greeting and the forms of address. It was they who, by their organization of 'cells' and devices for the permanent supervision of private life, created the prototype of the totalitarian party.

By the time Hitler came to power liberalism was dead in Germany. And it was socialism that had killed it.

To many who have watched the transition from socialism to fascism at close quarters the connection between the two systems has become increasingly obvious, but in the democracies the majority of people still believe that socialism and freedom can be combined. They do not realize that democratic socialism, the great utopia of the last few generations, is in early unachievable but that to strive for it produces something utterly different — the very destruction of freedom itself. As has been aptly said: "What has always made the state a hell on earth has been precisely that man has tried to make it his heaven."

It is disquieting to see in England and the United States today the same drawing together of forces and nearly the same contempt of all that is liberal in the old sense. "Conservative socialism" was the slogan under which a large number of writers pre-

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pared the atmosphere in which National Socialism succeeded. It is "conservative socialism" which is the dominant trend among us now.

The Liberal Way of Planning

"PLANNING" owes its popularity largely to the fact that everybody desires, of course, that we should handle our common problems with as much foresight as possible. The dispute between the modern planners and the liberals is *not* on whether we ought to employ systematic thinking in planning our affairs. It is a dispute about what is the best way of so doing. The question is whether we should create conditions under which the knowledge and initiative of individuals are

given the best scope so that *they* can plan most successfully, or whether we should direct and organize all economic activities according to a "blue-print," that is, "consciously direct the resources of society to conform to the planners' particular views of who should have what."

It is important not to confuse opposition against the latter kind of planning with a dogmatic *laissez faire* attitude. The liberal argument does not advocate leaving things just as they are. It favors making the best possible use of the forces of competition as a means of coordinating human efforts. It is based on the conviction that, where effective competition can be created, it is a better way of guiding individual efforts than any other. It emphasizes that in order to make competition work beneficially a carefully thought out legal framework is required, and that neither the past nor the existing legal rules are free from grave defects.

Liberalism is opposed, however, to supplanting competition by inferior methods of guiding economic activity. And it regards competition as superior not only because in most circumstances it is the most efficient method known but because *it is the only method which does not require the coercive or arbitrary intervention of authority*. It dispenses with the need for "conscious social control" and gives individuals a chance to decide whether the prospects of a particular occupation are sufficient to compensate for the disadvantages connected with it.

The successful use of competition does not preclude some types of government interference. For instance, to limit working hours, to require cer-

tain sanitary arrangements, to provide an extensive system of social services is fully compatible with the preservation of competition. There are, too, certain fields where the system of competition is impracticable. For example, the harmful effects of deforestation or of the smoke of factories cannot be confined to the owner of the property in question. But the fact that we have to resort to direct regulation by authority where the conditions for the proper working of competition cannot be created does not prove that we should suppress competition where it can be made to function. To create conditions in which competition will be as effective as possible, to prevent fraud and deception, to break up monopolies — these tasks provide a wide and unquestioned field for state activity.

This does not mean that it is possible to find some 'middle way' between competition and central direction, though nothing seems at first more plausible or is more likely to appeal to reasonable people. Mere common sense proves a treacherous guide in this field. Although competition can bear some admixture ~~of~~ regulation, it cannot be combined with planning to any extent we like without ceasing to operate as an effective guide to production. Both competition and central direction become poor and inefficient tools if they are incomplete, and a mixture of the two means that neither will work.

Planning and competition can be combined only by planning *for* competition, not by planning *against* competition. The planning against which all our criticism is directed is solely the planning against competition.

The Great Utopia

THERE CAN BE no doubt that most of those in the democracies who demand a central direction of all economic activity still believe that socialism and individual freedom can be combined. Yet socialism was early recognized by many thinkers as the gravest threat to freedom.

It is rarely remembered now that socialism in its beginnings was frankly authoritarian. It began quite openly as a reaction against the liberalism of the French Revolution. The French writers who laid its foundation had no doubt that their ideas could be put into practice only by a strong dictatorial government. The first of modern planners, Saint-Simon, predicted that those who did not obey his proposed planning boards would be 'treated as cattle.'

Nobody saw more clearly than the great political thinker de Tocqueville 'that democracy stands in an irreconcilable conflict with socialism. Democracy extends the sphere of individual freedom,' he said. 'Democracy attaches all possible value to each man,' he said in 1848, 'while socialism makes each man a mere agent, a mere number. Democracy and socialism have nothing in common but one word: equality. But notice the difference: while democracy seeks equality in liberty, socialism seeks equality in restraint and servitude.'

To allay these suspicions and to harness to its cart the strongest of all political motives — the craving for freedom — socialists began increasingly to make use of the promise of a

"new freedom." Socialism was to bring "economic freedom," without which political freedom was "not worth having."

To make this argument sound plausible, the word 'freedom' was subjected to a subtle change in meaning. The word had formerly meant freedom from coercion, from the arbitrary power of other men. Now it was made to mean freedom from necessity, release from the compulsion of the circumstances which inevitably limit the range of choice of all of us. Freedom in this sense is, of course, merely another name for power or wealth. The demand for the new freedom was thus only another name for the old demand for a redistribution of wealth.

The claim that a planned economy would produce a substantially larger output than the competitive system is being progressively abandoned by most students of the problem. Yet it is this false hope as much as anything which drives us along the road to planning.

Although our modern socialists' promise of greater freedom is genuine and sincere, in recent years observers after observers have been impressed by the unforeseen consequences of socialism, the extraordinary similarity in many respects of the conditions under "communism" and "fascism." As the writer Peter Drucker expressed it in 1939, "the complete collapse of the belief in the attainability of freedom and equality through Marxism has forced Russia to travel the same road toward a totalitarian society of unfreedom and inequality which Germany has been following. Not that

communism and fascism are essentially the same. Fascism is the stage reached after communism has proved an illusion, and it has proved as much an illusion in Russia as in pre-Hitler Germany."

No less significant is the intellectual outlook of the rank and file in the communist and fascist movements in Germany before 1933. The relative ease with which a young communist could be converted into a Nazi or vice versa was well known best of all to the propagandists of the two parties. The communists and Nazis clashed more frequently with each other than with other parties simply because they competed for the same type of mind and reserved for each other the hatred of the heretic. Their practice showed how closely they are related. To both, the real enemy, the man with whom they had nothing in common, was the liberal of the old type. While to the Nazi the communist and to the communist the Nazi, and to both the socialist, are potential recruits made of the night tunnel, they both know that there can be no compromise between them and those who really believe in individual freedom.

What is promised to us as the Road to Freedom is in fact the Highway to Servitude. For it is not difficult to see what must be the consequences when democracy embarks upon a course of planning. The goal of the planning will be described by some such vague term as "the general welfare." There will be no real agreement as to the ends to be attained, and the effect of the people's agreeing that there must be central planning, without agreeing on the ends, will be

rather as if a group of people were to commit themselves to take a journey together without agreeing where they want to go with the result that they may all have to make a journey which most of them do not want at all.

Democratic assemblies cannot function as planning agencies. They can not produce agreement on everything — the whole direction of the resources of the nation — for the number of possible courses of action will be legion. Even if a congress could, by proceeding step by step and compromising at each point agree on some scheme, it would certainly in the end satisfy nobody.

To draw up an economic plan in this fashion is even less possible than, for instance, successfully to plan a military campaign by democratic procedure. As in strategy it would become inevitable to delegate the task to experts. And even if, by this expedient, a democracy should succeed in planning every sector of economic activity it would still have to face the problem of integrating these separate plans into a unitary whole. There will be a stronger and stronger demand that some board or some single individual should be given powers to act on their own responsibility. The cry for an economic dictator is a characteristic stage in the movement toward planning.

Thus the legislative body will be reduced to choosing the persons who are to have practically absolute power. The whole system will tend toward that kind of dictatorship in which the head of the government is from time to time confirmed in his

position by popular vote, but where he has all the powers at his command to make certain that the vote will go in the direction he desires

Planning leads to dictatorship because dictatorship is the most effective instrument of coercion and, as such essential if central planning on a large scale is to be possible. There is no justification for the widespread belief that, so long as power is conferred by democratic procedure, it cannot be arbitrary, it is not the source of power which prevents it from being arbitrary, to be free from dictatorial qualities, the power must also be limited. A true "dictatorship of the proletariat," even if democratic in form, if it undertook centrally to direct the economic system, would probably destroy personal freedom as completely as any autocracy has ever done.

Individual freedom cannot be reconciled with the supremacy of one single purpose to which the whole of society is permanently subordinated. To a limited extent we ourselves experience this fact in wartime, when subordination of almost everything to the immediate and pressing need is the price at which we preserve our freedom in the long run. The fashionable phrases about doing for the purposes of peace what we have learned to do for the purposes of war are completely misleading, for it is sensible temporarily to sacrifice freedom in order to make it more secure in the future, but it is quite a different thing to sacrifice liberty permanently in the interests of a planned economy.

To those who have watched the transition from socialism to fascism at

close quarters, the connection between the two systems is obvious. The realization of the socialist program means the destruction of freedom. Democratic socialism, the great utopia of the last few generations, is simply not achievable.

Why the Worst Get on Top

NO DOUBT an American or English "fascist" system would greatly differ from the Italian or German models, no doubt, if the transition were effected without violence, we might expect to get a better type of leader. Yet this does not mean that our fascist system would in the end prove very different or much less intolerable than its prototypes. There are strong reasons for believing that the worst features of the totalitarian systems are phenomena which totalitarianism is certain sooner or later to produce.

Just as the democratic statesman who sets out to plan economic life will soon be confronted with the alternative of either assuming dictatorial powers or abandoning his plans, so the totalitarian leader would soon have to choose between disregard of ordinary morals and failure. It is for this reason that the unscrupulous are likely to be more successful in a society tending toward totalitarianism. Who does not see this has not yet grasped the full width of the gulf which separates totalitarianism from the essentially individualist Western civilization.

The totalitarian leader must collect around him a group which is prepared voluntarily to submit to that discipline which they are to impose

by force upon the rest of the people. That socialism can be put into practice only by methods which most socialists disapprove is, of course, a lesson learned by many social reformers in the past. The old socialist parties were inhibited by their democratic ideals, they did not possess the ruthlessness required for the performance of their chosen task. It is characteristic that both in Germany, and in Italy the success of fascism was preceded by the refusal of the socialist parties to take over the responsibilities of government. They were unwilling wholeheartedly to employ the methods to which they had pointed the way. They still hoped for the miracle of a majority agreeing on a particular plan for the organization of the whole of society. Others had already learned the lesson that in a planned society the question can no longer be on what do a majority of the people agree but what the largest single group is whose members agree sufficiently to make unified direction of all affairs possible.

There are three main reasons why such a numerous group, with fairly similar views, is not likely to be formed by the best but rather by the worst elements of any society.

First, the higher the education and intelligence of individuals become, the more their tastes and views are differentiated. If we wish to find a high degree of uniformity in outlook, we have to descend to the regions of lower moral and intellectual standards where the more primitive instincts prevail. This does not mean that the majority of people have low moral standards, it merely means that

the largest group of people whose values are very similar are the people with low standards.

Second, since this group is not large enough to give sufficient weight to the leader's endeavors, he will have to increase their numbers by converting more to the same simple creed. He must gain the support of the docile and gullible, who have no strong convictions of their own but are ready to accept a ready-made system of values if it is only drummed into their ears sufficiently loudly and frequently. It will be those whose vague and imperfectly formed ideas are easily swayed and whose passions and emotions are readily aroused who will thus swell the ranks of the totalitarian party.

Third, to weld together a closely coherent body of supporters, the leader must appeal to a common human weakness. It seems to be easier for people to agree on a negative program — on the hatred of an enemy, on the envy of those better off — than on any positive task.

The contrast between the "we" and the "they" is consequently always employed by those who seek the allegiance of huge masses. The enemy may be internal, like the 'Jew' in Germany or the 'kulak' in Russia, or he may be external. In any case, this technique has the great advantage of leaving the leader greater freedom of action than would almost any positive program.

Advancement within a totalitarian group or party depends largely on a willingness to do immoral things. The principle that the end justifies the means, which in individualist ethics

is regarded as the denial of all morals, in collectivist ethics becomes necessarily the supreme rule. There is literally nothing which the consistent collectivist must not be prepared to do if it serves "the good of the whole," because that is to him the only criterion of what ought to be done.

Once you admit that the individual is merely a means to serve the ends of the higher entity called society or the nation, most of those features of totalitarianism which horrify us follow of necessity. From the collectivist standpoint intolerance and brutal suppression of dissent, deception and spying, the complete disregard of the life and happiness of the individual are essential and unavoidable. Acts which revolt all our feelings, such as the shooting of hostages or the killing of the old or sick, are treated as mere matters of expediency, the compulsory uprooting and transportation of hundreds of thousands becomes an instrument of policy approved by almost everybody except the victims.

To be a useful assistant in the running of a totalitarian state, therefore, a man must be prepared to break every moral rule he has ever known if this seems necessary to achieve the end set for him. In the totalitarian machine there will be special opportunities for the ruthless and unscrupulous. Neither the Gestapo nor the administration of a concentration camp, neither the Ministry of Propaganda nor the SA or SS (or their Russian counterparts) are suitable places for the exercise of humanitarian feelings. Yet it is through such positions that the road to the highest positions in the totalitarian state leads.

A distinguished American econo-

mist, Professor Frank H. Knight, correctly notes that the authorities of a collectivist state "would have to do these things whether they wanted to or not and the probability of the people in power being individuals who would dislike the possession and exercise of power is on a level with the probability that an extremely tenderhearted person would get the job of whipping master in a slave plantation."

A further point should be made here.

Collectivism means the end of truth. To make a totalitarian system function efficiently, it is not enough that everybody should be forced to work for the ends selected by those in control, it is essential that the people should come to regard these ends as their own. This is brought about by propaganda and by complete control of all sources of information.

The most effective way of making people accept the validity of the values they are to serve is to persuade them that they are really the same as those they have always held, but which were not properly understood or recognized before. And the most efficient technique to this end is to use the old words but change their meaning. Few traits of totalitarian regimes are at the same time so confusing to the superficial observer and yet so characteristic of the whole intellectual climate as this complete perversion of language.

The worst sufferer in this respect is the word "liberty." It is a word used as freely in totalitarian states as elsewhere. Indeed, it could almost be said that wherever liberty as we know it has been destroyed this has been

done in the name of some new freedom promised to the people. Even among us we have planners who promise us a "collective freedom," which is as misleading as anything said by totalitarian politicians. "Collective freedom" is not the freedom of the members of society but the unlimited freedom of the planner to do with society that which he pleases. This is the confusion of freedom with power carried to the extreme.

It is not difficult to deprive the great majority of independent thought. But the minority who will retain an inclination to criticize must also be silenced. Public criticism or even expressions of doubt must be suppressed because they tend to weaken support of the regime. As Sidney and Beatrice Webb report of the position in every Russian enterprise: "Whilst the work is in progress, any public expression of doubt that the plan will be successful is an act of disloyalty and even of treachery because of its possible effect on the will and efforts of the rest of the staff."

Control extends even to subjects which seem to have no political significance. The theory of relativity, for instance, has been opposed as a "Semitic attack on the foundation of Christian and Nordic physics" and because it is "in conflict with dialectical materialism and Marxist dogma." Every activity must derive its justification from conscious social purpose. There must be no spontaneous, unguided activity, because it might produce results which cannot be foreseen and for which the plan does not provide.

The principle extends even to

games and amusements. I leave it to the reader to guess where it was that chess players were officially exhorted that "we must finish once and for all with the neutrality of chess. We must condemn once and for all the formula 'chess for the sake of chess'."

Perhaps the most alarming fact is that contempt for intellectual liberty is not a thing which arises only once the totalitarian system is established but can be found everywhere among those who have embraced a collectivist faith. The worst oppression is condoned if it is committed in the name of socialism. Intolerance of opposing ideas is openly extolled. The tragedy of collectivist thought is that, while it starts out to make reason supreme, it ends by destroying reason.

There is one aspect of the change in moral values brought about by the advance of collectivism which provides special food for thought. It is that the virtues which are held less and less in esteem in Britain and America are precisely those on which Anglo Saxons justly prided themselves and in which they were generally recognized to excel. These virtues were independence and self-reliance, individual initiative and local responsibility, the successful reliance on voluntary activity, noninterference with one's neighbor and tolerance of the different, and a healthy suspicion of power and authority.

Almost all the traditions and institutions which have molded the national character and the whole moral climate of England and America are those which the progress of collectivism and its centralistic tendencies are progressively destroying.

Planning vs the Rule of Law

NOTHING distinguishes more clearly a free country from a country under arbitrary government than the observance in the former of the great principles known as the Rule of Law. Stripped of technicalities, this means that government in all its actions is bound by rules fixed and announced beforehand -- rules that make it possible to foresee with fair certainty how the authority will use its coercive powers in given circumstances and to plan one's individual affairs on the basis of this knowledge. Thus, within the known rules of the game, the individual is free to pursue his personal ends, certain that the powers of government will not be used deliberately to frustrate his efforts.

Socialist economic planning necessarily involves the very opposite of this. The planning authority cannot tie itself down in advance to general rules which prevent arbitrariness.

When the government has to decide how many pigs are to be raised or how many buses are to run, which coal mines are to operate, or at what prices shoes are to be sold, these decisions cannot be settled for long periods in advance. They depend inevitably on the circumstances of the moment, and in making such decisions it will always be necessary to balance, one against the other, the interests of various persons and groups.

In the end somebody's views will have to decide whose interests are more important, and these views must become part of the law of the land. Hence the familiar fact that the more the state "plans," the more

difficult planning becomes for the individual.

The difference between the two kinds of rules is important. It is the same as that between providing signposts and commanding people which road to take.

Moreover, under central planning the government cannot be impartial. The state ceases to be a piece of utilitarian machinery intended to help individuals in the fullest development of their individual personality, and becomes an institution which deliberately discriminates between particular needs of different people, and allows one man to do what another must be prevented from doing. It must lay down by a legal rule how well off particular people shall be and what different people are to be allowed to have.

The Rule of Law, the absence of legal privileges of particular people designated by authority, is what safeguards that equality before the law which is the opposite of arbitrary government. It is significant that socialists (and Nazis) have always protested against merely "formal justice," that they have objected to law which had no views on how well off particular people ought to be, that they have demanded a "socialization of the law" and attacked the independence of judges.

In a planned society the law must legalize what to all intents and purposes remains arbitrary action. If the law says that such a board or authority may do what it pleases, anything that board or authority does is legal -- but its actions are certainly not subject to the Rule of Law.

By giving the government unlimited powers, the most arbitrary rule can be made legal, and in this way a democracy may set up the most complete despotism imaginable

The Rule of Law was consciously evolved only during the liberal age and is one of its greatest achievements. It is the legal embodiment of freedom. As Immanuel Kant put it, "man is free if he needs obey no person but solely the laws."

Is Planning "Inevitable"?

It is revealing that few planners today are content to say that central planning is desirable. Most of them affirm that we now are compelled to it by circumstances beyond our control.

One argument frequently heard is that the complexity of modern civilization creates new problems with which we cannot hope to deal effectively except by central planning. This argument is based upon a complete misapprehension of the working of competition. The very complexity of modern conditions makes competition the *only* method by which a coordination of affairs can be adequately achieved.

There would be no difficulty about efficient control or planning were conditions so simple that a single person or board could effectively survey all the facts. But as the factors which have to be taken into account become numerous and complex, no one center can keep track of them. The constantly changing conditions of demand and supply of different commodities can never be fully known, or quickly enough disseminated by any one center.

Under competition — and under no other economic order — the price system automatically records all the relevant data. Entrepreneurs, by watching the movement of comparatively few prices, as an engineer watches a few dials, can adjust their activities to those of their fellows.

Compared with this method of solving the economic problem — by decentralization plus automatic coordination through the price system — the method of central direction is incredibly clumsy, primitive, and limited in scope. It is no exaggeration to say that if we had had to rely on central planning for the growth of our industrial system, it would never have reached the degree of differentiation and flexibility it has attained. Modern civilization has been possible precisely because it did not have to be consciously created. The division of labor has gone far beyond what could have been planned. Any further growth in economic complexity, far from making central direction more necessary, makes it more important than ever that we should use the technique of competition and not depend on conscious control.

It is also argued that technological changes have made competition impossible in a constantly increasing number of fields and that our only choice is between control of production by private monopolies and direction by the government. The growth of monopoly, however, seems not so much a necessary consequence of the advance of technology as the result of the policies pursued in most countries.

The most comprehensive study of

this situation is that by the Temporary National Economic Committee, which certainly cannot be accused of an unduly liberal bias. The committee concludes "The superior efficiency of large establishments has not been demonstrated, the advantages that are supposed to destroy competition have failed to manifest themselves in many fields. The conclusion that the advantage of large scale production must lead inevitably to the abolition of competition cannot be accepted. It should be noted, moreover, that monopoly is frequently attained through collusive agreement and promoted by public policies. When these agreements are invalidated and these policies reversed, competitive conditions can be restored."

Anyone who has observed how aspiring monopolists regularly seek the assistance of the state to make their control effective can have little doubt that there is nothing inevitable about this development. In the United States a highly protectionist policy aided the growth of monopolies. In Germany the growth of cartels has since 1878 been systematically fostered by deliberate policy. It was here that, with the help of the state, the first great experiment in "scientific planning" and "conscious organization of industry" led to the creation of giant monopolies. The suppression of competition was a matter of deliberate policy in Germany, undertaken in the service of an ideal which we now call planning.

Great danger lies in the policies of two powerful groups, organized capital and organized labor, which

support the monopolistic organization of industry. The recent growth of monopoly is largely the result of a deliberate collaboration of organized capital and organized labor where the privileged groups of labor share in the monopoly profits at the expense of the community and particularly at the expense of those employed in the less-well-organized industries. However, there is no reason to believe that this movement is inevitable.

The movement toward planning is the result of deliberate action. No external necessities force us to it.

Can Planning Free Us from Care?

MOST PLANNERS who have seriously considered the practical aspects of their task have little doubt that a directed economy must be run on dictatorial lines, that the complex system of interrelated activities must be directed by staffs of experts, with ultimate power in the hands of a commander-in-chief whose actions must not be fettered by democratic procedure. The consolation our planners offer us is that this authoritarian direction will apply "only" to economic matters. This assurance is usually accompanied by the suggestion that, by giving up freedom in the less important aspects of our lives, we shall obtain freedom in the pursuit of higher values. On this ground people who abhor the idea of a political dictatorship often clamor for a dictator in the economic field.

The arguments used appeal to our best instincts. If planning really did free us from less important cares and so made it easier to render our exist-

ence one of plain living and high thinking who would wish to belittle such an ideal?

Unfortunately, purely economic ends cannot be separated from the other ends of life. What is misleadingly called the "economic motive" means merely the desire for general opportunity. If we strive for money, it is because money offers us the widest choice in enjoying the fruits of our efforts — once earned we are free to spend the money as we wish.

Because it is through the limitation of our money incomes that we feel the restrictions which our relative poverty still imposes on us, many have come to hate money as the symbol of these restrictions. Actually, money is one of the greatest instruments of freedom ever invented by man. It is money which in existing society opens an astounding range of choice to the poor man — a range greater than that which not many generations ago was open to the wealthy.

We shall better understand the significance of the service of money if we consider what it would really mean if, as so many socialists characteristically propose, the "pecuniary motive" were largely displaced by 'noneconomic incentives'. If all rewards, instead of being offered in money, were offered in the form of public distinctions, or privileges, positions of power over other men, better housing or food, opportunities for travel or education, this would merely mean that the recipient would no longer be allowed to choose, and that whoever fixed the reward would determine not only its size but the way in which it should be enjoyed.

The so-called economic freedom which the planners promise us means precisely that we are to be relieved of the necessity of solving our own economic problems and that the bitter choices which this often involves are to be made for us. Since under modern conditions we are for almost everything dependent on means which our fellow men provide, economic planning would involve direction of almost the whole of our life. There is hardly an aspect of it, from our primary needs to our relations with our family and friends, from the nature of our work to the use of our leisure, over which the planner would not exercise his "conscious control."

The power of the planner over our private lives would be hardly less effective if the consumer were nominally free to spend his income as he pleased, for the authority would control production.

Our freedom of choice in a competitive society rests on the fact that, if one person refuses to satisfy our wishes, we can turn to another. But if we face a monopolist we are at his mercy. And an authority directing the whole economic system would be the most powerful monopolist imaginable.

It would have complete power to decide what we are to be given and on what terms. It would not only decide what commodities and services are to be available and in what quantities, it would be able to direct their distribution between districts and groups and could, if it wishes, discriminate between persons to any degree it liked. Not our own view, but somebody else's view of what we

ought to like or dislike, would determine what we should get

The will of the authority would shape and "guide" our daily lives even more in our position as producers. For most of us the time we spend at our work is a large part of our whole lives, and our job usually determines the place where and the people among whom we live. Hence some freedom in choosing our work is probably even more important for our happiness than freedom to spend our income during our hours of leisure.

Even in the best of worlds this freedom will be limited. Few people ever have an abundance of choice of occupation. But what matters is that we have some choice, that we are not absolutely tied to a job which has been chosen for us, and that if one position becomes intolerable, or if we set our heart on another, there is almost always a way for the able, at some sacrifice, to achieve his goal. Nothing makes conditions more unbearable than the knowledge that no effort of ours can change them. It may be bad to be just a cog in a machine but it is infinitely worse if we can no longer leave it, if we are tied to our place and to the superiors who have been chosen for us.

In our present world there is much that could be done to improve our opportunities of choice. But "planning" would surely go in the opposite direction. Planning must control the entry into the different trades and occupations, on the terms of remuneration, or both. In almost all known instances of planning, the establishment of such controls and restric-

tions was among the first measures taken.

In a competitive society most things can be had at a price. It is often a cruelly high price. We must sacrifice one thing to attain another. The alternative, however, is not freedom of choice, but orders and prohibitions which must be obeyed.

That people should wish to be relieved of the bitter choice which hard facts often impose on them is not surprising. But few want to be relieved through having the choice made for them by others. People just wish that the choice should not be necessary at all. And they are only too ready to believe that the choice is not really necessary, that it is imposed upon them merely by the particular economic system under which we live. What they resent is, in truth, that there is an economic problem.

The wishful delusion that there is really no longer an economic problem has been furthered by the claim that a planned economy would produce a substantially larger output than the competitive system. This claim, however, is being progressively abandoned by most students of the problem. Even a good many economists with socialist views are now content to hope that a planned society will equal the efficiency of a competitive system. They advocate planning because it will enable us to secure a more equitable distribution of wealth. And it is indisputable that, if we want consciously to decide who is to have what, we must plan the whole economic system.

But the question remains whether the price we should have to pay for

the realization of somebody's ideal of justice is not bound to be more discontent and more oppression than was ever caused by the much-abused free play of economic forces

For when a government undertakes to distribute the wealth, by what principles will it or ought it to be guided? Is there a definite answer to the innumerable questions of relative merits that will arise?

Only one general principle, one simple rule, would provide such an answer: absolute equality of all individuals. If this were the goal, it would at least give the vague idea of distributive justice clear meaning. But people in general do not regard mechanical equality of this kind as desirable, and socialism promises not complete equality but "greater equality."

This formula answers practically no questions. It does not free us from the necessity of deciding in every particular instance between the merits of particular individuals or groups, and it gives no help in that decision. All it tells us in effect is to take from the rich as much as we can. When it comes to the distribution of the spoils, the problem is the same as if the formula of "greater equality" had never been conceived.

It is often said that political freedom is meaningless without economic freedom. This is true enough, but in a sense almost opposite from that in which the phrase is used by our planners. The economic freedom which is the prerequisite of any other freedom cannot be the freedom from economic care which the socialists promise us and which can be obtained only by relieving us of the power of choice. It

must be that freedom of economic activity which, together with the right of choice, carries also the risk and responsibility of that right.

Two Kinds of Security

LIKE the spurious "economic freedom" and with more justice, economic security is often represented as an indispensable condition of real liberty. In a sense this is both true and important. Independence of mind or strength of character is rarely found among those who cannot be confident that they will make their way by their own effort.

But there are two kinds of security: the certainty of a given minimum of sustenance for all and the security of a given standard of life, of the relative position which one person or group enjoys compared with others.

There is no reason why, in a society which has reached the general level of wealth ours has, the first kind of security should not be guaranteed to all without endangering general freedom: that is, some minimum of food, shelter and clothing, sufficient to preserve health. Nor is there any reason why the state should not help to organize a comprehensive system of social insurance in providing for those common hazards of life against which few can make adequate provision.

It is planning for security of the second kind which has such an insidious effect on liberty. It is planning, designed to protect individuals or groups against diminutions of their incomes.

If, as has become increasingly true, the members of each trade in which conditions improve are allowed to ex-

clude others in order to secure to themselves the full gun in the form of higher wages or profits, those in the trades where demand has fallen off have nowhere to go and every change results in large unemployment. There can be little doubt that it is largely a consequence of the striving for security by these means in the last decades that unemployment and thus insecurity have so much increased.

The utter hopelessness of the position of those who in a society which has thus grown rigid, are left outside the range of sheltered occupation can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. There has never been a more cruel exploitation of one class by another than that of the less fortunate members of a group of producers by the well established. This has been made possible by the "regulation" of competition. Few catch words have done so much harm as the ideal of a "stabilization" of particular prices or wages which, while securing the income of some, makes the position of the rest more and more precarious.

In England and America special privileges, especially in the form of the "regulation" of competition, the "stabilization" of particular prices and wages, have assumed increasing importance. With every grant of such security to one group the insecurity of the rest necessarily increases. If you guarantee to some a fixed part of a variable cake, the share left to the rest is bound to fluctuate proportionally more than the size of the whole. And the essential element of security which the competitive system offers, the great variety of opportunities, is more and more reduced.

The general endeavor to achieve security by restrictive measures, supported by the state has in the course of time produced a progressive transformation of society — a transformation in which, as in so many other ways Germany has led and the other countries have followed. This development has been hastened by another effect of socialist teaching, the deliberate disparagement of all activities involving economic risk and the moral opprobrium cast on the gains which make risks worth taking but which only few can win.

We cannot blame our young men when they prefer the safe salaried position to the risk of enterprise after they have heard from their earliest youth the former described as the superior, more unselfish and disinterested occupation. The younger generation of today has grown up in a world in which, in school and press, the spirit of commercial enterprise has been represented as disreputable and the making of profit as immoral, where to employ 100 people is represented as exploitation but to command the same number as honorable.

Older people may regard this as an exaggeration but the daily experience of the university teacher leaves little doubt that, as a result of anticapitalist propaganda, values have already altered far in advance of the change in institutions which has so far taken place. The question is whether, by changing our institutions to satisfy the new demands we shall not unwittingly destroy values which we still rate higher.

The conflict with which we have to deal is a fundamental one between two irreconcilable types of social or

ganization, which have often been described as the commercial and the military. In either both choice and risk rest with the individual or he is relieved of both. In the army, work and worker alike are allotted by authority and this is the only system in which the individual can be conceded full economic security. This security is, however, inseparable from the restrictions on liberty and the hierarchical order of military life — it is the security of the barracks.

In a society used to freedom it is unlikely that many people would be ready deliberately to purchase security at this price. But the policies which are followed now are nevertheless rapidly creating conditions in which the striving for security tends to become stronger than the love of freedom.

If we are not to destroy individual freedom, competition must be left to function unobstructed. Let a uniform minimum be secured to everybody by all means, but let us admit at the same time that all claims for a privileged security of particular classes must lapse, that all excuses disappear for allowing particular groups to exclude newcomers from sharing their relative prosperity in order to maintain a special standard of their own.

There can be no question that adequate security against severe privation will have to be one of our main goals of policy. But nothing is more fatal than the present fashion of intellectual leaders of extolling security at the expense of freedom. It is essential that we should relearn frankly

to face the fact that freedom can be had only at a price and that as individuals we must be prepared to make severe material sacrifices to preserve it.

We must regain the conviction on which liberty in the Anglo-Saxon countries has been based and which Benjamin Franklin expressed in a phrase applicable to us as individuals no less than as nations:

"Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Toward a Better World

TO BUILD a better world, we must have the courage to make a new start. We must clear away the obstacles with which human folly has recently encumbered our path and release the creative energy of individuals. We must create conditions favorable to progress rather than "planning progress."

It is not those who cry for more "planning" who show the necessary courage, nor those who preach a "New Order," which is no more than a continuation of the tendencies of the past 40 years, and who can think of nothing better than to imitate Hitler. It is indeed, those who cry loudest for a planned economy who are most completely under the sway of the ideas which have created this war and most of the evils from which we suffer.

The guiding principle in any attempt to create a world of free men must be this: A policy of freedom for the individual is the only truly progressive policy.

What becomes of the enterprise which has created
a great nation when *this* program gets going?

What's Behind Future Plans

Condensed from Newsweek

Ralph Robey

FOR WEEKS there has been one Washington rumor after another as to the ultimate program which is being planned for us. The stories all have been of a pattern which in such cases usually indicates that they are accurate. The various reports fit together into a cohesive program which should make all of us stop and do some hard thinking. Here are the main points:

1 There is to be established a National Production Council which is to be the over-all "planning agency" and will have the responsibility of controlling the entire economy.

2 Under the over-all agency will be a sub-agency or sub-council for each industry, composed of representatives from labor, management and Government.

3 The volume of production will be set by these councils for each industry, which means, of course, a quota for each company and plant in each industry. This production schedule will be set at such a level that in the aggregate it will insure "full employment."

4 To insure that the full production schedule is carried out the Government will perhaps even "guarantee" the companies against loss by

buying any products which cannot be sold on the open market.

5 No new company can enter any field without the approval of the appropriate industry council.

6 Price will be fixed for each commodity and permanently controlled by the planning agencies.

7 Wages also will be fixed and labor will be guaranteed an annual wage. All wage agreements will be certified by the planning agency and will be frozen a year at a time in order to prevent price schedules from being upset.

8 To offset an anticipated "\$125,000,000,000 deflationary gap" when war production stops, there must be no cutback of wages, and workers are to receive as much for 40 hours as they now receive for 48 hours.

9 An enormous program of Government expenditures and expansion of Government activities is to be undertaken. This is to include not only regional developments of the TVA type all over the country but housing, education, airport construction, both transcontinental and local road building, wholesale extension and increase of benefits of social security, and so forth.

This is said to be the specific pro-

gram of the CIO and its political affiliate the PAC. But from other sources it is clear that the thinking along this line is by no means limited to the CIO. And it also is clear that those whose thinking is following this path know exactly where they are headed.

For example take this excerpt from *The Wall Street Journal*: "Suppose a man wanted to open a new shoe factory. If he's got a new product that's needed, and the facilities and materials can be spared. OK," say the planners. But if the market is well supplied and leather is scarce, we would suggest some other line of endeavor. If he insisted on going into a business which was not approved, that would be antisocial—in the same class as opium smuggling—and police powers would have to be used."

Yes, those who are making these plans know exactly what they are doing. And make no mistake about whether they are smart. They are as

smart, and clever, and ruthless, and determined as any group in this country.

One further point. Do not expect this program ever to be presented as a whole for consideration by Congress. It will be brought out part by part, each apparently designed merely to meet a particular problem of pressing proportions. And every part will be carefully labeled with an innocuous name and wrapped around and around with beautiful and innocent sounding names especially prepared to cover up the real purpose and intent of the proposal.

So if you happen to be a believer in individual enterprise and freedom, watch for the component parts of this program. And don't be misled by someone's telling you that we are just taking a small step toward 'industrial democracy' or a 'planned economy.' Rather, remember that this same program when it was in effect in Italy was known as "Fascism." And today in Germany it goes under the name of 'Nazism.'

Additional Comments on *The Road to Serfdom*

"Sometimes it happens that a small book flashes a long light of warning and of hope. Such a book is *The Road to Serfdom*—one of the great liberal statements of our times."

—John Davenport in *Fortune*

In writing which is forceful and thoughtful, Mr. Hayek expresses the fear that the democracies are moving, step by step, in the same direction that Germany went. This book deserves wide and thoughtful reading."

—Chicago Sun

"The reader will emerge refreshed as from a great intellectual and venture."

—New York Herald Tribune

"Definitely, an important book. Nobody can read it without learning much to his advantage." —Howard Vincent O'Brien in *Chicago Daily News*

"A very important contribution to modern political thought. There is little doubt it will create a sensation in this country." —Kansas City Star

How Much Do You Know About Men?

Condensed from Woman's Home Companion

Amram Scheinfeld

WOMEN have always believed they understand men better than men understand them. Perhaps they do. But in recent years scientists have found some facts about men which will come as a surprise not only to women but to men themselves.

As you read the following statements, decide which is true, which false — always remembering, however, that we are talking in terms of averages. If you're right on only half the answers, you'll be doing very well.

Men's bodies are constructed more perfectly and efficiently than women's.

False. Males come into the world with many more malformations and organic weaknesses. Their bodies are more likely to get out of order, and chemically don't function as efficiently. The male body is superior only in muscular development.

Men age more rapidly than women.

True. Under average conditions, a man's body deteriorates more rapidly so that he is biologically older than a woman the same age. He is less resistant to most diseases, and with other hazards his remaining lifespan is shorter than the woman's.

A quiz proving that neither men nor women know all the facts about sex differences.

Tests have proved that men and women have the same intelligence.

False. Males are better in mechanical, arithmetical and abstract reasoning problems, females, in language, rote memory, social and esthetic tests. Because of these differences it is not possible to compare the intelligence of the sexes in equal terms.

Men are less emotional than women.

True. Some 50 of the best recent psychological studies are almost unanimous in indicating less emotional balance in women.

Men are less likely to be hysterical than women.

False. During the bombing of London there were more cases of hysteria among male civilians, and the recovery of men under treatment was less rapid than among women.

When faced with menacing problems or great suffering, men are more likely to commit suicide than women.

True. The male suicide rate is four times higher — in older age, almost

eight times higher — probably because men are conditioned by society to take their failures more seriously or because illness hits them harder. If this fact and the fact that men are more hysterical doesn't seem to square with the statement that women are more emotional, remember the story of the reed that stood up in the storm when the oak cracked. Women, giving in more readily to emotion, yield to strain; men, more rigid, may crack under it.

Men see color less well

True Color blindness is eight times commoner in males and interest in color develops more rapidly in girls than boys.

Men can't stand heat and cold, or severe exposure, as well as women.

True Women's bodies are better insulated with fat layers, and also function more efficiently in hormonal and chemical action.

Men's senses are less delicate than women's.

False The most careful scientific tests fail to show any important differences in sensitivity to pain, or in the senses of smell, touch or taste.

Men are generally inferior to women in manual dexterity.

True In aptitude tests, women are found to be superior where fine motions are required. The difference is revealed in early years, girls being able to button their clothes and to

manipulate doorknobs before boys can.

Men inherit more talent for art and music.

False Both sexes inherit equally whatever hereditary factors there are for talent, but natural inhibiting influences (the female functions, child-bearing, lesser drive) as well as social restraints prevent the expression of talent in women to the same degree as in men.

Men sleep more soundly than women.

False Male infants are more restless in their sleep and don't sleep as long as girl infants, and this difference characterizes the sexes in maturity.

Men are less intuitive.

True Girls from earliest ages are more observant and conscious of people than boys. As they grow older, women develop the power. This is helped along by the need of mothers to understand their children, sick people — and husbands.

Men are less concerned with their appearance than women.

False It is only in this country and in Europe as a result of social changes in the last century that men are interested in their dress. Among most of the world's population men are full, as vain and dress-conscious as women and often spend more time and money on their appearance.



How can Christianity meet today's challenge
while divided over creed and ritual?

That the Church May Truly Live

Condensed from an address by *John D. Rockefeller, Jr*

Before the Protestant Council of the City of New York

SHORTLY after this World War began there was presented a picture so horrible it hardly seemed that it could be true. It appeared that hell had broken loose and that millions of evil spirits had become incarnate and were committing atrocities and acts of cruelty beyond belief.

In the face of this awful picture it is not strange that we should ask ourselves "Has Christianity failed?"

But the war has painted another picture. In it we see millions of men and women who are exemplifying in their daily lives unselfishness, generosity, loyalty and self-sacrifice which command the admiration of the world. These people are reflecting Christ's spirit. Yet many of them have no church affiliations, for too often the church seems to them quite apart from their lives, an institution which has little contact with or understanding of their problems, since theirs is fundamentally a religion of deeds, not of creeds, expressed in life, not in words.

As we view this picture we say with renewed faith "Christianity has not failed, churches may have failed but never was Christianity a more vital force in human life than it is today."

Nevertheless, if this unorganized

spiritual force is to be conserved the Christian Church must have a new birth. These noble men and women, many of whom have sacrificed their all, must find in the church the recognition, the association and the inspiration which they need and have a right to expect.

Let us picture, for a moment, this reborn church.

It would be the Church of the Living God.

Its terms of admission would be love for God. It is He is revealed in Christ and His living spirit, and the vital translation of that love into a Christlike life. Its atmosphere would be one of warmth, freedom and joy, welcoming to its fellowship all those who are striving to live useful and worthy lives. It would pronounce ordinance, ritual, creed all nonessential for admission into the Kingdom of God or His church. A life, not a creed, would be the test. As its first concern it would encourage Christian living, even days a week, 52 weeks a year. It would be the church of all the people, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low — a true democracy.

Its ministers would be trained not only in the seminaries but in some form of work a day life so that they might acquire a personal knowledge

of practical problems. Thus they would live in closer touch with humanity, would better understand and sympathize with human difficulties, and would exert their influence as much in living as in preaching.

I see all denominational emphasis set aside. I see cooperation, not competition.

In the large cities I see great religious centers, strongly supported, ably led, inspiring their members to participation in all community matters. In smaller places, instead of half a dozen dying churches competing with each other, I see one or two strong churches, uniting the Christian life of the town.

I see the church through its members molding the thought of the world and leading in all great movements. I see it literally establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

Shall some such vision as this be realized? Upon the answer depends in large measure the future of the Christian Church.

There is another motive for a united church, no less compelling. It is the necessity for cooperation if the forces of righteousness are to triumph in the eternal warfare against the forces of evil. The forces of evil, united on the common ground of their nefarious interests, are ever ready for aggressive action. The forces of righteousness are frequently so preoccupied with their petty differences that their attack upon the common foe is scattered and ineffective.

Were Christ to come to earth again, can we imagine that He would regard the observance or nonobservance of various ordinances and forms, or the manner in which they are ob-

served, as of sufficient importance to justify controversy among His followers, and their separation into rival factions? Let creed, ritual, Biblical interpretation, theology all be used to enrich worship, and to bring the believer into a fuller understanding of Him whom we worship, as each individual or separate church may find them helpful toward that end. But God forbid that they should ever be regarded as a substitute for that personal, spiritual relation between the soul and its God which is the essence of true religion, or that they should be set up as barriers to the Church of the Living God.

What the world craves today is a more spiritual and less formal religion. To the man or woman facing death, great conflict, the big problems of human life, the forms of religion are of minor concern, while the spirit of religion is a desperately needed source of comfort and strength.

If the various divisions of the church as organized today catch the vision and have the breadth, tolerance and courage to set aside all nonessentials, all barriers, if they will stand upon the bedrock principles of God's love and Christ's living spirit, "not satisfied," as Donald Hankey has said, "until the church is the church of all good men and women, until all good thoughts and deeds are laid at the feet of the Lord of all good life" the Church of the Living God will come into being, ushering in a new era of Christian unity.

What an opportunity! What a duty! In God's name I ask, does any one dare let it pass?

What I have said thus far is the substance of an address which I made

during the first World War. The convictions then expressed have only grown upon me with the passing years. I voice them now with even greater assurance as to their timeliness and present applicability. The bitter lessons taught by World War I have not saved us from the vastly greater conflagration of today. Nor has the church during the past quarter century put its house in order and with unity of action opposed the advancing hordes of the godless.

Today, as always, humanity craves the substance of religion while churches too often emphasize the form. Men have long looked to the church for religious training and spiritual inspiration that they may acquire both the knowledge and the will to take right action in their daily lives. Their natural craving for religious guidance must not be repelled by alphabetic lists of denominational churches and agencies when what they seek is so fundamental. Rather should they be able to get in any Christian church, whatever the style of its architecture or the shade of its belief, the spiritual wisdom and strength which they need to fit them for practical daily living. To say that no progress has been

made toward the resolving of denominational barriers during this quarter century would be unjust to various groups which have made definite advance along those lines. But no broadly conceived, concerted movement to that end is under way which has a general participation.

Yet the artificial nature of such barriers has been made apparent many times during this war. On February 3, 1943, the cargo transport *Dorchester* was torpedoed and sunk in iceberg waters, 90 miles from Greenland. As the ship went down, four chaplains—one Catholic, one a Jew, two Protestants—were on the deck encouraging the men and passing out life belts. When there were no life belts left they took off their own and gave them away. These chaplains were last seen standing arm in arm praying.

As they went to their death, united in the service of their common Lord, so let us, the living members of the great religious faiths they represent, go forward shoulder to shoulder as a united army fighting evil, establishing righteousness, brothers in service of the one God and Father of us all!

WHEN a squadron of B 25 pilots of the Fifth Air Force was briefed for a mission to Alkushafen, New Guinea, the target was St. Michael's Cathedral, run by American and Dutch missionaries before the war, but now used by the Japanese as a storeroom. The pilots were upset. Never before had they been asked to bomb a church. They took their problem to Chaplain Eugene J. Reilly, who told them there was no doubt that the cathedral had become a military objective. The following day the B 25's leveled the church.

When the pilots got home, they started a collection in the bomber group, and within two days had \$1314. They asked Father Reilly to send it to the fathers of the church, to start a new and greater St. Michael's."—Robert Shippen in *American*

THE NAZIS BURY THEIR FACTORIES

Condensed from *The American Mercury* + + + *Edwin Muller*

Almost a third of Germany's essential war goods are now produced deep — and safe — under the ground

+

BY D DAY last June, our bombers and those of Britain had almost knocked out the German aircraft industry, and we had undisputed control of the air. In the months that followed, we continued to bomb the aircraft factories, preventing repairs. We also pounded other German war industries — tanks, guns and motor transport. It looked as if Hitler's war machine could never again mount a great offensive.

And yet — it did.

When von Rundstedt lashed out in December, he filled the air with swarms of new planes, the latest models. He used tanks, artillery and motor transport on a lavish scale. Meanwhile the flying bomb and rockets in growing numbers were harassing our rear.

Where did all this new material of war come from? One answer is: From great new factories hundreds of feet deep in the earth.

Germany has been frantically — and successfully — clawing her way underground. It is estimated that by February 1, 1945, about 30 percent of her essential war production was below ground, beyond the reach of our bombers. This development not only affected the strategy of the war in Europe but also poses new and

serious problems for the war against Japan. And for any great war of the future it raises fantastic probabilities.

I have just visited one of these weird subterranean factories.

In the rough hill country of the Ardennes, near the border of France and Luxemburg is a long, winding valley dotted with mines and factories, grimy with coal dust and smoke. Midway down the valley is the village of Ihl, a straggling row of dingy shacks. A side road turns off the village street and abruptly disappears into a hillside. It's an inconspicuous hole — the entrance to an old mine.

Our reconnaissance fliers never knew it was there. Yet each morning more than 5000 workers entered that hole, together with great quantities of sheet metal and other raw material. Every day there came out of it more than 100 flying bombs, ready to be hauled to the launching sites.

My guide and I lit our miners' lamps, mounted a flatcar and went clanging through the darkness of the narrow tunnel. Every few hundred feet was the entrance of a side tunnel. After nearly two miles the car stopped. The lamps showed dimly that we were in a high, vaulted chamber, perhaps 60 feet wide by 150 feet long. There was a concrete floor, the unfinished walls and ceiling were white-washed. We picked our way through crowded machineery, went through a

short passage into another such chamber, then another and another. Our footsteps echoed in the dead silence. After 20 rooms I lost count. I was told that I'd seen less than half of them. All had been blasted out of solid rock by workmen driven to utmost speed by their German bosses.

Hundreds of first-class machines stood in the orderly rows of a long assembly line: motors, lathes, milling and grinding machines, drill presses, electric spot-welding machines, gas welding equipment, band saws, pickling tanks. Some of them were of German make, some Italian, French, American. I saw an electric motor made by a St. Louis company, and five drill presses from New Hampshire and Connecticut. There were neat piles of sheet aluminum boxes full of miscellaneous parts. In one room there were a dozen or more almost completed fuselages. All stood just as the workmen had abandoned them before the advancing Allies.

Power to run the machines came from outside, but in the event that the power line was broken by Allied bombing, stand-by generators were at hand. Excavating machinery was kept near the main entrance in case it should be closed by bombing.

This huge subterranean factory was worked by slave labor, women as well as men — probably 10,000 Russians, Poles, Czechs, Italians. The equipment was designed to require minimum intelligence on the part of the operator. Such designing, in which the Germans have made great progress during the war, explains the high production they have been able to get from their unwilling, unskilled slaves. This factory needed only a few

German bosses and engineers, plus a tough gang of Gestapo guards.

The workers lived under prison conditions. Some were housed in the villages of the valley, crowded ten or 15 in a room, most were kept in hastily erected barracks. They slept on sacks of straw on the floor. Breakfast was a cup of ersatz coffee and five ounces of black bread. Lunch was a quart of potato or turnip soup. Supper, one third of an ounce of sausage and another five ounces of bread.

The German supervisors worked three eight-hour shifts, the laborers two 12-hour shifts. Hours were from six to six. In the early dawn the long lines guarded by Gestapo men would be marched to the entrance, jammed into flatcars, and hauled into the factory. The work chambers, lighted by electricity, were well ventilated, not so much for the benefit of the workers as to prevent deterioration of the machines. Apparently no sanitation facilities were provided.

Men who have worked in the factory can't describe the noise. At the recollection they get wild-eyed and hold their heads in their hands. Such machines as punch presses make a tremendous din. And all the machines were driven at top speed. In those reverberating chambers the noise was magnified to an overwhelming roar.

On the walls were many posters. Some were political instruction: "You are now an employee of the German Reich. Your salute must be 'Heil Hitler!'" Some were highly imaginative pictures of the destruction which the flying bombs were supposed to be visiting on the enemy. But most were warnings to those who might flee in

their work. There were graphic pictures of the various punishments—flogging, deprivation of food and water. The bosses and Gestapo men walked up and down the line, checking on production. Every once in a while some laggard would be hauled out of line and made an example of before the others.

There was never any rebellion. After work, stunned by noise and fatigue, the workers could do no more than stumble home, fall on their straw mattresses and sleep. Having inspected this and other factories, our Army Intelligence is not disposed to count much on uprisings of the slave labor of Germany.

Scores of such well organized underground factories have been found in the caves and tunnels of the liberated countries. And those we have discovered in France, Belgium and Luxemburg were crude compared to what we shall find inside the Reich.

Moving industries underground was an afterthought of the Germans. At the beginning of the war they were sure that the Reich was safe from air attack. Then they began to worry about the development of the big multi-gunned bombers, the Lancasters and Halifaxes in England, the Fortresses and Liberators in America. After the 1000 plane British raid on Cologne in 1941, they decided to take action. Planning and survey required a year, by the middle of 1943 underground installation was well under way. The move was made in well-planned sequence, no firm moving all at once or ceasing production while it moved. Whenever possible they chose a mine shaft, cave or aban-

doned railway tunnel that entered the side of a hill, so that the entrance was protected against bombing. When they had to use an entrance without this natural protection they covered the first 100 feet or so with concrete, ten to 30 feet thick.

Some of the plants employ more than 10,000 men. There are also underground storerooms for bombs, shells, planes and oil. After the great raid on Ploestmundt,* the V-1 and V-2 factories and laboratories went almost entirely underground. It is likely that a large part of Germany's lighter industry, such as the manufacture of small arms and ammunition, electrical instruments and precision tools is also safe beneath the surface. Manufacture of tanks, locomotives and heavy artillery requires ponderous machines and immense floor space, yet we know of at least one locomotive factory below ground.

The Germans haven't yet solved the problem for some industries. Steel, for example. You can't operate a blast furnace in a cave. Nor is it practicable to put an oil refinery below the surface.

How can our bombers attack underground factories effectively? The answer is: They can't. Occasionally we may block an entrance, but at best that means only a brief interruption of work. We can bomb the rail lines leading into the factory, but rail lines can be restored. So far the only way to destroy an underground factory is to capture it.

It's too late for the Germans to dig themselves in completely. But the

* See *Forty Minutes That Changed the War*. The Reader's Digest, October 44.

Japanese, who also live in a land of hills, mines and caves, may have time to do more

All of this suggests a new conception of the next war. In preparing for it the nations surely will not neglect this most impregnable of defenses. They will create subterranean sites especially designed and excavated for factories. All the essential plants now on the surface will be duplicated underground. There will also be sub-surface living quarters, hospitals, schools, churches, recreation areas. Last stocks of food will be stored

The war will start not by old-fashioned declaration but by salvos of thousands of rocket bombs flying across the frontier — or across the ocean. As the structures on the surface begin to crumble, whole populations will dive underground like frightened woodchucks. Soon the surface of the earth will be almost empty of life — an inferno of fire, explosions, poison gases.

Inhabitants of Mars, observing all this, may be quite puzzled as to the direction which this civilization of ours is taking.

Wartime Newsreel

BUS trolley and subway standees will be interested in the experience of Joseph Barnes, foreign editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Returning from England in a bomber, he had to stand up all the way from Iceland! — *NY Herald Tribune*

CHippewa Indians still remaining on Beaver Island in northern Lake Michigan retain the tribal custom of providing a deceased tribesman with provender for his journey to the Happy Hunting Ground. When their Chief, Johnny Antwine, died, his followers placed on his coffin a bowl of fruit, drinking water, and last of all his ration books. — (Contributed by John D. and Lake

In due time came a response stating that the Dumbarton Oaks pamphlet was not yet in print. But "the communication added helpfully, 'you might be interested in another pamphlet which we have available. Inclosed was a pamphlet on the conditioning of oak furniture

At Bridgeport, Conn., a butcher tired of saying "No meat today," hung up a cow's tail with a ribbon round it and a sign "That's all that's left."

— *James T. Howard in PM*

A FRIEND of ours serving on the board of the League of Women Voters has been much interested in the Dumbarton Oaks conference. Hearing that a pamphlet had been printed on the subject, she wrote the Government Printing Office at Washington for a copy.

CHOOSING on a piece of roll in a New York restaurant, a young woman gazed vainly toward her empty water glass to enlist the aid of a waitress who for a wonder was standing idly nearby. When she could get sufficient breath to gasp out a request for water, the waitress responded politely, "I'm sorry, madam, but that is not my table."

— *Contributed by Elsie McKeogh*

The Beard of Joseph Palmer

The strange history
of the rise and fall of
whiskers in America

Condensed from *The American Scholar* + + *Stewart Holbrook* + +

ONE of the unsung individualists who helped to make the United States a better place to live was Joseph Palmer of Fitchburg, Mass. He is forgotten now, and this is bad forgetting, for Palmer was of a race of men that is all but extinct.

Palmer was the victim of one of the strangest persecutions in history. Neither race nor religion played a part in his case. It was brought about by a beard, one of the most magnificent growths ever seen in New England or, for that matter, in the United States.

Joe Palmer came of sturdy old Yankee stock. His father had served in the Revolution and Joe himself had carried a musket in 1812. He was 42 years old in 1830, when he moved from his nearby farm into the hustling village of Fitchburg, where his beard immediately became the butt of cruel jokes and derision. But before relating the violence that ensued, it is imperative to trace briefly the history of whiskers in America.

This continent was explored by men of many nationalities, almost all of them wearing whiskers. Coates, Champlain, Drake, Raleigh, Captain John Smith, De Soto—all sported whiskers of varying length and style. Then came the Pilgrims and the Puritans, bearded almost to a man. But the beards of the first settlers didn't last; they were grad-

ually reduced in size until they were scarcely more than mild goatees, and by 1720 they had disappeared entirely. The fighting men of the Revolution were beardless. Not a mustache or a suspicion of a mutton chop appeared on the faces of Washington, Gates, Greene or Ethan Allen. No signer of the Declaration had either beard or mustache.

And so it continued down the years. No President before Lincoln had any hair on his face. Until 1838 the cartoonists pictured Uncle Sam as smooth-shaven. America did not really go hairy until the Civil War was well under way.

Thus when Joe Palmer came to Fitchburg wearing a beard, whiskers had been virtually nonexistent for at least a hundred years. In spite of his handsome oddity, Palmer was in the best, kindly man and a good citizen, deeply religious but tolerant, a man of many intellectual interests. He was also quite immovable when it came to principles, which in his case included the right to wear a flowing beard.

Everywhere he went small boys threw stones and shouted at him. Women sniffed and crossed to the other side of the street when they saw him coming. Often the windows of his modest home were broken by rowdies. Grown men jeered at him openly.

By 1840, Joe Palmer was a na-

ional character, made so by two events that happened in quick succession. In spite of the snubs of the congregation, Joe never missed a church service, but one Sunday he quite justifiably lost his temper. It was a Communion Sunday. Joe knelt with the rest, only to be publicly humiliated when the officiating clergyman "passed him by with the Communion bread and wine." But to the quick, he rose up and strode to the Communion table, lifted the cup to his lips, and took a mighty swig. Then he went home.

A few days later as he was coming out of the Fitchburg Hotel he was seized by four men armed with hairs brush, soap and razor. They told him that the town sentiment was that his beard should come off, and threw him violently to the ground, injuring his back and head. But Joe managed to get an old jackknife out of his pocket. He laid about him wildly cutting two of his assailants in their legs, not seriously but sufficiently to discourage any further work. When Joe stood up, hurt and bleeding, his gorgeous beard was intact.

Presently he was arrested, charged with "unprovoked assault." He refused to pay his fine. Matter of principle, he said. He was put in the city jail at Worcester and there he remained for more than a year part of the time in solitary confinement. Even here he had to fight for his whiskers. Once the jailor came with several men with the idea of removing the

famous beard, but Joe fought so furiously that the mob retreated without a hair. He also successfully repulsed at least two attempts by prisoners to shave him.

In jail Joe wrote letters in which he stated that he was in there not for assault but because he chose to wear

whiskers — which was unquestionably the case. His son had the letters published in the Worcester Spy. Other papers picked them up. Soon people all over Massachusetts began to talk, and the sheriff realized he had a Tarrar and possibly a mutiny on his hands. He told Joe to run along home and forget it. No said Joe. The jailor urged him to leave. His aged mother wrote him to come home. All

in vain. Nothing could move the Bearded Prisoner of Worcester. He sat there in a chair like a whiskered Buddha until the desperate sheriff and jailors picked him up in his chain and carried him to the street.

Never again was violence attempted on Joe Palmer's beard. Free now he soon became active in the fight against slavery. He went to Boston often for Abolitionist meetings, contributing both time and money to the cause. He met Emerson and Thoreau, who found him the possessor of much good sense, and he became widely known.

In place of persecution Joe now found himself something of a hero. The years crept on and with them his beard spread like a willow. A photograph taken at this time shows a



Joe Palmer, abolitionist who fought for his right — and his whiskers.

growth that makes Walt Whitman seem a beardless youth in comparison. And at last, many years before he died, the whiskers of all America came into their fullest glory. The Second Coming of the beard was sudden, an almost instantaneous wilderness of hair that covered the face of male America.

One cannot know with certainty the reason Lincoln when elected was smooth-shaven, but when inaugurated wore a beard. Grant, the lieutenant, had worn a tiny mustache, Grant, the general, had a full beard. Robert E. Lee went smooth of face to war and was presently full bearded. Nearly all the Civil War generals were peering out of whiskers by 1862, and so were their men. General Ambrose E. Burnside gave his name to a special type of whiskers.

Baseball players of the '60s and '70s, as depicted by the careful Currier & Ives, had whiskers. Bankers grew a style all their own. Razors went into the discard and vendors of quack beard-growers swarmed into the new market. The proper gift to a male was an elegant mustache cup. Whiskers became a sign of solid worth, a badge of integrity. All over America were full beards, Vanduykes, goatees, Galways, Dundrearies, nut-ton chops, burnsides, fringe beards, and millions of stupendous mustaches.

And old Joe Palmer was immensely happy, a true prophet who had lived to see his justification. He died in 1875 when beards were at their fullest, and was thus spared the dreadful sight of their withering and final disappearance.

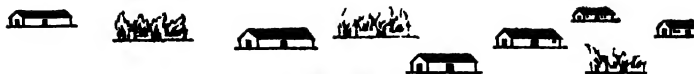
The decline of the whisker during

the next 35 years has engrossed a few of us minor historians. But Mr. Lewis Gannett has ably charted it, using for data the graduating classes of his alma mater, Harvard University. His studies show that graduates in the 1860's were hairy as goats. But in 1872 a majority were wearing only mustaches and burnsides. By 1890 beards and burnsides (sideburns are the same thing, only there isn't so much to them) were distinctly obsolete, and the mustache was at its peak.

Decline now followed with tragic speed. The class of 1900 was without one beard. The last Harvard football mustache appeared in 1901, the last baseball mustache in 1905.

The White House witnessed a similar decline. From Lincoln through Taft only one man without at least a mustache was elected to the Presidency—McKinley. But beginning with Wilson in 1912 and continuing to the present, no President has worn hair on his face. Many thought it was his beard that defeated Hughes in 1916, and his was for years the only beard on the once heavily whiskered Supreme Court.

Old Joe Palmer, then, died exactly the right time, and he took some pains to make certain that he was not wholly forgotten. In the old cemetery in North Leominster, not far from Fitchburg, is his monument, a rugged square stone as tall as a man, and on its front is a carving of Joe's head, with its noble beard flowing and rippling in white marble. Below the head appears a simple legend: "Persecuted for Wearing the Beard."



Hell's a-Poppin' in Kansas

Condensed from *Chemistry*

Paul W. Kearney

THOUSANDS of manufacturing plants go for years without a fire—and their first fire is often their last. But in Sunflower, Kansas, 35 miles west of Kansas City, there is a factory that averages *150 outbreaks a day* in one division with a recent high mark of *259 fires* in a single 24 hour period. This factory is one of the largest powder plants in the world, picked with sudden death. Yet it has the lowest accident rate in American industry.

Sunflower Ordnance Works, built by the Government, is operated by Hercules Powder Company under the jurisdiction of U. S. Army Ordnance. Covering an area of 40 square miles, dotted with nearly 5000 buildings, it is one of five plants that manufacture for Army and Navy the new powder used to propel rockets. This rocket or jet propulsion powder, called JP for short, must burn at a furious rate.*

It is on the JP lines at Sunflower where 60 percent of the operators are girls, that the 150 daily fires occur. Yet so efficient is the protection provided that there have been no fatalities, and only 17 'lost time' injuries. These workers, handling the most

Fires break out every few minutes at the Sunflower Ordnance plant where girls handle our new rocket powder, most treacherous ever made, yet the girls are safer than they would be at home.

treacherous powder ever made, are actually four times safer on the job than they would be at home.

The combined Army Navy rocket program now calls for \$150,000,000 worth of rocket powder a month. Thirty months ago no one in this country knew how to make it. When Army Ordnance asked the Hercules people to get going on a JP plant in August 1942, two Hercules engineers and an Ordnance officer rushed to England to get the formulas which the British had learned from the French and Germans.

Back home the Americans saw ways to speed up British methods. Nearly every time-saving change, however, introduced greater risk and called for more elaborate safety precautions. For example, after the British mix the powder they dry it for 24 hours before rolling it, our men reasoned that by heating the rollers the stuff could be dried and rolled in one operation. Since JP is nearly 50 percent nitrogenous as contrasted with a maximum of 20 percent in other powders, this proposal was appalling, but so were the production figures anticipated by the armed forces. Accordingly, safety men were called in to take out the risk.

JP manufacture begins by treating

* See *War's Screaming Infant Prodigy*, *The Reader's Digest*, March, 45

cotton with nitric acid to produce nitrocellulose or guncotton. This is mixed with nitroglycerin and other ingredients and agitated into a goo, or slurry, in huge tanks equipped with rubber-bladed beaters. When you peer into a tank your spine tingles as you realize that it is whipping up nitroglycerin and guncotton much as your wife whips up the batter for a cake. But the calm confidence of the experienced powder men soon dissipates your fears. Before long you even grin halfheartedly when you hear them refer to the nitro tank-cart as the "angel buggy."

These people know how close to disaster they are all the time, and they don't miss a trick in the avoidance of trouble. Workers in danger areas know that the mere possession of a "strike anywhere" match means instant dismissal. Buildings are kept to a minimum size and spaced wide apart.

Even the number of occupants is rigidly restricted; if five persons is the limit, an employee has to come out before a visitor will be admitted. Every hazardous building is surrounded by earthen barricades, 12 feet thick at the base, to divert any possible explosion upward. The buildings have escape chutes instead of stairs, lead floors to minimize sparking hazards, and many other safeguards.

By the time the slurry leaves the mixing houses it is dried into a slightly moist paste and transferred to the roll houses. About six pounds of this paste is dumped onto a pair of bulky steel rollers heated to 210 degrees. Working somewhat like a wringer, these rolls compress the paste into a sheet resembling a black

rubber blanket. It is here that most of the fires occur.

Each girl operator wears a trim white uniform, safety shoes, gloves, a turban, and a plastic mask which covers her face and has a bib that tucks into the neck of her coveralls to protect her throat. All cloth garments are flameproofed.

The roll house (there are scores) is a low building about 100 feet long with a roofed porch or boardwalk running its entire length. A house contains four bays, each with a rolling machine and operator; each bay is provided with two exit doors. A fiber bucket of powder, in pastelike form from the mixing houses, is delivered to her at the outer door by a helper. She walks in some 25 feet and empties the stuff on the rolls. From that moment on she never turns her back on the machine.

She retreats to the inner door of the bay, where the control levers are situated, and starts and stops the rollers several times until the powder is evenly distributed on the cylinders. She then moves in again and empties a small envelope of chemical into the powder, leaning over to smooth the mixture. Backing away once more, she reaches behind her for a broom and returns to brush off the machine and the tray under the rollers. Then walking backward as an animal tamer does in a lion's cage, she replaces the broom.

The rolls are now started on their run which, in four or five minutes, will "cook" and compress the powder into its blanket form. The girl sits down in a chair on the porch to watch the timer. At the prescribed time she returns to the controls, flips a lever

and a blade slices the powder blanket off the rollers, dropping it into the tray beneath. As she does this the operator peeps cautiously around the door jamb, for it is during this operation that most of the fires occur.

Invariably fires are preceded by an ominous crackling which is the gul's cue to dart out. The gas pressure generated in a split second is terrific and can often be felt out in the open, ten feet or more from the machine.

One girl was pinned against the wall by it — "as if a giant had grabbed me and slammed me against the boards." Another girl was bowled off her feet by the blast; she had the presence of mind to stay on the floor and roll out the doorway.

Although there are only six pounds of powder in most of the machines, the stuff burns like a huge blowtorch. Long tongues of flame pour out, followed by clouds of yellowish, choking smoke, often chunks of flaming powder are flung in all directions. I was standing ten feet outside the outer door when I saw my first fire here, and my hat was almost blown off by the fierce gust of pressure.

Yet the machines where these fires occur are in operation again within 10 minutes. The fire never gets beyond its point of origin. The explanation of this miracle lies in the ingenious protection system, designed and perfected before ground was broken for the new JP powder division. C. L. Jones, Hercules safety engineer, called in the engineers of the Automatic Sprinkler Corporation of America and said, "I want you to design a sprinkler system that will operate in a half second or less."

The engineers went home mumbling to themselves, for even the fastest systems took three seconds. However, they succeeded in developing a system which puts a torrent of water on a fire in a half second, and has frequently done it in one fifth of a second.

The deluge system is installed as an integral part of each machine. Hyper-sensitive detectors are set just a few inches above and behind the rollers. The machine is flanked by open fog nozzles and other nozzles cover the remainder of the room and the operator. When the temperature of the powder rises suddenly, as it does just before a fire, the detectors trip the valve mechanisms, sending water out of each nozzle at the rate of about 35 gallons per minute. A deluge blankets the machines, the entire room and its exits. Most of the fires are put out in five seconds, with much of the powder still unburned.

New girls, who break in as helpers delivering powder, are likely to be jittery when they first go on the machines but their nervousness passes with their first fire. "With fires popping around you all day long," one explained, "you can't help but get used to it." Getting wet and having your hair-do mussed, she said, was the worst hazard involved.

A few months ago a worker suffered a reportable injury, which spoiled Sunflower Ordnance's outstanding safety record of 1,125,000 man-hours without an accident. This employee was a carpenter. Surrounded by 40 square miles of sudden death, he slipped off a roof and wrenched his back.

Must a great postwar housing program be hamstrung by restrictive and obsolete building codes kept in force by pressure groups?

Can We Break the Building Blockade?

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Robert Lasch

LAST SPRING the city of Chicago, groping for some way of converting 22 square miles of slums into decent residential areas, sought to revise its building code. When the question came before a City Council committee, few citizens were on hand. But Paddy Sullivan was there to block the adoption of modernized building regulations. Paddy is president of the Building Trades Council and spokesman for the established craft unions of the construction industry. Frequently, by accident or design, he is also the spokesman of business interests which, like the unions, have a real or imagined stake in traditional construction methods.

Paddy and his counterparts elsewhere pack a hefty political punch. This is one reason why many cities have found it impossible to keep their building codes up to date, why home construction often bogs down under artificial costs, why ordinances originally intended to establish standards of safety and sanitation have grown into protective walls surrounding entrenched materials and labor.

Our national housing needs can be conservatively estimated at a minimum of 1,000,000 new *low cost* dwellings a year for at least ten postwar years. To achieve this annual output,

ways must be found to reduce costs without impairing quality of construction.

The kind of code that Paddy Sullivan wants to maintain in Chicago keeps the average cost of a house somewhere above \$6000. To make new housing available to more people, our goal must be production of the same house for \$4000 or less.

Chicago's experience with building codes might serve as a warning to other cities. The city set out to revise its code in 1927. For 11 years pressure from the entrenched interests prevented any action at all. When the City Council took up the ordinance at last, it quietly strangled nearly all the recommendations of a committee of experts. Clause by clause, progressive measures encouraging the use of new materials and methods in home building were deleted. The new code finally enacted into law required in general the same type of construction that had prevailed for 30 years.

In 1933, Chicagoans had gazed with admiration on modern types of construction exhibited at the World's Fair. In 1938 their City Council outlawed most of these innovations. When it was proposed to permit use of metal or fiber board for exterior sheathing, as alternatives to lumber,

aldermen raised a horrified cry of "tin and paper" houses. At the same time, however, fabricated steel dwellings were prohibited, one alderman solemnly declaring that in case of fire such a house would fry the occupants as in a skillet.

Cellular steel and concrete floors, used safely for years on railroad bridges, were ruled out for home construction. When the matter of perforated brick arose, the council decided to specify the exact location of the perforations. This had the incidental effect of compelling outside manufacturers either to make a special brick for Chicago or to yield the field to local interests.

Nothing illustrated the forces at work better than the case of plaster walls. Experts said that wallboard and other dry-wall methods provided fire protection equal to that of wet plaster, and proposed to permit use of these materials. At the instance of the plasterers' union, aldermen changed the provision by requiring that any substitute have the same total thickness as a traditional wall. Mayor Edward J. Kelly, about to come up for re-election, persuaded the councilmen to add a further qualification, requiring that any substitute possess the "sanitation value" of a plaster wall. He stated frankly that he acted at the request of the plasterers.

So a formula was worked out which, under pretense of permitting plaster or its substitutes, actually banned the substitutes. An incidental result was that it erected a barrier against all experiments in the building of prefabricated houses, since prefabrication requires dry-wall construction.

Such discriminations increase building costs without a compensating increase in safety, sanitation, or any other proper purpose of building regulations.

Many cities will enter the postwar era unprepared to take full advantage of modern methods of home construction. One study in 100 cities showed all of them specifying masonry walls eight to 17 inches thick. In Britain, four-inch masonry walls have stood for years, and in this country many new wall materials have been developed which do not depend upon thickness for strength.

The building-trades unions have borne their full share of the onus of high costs. But let us not condemn the unions alone. Whenever a union benefits from a certain type of restraint, a materials dealer or subcontractor usually benefits too.

In Chicago, stone contractors and unions prohibited the use of pre-cut stone from Indiana, insisting that the cutting be done in Chicago. That gave a competitive advantage to the local contractor and a work monopoly to the local union, but it also increased the cost of shipping stone, and so reduced the potential market for it.

Union glaziers frequently refuse to install windows fully fabricated at the mill. Painters rule out the use of spray guns, or even the use of brushes exceeding a certain width. In New York, lathers refused to install metal lath and metal rods which were not cut and bent, at extra expense, on the job. When prefabricated pipe of fitted lengths was delivered to a job with threads already cut, Houston plumbers demanded the right to cut off the

threads and rethread the pipe at the site

Collaboration between manufacturers and unions has been most strikingly illustrated in plumbing. The Department of Justice contends that manufacturers representing 80 percent of the business sell their products only to approved jobbers, who distribute them only through approved master plumbers, all at fixed prices. When a price cutter enters the field, he often finds it impossible to get his fixtures installed.

The hod carriers' union has long banned the use of ready mixed concrete in Chicago. Mixing it in small batches on each job raises the cost from \$6.50 to \$8.50 a yard, which amounts to around \$100 on a five-room house. In Seattle, the Department charged the sheet metal workers' union with refusing to install any furnace not locally made. Electrical workers have engaged in the same game, using their powers of collective bargaining to favor certain manufacturers. The ultimate result of all such practices is another barrier to a sustained large volume of housebuilding.

So it goes with almost every branch of the housebuilding industry. Into construction of a typical house go 200 items of equipment and 500 labor operations involving 40 skills or trades. Each group furnishing the material

or labor for one operation yields readily to the temptation to jack up its costs, on the theory that the net effect on the total is too small to affect the market. But the combined effect is deadly.

Supreme Court interpretations of the antitrust laws, giving unions immunity from prosecution under them, make new federal legislation necessary if we are to deal with restrictive practices of the unions and eliminate cost-raising combinations.

Some doubts may exist as to the future of the prefabricated house, but there is no doubt that the rise of a wholly new industry — low cost home construction — can be stimulated by standardization of parts, pre-assembly of equipment, and modification of habitual construction methods. It is quite possible for such a mass housing industry to develop side by side with the traditional custom building crafts, one serving the lower and middle income groups, the other supplying its usual market in the upper brackets.

After all, what serves the general interest serves the particular interest of every economic group. Using new techniques to build a million houses a year will do Paddy Sullivan and his counterparts more good than a hopeless fight to preserve the old techniques in building half that number.

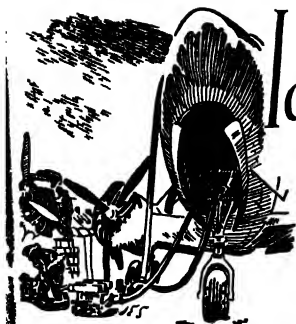


Army ABC's

AN Army friend tells me that service men, with characteristic shrewdness, have reduced the maze of Army rules and regulations to three simple formulas:

- 1 If it moves salute it
- 2 If it doesn't move, pick it up
- 3 If it's too big to pick up, paint it!

— Contributed by George F. Willison



Ice in the Moscow Pipe Line

Thousands of planes are now ferried safely from Montana to Moscow over Alsib, the Arctic Circle route where formerly a crash landing meant almost certain death

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Wesley Price

THE coldest airway in the world starts in Montana, crosses Alaska and Siberia, and ends in Moscow. Over it more than 6000 fighters and bombers have been flown to Russia, suiging through gaps in the icy weather. The code name for the route is Alsib.

Eleven men have died in a single day to keep Alsib open. Some were on a transport which vanished in a cloud and sank over Canada. Bush pilots believe it struck a mountain, loosed an avalanche, and lies forever buried. Others were in a crew liner trying to make Watson Lake in a night blizzard. The crash killed pilot and co-pilot. Two survivors stayed with the refrigerated bodies 14 days. Then they strapped skis to their broken legs, put snowshoes on their hands, and crawled away in minus-50-degree weather. They were found four days later, still crawling, and they had made four miles.

On the same day, a transport spanned the Yukon Territory at 14,000 feet with the cabin heater broken and the temperature at 70 below zero. A sergeant tried to thaw his freezing feet with a blowtorch.

That was one day in the coldest Alaskan winter in 25 years, 1942-43, the first winter we tried to ferry over Alsib. Several hundred planes should have been turned over to Russian pilots at Fairbanks, Alaska, that December. Only 14 got through. There was ice in the Moscow pipe line.

The jam had to be broken. The Nazis were wheeling new tanks up to Stalingrad faster than we were delivering cannon-firing P 39's to blow them up. Hundreds of lend lease planes were being sunk in their crates on the shipping route to Murmansk. A Presidential directive crashed down: Movement of aircraft to Russia was to have first priority, even topping movement of planes for the AAF. If Stalingrad were lost, our ally might be lost, and the war.

It was a man-killing, heartbreaking job, and it was done by the Seventh Ferrying Group and the Alaskan Division of the Air Transport Command. This winter planes have gone through hundreds at a time, guided by radio beams, refueling at great air bases with paved runways and heated hangars.

In the beginning, the gas stops

were one-way dirt strips. Mechanics lived in tents, repaired planes outdoors. Radio was a bad joke. Pilots navigated the 1935 miles from Great Falls, Montana, to Fairbanks by following someone who had flown it before. The maps showed big rivers truly, but some lakes were indicated 50 miles from their real position, and a peak marked 4000 feet might be 5000.

In the spring, melting snow makes temporary lakes, easily confused with real lakes on the map. In summer, great fires smolder in the muskeg, and smoke from them is thick enough to "sock in." Fort Nelson, Fort St. John and Watson Lake for three days running. In winter, snow blots out lakes and rivers used as check points. If there's wind, blowing snow obscures the runway, you're blind during the last 50 feet of letdown. If it's calm, the snow blanket ruins depth perception, and evergreen boughs must be set out along runways to give the eye judgment.

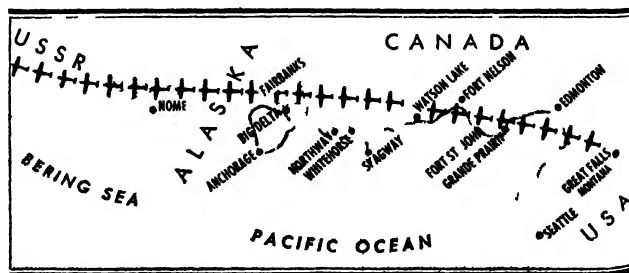
Even now, with good strip maps and plenty of radio range stations, pilots get lost. Snow static jumbles reception. Mountains and ore deposits twist radio beams into dog legs or bounce them to uncharted courses. Pilots are warned that the steady on-course signal may switch instantly to a mad gibberish, or false cones of silence. The needle of your automatic direction finder may waver to a display of northern lights, or to

the nearest tall mountain. Weather changes are sudden and violent. Nome Air Base goes from unlimited visibility to zero-zero in 20 minutes. Clouds overhang the route, deck upon deck, with icing in them the year round.

Forecasting is done by the 16th Weather Squadron, USAAF. They have 125 stations along the route, some in such desolate spots in the Arctic Circle that mail and supplies are dropped by parachute. The seven or eight man crews are volunteer-sifted for personality factors. They may see no new face for six months and they must be able to take it.

The Alaskan ferry route got its real start in June 1942. The Air Transport Command chose Great Falls as the southern anchor because it had more than 300 crystal-clear flying days annually. Northward was a string of RCAF training fields all the way to Edmonton. Beyond were some bush-pilot strips. It was an airway, but a ramshackle one. Intermediate fields had to be built. Existing fields had to be expanded to war size and paved.

Edmonton, for example, had a well-established airport. But in the hot summer of 1942, American heavy bombers sank to their hubs in sim-



mering asphalt Colonel Ted Bolen hustled out to a camp where workmen were awaiting transportation north to build an airport at Big Delta, on the road to Fairbanks. He made a speech. He had 80 planes stuck, and they had to get to Alaska — Dutch Harbor had been bombed. He had a trainload of steel matting on a siding, but there weren't enough soldiers to unload it or lay it nor any money to hire civilians. Who would volunteer — for no pay?

They all volunteered, 1150 men. They laid the matting at a speed money couldn't buy, finished at three o'clock in the morning, and at dawn checked the bombers on their way.

The first planes sent over Alsea for Russia were A-20 attack bombers, five of them, departing from Great Falls on August 31, 1942. The Seventh Ferrying Group flew more bombers through that autumn, mixed with C-47 transports and hundreds of P-39 Airacobras fighters. American boys fresh from transition training set them down at Fairbanks with eggshell care. Russian pilots who took over were older men, harder, and all veteran killers of Nazis. They flew combat style, taking all the airplanes had to give. They had to fly to Nome, across the Bering Strait, and on to Moscow, almost 6000 miles, and they were in hell's own hurry.

THREE FOURTHS of a century after Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from Czar Alexander II, the Russians have come again. Along the frontier streets of Fairbanks stride Soviet fliers in clumping leather boots, balloon-like blue pants and fur parkas waiting to pick up planes from U.S. pilots and fly them across the Arctic wastes to the eastern front. With the fliers are many women mechanics. The Russians enjoy the American steak and mashed potatoes in Fairbanks restaurants, the milk shakes in the drugstores, and they shop in the stores for the same things GIs and Army nurses buy: tobacco, perfume, feminine underwear, trinkets. They are supplied with U.S. currency — including old large size bills left in Russia by American troops of the Archangel expedition in 1919.

The Russian and American fliers speak a different language, but basically they are not dissimilar. They share a love of rollicking songs, a zest for adventure and an enthusiasm for such delights as good food, pretty girls and vividly decorated Arctic clothing. Between the pilots of the two countries there is much mutual admiration. Bravery salutes bravery, and the men who fly the Alsea route are brave.

— Richard N. Abington, *Cross*

The leaving went well — until the cold of that first winter struck. Mechanics ran in and out of heated tents in 20-minute relays to service planes. Brunched, they lost fingers. With hampering gloves, it took two hours to change a spark plug. Spilled gasoline froze hands like liquid air. Frostbite lopped off toes. One unlucky captain lost his lower lip. Men disappeared in blizzards 15 feet from the runway, and rescue parties used caterpillar tractors to find them.

But engine starting was the worst problem. Good advice came from pioneer fliers of Alaska Territory who

said to dilute the oil with gasoline when the plane lands, then warm the engine in the morning with a fire pot, a sort of overgrown blowtorch. Brigadier General Dale V. Gaffney, commanding general of the Alaskan Division, now has it down to a sure start system. Dilute the oil, immerse an electric heating unit in the oil tank and let it cook all night, in the morning, blast in the heat for a couple of hours. But first you have to heat the heater, to get it started.

Twenty pilots have been killed on the Alsb run and some have never been found. A forced landing was almost sure death the first winter. But the rate of plane losses is now down to one out of 120, according to Lieutenant Colonel Kermit R. Hitt, commanding officer of the Seventh Ferrying Group. Most pilots are safe.

In December 1943, the Alaskan Division set up a search and rescue unit under Major Joseph F. Westover, a veteran pilot. Since then every lost plane has been found.

Pilots cranking on a Gibson Girl radio have brought a rescue plane overhead in 40 minutes. Others attract help with smoke columns or an SOS trampled in snow and garnished with fir branches. Lacking these aids, search pilots look for charred terrain or cracked treetops, sure sign of a wreck. If the search plane can't land on skis or floats supplies are parachuted, and rescuers proceed overland with dog teams.

Pilots who survive bail outs and forced landings bring back weird stories of lucky breaks. Lieutenant Thor is A. Dichiaro, who jumped in a winter storm without gloves, rations or matches, landed near the

only railroad track in hundreds of miles. Fifteen minutes later a train which runs only once a week came along and picked him up. Lieutenant Crane, of Philadelphia, sole survivor of a bomber crash, found a trapper's well stocked cabin. Eighty-four days later he made his way back to base.

Before pilots go over the route, they get special briefing on survival in the Arctic. Feet are the first worry, and sheepskin lined flying boots, once highly regarded, proved poor stuff on the ground. Perspiration and bits of snow wet them inside, and wet feet freeze. Mukluks are better — light canvas boots with soft leather soles, loose enough so that several pairs of socks can be worn. Icking mukluks pilots are taught to wind strips of parachute cloth into a leggings.

General Gaffney considers Alsb the toughest run in the world — comparable to the Hump line from India to China, but almost five times as long, requiring more than 20 air bases and emergency fields. The most isolated of these is Galena, lying on a bend of the Yukon River between Fairbanks and Nome. Last spring the Yukon backed up from an ice jam putting runways, barracks and hangars under six feet of water. Rescue planes discovered all of Galena's men huddled on three gravel piles in the midst of ice water and floating debris.

When Galena is waterproofed — more diking will do it — the Alsb route will be an all-season airway from Montana to Nome. It is already the most thoroughly winterized airway in the world, a potential link in a peacetime world system, forged complete by the Air Transport Command, a pipe line to Moscow.

The Veteran Betrayed

How Long Will the Veterans' Administration Continue to Give Third-Rate Medical Care to First-Rate Men?

Condensed from Cosmopolitan

Albert Q. Maisel

Author of 'Miracles of Military Medicine' and 'The Wounded Get Back'

NO SOLDIERS on earth receive better medical care than our own. From Guadalcanal to Coral Gables, from Normandy to Mitchel Field, I have seen with a proud heart how endless resources and priceless skill have been combined to give our sick and wounded the best that modern medicine can provide.

But I have been shocked and shamed to discover that these same service men, after they have received a veteran's honorable discharge, are suffering needlessly and, all too often, dying needlessly in our Veterans' Hospitals.

Our disabled veterans are being betrayed by the incompetence, bureaucracy and callousness of the Veterans' Administration, the agency set up over 20 years ago to insure the finest medical care for them.

We have never stinted the Veterans' Administration. We have given it over a quarter of a billion dollars for nearly a hundred great hospitals. Recently Congress appropriated over \$105,900,000 just to run these hospitals. But conditions in these beautiful buildings are far worse than cold statistics can indicate.

In every one of these hospitals that I have visited — from Minnesota to Massachusetts — I have found disgraceful and needless overcrowding.

I have found doctors overloaded and hog-tied by administrative restrictions. One man could give his average patient *only seven minutes'* attention a week. Many of the doctors were in competent men who could hold no position in any well run hospital. Cynical men who joked about their patients' miseries.

I have found nurses so negligent that they did not bother to wash their hands after examining one patient with a contagious disease before turning to another.

I have seen desperately sick veterans served food that would be rejected in the worst Bowery flophouse. And I have seen these same veterans exploited by concessionaires.

Then I have gone to many state and county hospitals, just as tied down by government restrictions and labor shortages. Here I've found real doctors practicing real medicine. Here there are lower death rates and higher cure rates. That is why I know that there is no excuse for the Veterans' Administration's third-rate

treatment of first-rate men — no excuse except incompetence and complacency

I have seen such incompetence in Veterans' Hospitals of all types the mental institutions, the general hospitals and the tuberculosis hospitals. But because no single article can tell the whole grim story, I shall concentrate on the last of these three groups.

Last June Harold Schweibert wrote a letter from the bed he had occupied for almost a year in the Veterans' Facility at Dayton, Ohio. An overseas veteran of World War II, Schweibert had been treated for tuberculosis in Army hospitals in England and, later, in the United States. Then, discharged, he was turned over to the Veterans' Administration for further treatment.

For a year he endured that "treatment." Finally, in despair, he wrote to Dr. H. H. Brueckner, Superintendent of the District Tuberculosis Hospital of Lima, Ohio, begging to be admitted to that institution. Here is his description of the Veterans' Hospital treatment:

I have lost all belief of recovering in this place. I was admitted June 23, 1943. I was only aspirated twice, in July when 1500 cc. of fluid were removed and in August when 1000 cc. were removed. Haven't been examined since February 1944. I had a flare up about three weeks ago and being sent up to be fluoroscoped by our ward surgeon, the pneumo doctor refused to do the fluoroscoping and sent back a sarcastic note to our ward surgeon. I have made up my mind to leave here and the sooner the better for my own good."

Dr. Brueckner sent Schweibert's letter to Dr. Louis Dublin, vice-pres-

ident of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and at that time member of the Veterans' Administration Medical Advisory Council. Dublin had been fighting for improvements in the Veterans' Tuberculosis Hospitals. But two weeks later, Dr. Brueckner wrote another letter. It read: "Harold Schweibert will not have a chance of coming to this hospital for removal of his pleural effusion. He died July 2 of apparently cardiac failure and cardiac embarrassment probably because of severe mediastinal shift caused by effusion."

In simple English that means that Harold Schweibert died because the wall separating the right and left lung was forced against his heart by the fluid that gathered in his lung cavities — *the fluid that Schweibert begged to have removed.*

An isolated case? I have records of many cases of shocking neglect. But let us see what the Veterans' Administration itself says.

Its last published annual report showed that more than ten thousand men were treated for tuberculosis and discharged from the hospitals during the fiscal year. But *only 233 were discharged as arrested cases* — less than one "arrest" achieved out of every 43!

New York State TB hospitals, excluding, for the sake of fairness, Ray Brook Sanatorium, which takes mostly early or minimal cases, achieved an arrested condition in 25.6 percent of all the patients they discharged — *a record more than 11 times as good as that of the Veterans' Administration!* Even in cases classified as "far advanced" when admitted, more than 15 percent were dis-

charged as "arrested" — *still six and a half times as many as the Veterans' Hospitals attain for all cases, including minimal*

Let us make another comparison. Of all the veterans treated for tuberculosis, only 3.67 percent are discharged as "quiescent," "apparently arrested" or "arrested." But New York State's hospitals (Ray Brook again excluded) discharge 48.1 percent in these favorable classifications.

What about the death rate in these so-called hospitals for our veterans? During the last recorded fiscal year, 1117 patients — exclusive of the "runaways," whose hospitalization was incomplete, and those whose condition is not stated — were discharged alive. In the same period, 1922 veterans died in these hospitals.

This is no war-created situation. The Veterans' Administration has been "achieving" this desperately poor record for two decades. And it has been publishing figures in its annual reports which, though technically correct, are actually deceptive.

The trick is simple. The reports do not figure the death rates as a percentage of the total number who complete treatment. Instead, they figure it as a percentage of the *total number discharged*. And that total includes *more than 58 percent who never complete treatment at all* — the men who run away "Against Medical Advice" or "AWOL" because they see how few are cured and how many die, the men who prefer to go elsewhere for treatment, or to suffer and die quietly at home. Those who die outside — usually after leaving a Veterans' Hospital in disgust — are just as dead, but they don't clutter up the statistics!

By such juggling with figures the Veterans' Administration manages to make it seem that the death rate in its tuberculosis hospitals is only 18.96 percent. Even so, that rate is 50 percent higher than the average death rate of all the 92 T.B. hospitals approved for "residencies" by the American Medical Association.

One reason for this appalling result is that the Veterans' Hospitals are desperately overcrowded — despite official evasion of this fact. At Castle Point, N.Y., for instance, there were 582 patients on October 3, 1944. Yet Castle Point was built for 479 patients. I asked Colonel Carleton Bates, Manager of the Facility, how this miracle was accomplished.

"Oh," the Colonel replied, "we've actually raised our capacity to 625. We do it by the *more economical use of space*."

By robbing patients of day rooms, diet kitchens and toilet facilities, by crowding beds the Veterans' Administration has "stretched" the same facilities to serve 30 percent more men than they were built to serve.

Another reason for the high death rate and the sky-high number of "runaways" is that the veterans' doctors are overworked. The excuse is "the war." Yet in the county and state hospitals I have visited, hit just as hard by the Army's call for doctors, physicians carry nothing like the burden of cases heaped upon some veterans' M.D.s.

The county sanatorium in Minneapolis, Glen Lake, had 451 patients on September 19, 1944. It had 11 physicians — one to 41 patients. But in the same county on the same day, the Veterans' Facility could spare

only three doctors for 179 patients in the T B Pavilion — one doctor to 59 patients. The third doctor had just arrived. During the previous six months there were only two doctors for an average of 150 patients.

The record of the Facility was bad. Out of 125 discharges in the first seven months of 1944, 28 left the hospital in coffins. Seventy went out "Against Medical Advice." Only 27 achieved "maximum hospital benefit." *Seventy-eight percent of the men treated for T B achieved no benefit.*

At Glen Lake Sanatorium, three quarters of all discharged patients achieve a rating of "unimproved or better."

If the overloaded veterans' doctors were at least first class T B specialists, the patients might have less cause for complaint. But here again, the Veterans' Administration has a shocking record.

The Assistant Medical Director of the Veterans' Administration in charge of all tuberculosis hospitals told me that he has "more tuberculosis specialists than any other outfit in the United States."

"How do you select these specialists?" I asked.

"Well, they come to us as general practitioners," he answered. "All we require is an M.D. and one year of internship. Then we give them a four month 'orientation course' at one of our facilities."

Four months makes a "specialist" in the eyes of the head of all the Veterans' T B Hospitals! Not a single Veterans' Hospital has been approved by the American Medical Association for residencies in chest surgery or tuberculosis. The reason? Residencies

cannot be offered unless the American Medical Association judges a hospital to be "in a position to furnish acceptable training." Obviously, synthetic specialists who qualify by a four months orientation course can not give 'acceptable training' to anybody. No wonder Dr. Dublin has written: "M.D.s of good repute just will not stay."

There are exceptions, but the majority of the physicians I have interviewed have been tired or cynical men, whose goal seemed to be to finish the day's work and get home.

Under such physicians — and under the kind of administration that sets such standards — the treatment of tuberculosis cases cannot but be far below average.

Consider now the matter of chest surgery. During the last 20 years physicians have developed a dozen operations to collapse the infected parts of the lungs so that they rest. Sixty percent of discharged patients at Glen Lake Sanatorium receive collapse therapy. In New York State's T B hospitals, the 2239 patients treated in a single year received 360 pneumothoraxes (the simplest type of collapse therapy) and 907 had more complex operations. At the Minnesota State Sanatorium, 58 percent of the patients receive pneumothorax or other surgical treatment. But in the Veterans' Hospitals, only 1968 chest surgery operations were performed in a year for 10,718 tuberculosis patients treated. Only 18.4 percent of the patients received any chest surgery whatever.

Nor is that the worst of the story. At some Veterans' Hospitals, chest surgery is practically unobtainable.

Even at Washington, D C, under the very nose of the Veterans' Administration Central Office 190 T B patients received a grand total of eight operations, all induced pneumothoraxes Yet this Veterans' Hospital is listed as a *Chest Surgery Center*

Poor treatment, backward treatment and no treatment at all" are not all the tuberculous veteran has to complain of At every Veterans Hospital I have visited, a private concessionaire has been allowed to run a "canteen" Invariably the patients complained about these "licensed profiteers"

At Castle Point last year, petitions signed by hundreds of patients complained that the dishes in which food was served to contagious T B cases were afterward used — without sterilizing — to serve other patients and visitors They also complained about high prices

One patient told me of being charged 35 cents to cash a \$20 Government check Whereupon the man in the next bed became highly indignant He had been charged 65 cents!

After six months of repeated protests, this concessionaire was finally removed — only to have another private check casher installed For cashing Government checks at no risk, this individual now nets over a hundred dollars profit in a single morning's work

A universal complaint of the patients concerns the food Last September, at Castle Point, 400 patients signed a petition begging for better food *Three weeks later*, this is what I found being served is the day's main meal one small pot of cold tea, two thin slices of white bread, a tiny pat

of butter, a few thin slices of stewed peaches and — the main course — a beef stew containing six or seven tiny chunks of greasy meat swimming in fast congealing gravy All cold as the grave

Not is Castle Point unique among Veterans' Hospitals in its bad food My records show complaints about the food from almost every patient interviewed in every Veterans' Hospital I have visited And this in the treatment of tuberculosis, where good food — and plenty of it — is considered an essential for successful treatment

One might expect that this combination of skimmed food, skimmed service and skimmed medicine would at least not cost the taxpayers too much money The cost at Glen Lake Sanatorium Minneapolis, is \$38, a day per patient At the Minnesota State Sanatorium it is \$271 But the cost of caring for a T B case in a Veterans' Facility is \$580 per day — a first class price for third class medicine!

In the face of all this evidence one might well wonder "Can reform help? Can anything be done — now — to insure decent treatment, a fighting chance for a cure for the thousands of veterans now heided into these excuses-for-hospitals?"

Men such as Dr Louis Dublin have fought for reforms for many years But all such protests have been in vain Indeed, many prominent physicians have considered the task of reform a hopeless one

The root of this cancer is in the Central Office in Washington, among the men who have long been aware of this mess and have failed miserably

to clean it up. The cure must start there, with drastic changes in both personnel and policies. Here are specific things the Veterans' Administrator could do, right now, to effect a cleanup.

He could bring in new blood starting with a new medical head of all the Veterans' Hospitals — a man with an outstanding record both as a doctor and a hospital administrator. This 'new broom' could rid the hospitals of the worst of their present personnel. He could give the rest a chance to practice real medicine, by freeing them from paper work and from the rain of restrictive orders that now beat even the better men into a self-protective policy of "playing it safe" and "standing pat." He could make the hospitals *teaching hospitals*, keeping the older doctors on

their toes by making them train young interns and residents.

He could eliminate overcrowding immediately by using the same device the Army and Navy have used — leasing resort hotels until new hospitals can be built. But most of all, he could restore simple, common humanity to the Veterans' Hospitals. The individual veteran would cease to be a 'case' or a 'number' or a 'compensable.' He would be recognized for what the country and Congress meant him to be: an honored citizen entitled to the very best his country can provide.

All these things *could* be done right now. Whether they *will* be done is up to the Administrator of Veterans Affairs — and up to the American people who hire him, pay him and who can give him his orders.

Doctor's Dilemma

A THIRD YEAR medical student was delivering, unaided, his first baby in one of the poorer sections of South Boston. As is the case in 'home deliveries,' most of the family were present.

As soon as the infant was born, the nervous student held it up for the customary spin. To his horror, the baby slipped through his fingers, falling harmlessly onto a pile of blankets on the floor. The grandmother, who throughout the entire procedure had been sitting calmly by the kitchen stove, began to hurl a stream of abuse at the frightened young medico. Quickly recovering his wits, he said professionally: "He'll be all right in a minute. Sometimes we have to drop 'em three times before they start breathing."

— Contributed by Dr. I. F. Hackett

Lieutenant General Vandegrift of the Marines tells this one

A patient came to one of our field hospitals with the complaint that he was unable to sleep at night, and the doctor advised him to eat something before going to bed.

"But, doctor," the patient reminded him, "two months ago you told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

The good doctor blinked and then with professional dignity replied: "My boy, that was two months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

— AP

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power ^{By} Wilfred Funk

YOUR vocabulary is important to your relationship with other people. If the words you use are stale and trite you give the impression of a colorless and commonplace personality, while a broad command of language makes you a welcome addition to any circle. Fortunately, you can, if you will, steadily increase the number and variety of the words you know. Don't slide by the unfamiliar words you encounter in your reading—look up their meaning and learn how to use them.

Here is a quiz designed to test your vocabulary. The following 20 words appeared in a recent number of this magazine. After each word you will find four choices, a, b, c and d. Underline the word or phrase that you judge to be nearest in meaning to the key word. Compare your results with the answers on page 52 and find your vocabulary rating.

1) cutlet — a topographical mishap a
a relief flaying card c a combination of separate joints to maintain prices d a two-wheeled woman vehicle

2) catalyst — a calamity b a silencer that regulates a church's reaction c one who mixes rocks or at last is d a condition of musical unity

3) festination — an arrangement of uniforms a splashboard c a type of fence d a trimy remnant

4) euphemism — a an affectation of loquacity b a less offensive expression c loss of human dignity d a sense of well-being

5) plankton — a a kind of banana b passive and animal life c a table of terms d the a) board for the cater d c of a) es d c d an instrument for measuring

6) preclusive — a snobbish b all inclusive c prematurely developed d prevents

7) ingroid — a calmness b cruelty c optimism d bloodthirstiness

8) habitude — a habitual attitude b costume c costume d a land estate

9) geodesy — a a science of earth measurement b science of rocks c study of the materials of the earth d ancient story of an adventurous journey

(10) obstreperous — a angry b obstinate c beset d noisy

(11) luminate — a to play lightly over the surface of b to mourn c to hobble d to roll into sheets

(12) ironic — a defiant b utopian c a cry d tier

(13) deidamia — a a dream girls b mathematical formulas c deidamia d supernatural beings

(14) entourage — a a floor in a hotel b one's attendants and associates c a trip d an entrance

(15) intricate — a to separate b to make into a whole c to figure out d to be honest

(16) scabrous — a hideous b salacious c stupid d mulberry

(17) tessellate — a to adorn with mosaic b to adorn with ribbons c to lisp d to water

(18) spirochete — a an ornament b a microorganism c a subordinate c upon d a feather

(19) timbre — a a brass instrument b an inland floor c a distinctive sound or tone d a charm

(20) nautical — a a battle arrangement of the vessels of a fleet b one skilled in navigation c a bone having a fancied resemblance to a loud d an official certificate of approval for a ship's log

Indigent or Indignant—or Both?

Reprinted from The Saturday Evening Post

WHEN the old copy desk man heard a newscaster refer to proposed legislation to benefit 'indignant expectant mothers,' he smothered his chuckle, reflecting tolerantly that it isn't always easy to come up with just the right word, even when one has time to think over one's choice. Below, for instance, are 12 definitions. From the words in the columns at the right, can you select the 12 that fit the definitions? Eight to ten right is good, 11 or 12 excellent. *See answers below*

| | A | B |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1 to influence | affect | effect |
| 2 a statehouse | capital | capitol |
| 3 to disparage | deprecate | depreciate |
| 4 easy to read | eligible | legible |
| 5 shrewd | ingenious | ingenuous |
| 6 front side of a coin | inverse | obverse |
| 7 snakelike | obsidian | ophidian |
| 8 a local law | ordinance | ordnance |
| 9 a foot specialist | pediatrician | podiatrist |
| 10 foreboding | presentiment | presentiment |
| 11 winding | tortuous | torturous |
| 12 mercenary | venal | venial |

Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

| | | | | | |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|---------------------------|-------------|
| 1 - c | 6 - d | 11 - d | 16 - b | <i>Vocabulary Ratings</i> | |
| 2 - b | 7 - a | 12 - d | 17 - a | 20-17 correct | exceptional |
| 3 - a | 8 - a | 13 - a | 18 - b | 16-13 correct | very good |
| 4 - b | 9 - a | 14 - b | 19 - c | 12-10 correct | good |
| 5 - b | 10 - d | 15 - b | 20 - d | 9-6 correct | fair |

Answers to 'Indigent or Indignant—or Both?'

| | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| 1 - a | 4 - b | 7 - b | 10 - a |
| 2 - b | 5 - a | 8 - a | 11 - a |
| 3 - b | 6 - b | 9 - b | 12 - a |



"Massa, Tell 'Em We're Rising!"

Condensed from The Progressive

Webb Waldron

The extraordinary career of Richard R. Wright,
born a slave and now leading Negro banker of
the United States

When Richard Robert Wright had taught school for 50 years, he decided to quit. Born a slave, he had risen to be president of a Negro college in the South, a distinguished member of his race. Now he thought he'd better give younger teachers a chance. But Wright was only retiring from teaching—not from life.

For years I had been telling my graduates to get into business, he says. But they would come back, and tell me there were too many handicaps for a Negro. I realized that the worst handicap was a firm belief among both whites and Negroes that the Negro hadn't any head for business. I thought it was up to me to disprove it."

So, at 66, Wright became a banker. It was in 1921. Today, at 90, a slim, vigorous man with fine-cut features, white hair and sharp dark eyes, Wright is the leading Negro banker of the United States, president of the Citizens & Southern Bank & Trust

Company of Philadelphia. He thinks that his best years are still ahead.

Every working day from 8:30 to six o'clock Wright sits in his small, crowded office, busy with telephone, correspondence, Negro and white callers discussing loans and payments, the affairs of his race.

To get the full drama of this man's accomplishments, glance back to the day more than 80 years ago when news of Negro freedom came to a south Georgia plantation. Harriet, Dick Wright's mother, went to her mistress. "Are we really free?" he said fearfully. Reassured, she gathered up her children and wandered, afoot, 200 miles northward. After many months near Atlanta she found a school that had been opened to teach Negro children to read and write. Dick, then aged 11, entered at once.

One day the head of the Freedmen's Bureau, General O. O. Howard, visited the school. "What message shall I take from you children to the people in the North who are helping you?" he asked. A boy rose in the back row. "Massa, tell 'em we're rising!"

That striking answer of little Dick Wright reached the ears of John

Greenleaf Whittier, fighter for human liberty, and Whittier immortalized the phrase in his poem *Howard at Atlanta*. Thousands of times the words of Dick Wright have been repeated in lectures, sermons and songs. They became the slogan of a rising race.

Dick Wright pushed on through school, finally graduated from Atlanta University. Then he started a school of his own for Negro children, tuition 50 cents a month. One day a mother came with 25 cents — one "tuition," she said, half the money for her little girl's first month's schooling. Soon she brought in the other 25, making it "tuition."

When Dick Wright was appointed first president of Georgia State College for Negroes, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent him a message: "Man, you're not rising, you're risen!" Wright was president of that college for 30 years, fighting for the right of Negro boys and girls to an education not only in handicrafts and farming but in science, languages and the arts.

Then came the decision to start a bank. In his teaching days Wright had organized a national Negro teachers' association. Now he wrote several hundred Negro teachers all over the United States, asking whether they'd like to buy shares in a new bank to be owned and run by Negroes. Entirely on his name he raised \$156,250. Then he visited various cities to determine where to locate the bank. Finally he fixed on Philadelphia. To a man, the leading bankers of Philadelphia advised him against it. There were enough banks in Philadelphia, they assured him, and besides he didn't know anything

about banking. "That just made me determined to go ahead," says Wright.

He had three grown sons, all college graduates, and he persuaded the youngest, Emanuel, to join him in the banking adventure. Father and son enrolled in a course in banking at the University of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, Wright bought and remodeled an old building in a section of Philadelphia that was predominantly Negro.

The Citizens & Southern opened with \$125,000 capital and 300 Negro stockholders. From the start, Wright used his bank as a means of creating better relations between white and colored people. For instance, the streets in that area were unpaved. Wright got up a petition to the city fathers which was signed by hundreds of people, black and white. Ultimately the district got everything asked for, pavements, street lights, traffic lights. "That bank is the best thing that ever came into this part of town," said a white shopkeeper.

Wright promotes thrift among the people of his district, colored and white. "The Negro is often said to be thriftless and unreliable," he says, "but as a banker I have never been able to see any difference between white and Negro. They are thrifty and thrifless people among them both in about the same proportions."

He encourages individual initiative by lending money to ambitious youngsters. One time four young white men came to ask his advice about starting a hat factory. "I looked them over. They had saved about \$400," he says. "I told them when they had their plans ready to come back and tell me what they

needed. Ultimately I lent those boys \$10,000. They made good, and paid back every cent of it."

Another man who wanted to start a sweatshop factory looked all over the city for credit before he came to Wright. "I thought he had character," Wright told me. "Character is more important than collateral. So I lent him \$300 to get started. Last year that man banked \$219,000 with us."

Dozens of small Negro enterprises in Philadelphia, such as laundries, dry cleaning establishments, groceries, bakeries and schools, have got started or survived crises by the help of Wright's bank.

"Of course there are handicaps for the Negro in business," Wright said, "but I always say to a young man starting out, 'Don't have a chip on your shoulder, don't be aggressive. Go ahead straightforwardly as if you expected to be treated like anybody else, and you usually will be. Your ability and honesty will do more to put you ahead than your color will hold you back.'"

"In the South it's different," he told me. "But the South today is going ahead more rapidly than the North in tolerance and fair play for the Negro. I predicted 25 years ago that this would be true, and it is."

The president of a large downtown Philadelphia bank, after telling me that he'd be proud to walk up Broad Street with Wright because he admired him so much as a man, added hesitantly: "But I don't think he's hard-boiled enough to be a good banker. Why, the other day the Major—" everybody calls Wright "Major" because he was a paymaster with that rank in the Spanish-American

War—"the Major came in here asking my advice about making a certain loan. 'Major,' I said, 'you'd be crazy to make such a loan! That man hasn't got *anything*!'"

I repeated this remark to Wright. "Well," he said, "maybe I'll make that loan anyway. I think the man has character."

A member of Wright's board of directors told me that sometimes when the board has turned down a loan Wright goes ahead anyway.

"Of course," the Major commented, "every bank in the world gets fooled on borrowers and loses money, but it's a curious thing that on those loans we've never lost a cent."

One time a group of Negro professionals formed a corporation, borrowed money from Wright's bank, hired a manager and started a laundry. It looked like a sure thing. But the management was bad, and the business failed. Since it was a corporation, no individual was liable for the debt. Yet the incorporators raked up all available assets and repaid the bank in full. "I failed to make sure the company had good management," Wright says. "But my estimate of the *character* of those men was right."

Loans to churches are often considered by banks in the nature of charity. Wright's bank has loaned money to over 100 Negro churches in and around Philadelphia, and every obligation has been met.

Recently he called in 20 white businessmen who had banked with him for years and asked if they had any kicks or suggestions. "Yes, I have a kick," one of them said. "Why did

you ask only white men here today? The next time get some Negro businessmen, too. We're all dealing with you together." Wright's ceaseless efforts to break down barriers between the races in a business way has had its effect.

In the 1933 banking crisis, the Citizens & Southern was one of the first Philadelphia banks to reopen. "Some of those big downtown banks whose presidents had advised me to stay out of banking," said the Major with a humorous squint, "didn't reopen at all."

Today the bank's \$125 shares are worth \$143 in open market. The bank has some 10,000 Negro depositors, 1000 white depositors. Total deposits are \$2,312,000. A small bank for a big town, perhaps, but a big bank in its implications for the Negro people. Today the United States has 11 Negro banks. The other ten are in the South.

On the wall of Wright's office is a photograph of the first meeting of the

National Negro Bankers Association, which Wright organized. Here is a picture of the airplane that Wright bought in 1939 and sent, with a Negro crew, on a good-will flight to Haiti and then on a trip around the Negro colleges in the South. That trip did much to promote the enlistment of Negro youth in our air forces.

And here is a picture of this year's celebration of National Freedom Day, the day on which President Lincoln signed the Joint Resolution of Congress proposing the Thirteenth Amendment, and thus insured the legal end of slavery. The Major originated the idea of celebrating this day — February 1 — and already it is observed in many states. As he and his associates conceive it, National Freedom Day is not only a celebration of Negro freedom but a day to challenge bondage everywhere, to assert the right to freedom of all men.

So, "Tell them we are rising" has a constantly widening meaning as the Major repeats it.

Maid's-Eye View

A FEW DAYS after a Chicago dowager, a Mrs. C., hired a new housekeeper, she found a letter written by the former housekeeper to her successor, which gave a complete account of the house and its hired help. Shamelessly she read the communication. The butler, it said, was a pleasant man. The chef was inclined to tupples. The head housemaid was very well principled — and so on.

"As for Mr. and Mrs. C.," she read, "they behave as well as they know how."

— *The Wall Street Journal*



THE Richard Himbers were being interviewed by a maid who explained that she left her last position because she couldn't stand the way the master and mistress were always quarreling. "That must have been unpleasant," remarked Himber.

"Yes, sir," the girl declared, "they was at it all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her!"

— Sid Ascher in *Caravan*

Lest We Forget v JAPANESE HELL SHIP

~~~~~ By Ira Wolfert ~~~~~

Two American survivors from a torpedoed Jap prison ship tell their ghastly — and authenticated — story

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THE STORY of the Black Hole of Calcutta has lived long in history, but this war has produced a story of Americans that is even more terrible

Two of the survivors relate it — Marine Corps Sergeants Verle Dwight Cutter, 26, of Denver, and Onnie Ellsworth Clem, Jr. 25, of Dallas

"About 650 of us were taken out of the Jap prison camp at Lasang on Mindanao, in the Philippines," said Cutter. "They stood us in ranks of five and looped a half-inch manila rope through the pants of the men on the outside of the column. If a man had no pants they tied it to his wrist, and if the wrist was ulcered they were kind about it — they looped the rope around his neck.

"There was plenty of room on the road to spread out and walk comfortably, but they pulled the rope tight and squeezed us up against one another. Then they walked us that way about two and a half miles to where a freighter was waiting. Some of the fellows' feet were so sore they had to hobble. Some had malaria. Two or three were crazy and kept shouting.

"None of us were exactly normal any more. We'd all been Jap prisoners at least 29 months. The Death March, Cabanatuan, Davao Penal

Colony — we'd all been there. Finally we were taken aboard the prison ship and stuffed into the hold."

"Stuffed is right," said Clem. "I came along with a party of 100 from the Matina Airport camp and they stuffed us in among the 650 others. Everybody was leaning and lying on everybody else. The air was so soupy-thick and bad smelling that after a day or so even the strongest of us lost our energy. We just lay there all dozy and stupid."

Cutter said, "A boy next to me had malaria. I'd say his temperature was about 108. I'm pretty near an expert on malaria by this time, I've had it 48 times since Bataan. In all those times, the Japs gave me a total of 16 grains of quinine to doctor myself."

"'Look, fellows,' I said, 'this boy's awful sick. He's got to have a place to lie down.' We all started pushing and shoving and finally made room enough for him.

"After a while we worked out a system. A fellow would take a turn lying down — for one hour in the day and one in the night. Then he took a turn standing. Then he took a turn sitting on his knees or squatting on the backs of his legs, whichever rested him more. After that, he took a turn sitting with his knees pulled up under his chin. We went like that for 18 nights and 19 days."

"At first," said Clem, "we thought,

\* The standard minimum dosage for clinical malaria is 30 grains *per day*

"Oh, I ord, when is this going to end?" But after a while we didn't think anything. We were just numb."

"We were fed twice a day," said Cutter. "They'd lower the stuff in buckets, each meal was a scoop of steamed rice and about four ounces of thin soup for each man. The Japs had comots — a kind of sweet potato — and they made our soup by boiling the peelings in water."

"We had only two thirds of a cup of water a day each. Finally the Japs sealed the hatch entirely. At first, they'd left one board off on each side for light and air. Now it became pitch-black in the hold and so stuffy the men panted like winded dogs."

Why did the Japs treat the men like that? This was not a punishment, our men were merely being transported from one part of Mindanao to work in another.

Cutter threw up his hands. "I've given up trying to figure out why the Japs do anything," he said. "I was with the Marines in China before the war and I've spent five years watching Japs, fighting them and being their prisoner. And all I've learned is to give up trying to figure out what makes them do what they do."

Clem said, "More than half the time we were on this ship, there was no reason at all for us to be there. We just lay tied up at a pier. I think they kept us there because they just didn't give a damn whether we lived or died."

"They're really so dumb it's peculiar," said Cutter. "I remember at Davao Penal Colony, I was building a fence around the chicken yard. There was a chicken there that would

break its eggs and eat the shell. Now, everybody knows a chicken does that because it's not getting enough calcium in its diet. But when a Jap saw the chicken do this, he slapped it into a little coop and kept it in solitary confinement for three days. He put a sign on the cage explaining that the chicken was being punished for breaking its eggs. None of the Japs seemed to think it funny. Once I saw a guard cut off the tail of a carabao to punish it for stepping on a harrow."

"There was a strict rule against work details bringing chow back into camp," said Clem. "We all sneaked stuff of course, but could count on a beating with clubs and rifle butts when we were caught. At Davao there were plenty of oranges on the trees but when the Japs caught us taking some, they lined up the whole detail in two facing rows and ordered us to slug each other. Then they laughed like kids at a Mickey Mouse. Of course we hit soft and telegraphed each punch so the man getting hit could roll with the blow. The Japs went up and down the line and if they thought you weren't hitting hard enough they'd wallop you with a club or poke a bayonet into you."

"I've got a tradition of beatings," said Clem. "Their officers would beat their own men right in front of us, knock them down and whack them with the flat of a saber. The noncoms beat the privates. The three-star privates beat the two-star privates, the two-star privates beat the one-star privates. The one-star private can't beat anybody but a prisoner or a civilian."

Sometime around four o'clock in

the afternoon of September 7, 1944, the 19th day aboard the hell ship, an American torpedo struck another ship in the same convoy. A bugler blew the alert for general quarters, but he got out only two or three scared-sounding notes and trailed off, windless with fear.

Cutter looked up the hatch and saw an automatic rifle stuck through the opening. Another Jap dropped a grenade down just as the gun opened fire. The Japs were shooting the Americans like rats in a barrel. The grenade dropped ticking at Cutter's left foot. Cutter kicked it under some boards, and it went off, putting nine fragments into his left leg, four into his right leg, and three in each arm.

Then a torpedo hit the prison ship. "When the first explosion came," said Clem, "everything blacked out for a minute and when I came to, it was so black I thought I was under water. I didn't dare breathe. Big soft things were bumping into me. I thought they were sponges. Then I thought I was dead and that this must be what it is like to be dead. You float around in blackness and big soft sponges keep bumping you. But soon I realized they weren't sponges but the bodies of dead Americans. And I found I wasn't under water at all, the blackness was because I had been keeping my eyes closed in fear."

"The ladder was full of guys climbing over each other and I climbed with them and got my head out of the hold. Then I saw a Jap soldier with a .25-caliber machine gun shooting everybody coming out. Two bullets hit me, one on the right side of the head and the other just under the chin, gouging deep creases and clout-

ing me over backward to the bottom.

"My ears were broken and I couldn't hear. I was floundering in a gruel of broken bones and torn flesh, then I was back up on deck again. The Jap with the machine gun was gone, but another Jap was shooting at us with a rifle from the superstructure, so I slid along and got a boom between him and me.

"There were dead Americans all over. The water was filled with the bobbing heads of Japs and Americans. I could see the beach about three miles off. I remember telling myself, 'You've got a long swim ahead of you,' so I took off the G-string which was all I had on.

"A Jap came crawling by and I took his life preserver in my hands and jerked it off him. I don't know where I got the strength. I couldn't do it now. I didn't have any trouble with the Jap, maybe he was frozen with fright.

"Then I went over the side. When I hit the water, I couldn't move my right arm because there were two pieces of steel from the torpedo in my shoulder and one in my upper arm. I hadn't noticed them before."

In the meantime, Sergeant Cutter had picked himself up after the blast of the grenade and was making his way up the iron ladder.

"No bones were broken by the fragments, but I was bleeding a lot. I got about a third of the way up when something knocked me to the bottom again. I got halfway up again and then a big rush of water came up from the hold washing me onto the deck. That water saved my life, but it drowned everybody below me."

"There were three feet of water on the deck and bodies slopping in it. A Jap came along, and I willoped him on the jaw with my bloody hand and he tumbled over backward. I put my foot on his neck and yanked off his life preserver. Then I noticed the Japs were shooting at me from the superstructure and I pressed flat underneath it where they couldn't get at me.

"Then I saw Harry Meson, a friend of mine, standing by the hatch and throwing boards over the side for us to use as life preservers. 'Duck, Harry,' I yelled, 'they're shooting at you!'

"Suddenly the board he was holding flew high into the air as a bullet hit him. He spun around twice and fell. I ran and groped under the water for him, but the water was sloshing every which way, and it had washed him away. When I got back under the superstructure I noticed my life preserver had been torn by a bullet. Funny, but I hadn't noticed the bullet hitting me at all.

I went down with the ship. I was afraid to move from the superstructure on account of the bullets. Those Japs kept on shooting as if murder lust had carried them past fear, and I swear I heard shots in that last gurgling little silence before the ship slid down, taking us all with it."

"I was clear of the ship and swimming hard when it went down," said Clem. "There were little spurts of water hitting up all around me. I saw an American up ahead hanging onto a plank. The spurts of water walked toward him, fast, then suddenly both his arms stiffened and he sank out of sight. I couldn't figure

out what had happened. My mind was like a muscle that had been hit and paralyzed. There were four or five Americans treading water beyond that, and I headed for them. The little spurts of water headed for them, too, and one of the men threw up his arms. Then there was a lot of thrashing around, and soon the whole lot of them disappeared.

"I realized then we were being shot at and I started to swim away from everybody else, figuring I'd have a better chance if I stayed by myself. Then I saw a Jap whaleboat about 100 yards away. A Jap officer was standing with his sub in his hand. The whaleboat made for a group of Americans and the Jap officer leaned over the side and cut viciously at the heads in the water. There were five other whaleboats further away and over each of them I caught the glint of sunlight on a sub's fin.

It took me two hours to make the beach. Filipino guerrillas rose up out of the grass. The first one took his pants off and gave them to me. There was still shooting going on all around. Another torpedoed ship had been run up on the beach. The Japs had got off, spread along the beach, and were shooting Americans as they came out of the water."

"After going down with the hell ship," Cutter said, "I came up in the middle of a bunch of Japs. One of them was holding onto a little doughnut life preserver. I grabbed hold of it, pushed him off and started swimming to shore. I saw Harry Meson lying on his back on a plank. Three Army officers were towing him. One had been shot in the leg, yet he not

only swam but kept helping push the plank. Bullets had torn Harry's shoulder and cut an artery. There was nothing to use for a tourniquet and no way to put it on, so the officers kept working the plank gently toward shore regardless of their own danger. I swam up to help, but by the time I got there Harry was dead. We left him floating on the plank and separated to have a better chance to make shore.

"The Japs on the shore were still

shooting Americans as they came out of the water, so I headed far down the beach and stayed in the water until after dark."

BOTH Cutter and Clem snapped back to firm health from their ordeal with the miraculous resiliency of youth, and a U S submarine took them from Mindanao 21 days after the guerrillas rescued them. Of the 750 Americans on that hell ship only 83 are known to have survived.

## ~ ~ From the Lyons Den ~ ~

*Excerpts from Leonard Lyons' Syndicated Column*

INFLUENT COLONEL David Niven tells of an escaped Polish flier who was sent to an R A M base in Scotland for training. Several months later on leave in London he was asked if he liked to speak English. The Pole replied, 'Aye. A wee bit.'

CELEBRAL Patrick J. Hurley flew to Moscow to arrange for Stalin's participation in the Yalta conference. After details were decided upon, Hurley was asked the proper way to greet Roosevelt and Churchill in English. Just walk in and say these words, he suggested. Stalin memorized them and found occasion to deliver the greeting at a dinner where Roosevelt and Churchill were seated. He found he arrived. Putting the portieres of the banquet hall, Stalin stood at the assembled guests then said, "What the hell's going on here?"

BEFORE a dinner at his Montclair, N J home for fellow gourmets John M. Weaver gave his maid specific instructions in serving the dishes. "I want the fish served whole, with tail and head," he said, "and serve it with lemon in mouth."

But that's silly. Lemon in mouth she protested. That's the way it's done at the best dinners in Europe, her employer insisted. The maid reluctantly agreed. She served the fish, complete with tail and head. And she carried a lemon in her mouth.

FIELD MARSHAL Sir Bernard L. Montgomery doesn't smoke, drink, swear or eat meat. When he invited captured General von Thoma to dinner, members of the House of Commons protested to the Prime Minister. Churchill shrugged. "Poor von Thoma. I too have dined with Montgomery."

WHEN Dr. Muelc Steinberger, former official court photographer in Brussels, photographed Bernard Shaw, the fee was £200. Shaw paid with 20 checks, each for £10. Asked why he made payment in such an odd manner, Shaw explained, "I understand that the price for my autograph is £25. By giving you 20 checks, both of us will profit. You can sell the £10 checks for £25. And the purchasers, of course, will want to keep the autographs and won't cash the checks."



# The Man Who Wouldn't Die

Condensed from The New York Sun

Bob Davis

Author of *People People Everywhere* etc., and for many years columnist on  
The New York Sun

Because of its timeliness and at the suggestion of a number of readers this article is reprinted from the October, '39, Reader's Digest

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"MEDICAL SCIENCE," said the Army surgeon, "is not the last word in saving lives. Any doctor who served at the front knows that

"I'll give you one instance," the surgeon went on. "Among the wounded at a temporary hospital behind the lines of Chateau Thierry, in 1918, was an Irishman from Iowa. A bullet had entered his right side, back of the collarbone, passed through his lung, diaphragm, gall bladder and liver. There were 13 perforations in his intestines, six of them double punctures."

"Was he conscious?" I asked.

"Thoroughly, and in a communicative mood. During the examination and while we were preparing to operate, he said, in a voice heard by every conscious man in the hospital: 'I'll be all right, Doc. Don't worry about me.'"

"We administered ether, opened the stomach, sewed up the perforations and did whatever else was necessary. It was astounding that he survived. But with surprising vitality he came out of the ether announcing that he was 'all right.' Close by were

a dozen other terribly wounded men. One of them sat bolt upright, looked at the Iowa private and broke into laughter. 'If that guy can pull through, so can I,' said he.

"From that day until a week later, when I was called to another section, the patient's sole salutation was 'I'll be all right, Doc. Don't worry about me.' He became the man who would not die and in the very soul of those about him he implanted a determination to live. He had several lumps, high temperature and pulse, with distressing symptoms, but not once, even in his frequent deliriums, was he shaken in the belief that he would recover.

"He formed a messenger service among the nurses. 'You tell that bird over there with a busted conk,' said he, 'that I've got from 13 to 20 holes inside of me and that I'll be back at the front again. Say to that fellow who thinks he is going to be paralyzed that this war ain't yet started, and tell him to get back on his pins as soon as he can.' To an officer whose right side had been shot away he said: 'So long as your heart is still there you should bother. A young feller like you can stand a lot of hard luck and still have the best of it. When I get back I'm gonna tell my buddies that a month in the hospital is a furlough.'

inoculated every man  
Out of the 12 more  
died, four died, but the  
had so thoroughly  
influence that they  
Doctors and nurses  
wer that emanated  
n, crying out so that  
'I'm all right' —  
of the surgeons who  
he optimist was dis-

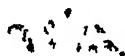
charged. He told me that every other  
man in the ward believed that he  
had been led from the grave by the  
Iowan.

"That soldier taught me that a pa-  
tient discouraged is on the down-  
grade, and that medicine without  
hope is hopeless. Among the souve-  
nirs I brought back from the war w  
a letter, written at the front by a sol-  
dier who had rejoined his regiment. I  
quote it in full.

"'I'm all right, Doc. Don't worry  
about me.'"

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*Reprints of this article will be supplied upon  
request without charge to military hospitals.  
Address Reprint Editor, The Reader's Digest,  
Pleasantville, N. Y.*



### *The Pun Is the Lowest Form of Humor — When You Don't Think of It First*

—Oscar Levant

WHEN playwright George Kaufman's daughter told him that a friend  
of hers at Vassar had eloped, he remarked, 'Ah! She put the heart before  
the course!'

—Bennett Cerf *Try and Sit Me* (Simon & Schuster)

MARINES have placed this sign on Kwajalein Atoll "HOTEL  
ATOLL — No Beer Atoll — No Women Atoll — Nuthin' Atoll"

—Sgt. Bill Allen quoted by Sydney J. Harris in *Chicago Daily News*

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WHEN John Hay was Secretary of State, he conferred with a Chinese  
minister named Wu. "I talked and talked until the Minister was happy,"  
reported Hay, "and the Minister talked and talked until I was woozy."

~

— *Life*

IN THE Viking Press office, Marshall Best looked out at a near-hurri-  
cane and remarked, "It's raining cats and dogs."

"Don't I know it," agreed the unquenchable Ben Huebsch. "I just  
stepped into a poodle."

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

# Life in These United States

★ THE chief concern of the conductor on a crowded train from the South was for crvice men and their families. One mother with a babe in arms and a five-year-old, received his special attention. He trotted back and forth with the baby's bottle and asked a soldier to amuse the baby while the mother and little girl had dinner. On their return he stood in the aisle with his hand on the little girl's head and commanded our attention.

Folks, this little lady has to get up at dawn tomorrow to meet her soldier daddy. We want her to have bright eyes for I'm don't we?" Not a nicker. Now I don't want any loud talking or noise or laughing in here tonight. If you want to talk, go into another coach."

He turned out all lights except one at either end of the car, said, "Good night, all," and left.

If that soldier wasn't met by a starved daughter next morning, it wasn't the fault of a very human conductor or a cooperative bunch of passengers.

— CATHARINE S. FRY

★ THE usually cheerful mortician in a small Oregon town was looking so like the traditional conception of an undertaker that a friend asked what was the matter. The trouble was confided the mortician; he just couldn't figure ahead any more. I used to be able to pick up the weekly paper and count on lively business. Now I can't count on anything. One week I read that Horace Brown is seriously ill — the next, he's reported up and around again as spry as ever. Not," he hastened to add, "that I regret a person's recovery. But everything's so blame uncertain. And do you know what I lay it to — these sulfa drugs!"

— KATHLEEN D. SILVER

★ APPROACHING Pella, Iowa — an enterprising community founded by Dutch immigrants in the middle of the last century — I passed a huge farmhouse with a shady avenue leading to it. Over the gate were these Dutch words: WIF HAD HF1 C FDACH1?

Later I asked what the sign meant and was told that the prosperous farm belonged to a Dutch immigrant who had arrived penniless in the United States. He started as a farmhand and America had so exceeded his hopes as a land of opportunity that he could think of no more suitable name for his farm than WHO COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT?

— C. E. S. N. H. S.

★ THE harassed father of seven small children was sorting ration books in search of a shoe stamp. Finally he found one in a book just issued to his three-week-old infant. William, the oldest son who had been watching, exclaimed:

"Cele! You've got a ration book for the baby, *ahmoy!*"

"Of course," his father answered.

"Cash," William commented. "You and Mom would do *anything* for a ration book, wouldn't you?" — JOSEPH C. SINGER

★ DRIVING through the mountains of Tennessee, we stopped to ask an elderly man the way to Coffee Hill School.

"Well, miss," said the native, "you go down here until you come to Hanging Rock and then — you know where that is, don'tcha?"

"No," replied my friend, "I don't believe I do."

"Well, that's where you turn off and go on two miles until you get to Lumbkin Creek. You know where that is, don'tcha?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm sorry, miss," said the native shaking his head regretfully. "I don't think you know enough for me to tell you anything."

—BASILY SMITH

★ ONE WINTER my father astonished the family by buying a ticket for a series of dances at Odd Fellows Hall.

"But why on earth?" my mother demanded. "You know you'll never go."

"I know," agreed father amiably.

But it's more fun to stay home from something than just to stay home!

—W. EARL H. FLETCHER

★ NOT LONG AGO I was invited by a well-known surgeon to watch a complex operation he was about to perform. As he went through the laborious preparation for the operation—scrubbing for the allotted time and being helped into cap, gown and rubber gloves—he seemed confident but a little tense.

"All set?" I asked.

"Almost," he replied and stopped and bowed his head for a moment. Then calm and relaxed he led the way to the operating room. During the operation his hands never faltered.

Afterward I said to him: "I was surprised at your prying before you went in. I thought a surgeon relied solely on his own ability."

He answered, "A surgeon is only human. He can't work miracles by himself. I'm certain that science could not have advanced as far as this were it not for something stronger than mere man. You see?" he concluded. "I feel so close to God when I am operating that I don't know where my skill leaves off and His begins."

—J. INNETH IRIS

★ FROM LANSING, Michigan, I placed a long distance call one midnight as a surprise for my mother down in Mississippi. As I held the line I heard this conversation between my operator and the one in the home town:

MISSISSIPPI: Yes, there's a telephone at Mr. McCool's, but I'm not gonna wake 'er up at this time of night."

MICHIGAN: But operator, this is an important call. It's long distance from Lansing, Michigan."

MISSISSIPPI: Yes, I know. It's old Sam up in Michigan calling his mamma. Well, I'm not gonna wake Mr. McCool up. You tell Sam to call his mamma in the mornin' when she's awake."

—S. B. MCCOOL

★ THE railroad platform of a western city was crowded with newly uniformed recruits and their friends and relatives wishing them farewell. Every young soldier seemed to have someone to see him off except one—a dark, handsome boy who stood forlornly alone and already looked homesick. Just as the train started to move an attractive girl rushed forward and kissed him. I heard her say to him in a low voice: "When my brother left last year, I didn't get to see him off. He was killed three weeks ago. Good bye, and take care of yourself."

—J. L. V. WHEAT JR.

★ TO CELEBRATE Uncle Dudley's 75th birthday an aviation enthusiast offered to take him for a plane ride over the little West Virginia town where he'd spent all his life.

Uncle Dudley accepted the offer.

Back on the ground, after circling over the town 20 minutes, his friend asked, "Were you scared, Uncle Dudley?"

"No-o-o," was the hesitant answer. "But I never did put my full weight down."

—RALPH P. NELSON

★ ONE PAINFUL summer my neighbor Clarence was having difficulty plowing a field on his Oklahoma farm. Finally his tractor became so deeply mired that Clarence had to go back to the barn for fence posts, a chain and spade. A passerby, seeing him struggling to extricate the

heavy tractor, called out, "You having a little trouble, Clarence?"

'No No trouble at all," Clarence cheerfully replied 'What I call trouble is somethin' I can't fix."

—GUY HARP

'THE NEW YORK bookstore, understaffed because of the war, was crowded with customers waiting for attention. The telephone rang in the mail order department and a voice asked for certain books. 'Just a moment, the clerk said and returned with the news that all were in stock. "That'll be \$8.50 cash. To what name and address shall we send them?"

Never mind sending them," said the voice on the telephone. "Just bring them to the front of the store — I'm in the public telephone booth there."

—E. H. NIEHAUS

\* A young lieutenant with a very young wife came out of the San Diego station. They approached a taxi, seeming uncertain what to do in unfamiliar surroundings. "Do you know of a nice quiet place where we could have a good dinner?" the officer asked the genial-looking gray-haired taxi driver. "We're here just for a few hours."

"Sure," said the taxi driver. "Home! The missus will have it ready pretty soon, and she's the best cook I know. My place

is kind of quiet, now that the boys are in the Army."

The officer looked at his wife. She nodded and smiled. "Come, let's go," she said. And off they drove.

—JEANNIE M. SERRILL

"COUSIN BOB" as he was affectionately known to everyone in the little Missouri town, had just passed his 70th year. "But, Cousin Bob," asked a neighbor commiseratingly, "don't you hate to get old?"

"Hell no!" snapped Cousin Bob. "If I weren't old I'd be dead!"

—MRS. MILTON A. VERFLAND

### *The Reader's Digest invites contributions to 'Life in These United States'*

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, *The Reader's Digest* will pay \$200. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents from your own experience or observation. Maximum length, 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of *The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.* Address: *Life in These United States*, Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N. Y.

## The Voice of Experience

IN 1936 when Simon Bolivar Buckner, now lieutenant general commanding our forces in Alaska, was attending a refresher course for colonels, a young instructor remarked that Regimental Headquarters should prepare the programs for company training, because inexperienced captains might make errors if they did their own.

Up rose Buckner and ended all argument by saying, "Uncle Zeke was known in my Kentucky home town for his wisdom. One day a young friend asked him, 'Uncle Zeke, how come you're so wise?'"

'Because I've got good judgment,' the old man replied. 'Good judgment comes from experience, and experience — well, that comes from poor judgment!'"

—Contributed by Brigadier General John W. Lang

# Taking the Hush-Hush Out of Hernia

By Paul de Kruif

Thousands of people have it, but few know that it can be easily and simply cured by surgery

A FRIEND of mine, a professional man in his early 50's who had never been seriously sick a day in his life, was taken with a spell of coughing one morning. Shortly afterward he experienced a pain in his groin. It grew worse and he became nauseated and felt a lump at the site of the pain. He hurried to his doctor, and learned that he had a hernia.

Of course, my friend knew the word, but he hadn't the faintest idea how serious a hernia might be or how cruelly it might affect the rest of his life. He'd seen quack ads about painless rupture cures and trusses. But he'd always thought that it only those who did heavy manual labor developed hernias. He hadn't the foggiest notion of what a hernia really was, why he'd developed it, or whether there really was a cure for it.

In his ignorance, my friend was typical of most of the 6,000,000 or so Americans who have ruptures. The subject seems to have been generally considered unmentionable. For example, only one article on hernia is listed in general magazines during the past five years.

This taboo is almost certainly due

to the fact that the vast majority of ruptures occur in the groin, close to the sex organs. Thus the disease has remained in the shadowland of prudery, with the result that its treatment has too often been a field for cheap advertising and quackery.

The ordinary rupture is simply a bulging of a loop of intestine through the muscles in the lower part of the abdominal wall, in the groin where the abdomen joins the thigh. Such ruptures are called indirect inguinal hernias — *indirect* because they bulge slantwise through the wall of the abdomen, *inguinal* because that's the medical word for the groin. The bulging may remain slight for a long time, but it tends to get worse, finally the loop of intestine may descend into the scrotum — the pouch that holds the male sex glands.

General belief to the contrary, these hernias are not primarily due to strains or injuries, the ultimate cause goes back to infancy. At about the time of birth, the testicles, which during a boy baby's development remain inside his abdomen, begin to migrate downward. They push the abdominal lining ahead of them, forming a sac. This sac pushes down between the abdominal muscles, leaving a passageway, and finally splits open to permit egress of the testicles into the scrotum.

In the majority of youngsters, shortly after they're born, the sac — now looking like an open sleeve — closes at both ends and withers away after the sex glands have passed through it to their normal destination. But in a certain number the sac persists, it may remain for life. This is the weak spot. This is the site of the future hernia.

Any slip, sudden strain, violent cough or sneeze, any lifting or pushing or pulling, may bring on the rupture by pushing a loop of intestine into the sac. Pressure inside the abdomen tends to push the loop farther and further down inside the sac, so that the weak spot in the wall of the abdomen becomes wider. The sac acts like a wedge, straining and weakening the abdominal muscles which may thin out much like a worn-out hammock.

The hernia may even become choked by the pinching action of the muscles on the inner opening of the sac. Then the natural passage of the intestinal contents is obstructed. Worse still, the blood circulation may be cut off. That sinister event is called strangulation, and then's the time for the ambulance to run the traffic lights, for gangrene may begin within five or six hours. Without operation the death rate from a strangulated hernia is 100 percent.

It is far from true that hernia is largely a disease of workers in heavy industry. Naturally it's likely to appear earlier in a steel puddler than in a clergyman, but even white collar workers, if they have that inborn and unsuspected sac, may sooner or later develop it.

An inguinal hernia rarely strikes

like a bolt from the blue, it's a slowly progressive disease that may smolder for years before it begins to distress its victim. Dr. J. J. Moorhead, New York City surgeon, reports that a very large number of men have inguinal hernias without suspecting their existence for months or years. Yet even in this underground state most cases can be spotted by competent physicians. *The possibility of hernia is one of the major reasons for a regular medical checkup.*

Women may suffer hernias, though much more rarely than men, and these too are likely to be disabling and to end in dangerous strangulation. Hernias in women are due to a weakness at the point where the large blood vessels pass from the abdomen into the thigh. They too can be detected early by a physical examination.

The majority of rupture victims simply drag out their lives in growing distress and worry. That lump in their groins, *once it appears*, tells them that a vital part of their insides is not where it should be. Their distress is mental too; they're afraid to pull, push, lift, strain or even sneeze.

Millions of rupture victims try to control their dangerous and distressing defect by trusses. In the earlier stages of a hernia it is usually possible to reduce it, to push back temporarily the loop of intestine out of its sac into the abdomen. Then it can — sometimes — be successfully held back by a truss. But trusses never cure a hernia, they merely appease it.

Trusses themselves cause annoyance that is especially severe in summer. Moreover, the constant pressure of a truss weakens the muscles so that

permanent cure of the hernia is far more difficult if operation becomes desperately necessary, later, and it's common for surgeons to find that the hernia has slipped by the time the patient believes it's controlled. It is from curing a rupture, a truss may contribute to bringing on the dangerous strangulation.

We would have at least 250,000 more able fighting men today, but for hernia. And it is estimated that the ruptured men in industry suffer, on the average, a 25 percent lowering of their working capacity. There is no way to prevent an inguinal hernia, but it is one of the most highly curable of all the breakdowns of the human body.

In the past 25 years the rise in the permanent cure rate has been astounding. In the early 1900s perhaps 30 percent of hernias came back despite operations, but ruptured people now have close to 95 chances out of 100 of permanent cure in those

many hospitals where the surgical staffs have special skill and wide experience.

Hernia is a simple mechanical breakdown of the human machine, and easy to get at. What the operation boils down to is this: The surgeon finds the offending hernial sac, ties it off at its internal opening and removes it, then, by a very careful overlapping of abdominal muscles and tendons, he strengthens the weakened wall of the abdomen.

Given skilled surgery, the risk of the operation is extremely low. In many modern clinics the patient can sit up the first day afterward, and start walking around the second. Today, with local anesthesia, even old people and those suffering from heart disease are no longer denied the surgical cure of their hernias. The operation is so successful that the U. S. Army now accepts formerly ruptured draftees when they've been cured by good surgery.

## Court Gestures

JUDGE Kenesaw Mountain Landis once sentenced an old offender to five years in prison.

But, Your Honor,' the felon protested, "I'll be dead long before that! I'm a sick man — I can't do five years!"

Landis glared at him. "You can try, can't you?" — *Justice Clavier in Coronet*

IN DEADWOOD, S. D., Mike Turning Bear, a Sioux Indian, was charged with stealing 20 head of horses.

"Guilty or not guilty?" queried the court.

"Twenty one," Mike proudly replied.

— *Centinelley, Lewi A. Lincoln*

THE WOMAN called to the stand was handsome but no longer young. The judge, instantly instructed, "Let the witness state her age, after which she may be sworn."

— *Joe Harrington in Boston Post*



To the man who rebuilt the Pacific Fleet,  
morale is the best offensive

# NIMITZ and His Admirals

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

*Fletcher Pratt*

LIEUTENANT LA MARR was called from a late Sunday bath for immediate conference at the Navy Department, no hint as to subject. There were Marines at the door that gray December Sunday of 1941, and La Marr learned that the news was war. Already a desultory conversation was going on among Secretary Knox, Assistant Secretary Forrestal, Admiral Stark and Fleet Admiral Nimitz of the Bureau of Navigation.

All appeared hampered by lack of information about what was happening out at Honolulu (where the machine guns were still hammering). When the discussion came down to a specific point it was usually Nimitz's suggestion that was adopted.

He was only one of the bureau chiefs (there are seven) and a rather junior admiral. But the keynote of their gathering was *whom can we trust?*

FLETCHER PRATT served in the War Library Service during World War I, and then became a free lance writer specializing in military affairs. He is a member of the U. S. Naval Institute and the author of several books on sea power and the history of our navy. His latest book, published last year, *The Navy's War*. Mr. Pratt recently returned from Pearl Harbor, where he interviewed Admiral Nimitz and other officers



Nimitz of Bunav, which in spite of its name was the office charged with handling personnel, would presumably know that, and he was also then apparent to the command of the Pacific Fleet.

A fleet commander in any navy must be removed when he is once knocked out. Confidence has been lost. In those black hours when the last bombs were still falling on Pearl Harbor it was not evident from Washington how much damage had been done, but it was evident that under Admiral Husband E. Kimmel we no longer possessed an offensive navy.

Automatically the second name on the list was brought up. The name was that of Chester W. Nimitz. Admiral Kimmel was his friend and he did not wish to compete. But in war no officer has any right to regard personal feelings. When Nimitz was notified that he would take over the Pacific Fleet, he had hardly slept at all for several days, and had eaten next to nothing. Just before he stepped on

the train that was to take him to San Francisco a surgeon beckoned Lieutenant La Marr aside and told him he was to be head keeper — to see that the Admiral got some sleep and food during the trip.

That trip was made under circumstances out of a picturesque novel. The Admiral and Lieutenant shared a stateroom. Nimitz was "Mr. Winwright," with instructions to recognize no one and in fact he did freeze his face up when an old acquaintance hailed him. It seemed a wise precaution. Whom could we trust? A freighter had been torpedoed between San Francisco and Pearl Harbor and PBYS were going down all over what had become a sea of misery.

La Marr had been with his chief for over a year but on that trip found a Nimitz he had never met before. Around Washington the Admiral was known as one who demanded official form and attention to detail. Now he became suddenly human, laughed, told jokes. The first full report of the Pearl Harbor damage was in La Marr's brief case and La Marr had been instructed to keep it from Nimitz as long as possible. With his mind on this the Lieutenant was a rotten pupil, before they reached Chicago Nimitz told him he would never be a cribbage player and switched to a whole series of new varieties of solitaire, constructed by himself to illustrate the mathematics of permutation. The Lieutenant wondered who was soothing whom.

During a wait between trains at Chicago, La Marr let slip a remark about that complete Pearl Harbor damage report from this point on the Admiral took command and set

up a routine which began as the Santa Fe train pulled out. Nimitz would have a couple of stiff cocktails, a big dinner, then compose himself for the evening with a section of the report, clucking gently as he read murmuring from time to time, 'It could have happened to anyone.'

At the coast La Marr turned back. The Admiral went on by plane to Pearl Harbor. Those who saw his meeting with Kimmel described the latter as trying to draw him toward the building, while Nimitz hung back, looking and looking and looking at the wicks along the shore.

When the men of Pearl Harbor filed into the conference room on December 31 to meet their new chief they brought with them not only the black depression of that disaster but the knowledge that they had joined the wrong team. It seemed altogether likely that Kimmel was going back to face a court martial that the Nimitz team was due to move in. But Admiral Nimitz told them that he wanted the Pacific Fleet staff to stay and work with him, without change.

That moment has been described as the true crisis of Pearl Harbor, the victory following the defeat which made all the rest possible. It was also the first of daily conferences with all the ranking officers at Pearl Harbor present and the Admiral in the chair.

These gatherings were not all sweetness and light, especially in the beginning when the news was universally bad. The air officers, who led the only effective striking force the Navy then possessed, were resentful over the first piece of news that had met Nimitz on his arrival — that the carrier task force for the relief of

Wake had been recalled because a Jap fleet had appeared off the island.

On the other hand the "battleship admirals" felt thrown into the background by the air forces. They were honestly convinced that sending cruiser-carrier forces into waters where they could encounter enemy battleships might result in a disaster that would lose us the war.

This strategic question was settled at Coral Sea in May 1942, when our carriers were trapped against Australia by the Japanese fleet rounding the Solomons, and the Jap battleships fled from the contest but the important point here is Nimitz's solution of the personal question. Early in these discussions the violence of the argument reminded him of a story. He told it, and was rewarded by seeing faces relax into laughter and the conversation, when it was resumed, go forward on the basis of an effort to find common ground. Nimitz developed the story-telling technique out of excellent memory and a literary skill which permits him to furbish up many an item dredged from an old volume to fit a new case.

The preparations for the Saipan operation of 1944, for example, produced a few verbal fireworks between Army and Navy commanders. "This all reminds me," said Nimitz, 'of the first amphibian operations — conducted by Noah. When they were unloading from the Ark he saw a pair of cats come out followed by six kittens. 'What's this?' he asked. 'Ha, ha,' said the tabby cat, 'and all the time you thought we were fighting'."

(When the submarine *Darter* asked permission to cruise outside her assigned area into another where she

thought she might find more "meat," Nimitz dictated a reply "Yes, my darling *Darter*, shoot your fish at the Japanese, but duck their patrols like you order." The staff thought it too undignified to send.)

Nimitz desired above all to familiarize himself with the thought patterns of the men around him. A Navy custom requires the commander of a ship or group to call on the ranking admiral when he enters harbor. It was generally assumed that the custom would be discarded on the coming of war, along with such matters as wearing dress swords. Instead Nimitz made the call obligatory. The visitor would be introduced and asked to sit down. Then he would immediately be faced with embarrassing questions. The Admiral was interested, however, less in the answers than in the way in which they were made. He was looking for men who are at their best in meeting a particular type of difficulty. This is one of the reasons behind a striking feature of the Pacific war — the frequent angles of command. It is the Nimitz method of picking a commander according to the task to be performed.

Sometimes Nimitz conferred with the Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet, Admiral King, on the Pacific Coast, both men flying to the meeting place. Such journeys are the only occasion when Nimitz takes to the air. He came up through the submarine service himself, does not particularly enjoy flying, and always returns exhausted from these trips.

At one of the earliest of these conferences, the Marshall-Gilbert raids at the end of January 1942 were decided upon, as a practical experiment

to shed light on the then debatable question of whether cruiser-carrier forces could take care of themselves on a long-range oceanic move. It is significant that the commander chosen was Halsey — Nimitz had already marked him as a fighting leader who would slug on through if faced by unexpected odds.

When it was decided to go into the Solomons in the summer of 1942, Nimitz asked that Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley head the operation. That big, bald, alternately smiling and sulphurous officer is one of the most intelligent men ever to wear the blue and gold, and a strategist of a high order. Moreover, he had made a special study of the geography and oceanography of the Solomons area.

So Ghormley took command of our first offensive. And on its second night, off Savo Island, Jap torpedo-carriers sank four heavy cruisers and crippled a fifth, the whole heart of the expedition.

On the morning the landings were to be made in the Solomons, Admiral Nimitz stepped outside the door of his office to his pistol range and, as was his custom, worked off the nervous tension by banging away at the target. The first, good news was brought to him there — he knocked off and went back to work. When the story of Savo Island reached him, the Admiral stayed on the range for a long time, his face set, pouring bullets into the target as rapidly as he could shoot before going indoors to dictate new orders.

One of them obviously would have to be for the relief of Ghormley. He had been nearly 700 miles from the scene of the disaster and could hardly

be held directly responsible for it, but the thing had happened under his command and the moral effect would be somewhat the same as in the case of Kimmel and Pearl Harbor. Moreover the campaign in the Solomons had suddenly become a question of straight dogged defense against superior forces. There was only one logical commander for the job — Halsey.

Halsey was ill, and when he recovered he had to familiarize himself with the problem, so it was mid-October before he was fully in control. The two and-a-half month interval was probably the blackest period of the war for Admiral Nimitz — the second crisis he had had to meet, with the Marines busy clinging to Guadalcanal, the Navy under fire for concealing losses, and some of the command and staff appointments in doubt.

No one noticed any change in the Admiral's outward demeanor. If anything he became more human, more considerate of his subordinates. Admiral Ghormley was brought in to become head of the 12th Naval District (Honolulu) where his good strategic brain would be available at headquarters. Plans normally have to be made about eight months before the guns begin to shoot. It takes that long to assemble the supplies, "fleet in" the ships, conduct the rehearsals. By January 1943, it was evident that the Japs had given up Guadalcanal for dead. At home Forrestal's shipbuilding program was a success, the mechanical means for developing an American offensive strategy were reasonably well assured. But what line was it to take?

The classical doctrine of American

strategy was for a central Pacific offensive which offered a prospect of bringing the major Japanese fleet to battle. Nimitz plumped for going up the line of the Solomons, with the long, costly campaign of beachheads, air battles by day, and destroyer fights by night. There is not the slightest doubt that he made the correct decision. Our forces then had neither the numerical superiority nor the training adequate to conduct a sustained offensive.

A good deal of the technical planning came from the new officer brought in to head the staff in the spring of 1943. This was Admiral Charles H. "Sock" McMorris. He had come up rapidly, had been only a captain in charge of the *San Francisco* during the Cape Esperance battle in 1942. \* McMorris's memory for figures — tons, dates, distances — is prodigious, and in brief conversations during courtesy calls Nimitz found him possessed of a remarkable ability to see his way through a tangled web of such figures to an overall evaluation of a position.

Nimitz had another place for Raymond Spruance, the victor of Midway in June 1942, that place was at the head of Task Force 58, which conquered the Marianas and fought the first battle of the Philippine Sea. A flood of light is thrown on Nimitz and his methods by a comment made by one of the officers at headquarters: "Yes, the Admiral thinks it's all right to send Raymond out now. He's got him to the point where they think and talk just alike."

\* Off Cape Esperance on October 11-12, a U S force at a cost of one destroyer sank four Japanese cruisers and four destroyers.

The process that had begun on the bleak last day of 1941 was by this time practically complete. The fleet was rebuilt. The mechanical and statistical advance of the U S Navy during the war has often been noticed, what has generally escaped attention is the moral and technical advance for which Chester W. Nimitz must receive the credit, as he would have to bear the blame if it had not taken place.

Navy men generally are positive, self-assured, given to vigorous snap judgments. Nimitz departs from the norm in the direction of flexibility and an effort to understand causes. Constant contact with the best minds of the Navy has left him less sure of things than are his juniors.

And for that matter, contact with the best minds of the enemy. It is the Admiral's habit, as it is the habit of every good military man, to try to anticipate the enemy's move by imagining himself in their position and, with the aid of information about their observed movements, figuring out what he would do. The process paid rich dividends in the Coral Sea battle (when he boldly sent far from base a large proportion of our then slender sea strength) and at Midway (where the move through the central Pacific might well have been the feint and that toward Alaska, the main attack).

But as the Japanese again and again failed to strike with their superior forces, noncomprehension set in. "I don't know exactly what I'd do in their situation, but I wouldn't do that," Nimitz confessed frankly.

The result was that he began an effort to get at the Japanese thought

process. He reads very rapidly, absorbing a book a night with ease. Now he read everything he could lay his hands on about the Japanese. With the aid of Admiral McMorris some remarkable conclusions were reached. One was that the Japanese commanders were required to report success in any mission they under-

took, and that their own upper ranks of command were required to believe these reports even when they contradicted rational reasoning. Out of these conclusions grew the movements of strategy that led from Saipan to the second battle of the Philippine Sea, with its disaster to an entire navy for the only time in this war.



## Goofy Gooneys

Joe E. Brown in  
"Your Kids and Mine"

EVERYWHERE I went in the Pacific I was the first comedian to entertain the boys. Everywhere but Midway. The gooney birds were there ahead of me. Nobody but a God with a sense of humor could have thought up such a bird. One and a half feet tall, good natured from his cowl-like to his pigeon toes, he combines absurdity with dignity like a deacon on a drunk. He flies as if riding a bicycle uphill. When he lands on the water he puts out his neck and skates on his belly. When he lands in the dirt he often forgets he's got to use a different technique, so he skids across the sand on his double chin, and then he gets up and looks around reproachfully as if somebody shoved him. He does that over and over, for one lovable trait about a gooney bird is that he never learns.

The gooneys put on a swell show for spectators, a crazy pantomime often going on in 50 or 100 couples at the same time all over the island. Two gooneys face each other, carrying on a weird dialogue of squawks and catcalls. One of them claps his long beak in the other's face and then turns around covily as if he were going to hide his head. They stand motionless a moment, and then the coy gooney starts walking all around the other one, in a rocking chair kind of motion, mumbling and muttering, and occasionally letting out a hysterical giggle. The partner in this strange performance stands with his feet motionless, but he pivots his head through the whole circle looking as if he is wringing his own neck. The kids spend hours trying to figure out what it all means.

Once while I was there somebody gave a gooney a tablespoonful of liquor. And immediately he was drunk as a lord and twice as gooney as usual. He swaggered over to the runway as if he owned the outfit. He made a large gesture with his wings, and then he staggered and fell on his face. But he got up with great dignity, like a man making an after-dinner speech, and tried it again, waddling from side to side with a mad glint in his eye and a drunken cackle waving behind him like a comic-strip balloon. At the end of one of my shows a sailor presented me with a gooney bird. "A kindred spirit," he said. Then the gooney bird and I performed together and I don't know when I ever worked with a better stooge. Fact is I was the stooge for that master comic.

— Published by Doubleday-Dorland



# Household Servants Are Gone Forever

Your maid after the war—if you get one—will have the social and economic status of a factory or office worker

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

*Mrs. Shelby Cullom Davis*

Chairman, National Council on Household Employment

ONE MILLION house maids all over the country have hung up their aprons, donned overalls, and deserted homes for war plants. A few upper-income families can still get help by paying up to \$150 a month for single workers, but for the average middle-income family Mildred, the maid-of-all-work, has faded into memory.

However, many a housewife, now overburdened with domestic drudgery, is saying hopefully, "As soon as Mildred is laid off after the war I know she will be glad to come back to me."

But I wonder. I am familiar with the conditions under which Mildred used to work. She drew down \$14 a week, and put in a 12-hour day. There was scarcely a minute of her working hours she could count with certainty her own. With just Thursday and Sunday afternoons off, she had little opportunity to mingle socially with girls her own age.

Mildred is now in a factory where she works eight hours a day, six days a week, and makes about \$33. She has social security and workmen's compensation. She works side by side with girls who have similar interests, bowls with them, attends their dances, and takes part in the activities of their

union. Outside the factory she's her own boss.

Half the girls in war plants mean to keep on working after the war. Four out of five would prefer to stay in factory jobs. Many are striving to fit themselves for new occupations: hotel, restaurant, and department-store work. Not one in 1000 wants to return to old-style domestic service. Radical changes are in order if we hope to persuade these girls to lay down their wrenches and pick up mops and brooms.

The National Council of Household Employment was formed ten years ago to coordinate the efforts of the many groups—YWCA's, the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, countless women's clubs and civic organizations—interested in raising housework standards. We have listened to laments from both housewives and servants. The latter complained of prevailing low pay ("I can't lay up a nickel"), unattractive living conditions ("I aches to not even a comfortable chair to sit in when my work's done"), lack of privacy ("She's always snooping in my room"), and social stigma ("I'm ashamed to tell my boy friend I'm a maid"). Even louder wails were occasioned by the long, uncertain hours

But the biggest gripe was the lack of freedom, the consciousness of being eternally at someone else's beck

Meanwhile mistresses unburdened their minds to me about the "experienced cooks" they'd hired who couldn't fry an egg, about flighty maids who thought themselves "too good" for housework. Now that housewives have learned to do their own work they are less likely to put up with these shortcomings than they were before the war.

"I've scrubbed floors, washed the clothes, dressed the kids and cooked the dinners for two years now," a young mother told me not long ago. "Hereafter, the girl who carries a key to my home has got to be trustworthy, courteous and efficient. I'll take less service than before but whatever work I pay for will be professionally well done."

Streamlined housing and mechanical inventions will not eliminate the postwar need for servants. The four-course dinner that wafts itself onto your table ready cooked exists only in the storybooks.

But if we can't abolish housework, we can dignify it and raise it to the level of a profession or trade. It's time we recognized the right of cooks and chambermaids, equally with factory workers, to a normal family life.

In this mechanical age it's nonsense to class housework as an "unskilled" calling. I know one girl who was required to operate a washer, mangle, electric iron, vacuum cleaner, waxer, and pressure cooker, to answer the telephone, receive guests, order groceries, check the bills and look after a small baby. She received the magnificent sum of 20 cents an hour.

Last year she quit to work in an aircraft factory for 75 cents an hour.

To be sure, domestic employment has a lot to recommend it over a factory job. The surroundings are pleasanter. It lacks the monotony and the strain of the assembly line. Unlike much factory work, it isn't dirty, noisy or physically exhausting. And factory pay isn't as much as it seems, after you've paid for your rent, meals, laundry, and bus fare.

Elsa Graves, who operates a 20-ton crane in a Chicago steel mill, spoke at a recent forum in New York. "I did housework before the war," she said. "Many of the girls I know had housework or nursemaid jobs. If wages, hours and other standards could be made equal with those in industry many of us would choose it again."

If the present trends continue, you will meet your postwar domestic worker on a clear-cut, employer-employee basis. You will grant her the same hours, pay, freedom and respect that you would if she were working for you in a factory, store or office. She will not think of herself as a "maid" or "servant"; you will probably refer to her as a "housekeeper" or "household assistant," depending on her duties and degree of experience.

She will work a 5½- or six-day week. Her time off will be sacred. She'll quit at her agreed time each evening, even though your husband misses his train and gets home late for dinner. She will not live in, except in rare instances. If she does, she may agree to ten hours a week "on call" evenings in return for her room. Working an eight-hour shift, she won't be there at both ends of the day. Either you'll get up morning to



prepare breakfast, and have the evening to relax, or you'll sleep late, but serve your own dinner and wash the dishes.

The law will probably require you to carry workmen's compensation insurance, so that if the worker in your home is injured both she and you will be protected. That's only fair. In the United States, one accident in ten occurs in the kitchen, and three times as many accidents happen in homes as in factories. You are also likely to be taxed to provide unemployment insurance and retirement benefits.

In return you can expect your household assistant to know her job and do it well without constant supervision. How much you pay her will depend somewhat on where you live. In a city like Buffalo or Milwaukee the full time services of a trained houseworker may cost about \$20 a week. In small communities wages will be slightly lower.

"But," I hear you exclaim, "I can't possibly afford to pay that much." Your solution is a part time worker. Perhaps you'll split her services with your neighbors. Or if you

are a large city apartment dweller you may escape completely from the cares of an employer by shifting the responsibility to a household service corporation. I have a friend in New York who never sees her maid. The girl arrives after my friend and her husband have left for their jobs. She washes the dishes, makes the beds, does the light washing and cleans the apartment. In return my friend mails a modest monthly check to the central office. The girl has four such homes on her list, is through each day at four, and gets good wages. If she's sick, there's no interruption of her work; the office provides a substitute.

When Mildred and her friends come trooping from the factories, they are going to find a whole new deal awaiting them. But they won't be the only gainers. By putting housework on a business basis we'll get more and better service crowded into fewer hours, we'll end the mutually degrading mistress-maid relationship and we'll find new privacy and a more intimate family life. In short, by freeing domestic workers from their old servitude, we shall free our homes as well.

## Ladies' Choice

THE British Parliament was discussing the system of cheap form telegrams for the armed forces and Sir Ian Fraser suggested that the phrase "I am going to have a baby" be included in the list. "The statement should be added," he explained, "because there are so many happy young women who would want it."

"For the very same reason," said Captain Edward Charles Cobb, "will you also add the message 'I am *not* going to have a baby'?"

— Contributed by BETTIE MILLER

# Shepherds of the Underground

Largely through the heroic efforts of two Catholic priests and a Protestant minister thousands of Jewish children in France were saved from German brutality



Condensed from  
Christian Herald

George Kent

FROM A freight train on a siding in Eastern France a woman worker of the French Red Cross heard a strange, muffled wailing like the sound of a radio heard through a wall. She walked along the train listening, and discovered to her horror that inside one of the cars children were screaming. She called the station agent and they managed to get the door open. Recently in Paris, she described the scene to me.

There were 80 Jewish children packed tight in that freight car, clinging to each other in terror. They had been put aboard by the Germans at Paris with two loaves of bread, a portion of water and some cheese. They had been locked in for 18 hours while the train made its halting progress toward the Reich. Four had already died. The presence of these dead companions, the darkness, the fear of the unknown future had made the children hysterical. Several of them were temporarily deranged.

These youngsters will probably never see their parents again — even assuming that their parents have escaped death. The Germans had cut off their identification bracelets and most of them were too young to know

their names. One little girl remembered brightly that she lived at number 16 but could not remember the street.

Yet these children were lucky; they were smuggled into hiding and today are alive and well. Most of the 15,000 Jewish children the Germans seized in France and picked off to Germany were not so fortunate. Nothing has been heard of them, and there is evidence that many were put to death in the gas chambers of Poland.

My story concerns the children the Germans didn't get. There were 12,000 or more, from babies to gawky kids of 15 and 16. Four thousand were smuggled across the Swiss and Spanish borders, 8000 were kept alive and safe right under the Nazi nose.

The leaders in the work were two Catholic priests and a Protestant minister — Fathers Chaillot and Duvaux, and the Reverend Paul Vergara. Father Chaillot is a nervous man with the pallor and tired eyes of a scholar who works 14 to 16 hours daily. Father Duvaux is a figure out of the *Canterbury Tales*, an enormous rosy tub of a man with a full fan beard. Pastor Vergara, whose denomination resembles the Presbyterian, is small and

gnomelike, with disheveled gray hair and high cheek bones

These three men perfected an interlocking organization throughout France the sole purpose of which was to save Jewish children from the Nazis. Father Chaillet alone managed to find safety for more than 4000. Duvoux tucked away a thousand. Vergon with the help of other Protestant ministers accounted for a sixth thousand. The rest were taken care of by ordinary people, inspired by love of children and hatred of the Germans.

A celebrated physician helped by taking Jewish children to his hospital and fitting them out with false disease and fever charts. He also developed a chemical formula which washed the word Jew from the children's food cards -- the red ink of the stamp had resisted all previous eradicators.

One committee of ten middle-aged women, five Protestant and five Catholic, managed to save 358 children at the risk of their own lives. One woman was captured and put to the torture of boiling hot baths alternated with icy cold ones. It is now six months since she was released, but she is still in bed. Scores of men and women who aided the youngsters were imprisoned, some were killed.

Father Chaillet, a Jesuit, was the outstanding figure in this labor of love. After the 1940 armistice, he started a militantly liberal weekly called *Temoignage Chretien* (*The Christian Witness*), which attained considerable underground influence, especially among young men and women. They hunted Father Chaillet's office.

Early in 1942, Vichy rounded up and shipped to Germany several thousand Jews. In Lyons, where the priest

lived, the deported men and women were forced to leave their children behind -- 120 in all. Father Chaillet started gathering up the youngsters. Four he found, half starved and terror-stricken, living in a cellar. A dozen more were picked up on the street. Thirty he took from a barracks where the police had put them.

Methodically he set out to put the children beyond the reach of the Germans in such a way that they might be united with their families after the war. A former detective fingerprinted each child. Records of names, addresses and identification marks were drawn up in triplicate and secreted.

Then Father Chaillet sent his young aides, usually girls of 18 to 20, into the country on their bicycles to talk to peasants. They discovered if the peasants were patriots, if they could be trusted with the care of orphans and if they had a cow or a milk goat. In a radius of 100 miles around Lyons the girls secured havens for most of the children. Arrangements for the others were made with Catholic orphanages and schools. False papers had to be prepared for each child.

Older, militantly looking women ran the greater risk of taking the children to the new homes. It was difficult rehearsing the little ones. One small girl, given a new name, wept, "How will Mamma know me when she comes back?" A six-year-old boy of Dutch parents, who spoke French with a thick accent, was warned to keep utterly silent on the journey. The ride lasted four hours and the child did not open his mouth. But on arrival, his pants were wet. "You told me not to speak," he explained pathetically.

Incorporated into the peasant families, the children mingled freely with the other youngsters of the locality, in school and at play. In these small communities the status of the new arrivals was no secret. But only a half dozen in all were betrayed. Never has a secret shared by so many been so well kept.

A few months after Father Chaillet had hidden the children, the Germans set a quota of 200 Jews to be surrendered by Lyons and the Vichy police proposed to send the children as part of it. Father Chaillet defied the authorities to find them and was sent to a concentration camp.

In prison he wrote an open letter to Catholics and Protestants which was smuggled out and sent to 10,000 priests and ministers. It appealed to all churches to join the fight against Hitler by helping the Jews. Much of the valiant part taken in the Resistance by the French clergy can be traced to the influence of this letter.

Released at the end of three months, Father Chaillet doffed his clerical dress and took his organization underground. *Téméraire* (*herald*) as an organ of the Resistance achieved a circulation of more than 200,000. (Now back in the open, it is the most widely read weekly in France.) Father Chaillet was recognized as the spiritual leader of the Resistance and General de Gaulle appointed him chief of all the social services of the Underground.

His center of operation was a humble room in a slum street of Grenoble. Here he planned many successful coups of the Resistance and worked out the complicated mechanism of hiding Jewish children.

Once, trapped by the Gestapo, he

hastily chewed and swallowed papers that might have incriminated him. Then he managed to talk his way out. As time went on he extended his activities until he was operating in every corner of France. His staff of several hundred workers ranged from small boys who served as messengers to five countesses who acted as escorts.

In July 1942 the Germans rounded up 13,000 adult Jews in Paris and herded them into the Velodrome d'Hiver, the big sports arena. The screaming of the women, torn from their children, could be heard for blocks. Thousands witnessed the incident; it horrified the French and shocked them into activity. Neighbors picked up the children and tried to comfort them.

Father Duvaux, a Dominican, sent out nuns who brought back 30 of the children. At night he distributed them in groups of three, among the homes of friends in Paris. There they stayed until places could be found for them outside the city. Then the nun went back for more. This was the beginning of the work of Father Duvaux.

For him it was particularly dangerous. He had been famous in Europe before the war as an opponent of anti-Semitism. The Nazis ransacked his house and carried off his books and papers. Gestapo men kept watch on his quarters 24 hours a day.

Not all the children left behind after the July 1942 fell into friendly hands. The Gestapo found many of them and put them in camps, where they stayed in a sort of cold storage to await the next drift. Children who had lived in good homes were now living in filth, unwashed, uncared for, vermin ridden.

One day a Red Cross worker who visited such a place described what she had seen to Pastor Paul Vergara. The little man went into a black rage. At the settlement house he had been running in a Paris slum, he brought together a dozen women, including his wife. They prepared an order in German, purporting to come from Gestapo headquarters, requiring the release of the children. It was a dangerous trick, but it succeeded.

Over the door of the settlement house, Pastor Vergara had painted the words of Louis Pasteur: "We do not ask of an unfortunate: What country do you come from or what is your religion? We say to him: You suffer, that is enough. You belong to us, we shall make you well." That night 70 ragged, frightened Jewish children shuffled across the threshold beneath the noble inscription. On the following day the pastor embarked on the enterprise of finding permanent homes for the children, cooperating with Fathers Chaillet and Duvaux.

Twice later on the Gestapo raided the settlement house. They killed Vergara's brother-in-law, the first

time. Warned of the second raid, the office staff escaped through a window and across adjoining roofs. But the Germans imprisoned and tortured Vergara's wife and son, and later deported the boy.

Most of the 8000 children hidden in France are still in their foster homes. About a thousand have been claimed by relatives who escaped from the Nazi net and with the liberation have come out of hiding. The rest must wait until the war is over and hope that their parents will come back from Germany. No one really believes they will.

These are not happy children. They have been through experiences that have aged them beyond their years. They have seen their parents beaten and dragged away. They themselves have been brutally treated. For all these happenings there is no explanation that makes sense to the mind of a child. But the people who opened their homes to the youngsters have come to love them. "If Jeannot's parents come, yes, we shall give him up," one woman said. "But if they don't, Jeannot is ours, our own."

## Polls Apart

A British journal recently printed this story:

Shortly after the capture of Aachen, Allied military intelligence officers conducted a public opinion survey in the town. One citizen after another, questioned as to his political views, revealed that he had been opposed to Hitler from the beginning, but fear of the Gestapo had sealed his lips. Finally one Allied officer said to a professed enemy of Hitler: "Very encouraging, your views in Aachen. We had believed that most Germans were Hitler supporters."

The Aachen burgher replied hotly, "We hate Hitler. Anything to the contrary is the filthy propaganda of the decadent, Jewish, bolshevistic, capitalist, plutocratic democracies."

— Edwin A. Lahey in *Chicago Daily News*

# ❖❖❖ The Case of the Murdered Consul

By Anthony Abbot

A true story based on facts taken from *The Doctors Mayo* by Helen Clipesattle, published by The University of Minnesota Press

A MAN kills in the night and sets a guilty bonfire — and as in the aftermath of that crime a million people are delivered from pain

I speak of a remarkable midnight fire that occurred years ago in the German Embassy in Santiago, Chile. It was not until the day after the fire that all the horror of it was known. That was when the police found the things in the furnace. Detectives and their medical specialists came and looked. They called the German ambassador, he looked, and his thick skin purpled with rage. This was no ordinary fire: it was arson, and murder. For the charred skull and bones in the furnace showed that before the body was burned the head had been cracked open with a blunt instrument.

Our poor German consul has been killed by an assassin," screamed the German ambassador. "His body has been burned in his own furnace. Probably he was also robbed. Open the safe!"

The ambassador was right. A fortune in cash and negotiable securities had been taken from the safe.

Now the German Government flew into a rage. Chile's foreign minister did everything in his power to appease. "The janitor of the building is missing," he said to the German am-

bassador. "The janitor must have killed your consul, he stole your money, he has escaped. But our police will find him. Justice will be done. And we will pay indemnity."

Germany continued to scream with rage and threatened war unless the absconding janitor was found at once and put to death. Meanwhile, the president of the republic issued eulogies of the deceased German consul, and the plans for the funeral, which Chile intended to hold prior to sending the body to Germany on a battle ship, were the most obsequious ever devised.

Only the police authorities remained calm. Exploring every detail of the case they called in Dr. Germain Valenzuela, a member of the jurisprudence faculty of the medical school, who noted a singular incongruity — the murdered man was reported to have been in his late 30's, yet this skull had an almost perfect set of teeth. Leaving the laboratory, Dr. Valenzuela hurried to the home of the consul's widow.

"Madam," he said to her, "did your husband have a lot of dental work done?"

"*Natural!*"

"Please — the name of his dentist?"

Presently Dr. Valenzuela was talking with the consul's dentist. The two looked over charts and records. The consul had indeed, had much dental work done. But in that skull from the furnace only one tooth was missing.

Dr. Valenzuela hastened to the

home of the janitor. The wife waved her hands passionately in the face of Dr. Valenzuela and shrieked: "My husband never hurt anybody. He never burned down a house, he never stole, he never killed. No, never my husband!"

Dr. Valenzuela soothed her. He simply wanted to know about her husband's teeth. Well, they were clean and strong and beautiful, and all his own, he had lost only one in his whole life.

Dr. Valenzuela now hastened to the chief of police. As a result of his information, the warrant against the janitor was torn up. The janitor, they now knew, was the victim, not the killer. A warrant was issued for the vanished German consul. Obviously he had killed the janitor and thrust the dead man into the furnace. Then he had stolen the treasure from the safe, set fire to the building, and decamped — a living dead man, with a fortune in his valise.

For a while it looked as if it were a completely successful crime. The fleeing criminal had almost reached Chile's southern border and might well have

escaped into the Argentine — but for a landslide that halted the train. Before the tracks could be cleared, the consul was in handcuffs. Later he was hanged.

The Chilean Government with drew its apologies and canceled the obsequies, and it was the German officials who made apologies and offered a staggering sum to Chile as indemnity. When this money was received, the president of the republic sent for Dr. Valenzuela and bade him name his own reward from his grateful government.

Dr. Valenzuela closing his eyes as if he were again the murmurs of pain, the anguish of his people who were too poor to have hospital facilities and to have enough dentists, asked simply for money to build and equip a modern dental college.

His dental college was there when one of the Mayo brothers, Dr. Will, toured South America and was astonished at its modernity and completeness. It is there today, a strangely beneficent consequence of a brutal crime and a living monument to a doctor's altruism.

### *Announcement Concerning* The Reader's Digest \$25,000 Contest *for Ideas for New Businesses*

OVER 49,000 entries were received in the Contest, which closed February 1, 1945. As soon as possible the names of the 175 prize winners will be available. Another installment of *Ideas for New Businesses* will appear in an early issue of the Digest. Ultimately — when paper can be obtained — the best material, along with helpful counsel to the man or woman who plans to start a business, will be published in a booklet. Date of publication, and price, will be announced later.

# The Bottle of Jordan Water

*By Dorothy W alworth*

IN A high shelf in my father's parsonage study was a bottle of water from the River Jordan. He let no one but my mother touch the shelf because it must have no dangerous, irreverent dusting; the bottle was a treasure, and had come by

When my father entered the ministry in 1892, he believed that God had called him and he had tried by an exceptionally wide education to make himself worthy of the calling. For a finishing touch he had taken a trip through the Holy Land. He walked through most of the country; he did not want to ride where Our Lord had gone on foot. He talked to shepherds, and watched fishermen on the Galilee shore. When he came to the Jordan River he filled a gallon glass jar with Jordan water and brought it home.

A lot of folk called at the parsonage to see the Jordan water, for the Holy Land in those days seemed very far away, and few Americans had been there.

During each Easter season my father baptized the babies of the parish with the Jordan water. We watched the water level in the bottle sink lower and lower until at last there was enough left for just one more baptism.

Those last few drops of water, my father said, couldn't go to just any baby, but only to some special one. For a long time he looked around quietly, but he couldn't seem to find the right baby. And then pressure was brought to bear on him to use the water when the infant daughter of a wealthy parishioner, chairman of the church board, was to be christened. To give the Jordan water to that baby would make things a lot easier all around. He gave halfhearted consent. "But first," he said defiantly, "I'm going to get the Presiding Elder to take my pulpit for one Sunday, and I'm going off on a trip."

Whenever he believed that his soul needed restoring, he took a trip — not a pleasure trip but one among people who earned their living by the sweat of their brows. Long before it was popular, my father preached the social gospel. And he made it his business to find out what it was like to work in steel mill and canning factory.

On this midwinter trip he spent ten days in a West Virginia town among the men who worked the coal mines. He talked with the miners in the dust-choked shafts and tunnels. He shared his bread with them in the half hour they had to rest at noon, sitting there in the fitful darkness lighted only by



the Davy lamps. One miner, a big hulk of a man, finally came up and touched the small gold button in the shape of a cross which my father wore in his lapel.

"You priest?" he asked.

"Not exactly," my father said, "but I try to do God's work."

"I got baby. You baptize my baby?" He was a Pole now in this country. The others called him Gus.

Here and then my father made his decision. Back in his hotel he wired my mother: "Send Jordan water. Love."

Mother was secretly glad, of course. But to be on the safe side she wired back: "Are you sure? Remember chairman." And Father answered: "Positive. Mind at peace."

It was a snowy Sunday morning when he took the bottle and a bundle of groceries to Gus's tin and tin-plate shack. Its one room was cold, the small flickering oilstove in the corner could not warm it. Lying in a market basket wrapped in a thin cotton blanket, was the baby, a wizened little thing that looked as though it could not live very long. On either side of the basket stood Gus and his wife, their faces proud and shining. And there were a few neighbors.

Since Gus could speak little English, and his wife none at all, my father used the neighbors as interpreters to explain about the Jordan water, telling them that such water brought a special blessing.

"What is the baby's name?" my father asked.

"George. American name," Gus said.

My father poured the water from the bottle into a little white bowl one

of the neighbors brought, and said a prayer. Then he took the baby in his arms. "George," he said, "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Still holding the baby, he said quietly, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And then he stopped and added fiercely, "Gus, get yourself some blankets and a big new stove!"

My father came back from the trip with his clothes coal stained and his pockets empty, for of course it was he who gave Gus the money for the stove and the blankets. When he christened the daughter of the wealthy parishioner, he explained: "The Jordan water has been used according to the will of God." And even the wealthy parishioner did not dare ask — at least not then — what was the will of God.

About three months later a letter came from Gus, written by a friend of his. "Dear Sir, I tell people how you baptize my baby with water from that river and how my boy got special blessing and must grow to be fine boy and they not believe me. Write letter so I can show and they will believe me."

My father wrote the letter and enclosed a map of Palestine, showing the River Jordan marked with red ink, and a Bible with the verses underlined that tell about Christ's baptism. For several years after that he sent Gus an Easter card asking, "How is my Jordan-water baby?" But no word came back.

For almost 20 years more, my father carried on his work. By the time we entered the first World War, he was an ill man, and he knew that death was not many months away. Almost the last occasion in which he took part was a local Liberty Loan drive. It opened with a service at the church. Liberty Loan headquarters had sent a galaxy of talent: somebody from Congress, a couple of actresses and, as the star attraction, an Army captain with a spectacular record.

The church was crowded to the doors. The altar was filled with the flags of the Allied People; said it was the finest sermon my father had ever preached. After it was over and the people had filed out, my father stood, standing by the altar rail, the Army captain whom the Liberty Loan committee had sent. He was a fine, strong young man, and his chest glittered with his decorations.

"It certainly is a privilege to have

you with us," my father said, shaking his hand warmly.

"You look just like I figured you would," the captain said. "You see — you and I met once a long time ago. My folks told me about it, over and over, and said I had to grow up to be somebody on account of it. So they saw that I got an education, and when the war came I was lucky enough to get a commission. In France I thought a lot of times about how I was nobody and you believed I might be somebody, and how my family was cold and hungry and you gave us blankets and a stove and something to eat. And it made all the difference in the world."

"Why, Captain," my father asked, "whenever did I see you cold and hungry?"

The captain drew himself up and saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I am your Jordan-water boy."

## Chicken Coup

THREE AIRMEN from a crashed C 87 came down in the Himalayan foothills where the tribesmen were said to be head hunters. Fierce-looking warriors led them in grim silence to the chief's hut. There they sat while the scowling circle muttered to one another in ominous tones. A row of human skulls was stacked up against the wall.

At last they got up nerve enough to ask for something to eat. They had seen some chickens in the village, and a sergeant from Iowa held up his fingers in the shape of an egg. The natives shrugged uncomprehendingly. To make himself clear, the sergeant squatted on the floor, flapped his arms and cackled like a hen. To his consternation, the fiercest of the natives leaped out onto the floor, flapped his arms, uttered a triumphant rooster crow, and came at him in a barnyard attack. Terrified, the sergeant gave a series of outraged squawks and began hopping around the room in maidenly retreat. The rooster in hot pursuit.

The natives burst into delighted laughter, the tension was broken, the three airmen, cheered and feted by the tribe, later were led safely back to their base. But the sergeant still shudders when he sees an egg.

— Corcy 1 or 1 an 1 Alastair MacBain in *C. Ilter*



# Half a Million By-Passed Japs

Condensed from *Liberty* + *Morris Markey*

Are some half million Japs on by passed islands establishing a Pacific empire for Nippon that will survive her defeat?

+

WHAT are we going to do about the half-million Japs that the Navy and Army have left behind them in their swift island-hopping drive across the Pacific? As Admiral Nimitz has put it, we left them to die on the vine, and from the military point of view they are indeed dead on the vine. But looking toward the future of the Pacific, when the last battle has been fought, some authorities are saying "If the by-passed Japanese are not dug out and destroyed, they will dominate the Pacific just as surely as if they had won the military victory."

The great majority of these Japs are soldiers, a few are technicians and laborers. Some hundreds of Japanese women are with them—officers' wives, nurses, prostitutes. About 100,000 Japs are in the South Pacific, in New Guinea, New Ireland and the Solomons. The remaining 400,000 are scattered all over the Central Pacific from Ocean Island just west of the Gilberts, through the four big atolls in the Marshalls, to Wake and Truk and the northern islands of the Marianas group.

Japanese surface vessels cannot reach any of them with supplies, for

our navy maintains a constant patrol. Nor can they receive help by air, for once or twice a week our planes drop bombs on their landing strips. Photographs show that the little people below work desperately to repair the damage in the hope that a Japanese plane might show up. But just as their strip is almost ready for such an unlikely event, our bombardiers calmly knock it apart again. It is a matter of routine.

By-passed Japs still occupy about two thirds of New Guinea's 312,000 square miles. The natives, dark-skinned fuzzy-wuzzies who used to be cannibals and head-hunters, are on the whole loyal to the Allies. Now and again they bring out reports to General Sir Thomas Blamey, commander of Allied land forces in the Southwest Pacific, which give a fairly good picture of the Jap way of life.

Apparently the Japanese, notoriously ingenious and resourceful people, have made themselves almost completely independent of help from home. New Guinea's soil is rich and they have large areas under cultivation. They have introduced the growing of rice, and have applied efficient breeding methods to chickens and pigs seized from the natives. These things disturb General Blamey to the point of saying "Japanese colonization in the New Guinea by passed

area is an accomplished fact These people will absorb and dominate the region in the future, unless we root them out "

At Majuro atoll, one of our objectives in the Marshalls, we saw his prediction already a fact When we entered the immense lagoon we discovered, to our astonishment, that it was not defended The Japanese garrison had moved out months before, to concentrate strength on the four eastern atoll strongholds of the group — atolls which we by-passed And they had taken with them every Majuro woman between 16 and 40 Of course the ultimate offspring would be half-bred But the Polynesian or Melanesian is not greatly different in color and stature from the Jap, however different he may be in background and temperament And Japanese fathers have a talent for discipline and indoctrination

Not long ago the skipper of a U S destroyer, making a routine patrol run some 20 miles off an enemy atoll in the Marshalls, sighted an outrigger canoe under sail Its lone navigator came aboard He was the chief of the

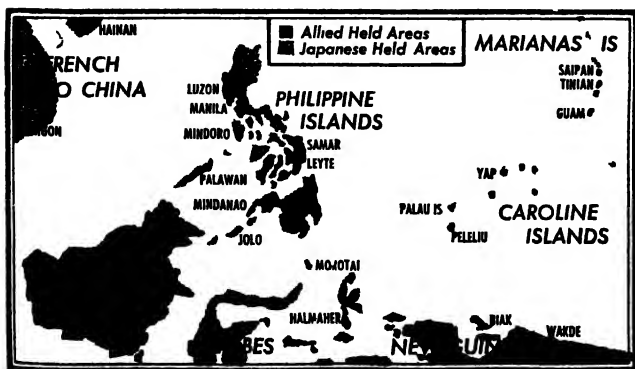
natives on the atoll, and he had put out in hope of falling in with an American vessel and making a request His people, nearly 200 families, were suffering severely The Japs took more than half of each catch of fish, rationed severely the fruit of the trees And the Japs would not let them occupy shelters when American bombing planes came over Would it be possible for the Navy to get his people off that island, to another where America was in control?

The destroyer skipper said that it would indeed be possible The native chief put back to his island, and between midnight and dawn that night the destroyer drew inshore It was a moonless night And now an extraordinary procession put out from the beach scores and scores of canoes, bearing the entire native population of the atoll They moved under sail, with muffled steering oars

Out of the darkness, they came up to the waiting destroyer Lines were paid out And when the sun came up over the Pacific it shone upon a fabulous parade a U S destroyer towing nearly a hundred native canoes

in long single file, each boat crowded with men, women and children Soon they were all settled in a new home, with food and medical care, and their men were building new huts

From the chief and his fellows the Navy learned that the Japs had tried to start gardens,



but before things could begin to grow our pilots spotted the clearings and dropped bombs. The principal item of diet was fish, which imposed no great hardship, because fish is a staple in Japan. These coral islands are not easily cultivated. The sandy soil, the incessant trade winds, the sparse rainfall make farming in the ordinary sense impossible. But they do produce coconuts, palm shoots, taro root and pandanus seed, all of which are edible.

The natives estimated that the original Japanese garrison had numbered about 7000 — and that about 4500 of them were still alive. A large number had been killed by our air attacks. The rest had died of beriberi induced by malnutrition, dysentery and kindred ailments.

The Japanese had forced the natives to work for them, helping rebuild the runway each time it was knocked out, constructing bomb shelters and mounts for AA guns. The bomb shelters were solidly built, and nowadays our raids were causing only small loss of life. The Japs seemed to have plenty of AA ammunition (to which our pilots could testify), and the chief had the impression that they got more ammunition, even new guns, from time to time.

This last confirmed the Navy's own observations upon a highly critical point. For months we had been operating in the Pacific without molestation from submarines. The evidence seemed to show that Japan was using its submarine fleet in the effort to maintain contact with the isolated, by-passed strong points. Of course the supplies that could be delivered by

these vessels were very limited. Medical necessities and munitions, perhaps. Certainly no large quantities of food, and no reinforcements.

It seems reasonable to believe that this particular atoll is typical. The Japanese are managing to survive. And the problem is simpler for them in big masses like the Truk atoll, which has very fertile soil.

Mark it well that not a single by-passed garrison has even hinted at surrender. The reason may be that these isolated Japs listen to the radio broadcasts from the Japanese homeland. We well know how those broadcasts go: time and again we have heard that the Japanese have won fabulous victories at sea, in the air and on the ground. It is possible that much of this broadcasting is directed at the half million Japanese troops cut off in the Pacific islands, who believe firmly that they will be rescued or reinforced in time to share in the final victory of the Empire.

Well, what are we going to do about it?

It does not seem very likely that these people will starve to death, and there is a limit to the attrition of bombing. It will be an anticlimax if we must turn from the thrilling day of Japan's unconditional surrender to mop up a hundred tough little strongholds, whose commanders will not believe or acknowledge the news of that surrender, yet that seems the inevitable prospect. For otherwise the Central and South Pacific islands will be Japanese, and a constant threat to peace in the Pacific. Even in defeat the Japanese Empire will have absorbed a new world of its own.

At New York's P S 37 many a youngster gets a fresh start

# 'Bad' Boys Can Be Made Over

Condensed from Survey Graphic

*Elsie McCormick*

THERE IS nothing about the outside of New York's P S 37 to suggest that it is one of the most remarkable public schools in the country. But when you go in, boys passing in the halls smile and say "Good morning," with warm, unexpected friendliness. The classroom where you are taken by the principal, Mrs. Lillian L. Rashkis, is decorated with homemade murals, and clean enough to satisfy a hawk-eyed sea captain. A boy proudly brings out the bottle of lemon oil they use to polish their desks, another suggests that the desks be opened to show how they are kept. And as you leave, the pint-size youth who opens the door invites you to come again, with the air of a friendly host.

The guest who arrives on a Thursday morning is likely to visit the school assembly. Here 250 boys listen to the speaker with absorbed attention, then fire questions which indicate a breadth of information quite startling in a school that ranges in grade from 5-A to 8-B. A number of nationalities are represented, many of the boys are colored. But there isn't a bored or sullen face in the room, and there isn't a boy who doesn't make a neat appearance. A school, the visitor might think, for boys with unusually high IQs and excellent deportment records.

As a matter of fact, the enrollment of P S 37 is drawn from serious be-

havior cases in Manhattan and The Bronx. Some of these boys have run in predatory gangs, beaten or even knifed other children, constantly played truant, assaulted teachers, committed vandalism, and kept classrooms in a perpetual uproar. At least half have had court experience and many were sent to P S 37 as a last resort before commitment to correctional institutions.

Out of this raw material Mrs. Rashkis and her teachers have developed a school whose standards of interest, courtesy and good behavior are considerably above average. According to Judge Juvenal Marchisio of the New York Domestic Relations Court, the school salvages more than 90 percent of its pupils for future good citizenship.

When a boy is transferred to P S 37 he usually arrives under convoy of a truant officer. He is surly and defiant, he expects this to be a tough school, worthy of his fanciest misconduct.

The class to which he is assigned baffles him. It is a small class—about 16 boys—with the desks arranged in an informal circle. The boys actually seem interested in their work. Feeling a little self-conscious, the newcomer tries out a Bronx cheer. To his amazement his classmates, rather than the teacher, shush him down. "Kid stuff," they call his antics.

The new boy soon discovers that misbehavior no longer attracts atten-

tion. Nor can he win any laurels by boasting about his record, for there are boys here who can match or exceed almost any record of youthful transgressions. As a result, the unwholesome props that have been sustaining his ego collapse.

But this is only the first step. "The most important thing is to find something in which he can be successful," Mrs. Rashkis says. "Up to now he has known nothing but criticism, he feels that nobody wants or likes him."

Soon after a pupil is admitted he is tested by a psychiatrist and a psychologist from the Child Guidance Bureau. A home visitor calls on his family. Their findings are presented at a conference attended by the principal and his teachers. The causes of the boy's difficulty are discussed, his abilities and character traits analyzed, and a plan worked out for his rehabilitation.

In nine out of ten cases the blame rests on the parents. Of 65 boys recently studied, only four had homes that were satisfactory. Again and again the reports show squalor, indifference, lack of understanding, cruel treatment, perpetual family rows, divorce, and parents who are seldom at home.

By no means all the boys come from backgrounds of poverty. Fourteen-year-old Frank was a sorry-looking specimen with a nervous body twitch. His record showed that he shouted in class, used foul language, and was hated and feared by his schoolmates. His home, the school's visitor discovered, was nicely kept and the family was not uneducated. The difficulty was that his father demanded instant, cringing obedience

from his son and beat him if he hesitated. The boy's form of protest was his behavior in school.

Frank had ability to draw, but his only subjects, the psychologist learned, were skeletons, coffins and graveyards. At P. S. 37 he was given the job of making a mural for his class room, showing scenes from Colonial history. Driven by a desire to get the details of his mural correct, he studied books on the period — and advanced two years in reading ability within a few months. The praise he received for these achievements made a great change in the boy's disposition. The twitching disappeared. Later he gained enough poise to address the school assembly. Although his home situation remained far from ideal, he ceased being a problem.

A not uncommon mistake of parents was presented by the case of "Solly," a boy from a comfortable middle class home. At his previous school he had refused to say a word in class, and his perpetually sneering attitude raised hob with morale. After two weeks at P. S. 37, Mrs. Rashkis, seeming to choose him at random, made him her office boy. Solly became so interested in running errands and answering telephones that he forgot his sullen taciturnity.

Within a week he told Mrs. Rashkis his story. His brilliant brother, destined for a professional career, got all his mother's concern and affection. "I just thought, 'What's the use of my trying to be anything?'" Solly explained. Mrs. Rashkis convinced him that, even if he didn't enter a profession, he could serve society in other ways.

Solly has since grown into a useful,

well-adjusted citizen. He is the owner of a small factory and the father of a happy family.

The tendency of teachers and parents is not to trust a problem boy with a responsible job. Yet such a job often proves to be effective moral medicine. George, a boy who had failed to adjust himself to his stepfather, expressed his unhappiness in truancy and temper tantrums. Six schools had dismissed him before he came to P S 37. He showed his first sign of interest when Mrs. Rashkis asked the boys to suggest a good way of storing and distributing the midmorning milk. George's plan was accepted as the most efficient and he was put in charge. He did the work faithfully, without missing a day.

"George is a changed boy," his stepfather wrote. "He is actually happy. His temper tantrums have disappeared."

Another boy, well known to the truant officers, was given a job running the motion picture machine. He went through two terms without being late or absent once. Asked about his good record, he said, "Well, I never was in a school before where they really needed me."

Nerve center of the school is Mrs. Rashkis. A mature and warm-hearted woman, sympathetic but not sentimental, she can talk on a boy's level, see his point of view, and penetrate the shield he tries to raise between himself and the adult world. To be a P S 37 boy was once considered a disgrace. The new principal set out

to make it a matter of pride, when she took charge of the school in 1930.

One problem was to make classwork interesting. The present curriculum is the result of careful study by the school staff, by authorities in the New York City system, and by an advisory committee of nationally known educators and psychologists. Evidently they accomplished their purpose. The attendance records of P S 37 now compare well with those of other schools, even though some of the pupils have to travel more than an hour from their homes.

Conventional subjects are covered in an unconventional manner. The work of each class I visited was tied in with a central topic, such as "America's Great Men and Women."

"The Story of American Industry" and "The American Home." You would hardly imagine that studying "The American Home" would appeal to sixth grade boys who had been the most conspicuous hornets in the New York school system. Yet no class I visited anywhere demonstrated greater interest. Small fry crowded around to show me diagrams of housing developments, and a complete two-story miniature house they had made. Many of the boys have carried the instruction into their homes by painting and repairing furniture, making window boxes, and raising the family standards of order and cleanliness.

There is special training in nutrition, because improper food can have a great deal to do with antisocial behavior. The staff early discovered



Lillian L. Rashkis



that breakfast for a number of the boys consisted of two or three cents' worth of candy, bought on the way to school. In some unsupervised households the boys had only sandwiches for dinner, or perhaps a couple of ice-cream sodas. The teachers prepared a model breakfast for the pupils: fruit, milk and cereal. The mothers were told about it, then invited to take a nutrition course. Better nourishment has meant less illness and greater emotional stability.

About 15 percent of the boys who enter the school lisp or stutter — indicating emotional maladjustment. A teacher trained in speech improvement helps them overcome their handicaps, then public speaking practice gives poise and self confidence.

Assembly periods furnish a means of blowing off steam. Every Monday, school problems are discussed with the give and take of a New England town meeting. The boys learn to respect others' opinions and to disagree without resorting to knuckle dusters. The assemblies are impressive. Drums roll during the lusty singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*; a bugle and a color guard underscore the salute to the flag. The 8-B classes enter to the strains of *Pomp and Circumstance*, with all the dignity of the U. S. Supreme Court. Some of these big boys had been bullies in their former schools, but the prestige they enjoy here brings an amazing change of attitude.

P. S. 37 goes in heavily for vocational classes. The woodworking and printing shops and practice in office procedure have prepared many a boy for advanced work at a vocational high school. The older boys are encouraged to take jobs after school.

Earning money adds to their self respect and leaves little time for hanging out with neighborhood gangs. Above all, they set about making themselves eligible for the jobs they want when school days are over.

Hardly a day goes by when a former pupil doesn't drop in to tell Mrs. Rashkis about a new job, introduce his bride, bring pictures of his children or show a decoration awarded overseas. I saw a redheaded Marine corporal who had just come back from the South Pacific with ribbons indicating a Purple Heart and a Presidential unit citation. When Mrs. Rashkis introduced him as a former pupil, the boys sang *The Halls of Montezuma* with a fervor that shook the auditorium.

"I didn't deserve all that praise," he said afterward. "It should go to the teachers who made men of us."

According to Judge Marchisio, schools such as P. S. 37 established through the nation would mean a long step toward the cure of juvenile delinquents. As District Attorney Frank J. O'Brien, Associate Superintendent, points out, the added expense is small compared to the cost of institutional care and possible imprisonment — to say nothing of broken lives. And many of the features are not dependent on extra cost, he adds. "The spirit of friendliness, the concern for the pupil's self respect, the use of responsibility to build self confidence can be applied anywhere that there are wise and sympathetic teachers."

Even if a community is too small to afford a separate school, the same principles can be applied. This kind of school atmosphere can, in fact, bring out the best side of all children.

# ➤ NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

## Spark Plugs of France's Secret Army

Condensed from Tricolor

+ + +

Blake Clark

The astounding tale of Americans and British who parachuted into France to help organize resistance behind the German lines

THE NINE o'clock BBC newscast on the evening of June 5, 1944, was interrupted by a dry British voice saying, "Eileen is married to Joe Repeat Eileen is married to Joe The compass points north Repeat The compass points north"

To most listeners, including the Germans, this was nonsense but for 500,000 Frenchmen it was the long-awaited secret call to action That night, before a single Allied soldier had set foot in Normandy, all over France bridges collapsed, dams burst, steel rails leaped from ties, locomotives raced down wrong tracks, trees crashed across roads, flames rose from fuel dumps, telephone lines plummeted to earth

By the next day, D Day, German

BLAKE CLARK, former professor of English literature at the University of Hawaii, is now a member of the armed services, on duty in Washington He is the author of the best seller, *Remember Pearl Harbor!*, a condensation of which appeared in *The Readers Digest* for June 1942 and of *Robinson Crusoe*, *U.S.N.*, the adventures of Warrant Officer George Tweed on Iap held Guam, which has just been published by Whittlesey House

troops and supplies were slowed to a walking pace The formations sent to repel the landings in Normandy were delayed an average of 48 hours—precious time to the Americans and British And later, after the break through, French guerrillas constantly informed General Patton of the exact location of each German column and protected his flank, helping him make one of the speediest drives in the history of warfare

The story of the role played by British American and French underground organizers in setting off this powder keg of French resistance can now be told

All operations were directed by a joint command, established by General Eisenhower The first group of secret operatives sent to France got in touch with local saboteur groups which were spontaneously rising all over the country These groups were persuaded to abandon sporadic acts of violence that only brought murderous reprisals, and to accept assignments from London Headquarters

The three major underground plans for D Day were known as the Parrot, the Dragon and the Armadillo The objectives were to silence communications, blast railroads, and pave highways with mines to slow Panzer divisions

It was necessary to select, train and

arm thousands of Frenchmen, under the very eyes of the Gestapo. To implement the Dragon Plan, operatives arranged a meeting of representatives of a million railway workers and the head of de Gaulle's secret service. For the Parrot Plan, de Gaulle men were slipped into key spots of the telecommunication system, for the Armadillo, villagers were instructed in explosives and mine-laying.

The average organizer working on these plans could expect to live three to four months — if he was lucky. He had to keep files of information, and these were sometimes found by the enemy. He was forced to trust a few persons — any one of whom could be a spy. He had to produce his identity papers occasionally, and if the numbers were checked he was lost.

If he was a British or American agent he had to be on constant guard against slips that might give him away. At mealtimes he had to remember to tuck his napkin in his collar, French fashion. He was careful not to ask for shaving cream or toothpaste which had been absent from French stores for two years.

The Gestapo set traps to try to make the operative reveal himself. In one city, riding two abreast on bicycles was arbitrarily prohibited. In another, no one could serve red wine on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and bartenders were instructed to report anyone who asked for it. But despite such traps, some operatives led double lives with amazing success, opening tobacco shops, book-stalls and secondhand furniture stores where various "customers" traded without arousing suspicion.

Escapes were narrow. Operative 154, an American agent, wounded in a gun fight with the Gestapo, was handcuffed and tossed unconscious into the back of a staff car. Regaining consciousness, he took out a pistol concealed in his sock and shot each German in the back of the head. Frenchmen filed off his bonds and he continued his work in another section of France.

Operative 171, a de Gaulle worker, was in a hotel room when the Gestapo raided the place. He ran to the top floor but could find no escape to the roof. He darted into a room, and found a maid sorting sheets. Frantically he explained that he was running for his life and said, "Quick — get in bed with me." "No!" she protested. "Don't be a fool," he said. "I've got more important things on my mind!"

The Gestapo men shoved open the door and turned on the light. The couple in bed pretended to be annoyed. The Gestapo leader laughed. "Have an enjoyable evening," he said, and closed the door.

Sometimes the agents carried out special missions. For instance, Allied secret services wanted a sample of a new explosive powder being developed by German scientists. French operative 202 contacted a friend in the factory where the experiments were conducted. The Germans had made it impossible for workers to obtain samples, even brushing the nails of each one as he left. One day when factory workers were observing a secretly planned minute of silence to demonstrate French unity, one man obstinately kept on working. Angry patriots knocked him down and beat

him. Guards rushed to his aid and carried him to the hospital. A month later London scientists were working with a sample of the powder which he had seized a moment before the work-stoppage.

Indispensable to the success of the secret organization was the radio-man, who maintained regular communications with London, ordering arms and explosives, and directing the landing of new operatives. The wireless telegraph operators, one of whom was an American girl, are the unsung heroes of French resistance. The operators who transmitted from Paris were in constant danger of being pin-pointed by 36 German direction finders continually combing the ether. So efficient were these direction finders that 20 minutes after an agent came on the air the patrol car would be at his door. Many a radio-man climbed out a back window only seconds ahead of the Gestapo.

By January 1944, through the efforts of nearly 1000 secret operatives, the full strength of every effective resistance group in France was thrown into work on the Dragon, Parrot and Armadillo plans. To each group, Headquarters in London dispatched detailed maps of the unit's particular area, indicating specific local objectives. Special instructors were parachuted in and held night classes for two or three villagers at a time, showing them how to blow up railroads and bridges. By June 1, the map of France on the wall at Headquarters was covered with red dots, each indicating where patriots were trained, supplied, and ready for the signal to attack assigned objectives.

When the signal came for action on the evening of June 5, 5000 Frenchmen each carrying two packages of TNT, slipped out and blasted the railroads of France in more than 500 places. And thanks to a strategically placed French operative, London knew every important train movement two days in advance, so Allied planes were able to swoop down on almost all troop trains headed for Normandy.

Under orders from London, certain agents had become conversant with the operations of the 74 booster stations in France's long-distance telephone system. Now, equipped with German passes, they went to the booster stations and blew them up.

Thousands of villagers planted mines and littered roads with time-busters which blasted German truck tires. The most optimistic hope had been to hold up the German reinforcements for 12 hours, but the operatives delayed them two days.

The underground's triumph on D Day brought new thousands flooding to help clear the enemy from every part of France. To aid them to organize quickly, Headquarters sent a second wave of secret soldiers, the "Dougases,"\* who now parachuted into enemy-occupied territory. Each "Doug" was a member of a team consisting of a British, a French and an American officer, and a radio operator.

Most Dougs went to the mountainous regions to help the Maquis, who now numbered 400,000 — all wanting arms. Helping supply them was the chief contribution made by the

\* For reasons of security, all names of plans, operatives, units or groups are fictitious.

United States to France. In four months 12 000 000 pounds of guns, grenades and medical supplies were flown over. On July 14, 328 American Liberators and Fortresses in a daring daylight mission dropped enough equipment to arm 36,000 men.

Always fighting in German-held territory, the Dougs had many hair-raising adventures. One British officer who had broken his leg when he parachuted in was recuperating in a French farmhouse when the Germans came to search. An American radio operator carried him to a swamp where he lay in water up to his neck for three days before the enemy gave up the hunt.

The SGs' Special Groups — were the hell raisers of the secret army. Specialists in demolitions and close-in-fighting, they were dropped into France in groups of 15 to 30 to carry out jobs calling for exceptional skill.

Eleven groups parachuted into southern France, chiefly to cover Nazi escape routes along the Causse-sonne Gap and the Rhone Valley. These 182 men organized and trained Maquis units, and in combined operations with them killed 461 Germans, wounded 467, and took some 10,000 prisoners. The first group landed in the Department of Lot, where Germans were strong. Organizing three

battalions, they ambushed 1000 Germans, blew a railway bridge and a viaduct and closed the entire Department to German movement.

As the Germans retreated SG tactics changed. One group of 25 went in to save the great hydroelectric plant at Eguzon, the most important electric installation in France. The Germans had 500 men there ready to demolish the plant when it became necessary to pull out. The officer in command of the SGs arranged a meeting with the enemy commander, spread his uniformed men through the ranks of the Maquis and permitted them to be glimpsed by the Germans while he negotiated. He threatened attack by 1500 U.S. Army paratroopers, and offered safe conduct to another city. The frightened Germans pulled out, leaving the power plant intact.

To a man, the soldiers of the secret army give full credit to the patriotic French people who risked everything to help liberate France. Many were continually hunted and lived without adequate food or shelter. Operating in small bands or singly, some had carried on the fight for four years, dedicating their lives to the struggle against the Germans. Their valor will always be an inspiration to freedom-loving peoples.

### SO YOU'RE DYING FOR A SMOKE! HAVE YOU TRIED ROLLING YOUR OWN?





# Cracker Barrel Comeback

Condensed from *Lorbes*

*Jack Stenbuck*

SIX YEARS AGO, Frank H Trumbull housemaster and English professor at Middlesex School in Concord Mass ran onto a few items of merchandise which appealed to him and which he felt his friends might want to buy as Christmas gifts. He bought a small stock which he peddled among his acquaintances in his spare time. The following year he converted his study into a display room.

People liked his unusual merchandise so much that he was encouraged to open a store of his own.

In 1941 at the age of 50, Trumbull chucked up his job, borrowed \$500 and hung out a sign 'The Country Store — I H Trumbull Prop, on the famous burned Thoreau Homestead near Concord's historic battle ground.

The town divided into two camps: those who snorted with indignation at this desecration of hallowed ground, and vainly searched the zoning code to see how such nonsense might be stopped, and those who shook their heads and offered to bet Trumbull would lose the \$500 and his shirt to boot.

Today Trumbull not only has his shirt but a general store doing an annual business of \$100,000. And Concord citizens now point out his establishment with pride.

The store has a hitching post outside, whittlin' chairs on the veranda, a penny candy counter with old-time sweets in blown glass jars, quaint Franklin stoves, a checkerboard for the oldsters, antique music boxes for the youngsters and, it goes without saying an old fashioned cracker barrel right in the center of things. Everything about The Country Store is informal, from the red-flannel underwear hanging from the ceiling to the merchandise piled on wooden tables.

Those who gather round the cracker barrel need little imagination to conjure up famous ghosts of the past for the building dates back to 1780. It has served as the trading post of Henry Thoreau's father, the shoe-making shop of Cyrus Pierce, boot-maker for a host of Concord's gents, the law office and home of John Keyes and also as a tavern and a town hall. It was the first home in Concord to boast a tin bathtub.

When Trumbull started, he served tea every day to as many customers as happened to be in the store at 3 p.m. It was brewed on a Franklin stove in a rare antique pot and served in finest china. All business stopped and Trumbull, his help and his customers gathered round the cracker barrel. More recently, as the number of customers grew, Trumbull had to

move the tea ceremony to his basement office, an antique lover's paradise, cluttered with kerosene lamps, Colonial clocks, an 18th-century safe, Currier & Ives prints, even an ancient brick water boiler. None of the antiques in office or store is for sale.

All of Trumbull's merchandise has a nostalgic flavor — maple syrup, honey and stone ground meal from Vermont, milking stools made by hand in New Hampshire, hunting knives forged by a blacksmith in Maine, flannel shirts, denims, peppermint candy and licorice sticks — and the famous Zanzibar, the confection which Salem sea captains of old always took with them on trips round the world because it remained fresh for months in any weather. Trumbull says he has just about everything the country store carried except billow petticoats.

Trumbull uses his brass-fronted 1912 Ford to search the New England countryside for unique merchandise. Though his advertising is confined to an occasional one inch ad in a few publications of limited circulation, he has developed a thriving mail-order business that reaches as far as Alaska, Hawaii and Mexico. Simply through word of mouth advertising his mailing list grows at the rate of 1000 a month.

Four times a year, Trumbull sends out a catalogue featuring merchan-

dise which he describes as "only the best from the East and the West." He wastes no time on catch phrases, rather, his copy weaves in the tradition behind the merchandise he offers. And if someone writes to ask about an item, Trumbull often personally pounds out a reply so detailed that the recipient has the feeling he is The Country Store's only customer.

Trumbull himself comes from a family of Salem traders. His father sailed to the far places of the world and, in 1871, outfitted Stanley for his expedition into Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone.

To those who express surprise at Trumbull's success, Concord folk explain: "He is so genuinely enthusiastic about his merchandise that he spreads the enthusiasm to his help and his customers, and the pains he will take to order just the right kind of sport shirt or to find an especially desirable jar of preserves can't be matched anywhere."



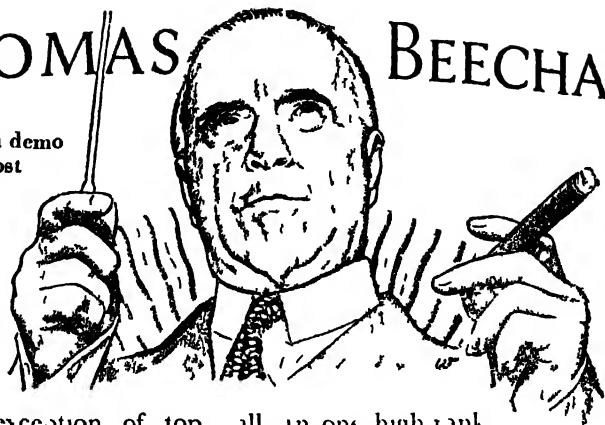
**A**RIENE FRANCIS, on the Blue Network's *Blind Date* program, asked a service man: "What were you before you joined up?" "Perfectly contented," was his brisk reply.

# The Fictional History of SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

A British baronet is a democrat in the world's most dictatorial profession

Condensed from  
Life

+  
Winthrop Sargeant



WITH the exception of top sergeants and animal trainers, symphony conductors are probably the most withering and tyrannical group of men to be found in civilized society today. The explanation is not that the conductors are innately irascible. They are a product of their association with musicians, who tend to be autistic and undisciplined as talented monkeys.

The ways in which an orchestra can torment a conductor are beyond number. A trombonist who has perfected the technique can blow spit balls with telling accuracy through the curved crook of his instrument while facing innocently in the opposite direction. A nickel deposited in one of the f holes of the concertmaster's violin produces a curious, coterwauling distortion of tone.

One of the most interesting ways of plaguing a conductor is to play wrong notes and see how long it takes him to detect them. Sometimes the conductor fails to detect the false note at

all in one high ranking U. S. symphony orchestra there was a cellist who played a stanza of Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* in the middle of a Brahms symphony during several successive seasons. The conductor never noticed the interpolation, and the cellist regards this successful deception as one of the great achievements of his artistic career.

At this point it will be obvious why most of our leading maestros assume from the start that their musicians are potential criminals. The conductor must get the upper hand and hold it, and different conductors have different approaches to this problem. Toscanini possesses a microscopic knowledge of what every man is supposed to be doing and can sense an impulse to sabotage almost before it appears. Stokowski crows his orchestra with a superior Byronic glare, Fritz Reiner treats his to an unrelenting course of icy veiled browbeating, Serge Koussevitzky



handles his by howling with pain at the slightest hint of lividity.

The most unorthodox approach is probably that of Sir Thomas Beecham, founder and conductor of the London Philharmonic, and a frequent guest conductor of U. S. orchestras. A man of lordly, Victorian bearing, whose imperial goatee and aristocratic air would stamp him as a personality in any walk of life, Beecham is so obviously accustomed to command that minor attempts at sabotage seem a trifle silly. Secure in his habit of authority, Beecham can afford to unbend without fear of losing his dignity. He can joke, ask his musicians for advice, impersonate a windmill, chew his baton, admit frankly that he is not familiar with the score — and still maintain a dignified atmosphere. "Beecham," Bernard Shaw is supposed to have remarked, "is the only adult conductor I have ever met." He is at any rate, the faculty of treating his men as fellow adults. To the average symphony orchestra this experience is so novel as to be unnerving.

Many orchestra musicians maintain that Beecham doesn't really conduct at all. The carefully polished gestures of Koussevitzky, the sensitive baton technique of Toscanini are refinements that Beecham manages to get along without. He has, properly speaking, no technique of the baton whatever. His rounded, dignified figure bounces and cavorts like that of an excited racing fan whose horse is winning by a nose. He will lunge like a fencer, crouch as if he expected to bring his oboist down with a flying tackle, and when signaling the brass for a powerful entrance

he will go through the motions of a baseball pitcher. Frequently in his excitement he lets slip his baton. Sometimes he even falls off the podium. "Podiums," he once remarked loftily after such a mishap, "are expressly designed as part of a conspiracy to get rid of conductors." Once, at a Carnegie Hall concert, he reached such a peak of artistic exuberance that he broke his suspenders and had to leave the stage clutching his trousers.

The astonishing thing about these gymnastic performances is that the music Sir Thomas is conducting is free from the orchestra with precision, polish and exquisite grace. No other famous contemporary conductor — not even Toscanini — can match the delicate yet virile flavor these violent gestures impart to a Mozart or a Haydn symphony.

Beecham's remarkable aplomb is traceable in part to the fact that he is absolutely independent financially. He is one of England's richest men. The \$150,000,000 fortune amassed by his forebears through the invention and sale of England's most popular laxative, Beecham's Pills, has enabled Sir Thomas to buy symphony orchestras and opera houses as another multimillionaire might buy racing stables. He is probably the only maestro in the world who conducts purely for pleasure — a pleasure unmarred by the slightest worry over what critics, audiences or boards of directors think of him.

Another factor is unquestionably Beecham's genial and eminently balanced mind, which delights in defying the tradition of pompous sham that often surrounds the profession of con-

ducting. But perhaps most important is his enormous artistic authority. Beneath all his tomfoolery he is really a learned and artistically unimpeachable musical scholar.

When Sir Thomas was a little boy the Beecham home near Liverpool was a rendezvous for famous musicians from all over Europe. As young Thomas studied piano and musical composition, he also learned at first hand the traditions and psychology of musicians.

At the age of 20, he organized his first symphony orchestra. Waggish associates dubbed it the "Pillhaumonic." Sir Thomas was undismayed. A short time later he took his place in the audition line of a small British opera company to get a job as an accompanist. One singer had forgotten her music. Sir Thomas offered his services. "But," said the impresario, "do you understand? You will have to play the accompaniment entirely from memory." "Certainly," replied Sir Thomas. He not only accompanied the singer's aria, he went on accompanying successive singers in arias from dozens of operas — all flawlessly, all from memory. The impresario hired him not as an accompanist but as conductor of his company.

Today Beecham is so sure of his knowledge that he rarely takes the trouble to do the hours of honing up that most conductors consider indispensable. At Covent Garden he was famous for arriving in the orchestra pit at the last minute before a performance, taking up his baton and then asking his chief violinist, "I say, old man, which opera are we playing tonight?"

Beecham has visited the United States many times and has become one of the most popular orchestra and opera conductors. At 65 he is still at the peak of his career.

Sir Thomas got his knighthood following services to the British Empire as cultural ambassador in Italy during World War I. He is still capable of conversing with profundity and wit on practically any phase of international policy or governmental philosophy. He is a profound student of the Elizabethan drama — notably the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, about whom he is writing a book.

Though he views life as a rule, with unused intellectual detachment, Beecham can be roused to a towering fury on two subjects: music over the radio and music in the movies. The former he firmly believes "can never achieve the tonal perfection one hears at the actual performance because it is required to run the gamut of knobs and levers and electrical gadgets handled by men who, almost invariably, are mechanics rather than artists."

The latter is the favorite of all his aversions. "If I were President of this country," he roared in an interview, "the first thing I'd do would be to abolish music and talking in the movies. The movies are sheer hellum in a madhouse. God! Now that the silent films are through, you can't go anywhere and hear nothing!"

Beecham's usual approach to his usual difficulties is that of a self-deprecating fellow artist asking help in solving a bothersome problem. He is one of the few conductors who seem to realize that it is the orchestra that is doing the playing. Pursuing, to cor-

rect a muddy passage, he will examine the score with candid curiosity. "Nobody is playing anything like what I've got," he will complain, raising an eyebrow. "I believe the high G in the horns (glancing at the player) is much too loud, through no fault of yours." He will then repeat the passage, grinning appreciatively at the improvements.

Very rarely he will break into a tantrum, which in Beecham's case consists in picing up and down, burying his Edwardian beard in his chest and roaring like a lion. Sometimes his anger takes a colder turn which is even more disturbing. "We cannot expect you to follow us all the time," he will say to the offender with frigid politeness, "but if you

would have the kindness to keep in touch with us occasionally."

In a less Olympian personality, Beecham's informality would be fatal to prestige. As it is, it often leaves his musicians rattled. The fact is that the average musician doesn't feel that a great performance has been given unless he has been goaded and terrified to the point of hysteria in the process. Once after a particularly fine Beecham concert in Carnegie Hall, a critic was talking to a New York Philharmonic violinist. "That was a magnificent performance," the critic remarked. "Don't be a fool," replied the violinist, "that man Beecham is a big bluff. He can't conduct at all. He acts as though symphonic music was just a lot of fun."

## Public Comment

A RECENT newspaper ad of the Oklahoma School of Accountancy was headed "Short Course in Accounting for Women."

Not long after the ad appeared, a note reached the school's president. It said: "There is NO accounting for women." Julia Britton

A WOMAN looking through Dorothy Parker's *Enough Pope* at the Public Library last week found this remark penciled in a feminine hand under the crack about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses: "That's what SHE thinks!" LM

2

ON THE front window of a Louisville Ky., grocery store was written "Boy Wanted." Below was scribbled "I want one too, Jeanne."

—Contributed by H. Lynette Tancus

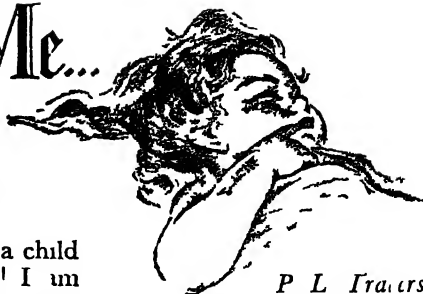
3

A JACKSONVILLE department store ran a newspaper advertisement plugging a new brand of soap flakes. Above the caption was a picture of a smiling laundress, her elbows deep in lather. In the morning's mail came a letter to the store containing the clipped advertisement with the comment: "I don't give a damn about the soap flakes. Where can I get the washwoman???"

—Contributed by Joy Reese Coleman

# Now I Lay Me...

Condensed from  
Good Housekeeping



P L Travers

Author of *Mary Poppins*

I WONDER if ever there was a child who *wanted* to go to bed! I am sure I never heard of one. And, indeed, no wonder! For bed means the end of the bright day, the close of a great adventure. Yet I have noticed that no matter how much resistance he puts up, every child loves his hated bed once he is comfortably in it. It is his special place, his safe home, his own little stretch of security.

When I look back to my own childhood, I find that bedtime of all times looms largest in my mind. Our parents — happy human beings! — had no books on child psychology. All they had to guide them was their love and their human wisdom. And of course, time! No matter how busy the day, they always had a half hour to spend with their children at bedtime. That quiet, warm, secure half hour, after the noisy day, gathered up our moments of play and sent us cheerfully into the night. All discussions were hushed by it. Even the naughty child felt good after it.

Now, to feel good is to feel safe. And that is how children should go to bed, wrapped in their innocence. The attitude of grown-ups has changed since I was young. Children, once considered merely human beings in little, have become a race apart, with special laws. Bearded men — often bachelors — have written earnest

books about them. They urged us not to rock them to sleep, not to sing them lullabies. They even banished fairy stories, 'so as not to encourage lying.' Poor bearded men — and poor children!

I for myself, I am ready to go to the guillotine in defense of the lullaby. Not to sing a song to a little child as he settles down for the night seems unnatural to me. It need not be a cradle song; any tune softly sung will do. I came to rescue my little boy from the time he was no bigger than a four-size codfish. It is not I who have taught him to meet the night bravely. It is the memory I always keep of my mother's voice. And he in turn will remember me as his children sleep in peace.

Reading and singing and the old simple prayers always reassure themselves. Small children do not need theology or sectarian religion, but we do them a great wrong if we do not tell them the Bible stories and teach them how to pray. For those old truths, retold as tales, set up a kind of imagination that will last throughout their lives. The ancient stories will wake in the child his first real conception of something greater.

than himself I do not think there's a child whose heart and mind could not be stirred by the concepts of heaven and angels. Indeed, children understand these matters better than grownups do, for they are still at the age of wonder and not so far from truth.

Prayers, too, give them a feeling of safety — and also a sense of responsibility. Once a child has asked that "God bless" a beloved person, he comes into a new, less selfish relation with that person. He is no longer just the treasured baby, he, too, is doing the treasuring.

It seems to me that the prayers I learned as a child are still the best. The first of them is so well known I almost feel shy to quote it. Nevertheless, it gives me a feeling of grace simply to write the words:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee!

*Pity my simplicity!* One does not have to be young to say that. It is the cry of all our hearts, no matter how silent our lips.

There was another prayer — not so generally known — that used to give me a great feeling of contentment of comfort for the dark hours and of hope for the day:

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
May angels guard us while we sleep  
Till morning light appears!

But songs and prayers and reading at bedtime are not the only elements that make for contented sleep. Some imaginative children find going to bed a torture because of their fear of the dark. Once the light is out, the walls retreat, familiar objects disappear, and the bed, like a boat, goes sailing out on a boundless sea of blackness. What can we do for this shapeless fear but give the child a night light? It need not be in the room. A gleam of gold from the hall or bathroom will do, a tiny crack of comforting light to keep him safe from the darkness. Nothing else — no amount of reasoning — will cure that haunting terror.

▲ I talk of safety, but you must not think I am suggesting that you or I or anyone else can really keep children safe. For children, too, are creatures of life, and life is not a safe process. Watching the rosy, sleeping faces, we realize with a catch at the heart that we cannot save children from their fates no matter how we treasure them. But we can give them calm and happy moments, and wells of ancient truth to draw on in the time when their need is great.



A NEW employe was assigned the task of sending out letters to a firm's clients, telling of a new gas heating unit soon to be ready for delivery. By error, she sent out most of the envelopes without the letters. The blunder was discovered only when telephone calls began pouring in from curious recipients who wanted to know what should have been in the envelopes. The incident created more interest than the letter could have done — and the girl is in line for a bonus.

— Jeff Keen in *Philadelphia Record*

# Conquest of Our Worst Pacific Foe.

## DISEASE

The amazing work done by Army and Navy medicine to combat the vicious tropical diseases which at first caused more casualties than enemy gunfire

+

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Fredrick C. Pantton

War correspondent now at the front in the Pacific

THIS BEGINS on Guadalcanal in a desperate battle we could have lost. Not to the Japs but to insects and disease bugs.

We knew a good deal about the perils of tropical disease when we began fighting in the humid jungles of the Solomons. But not enough. The Japs fought back and our hospitals loaded up. Malaria, dengue fever, dysentery put men out of battle as surely as if struck by Jap bullets. Occasionally men developed filariasis, a mosquito-borne disease producing glandular swellings that caused the victim's legs swell to the size of telephone poles. On New Britain and New Guinea, soldiers and Marines fighting in the tall *tumai* grass came down with so-called scrub or 'bush' typhus, one of the most serious tropical diseases of all.

In a Pacific camp I visited recently, a poster says bluntly, "On Guadalcanal disease killed ten men for every one wounded by the Japs." This is a fair estimate of what happened.

We took all the precautions we could, we screened our kitchens, disinfected our latrines, burned our refuse. The men drank when possible from Lister bags and purified their

canteen water to guard against the deadly ameba of amoebic dysentery. But jungle fighting men run out of water and drink anywhere in desperate, burning thirst. And in battle they can't go behind screens to eat, and flies crawl on the food.

Then it became the problem became even worse. Hundreds of dead Japs lay hidden in jungle undergrowth. Flies bred by millions in their rotting bodies. Dysentery figures went up.

There wasn't enough DDT, the miracle insecticide \* to disinfect the battlefield. A Marine medical officer thought of a compound called "penic," which is sodium arsenite. He sought out C. F. Pemberton, chief entomologist of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, a man with 20 years' experience with tropical insects. Will penic kill mosquito and fly larvae?" he asked.

Pemberton said yes, and adult flies and mosquitoes as well if the compound remained moist. Its deadly effect would not last as long as DDT, but it would do the job.

And so when we invaded Peleliu last September, two assault forces

\* See *Freedom from Insect Pests*, The Reader's Digest, May, 1944

stormed ashore simultaneously — soldiers and Marines to destroy Japs and sanitary squads to destroy insects. In each sanitary squad were 15 men carrying knapsack sprayers filled with penicillin. Jap snipers and artillery took toll of them. But they did their job. They started spraying at the water's edge, working inland over Jap military installations, latrines, food dumps and native huts. Power sprayers came ashore right after them to spray swamps, villages, bivouac areas. In some places specially equipped planes sprayed DDT in solution.

'The results were startling,' a medical officer told me. "For the first time perhaps in tropical military history, casualties from mosquitoes and flies were negligible."

For example, dengue fever was endemic on Angaur and many of the native population had it in mild form. But at the end of 30 days not one case was reported among the American forces. In one Army division there were only seven cases of malaria, and these probably had it before the attack. In the heat of battle some Marines forgot to take anti-malaria and 72 recurrences of malaria developed, but only four had to be evacuated.

On Saipan our forces encountered dense black clouds of flies — the result of a Japanese law making it a crime to kill a fly. \* The sweep of a man's hand could capture a hundred. They crawled into nostrils and eyes, they were thick around kitchens and latrines.

\* To protect their sugar cane crop from a borer insect, the Japs had imported a fly which was the natural enemy of the borer. It was to give these flies a start that the Japs imposed a penalty for killing any fly.

To combat the plague, tons of DDT powder in solution were loaded on C-47 transport planes. The pilots took their lives in their hands to fly barely at treetop level, literally covering the island with the insect killer. Today on Saipan there are not as many flies or mosquitoes as you'd find in a comparable size section of the United States. Dengue fever, once endemic on the island, has been wiped out. There is no malaria and no dysentery.

Our worst enemy proved to be the tiny larval mite whose bite causes the dangerous "bush" typhus. Vast fields of kunia grass, often growing to a height of 20 feet in New Guinea, New Britain and nearby islands, provide perfect cover for rats, which are apparently host to this deadly mite. The first case of the disease was reported in December 1941, and in a few weeks 230 men were down. Twenty-two of these died, and many who recovered had permanent heart impairment and were no longer useful for military service. Only careful nursing kept the mortality low. In Burma, where Merrill's Marauders encountered the disease deep in the jungle without proper medical care, the death rate was much higher. The disease was sardonically called the "Japanese secret weapon."

A strict preventive medicine regime was instituted. All grass and shrubbery were destroyed. All camp sites were burned over and sprayed, and the men were cautioned never to sit or lie on the ground. All wearing apparel — leggings, socks, fatigues — was dipped in DDT solution. To get rid of the rats, we used the pre-bait system. That is, traps were set with

nonpoisonous bait and for six days the rats were made accustomed to eat there. On the seventh day the bait was poisoned — and rats died by thousands. In consequence of these measures, scrub typhus ceased to be a menace.

The thatched huts of native villages, lacking even rudimentary sanitary systems, were also hotbeds of infection. The natives themselves suffered from dengue and malaria, yaws and skin diseases, tuberculosis and intestinal parasites. In the 30 days following conquest of one of the Mirinis, more than 42,000 surgical and medical treatment were administered to the 17,000 natives; there were 508 deaths from malnutrition and dysentery.

The naval and military government cleaned up villages and latrines and sewage. Power sprayers covered all stagnant water. Native women gathered two root to make poi and cut *lanong* greens to add to the C and K rations that were distributed. By December 1944, only 90 days later, medical and surgical treatments had fallen to 9400, and there were only 50 deaths. As the backlog of malnutrition and chronic disease is cleaned up, the number of treatments is expected to fall to a few hundred.

In the Marshalls, 90 percent of the population suffered from yaws, a disease causing ugly sores and painful swelling of the joints, a reduced working efficiency of the natives to nil. Intravenous injection of arsphenamine compounds has arrested yaws in these islands. In the month of January this year, only one native was treated.

Now sanitary routines are taught

to the natives by military governments. Women have been trained as nurses and nurse's aides, and infant-welfare measures have been instituted.

Our medical care has given the lie to Jap propaganda among the natives that we are murderers and devils. After our troops had secured the island of Peleliu, the natives were found hiding in caves where they had fled in terror. They were suffering from skin diseases, malnutrition, intestinal parasites, and were in a desperate state. Induced to come out and submit to medical treatment, they have been restored to health. Only three needed hospital care last December. The Chunmoro chiefs convened and signed a scroll of thanks for the help they received, and now work hard for the Americans in gratitude. Peleliu is one of the islands we need as Pacific outposts after the war. The native population will be our friends.

All this does not mean that we do not have some cases of malaria, dengue and dysentery. We also have what the men call "crud," a skin outbreak like ringworm caused by excessive perspiration and too few chances to bathe. But tropical disease has ceased to be the menace it once was, and there have been no epidemics to incapacitate thousands. "It can safely be said," I was told by a naval medical officer, "that we have reduced casualties from the mosquito and fly to one 25th of what they were in 1942."

But constant vigilance must be maintained if only to protect people at home from diseases to which they have no environmental immunity.



Every day dozens of big C-54 hospital planes take off from such places as Leyte and Saipan, carrying wounded to the United States. Inside one of those planes there could be a single bug, or insect capable of transmitting a disease that might spread rapidly.

So sanitary squads disinfect planes at the departure point and at intermediate stops. Light traps are installed at all airfields to gather every specimen of tropical insect planes arriving at Honolulu are searched carefully and every bug is placed in an envelope. These are taken to C. E. Pemberton at the Sugar Planters' Association laboratory where,

against 200,000 already classified specimens, they are identified and their disease bearing potentialities are carefully weighed. Thus far, no new diseases have got past these outposts.

The know-how acquired by our medical experts in the Pacific will have inestimable peacetime value. Our island garrisons will be protected against diseases that once caused these islands to be called "the white man's graveyard." American tourists and commercial travelers will be as safe from disease as in the United States. We shall have beaten the bugs too.

## New Angle to a Math Problem

NORTH CAROLINA citizens have been urging better pay for public school teachers. The following advertisement appeared recently in the *Raleigh News and Observer*:

### *Teacher Wanted for Bolivia High School*

If you have had no professional training, the state allow \$71.33 per month. If you have spent several thousand dollars for four years of teaching experience you will receive \$158 a month, provided your certificate is for mathematics, otherwise \$148. After deducting withholding tax, net monthly salary is from \$54 to \$135. Your work will deal with nothing more important than the minds of the children upon whose shoulders will fall the task of maintaining the peace to follow this war. Why should you expect much pay for this type of work? Lesson studies and plans, grading papers, teaching classes, extracurricular activities, etc. will not require more than 12 to 15 hours per day. We will not claim the balance of your time. Better apply early as we expect to choose from the first 100 applicants. The person chosen to teach mathematics will only be the fourth teacher this year, not the sixth or eighth as in some schools. Average cost of room and board will only be about \$40 per month. Apply in person or write —

Glenn M. Tucker, Principal,  
Bolivia N. C.



# Chesapeake Shell Game

Practical captains with shanghaied hands no longer cruise the world's greatest oyster grounds, but it's still grueling work for tough men

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

*Hou and Bloomfield*

LOGAN'S HILL is four fathoms down in Chesapeake Bay, and oysters grow on the top of it. Yesterday, Logan's Hill saw only some sea gulls and a flock of black ducks. Today, boots clump on the decks of sailing vessels, and the place is alive and profane. For this is November, the start of the dredging season, and oystermen have worked a month to get ready for this day.

But captains and crews are grumbling because now there's no wind and a sailing vessel needs some air. "Some damn thing as last year's openin'," said Doublehead. "One thing about an oyster, though — it don't change its address."

Doublehead is a tall man, squinty blue-eyed, stubble on his chin, plaid shirt and greasy cap. He swam into a doublehead, as sting ray, when he was a boy. On the Chesapeake, nicknames never die.

The vessels are old girls of 50 to 60, proper though salty grandmas now, after a hell-ship youth. The law keeps them jibed and mainsails up — the law forbids dredging by power. The boats are cleaner than they'll be again this season. On deck and in the hold, the chunks of stowewood

are raked, the three stoves are blacked, the stovepipes are new. The water casks are as white as a sea gull's belly. There's a new broom without a downwind slant to its bristles yet, and handles on all the coffee cups, and bright new lines in the rigging.

They're all fresh paint and a captain's pride. They're bugeyes and skipjacks, unique to Chesapeake Bay. They're centerboarders, from 45 to 65 feet on deck, and they'll float in four feet — a handy thing for crossing a shoal. The bugeyes have two masts; the skipjacks have one. The masts have no use for the perpendicular. They rake aft. Some vessels have little figureheads on the end of the longhead under the bowsprit — "a fish, a eagle, a tarapin turtle or a woman," Doublehead said.

With the almighty of breeze for a change of tide, a duck brand of wrinkles springs across the water, and the boats swing to it. There's air now, not a wind to unhair a dog, but enough to sail a boat. Men heave on the flywheel of the gasoline winder amidships — a single cylinder, 12-h.p. job that runs all day on four gallons and hauls up the dredges. All over the fleet an iron coughing breaks out.

The sails curve out with wind. The vessels pass and crisscross. Cool eyes gauge the distances and note the port and starboard ticks. A rhythm of shuttling comes into the scene, like dancers on a floor.

Each captain knows the edges of the hill as definitely as a pasture fence, though the landmarks are miles away. When he rings his bell, the dredge splashes over the side. At once the ship slows down. Dragging the dredge is like dragging an anchor. It scrapes and bumps along, growing heavier with oysters, making the vessel go slower still.

The dredge — "drudge," the men call it — is a broad iron scoop with a toothed edge to dig into the oyster bottom, a chain bag to hold the oysters, rope mesh above it to let trash work through. There's a dredge on each side of the boat, and three men to each dredge.

The stronger the breeze, the bigger the haul before it has to come in. The tugboat *Richard Smith* flings up a staysail between her masts, catching the high and faster air. As the heavy dredge comes dripping over the rollers, the men dump the oysters on deck. Clang and the dredge has splashed again. The men scramble over the oysters, culling, chipping apart the ones that grew in pairs and triplets. Those under the legal three inches they shovel overboard to grow some more.

Off the hill loiters the Government-gray patrol boat, and two big-bellied ships, with purring Diesels and waiting cranes. They are "buy boats," to buy the oysters and take them to market. On them, the men talk of the dredges they could drag —

they'd scrape the bay clean in a season. That's why the efficiency of motors is forbidden. The situation is bad enough as it is. Chesapeake Bay is the world's greatest oyster ground, but in 50 years its yield has come down from 111,000,000 pounds to 35,000,000.

Doublehead swears at the first haul of oysters. Half of them have to go back, to grow another inch in another year. "The bottom's laid over with young'uns. Next season, now —" But times are good even so. Of every dollar of oysters sold, 35 cents goes to the captain for his ship and gear. The captain and the six others share alike in the 65 cents, and from this they all split the grub bill. Last year the drudgers often made \$125 a week, while oysters reached a historic high, \$3 a bushel — about a penny an oyster.

At sunset they quit, according to law. The home port is usually too far from the beds. They run into a creek or lie under a point for a lee. On bitter cold nights, the anchor splashes in the rolling open water, so that a boat won't find itself frozen in. The anchor light goes up, boats come off, socks hang over the stove to dry. The men are all in the captain's cabin, sitting on a step that rims the tiny floor, backs against bunks. The steam of supper plates comes up in red and wind-whipped faces. The oil lamp swings a little and the battery radio is going.

It's a snug, hot place on a night when the deck is all ice. On the forward bulkhead the cookstove glows, and a broad-bottomed coffeepot puffs steam. The oystermen rest and talk until eight or nine o'clock. Sunrise

will find this boat on the oyster grounds again

Behind many of the drudgers are a couple of centuries of bay men, who left them an Elizabethan pungency of speech, some reserve toward "foreigners" from another state, and gistle in their make-up. They like the gamble of their work, and shrug at hardships. One captain sold his huge eye two years ago and invested in a firm. This season he's back with a shipjack, which matches his age, 63.

They speak with pride of the days when drudging was really hard and homicidal. It was about 40 to 60 years ago, and the ships sailed with shinghared crews called hoboes. There were no gasoline winds then, and every dredge load had to be cranked in by hand. Saloonkeepers sold drunken men to shipping agents, who sold them to the captains.

I left Ballamer [Baltimore] one night with \$160 invested into my hoboes, 's'ud one big-shouldered old captain. "They was surprised next day to see where they was — abeam of Bloody Point. They didn't take a notion to workin', but I had no trouble. I kept a bar handy, and I got 'em movin'. We had a good season."

"Shanghaun' done some of them hoboes good," he went on. "Clean livin' and hard work. We sold to the buy boats, and got our grub and water from them. That way we anchored out all the time and never let the hoboes put a foot ashore. You couldn't trust 'em."

The hoboes were paid off at the end of the season at \$7.50 to \$10 a week. Often the captain got them drunk, and their pay was what they

found in their pockets next day. Some were "paid off by the boom" — knocked overboard by a calculated jibe of the heavy spar. At two places, potter's fields were established for the bodies of oystermen that washed ashore. Said a Government report on the oyster industry in 1884: "Dredging in Maryland is a general scramble, carried on in 700 boats, manned by 5600 daring and unscrupulous men, who regard neither the laws of God or man. They are gathered from the vilest dens of Baltimore."

Somewhat dryly, Doublehead said, "The cap'n's wasn't all hard. One was a real good fellow. He given his crew up for their coffin on Christmas. Lots of 'em let the men go ashore in the spring."

The modern pirate works at night, with a motorboat and a dredge. One is rumored to have made \$1,000 a week last season. But the patrol boats also go out at night, drifting on oyster grounds, listening for a motor. Then there's a chase, and there may be shooting. Along the Maryland-Virginia line a few patrol boats mount machine guns. Troubles keep breaking out, not eased by an old rivalry between the watermen of the two states.

Patrol boats are run by the state, which owns the land under the water. Maryland's Department of Tidal Water Fisheries employs nearly 100 men, ashore and on the watch boats, chasing pirates and inspecting oysters for size. They fine a dredge boat \$100 if more than five percent of the oysters are under three inches.

But dredging is only part of the oyster industry, some grounds are

reserved for the tongers. These men use motorboats or even rowboats. Tonging is hard, lone-handed work. The tonger operates a pair of rakes that are bolted together, opening and closing scissor-fashion — wide rakes with long limber shafts. He lowers his rakes to the bottom, opens his arms wide to open the teeth, then works his arms together by short jerks as the rakes comb through the bottom. The shafts closed, he pulls them up hand over hand, wet, and in midwinter, freezing. He balances them like the long pole of a tightrope walker and shakes the oysters onto the culling board.

And he's making big money these days. Now and then a powerful man on a lucky spot makes \$200 a week, many average \$100 in good weather. Oysters are high and unrationed, and the oyster beds are not too crowded with boats because so many of the men have been drafted — the Navy and Coast Guard make petty officers of them right quick. But all the old men are out with their rakes. One sly fellow of 86 in a rowboat takes five or six bushels every sunny day.

Tongers work from the first of September to the tenth of April, while dredgers are limited to November first to the middle of March. The tongers take their oysters to the buy boats or to the local oyster houses, or "factories," and get their cash on the spot. The oyster shuckers are mostly colored folk with some magic in their hands. To a novice,

an oyster is a locked safe, but the shucker's knife finds the lip at once and pries its way in. One expert was timed at 30 oysters a minute. He could do 18 gallons a day, at 50 cents a gallon.

The oysters are graded for size, washed, and packed into gallon tins for refrigerated shipment. They will be stewed or fried or, often enough, dropped into symmetrical shells at an oyster bar.

A single oyster may spawn 500,000,000 eggs in a season. These become almost invisible larvae, swimming about for two weeks, being consumed with relish by all kinds of marine life, including oysters. The survivors die if they settle on mud. They must cement themselves to a hard, clean surface such as an oyster-shell. An old boot or whisky bottle will do. In some places, cement-coated brush or egg crate partitions are staked out to catch them. In two to four years, the oyster is a legal size.

Oysters are healthful the year around as oystermen know. The taboo of the months without R comes down from the days before refrigerated shipping. But oysters are finest and fattest in winter, because they lose weight in summer, when they spawn. Their nutrition value is high; they draw from the sea water many minerals needed for human health, particularly iron and iodine.

In the Chesapeake country, oysters are always on the table. Sometimes a tonger will shuck and eat 100. The oysterman's breed is full of iron.



# Can These Guerrillas Free Fascist Spain?

Condensed from Colliers + + + Ted Allan

The veterans of the first  
fight against fascism plan  
to achieve victory in the  
final one

UNDER a hot Spanish sun Franco's troops marched past the reviewing stand in Oviedo, capital of the Asturias region of north-western Spain, as bands played spirited Falangist airs to the thousands gathered there by order of the Falange. It was July 17, 1943, the seventh anniversary of the generals' revolt against the Spanish Republic. German consular officials on the reviewing stand stood at stiff attention when one passing band played the German national anthem. The Falangists cheered, arms were raised in the Nazi-Falange salute. It was quite an affair.

Standing on the side lines were three men sent into Oviedo to make sure the celebration was engaging the attention of the troops and police. If Franco's police had been more alert they might have recognized them as miners and suspected that they were guerrilla spies belonging to Pepon de la Campa's *guerrilleros*. Pepon means Big Joe, and Big Joe stands six feet four in his sandaled feet and he leads the largest and most efficient army of guerrillas in Spain.

While the Falange was enjoying itself in Oviedo, Big Joe and his men came down from the Asturian hills and surrounded the town of San Esteban de Pravia, some 35 miles away. They flung open the jails, releasing

every anti-Franco political prisoner. They gathered every truck and wagon in the vicinity and carried away from the huge arsenal every gun, bullet and shell.

The celebration in Oviedo was suddenly called off and soldiers were rushed to San Esteban de Pravia. But when they arrived Big Joe was gone, the munitions were gone, the political prisoners were gone and 314 men of the town were also gone. They had joined the guerrillas.

Big Joe, the most colorful guerrilla leader in Spain today, is the terror of Franco's troops in the Asturias. Every time a new big reward is offered for him dead or alive, he posts his own reward for Franco — "One percent, dead or alive, preferably dead." He commands an estimated 12,000 men, many of them former miners who pride themselves on their ability to handle dynamite, and are crack shots as well.

The miners hate Franco for what he has done to Spain and because he led the Moors who broke their 1934 strike. Hundreds of unarmed miners were killed then — and the rest haven't forgotten. But they are not alone in their hatred of Franco. After their defeat in 1939, many Republican soldiers took to the hills in little groups. For the first two years they functioned in cells of ten, carrying

out small raids on army posts and supply dumps. As long as Hitler ravaged Europe their cause was hopeless, but they never gave up.

At first their numbers increased slowly, but as Franco's tyranny ground down, more and more Spaniards were driven into the guerrilla ranks. For Spain was starving. Franco subordinated Spain's economy to Germany's needs, and chaos spread.

More people died from starvation and disease in Spain from 1941 to 1944 than in any other country in Europe. Her civilian death rate is the highest in Europe — including the devastated countries like Yugoslavia and Greece. Though Spain's war was technically over in 1939, there has been no national reconstruction or revival. Prices for necessities are staggering. Workers earning 12 to 14 pesetas a day (about 85 cents) must pay 18 pesetas for a dozen eggs.

Most of the new factories are owned by the Germans, for the Germans *did* occupy Spain even though the fact was off the record. And despite Germany's approaching defeat, Spain remains occupied. Of the 4800 joint-stock companies in Spain today, 987 are controlled completely by German capital, and an estimated 2000 have German directors.

As recently as last summer I G Farben, the gargantuan German chemical trust, built four new chemical plants in Madrid. During 1944 it also completed a synthetic oil plant near Cordoba and a magnesium plant in Santar. German steel and textile trusts likewise control munitions plants, textile factories, and mines.

The guerrillas knew this, and more and more of their efforts were aimed

at preventing the copper, the wolfram and mercury, the iron, coal, shells, guns, tanks, and airplane engines being produced in Spain from reaching Hitler's armies. They smashed railways, blew up bridges, slowed work in German-owned factories and supplied themselves with arms so that they would be ready for the big day when it came.

In Castilla province their leader is a short, thin, scholarly-looking man known as *El Ingeniero* — The Engineer. Whatever he was — and that is not known — *El Ingeniero* is one of Spain's most effective guerrilla leaders. He has operated from the Guadarrama Mountains since 1939.

When he needs supplies he gets them with an *elan* typical of the Spanish *guerrilleros* who fought Napoleon. On one occasion last year *El Ingeniero* and a group of his men dressed in working clothes, entered Madrid on foot and made their way toward a large medical supply house. The guards at the factory were quickly disarmed. (They did not put up too much of a fight, one of them even told where the best supplies were.) *El Ingeniero* and his men loaded three company trucks with supplies and drove back to their headquarters. The same tactic has been used to obtain clothing from the Martinez Quiros department store, one of Madrid's largest.

After our invasion of North Africa, 5000 guerrillas following a bitter fight took and held Malaga for 45 hours, hoping the Americans would land there and help them liberate Spain, but finally despaired of our coming and withdrew.

In appraising the possibilities for

a successful people's revolt against Franco (not a mere replacement of Franco by a military junta), it should be remembered that, with the exception of parts of Greece and Yugoslavia, no appreciable area of Europe was liberated by the efforts of underground fighters alone. They were able to carry out effective sabotage, and arsenals and dynamite bridges, but were unable to defeat an enemy equipped with all the modern weapons of war until the Allies gave them direct aid in the form of invading armies.

The powerful force of Spaniards in France may play the role of the invading army. After their defeat in 1939, more than 500,000 Republicans crossed from Spain into France. Many scattered from there all over the world, but perhaps 350,000 remained, and of these some 50,000 fought with the French Maquis for the liberation of the country. In fact, because of their military training they formed the nucleus of the French Forces of the Interior in southern France, outnumbering the French three to one. They helped liberate such cities as Marseilles, Perpignan and Bordeaux. The first men who lost their lives when the Maquis stormed the city hall in Paris were Spaniards, and Spaniards drove some of General Jacques Lecomte's tanks — bearing the names of Cuadajajara, Brunete and Madrid — through the liberated streets of France's capital.

The body which directs the Spanish underground is the *Junta Suprema de Union Nacional*, the Supreme Council of the National Union of Spain. It is made up of representatives of anti-Franco groups ranging from the

Catholic right to the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Communists on the left. In between are right-wing and left-wing Socialists, Republicans and Basque and Catalonian nationalists. The *Junta Suprema* has established regional and provincial councils, and today there are 900 local juntas.

The most important political event inside Spain in recent years was the adherence to the *Junta Suprema* in 1943 of the *Partido Popular Catolico*, representing middle class Catholic groups, and the Catholic Agrarian Unions, representing large sections of the Catholic peasantry (the poorest and most exploited of all Spain's people). Many members of these groups had supported Franco, believing his propaganda that he was fighting for Christianity against Bolshevism. Their present stand, plus the adherence of the Basque Catholics, disproves Franco's claim that Spanish Catholics — apart from some powerful members of the church hierarchy — are on his side.

The *Junta Suprema's* program includes the following points: break all political and economic ties with Germany, re-establish freedom of the press and of religion, begin the economic reconstruction of Spain, establish a consultative assembly which will write a constitutional charter of liberty for Spain, this charter to be ratified by the people in a free, democratic election.

The Spanish Republicans have been fighting fascism longer than any other force in the world — since 1936 — and they are determined that this time, freedom shall not escape them. They are sick and tired of the various schemes dreamed up by diplomats to set up a monarchy in Spain.



At present there are several Republican leaders in exile, and they have been unable to reach an agreement on Spain's future. Juan Negrín, the last Republican president, may be the hope of Spain, for he alone may be able to unite all the various factions. But certainly no Republican leader can rule peacefully without coming to an agreement with the *Junta Suprema*. If an agreement is not

reached, and Franco is replaced by some transitional government without the *Junta Suprema's* support, then Spain's weary, hungry, tired people, who do not want civil war, will wage it, nevertheless. They remember their brothers who died by the thousands on the barricades of Madrid with the words, "Madrid will be the tomb of fascism," and they are again ready to die to make those words come true.



## Where Did That Title Come From?

*Good Night, Sweet Prince* (Gene Fowler's life of John Barrymore) — From Horatio's salute to the dead Hamlet

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

*All This, and Heaven Too* (By Rachel Field) — From Matthew Henry (1662-1714), who wrote of his father, the Reverend Philip Henry, "He would say sometimes when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life — 'All this, and Heaven too.'"

*For Whom the Bell Tolls* (By Ernest Hemingway) — From a meditation written in 1624 by John Donne, English poet

No man is an Island, intire of it selfe      any mans death diminishes  
me, because I am involved in Mankinde. And therefore never send to  
know for whom the bell tolls, It tolls for thee

— *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions*

*Gone With the Wind* (By Margaret Mitchell) — From Ernest Dowson's *Cynara*, written in 1896

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion

*Vice of the Turtle* (John Van Druten's dramatic hit) — From *The Song of Solomon*

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone  
The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is  
come, and the voice of the turtle\* is heard in our land

# The Man Who Made



Here's a success story to warm  
the cockles of your heart

## Wartime Rubber

Condensed from *Future*

+  
*Ralph Wallace*

**A**MONG the startling tales of ingenuity and achievement that American science has produced, the story of Waldo L. Semon of Akron, Ohio, is one of the most remarkable. Back in the 1920's Semon was supporting a wife on \$50 a month earned by teaching part time while he studied for his doctor's degree. Today, at 46, he ranks among the world's greatest industrial chemists.

Semon has probably done more for the nation's wartime rubber program than any living scientist. One of his inventions — a strangely inert, non-flammable synthetic called *Neoseal* — has enabled U. S. designers to slash fire hazards and lessen weight in every new fighting ship and warplane. Hundreds of U. S. tanks owe their rubber treads and increased speeds to a Semon process for bonding rubber to metal. More significant still was his prewar discovery of *Ameripol*, first butadiene-type synthetic rubber produced commercially in this country.

The genesis of Semon's scientific wizardry goes back to a childhood spent wandering the country from

Georgia to Oregon. His father, an engineering jack-of-all-trades, built lighting plants, ice plants, electric railroads and dams. Young Waldo, a boy with an insatiably inquiring mind, was poking into his father's engineering books almost as soon as he could spell out the words.

At nine, alone and unaided, he built a wet-cell battery from a zinc jar lid, an old arc-light carbon and sal ammoniac dissolved in water. The battery operated a buzzer set for communicating with a friend next door. Waldo next put together the first wireless receiver in his town. The parts cost \$5, which he earned by picking strawberries at ten cents an hour. When he was in the sixth grade he invented his own logarithm table to provide quick answers to arithmetic problems.

In 1914, while the family lived in Seattle, Waldo stumbled onto a German treatise on organic chemistry. The dry, prosaic textbook struck electric sparks in the youth's mind. It told how dyes could be synthesized and implicit in every paragraph was the hint that, with knowledge and research, almost any organic compound could be synthesized. A world of wonders suddenly opened up.

Financially, college seemed im-

possible, but he determined to earn his way through. For a year he hacked brush with a surveying gang pushing a highway through the rattlesnake-infested country around Yakima. Out of his \$65 a month salary he saved \$500.

From his first days at the University of Washington, he showed an amazing aptitude for research. Before the United States entered the first World War, Army Intelligence assigned a problem to the university's chemistry department, which passed it on to Waldo, then a callow sophomore of 18. The problem was to find developing agents for secret inks. In three months Waldo discovered more than 100 and sent the results to Washington. Later he devised a process which increased the yield of TNT from toluene. When he found a method of making mustard gas from selenium, the American Chemical Society published his report of the work — an almost unheard-of honor for an undergraduate.

Meanwhile he worked at anything he could turn his hand to — as a janitor, as a chemical analyst for local industries. At graduation, he ranked among the first ten in his class, and easily first in chemistry. That summer, on the strength of a slender teaching job while working for his doctorate, he married Marjorie Gunn, a pretty blonde chemistry student he had known since his freshman days. Marjorie tutored to help out yet there were months when the threadbare young couple had only roast wheat and a friendly farmer's vegetables as their staple food. But Waldo won his doctor's degree and became

One day in 1926 Semon received a letter from Dr. Hailan L. Trumbull, manager of chemical research for the B. F. Goodrich Company. Trumbull was looking for a particularly able man to tackle an important job. Would Semon be interested?

Would he? A few days later he was in Akron. The job proved to be a chemist's dream of research. Several years before, Goodrich technicians had patented a process for bonding rubber to steel with a newly invented adhesive prepared from rubber. A million-dollar a year business had been built up lining acid-carrying tank cars with bonded rubber, and the process had many other industrial applications. Goodrich now wanted to find all the *synthetic* rubberlike materials which could also be used to weld rubber to steel.

For months Semon created one synthetic adhesive after another, many worthless, others patentable. One morning he struck boldly in a new direction. Years before, a Russian scientist had prepared a compound called polyvinyl chloride, so hard and horny it had proved useless. But its molecular structure was similar to that of rubber, Semon decided to try to convert it into an adhesive by dosing it with a high-boiling ether.

A gelatinous mass coagulated in the test tube — precisely what he did *not* want. He broke the test tube and tweaked the material with thumb and forefinger. Amazingly, it stretched! A thrill crept up Semon's spine as he realized that he had found a new rubberlike synthetic.

Further experiments showed that the new substance possessed astonishing

ing qualities. Unlike natural rubber, it was nonflammable. It was practically impervious to the oxygen in the air, whereas rubber succumbs quickly to oxygen attack. And again unlike rubber, which soaks up petroleum products like a sponge, it was unaffected by oil or gasoline. Because it sealed against the corrosive effect of almost every acid known, the new material was named Koroseal.

Next, Semon created a whole group of age-resisting chemicals which have since dramatically lengthened the life of both synthetic and natural rubbers.

In 1933, Semon was called from his other research duties to concentrate on a practical synthetic rubber for tires. For a quarter of a century, German and Russian scientists had been seeking the answer to this problem. Semon first investigated every detail of their work, for six months he toiled 16 hours a day, reading scientific reports in French, in German, in English.

When that was finished he knew the main ingredients, but not the secret formulas, of the five principal synthetic rubbers in the world. Calmly he set out to reproduce each one in his laboratory. This necessitated polymerization of the principal ingredients — a strange chemical reaction in which the individual molecules link together like a line of men clasping hands, and thus produce the elasticity characteristic of all rubber and rubber synthetics. In six months he had reproduced them all — a staggering scientific feat.

With that immense technical background, Semon sailed for Europe in 1937, hoping to learn something of

Germany's synthetic rubber techniques. He was especially interested in Buna S, the rubber on which Hitler's armies later smashed France and Poland. German scientists received him cordially, but showed him nothing except products made from his own Koroseal, which the Germans had blindly appropriated and now manufactured in prodigious quantities under the name of Igelite. Buna plants were "inconvenient" for him to inspect. And the Gestapo shadowed him to be sure orders were enforced.

By the time Semon returned from Europe he was sure that war with Germany was inevitable. And if Japan were to seize the 120 East rubber plantations the United States would be in a bad way. He recommended to Goodrich that synthetic rubber research be pushed at redoubled speed. Additional scientists were immediately put under his direction. Intricate methods for making raw materials from alcohol and petroleum were worked out. Machines like miniature Ferris wheels, holding as many as 100 test tubes, whirled day and night to polymerize new formulas. About 14,500 synthetic rubbers were produced with more than 250,000 separate evaluation tests on the various samples.

Suddenly one of Semon's formulas — a formula today under strict military secrecy, but whose principal ingredient is butadiene — showed exceptional promise. But still heart-breaking difficulties cropped up on every side. The butadiene had to be refined to 99 percent purity before it would polymerize properly. The minute quantities of chemicals carried on the shoes of workmen cleaning

the tanks ruined several batches. And the first rubber proved so leathery it could not be shaped into tires. But one by one these difficulties were ironed out.

The fall of 1939 rolled around, and the Nazis were smashing across Poland. John L. Collyer became president of Goodrich, and into his lap was dumped the problem of what to do with Semon's new synthetic, called Ameripol. Hundreds of thousands of dollars had already been spent on research, to make Ameripol into tires would cost hundreds of thousands more — and perhaps the company's reputation if the tires went bad. Moreover, the synthetic had proved far more expensive than natural rubber. Collyer called Semon in. Were Semon and his fellow technicians positively convinced the new synthetic would stand up? They were? Then he would take the gamble.

In the spring of 1940 Collyer displayed America's first commercial synthetic tire to a group of leading industrialists. Within a few months scores of companies and thousands of individuals had bought the new tires for tests. Results exceeded Semon's most hopeful dreams. With more than 50 percent synthetic rubber in their make-up, Ameripol tires held up for 25,000 to 40,000 miles — far better than Germany's Buna tires.

When the Government's synthetic rubber program was finally launched, fellow chemists from all the rubber companies elected Semon chairman of their first technical committee. His patents were poured into an industry

pool, and many of his processes have now become standard in practically all Government plants.

America's fighting ships formerly used wires and cables insulated with a rubber-asphalt compound. A shell or torpedo hit would ignite this insulation, and the fire would often race along wires throughout the ship, short-circuiting all controls. Today insulation in new naval craft and airplanes is of nonflammable Koroseal, or of Vinylite, a similar substance. And because so little is required, it means tons less weight for the ship.

Koroseal's postwar potentialities are startling. Oil companies plan to use Koroseal packages for motor oil, it will also be used as weather stripping, as an invisible coating on wall paper and fabric to seal against dust and moisture, as a brilliant colored car upholstery, outwearing leather. Even runproof stockings have been created by weaving a colorless thread of Koroseal with the regular thread of both nylon and silk stockings. So far, nearly 2000 potential uses have been listed.

A few months ago Waldo Semon was named for the Charles L. Good-year award — most coveted honor in rubber science. Magnificent as his contributions have been, in a sense they are no more important than his *example* — an example which demonstrates that an American boy without wealth or important connections but with courage, determination and native intelligence can become one of the great scientists of the world.



How explain these odd alliances between traditional enemies — puppies and squirrels or deer and dogs who become happy playmates?

## Strange Animal Friendships

Condensed from *Nature Magazine*

By Frank Dobie



IT WOULD not startle me to see a lion and a lamb lying down together — provided each had been cut off from its kind, and the lion had made the acquaintance of the lamb while not hungry. Nearly all animals yearn for companionship, and when they cannot consort with their own kind they sometimes form devoted attachments to creatures utterly foreign.

A ranchman out on the Frio River in Texas had a pet buck, raised from fawnhood with the house dogs. It formed a particular friendship with a massive mongrel known as Old Blue. The two were inseparable. The buck would paw other dogs away from food while Old Blue gorged himself. When the pack hunted, the buck would accompany them, leading in the chase after wolves or other animals. When four or five years old, the buck took to ranging alone, far away. The only way to entice him

back was to lead Old Blue to his vicinity. Once he sensed the dog he would join him and accompany him back to the ranch, to stay until the call of the wild tolled him forth again.

Unusual attachments are at times, no doubt, motivated by the instinct for self protection. On the plains of Kansas, years ago, a traveler observed a scabed old buffalo bull keeping company with a band of mustangs. The wild horses probably tolerated him more than they loved him, but in their company he was safe from wolves. On the other hand Buffalo Jones, who did much to preserve the buffalo from extinction, came into possession of a two-year-old colt that had been ranging with a herd of buffaloes for about a year.

When I was a boy living on a ranch thickly populated with bobwhites, a quail took up one summer with our chickens going to roost with them in the chicken house, although it is the nature of quail to roost on the ground. Morning and evening, while bobwhites were calling on every side, this plump little bird, apparently oblivious to his kind, stayed close to the chickens.

There is a mothering, protective instinct in a great many animals that often leads to remarkable associa-

J. FRANK DOBIE, beloved Texas teacher and historian, author of *Coronado's Children* and *The Longhorns*, has recently served a year as exchange professor of American History at Cambridge University, England. Cambridge sought someone to explain the colorful background of America to England's young people, and in this erstwhile cowhand, folklorist, author and editor they found a versatile and eminently qualified choice.

tions In 1934 an orphaned moose calf in Wyoming was adopted by a milch cow And a friend of mine in Texas owned one of the most passionately devoted foster mothers I have ever known of a mare mule that adopted a Brahman calf She raised the calf, nursing it until it was far past the usual age for weaning I read recently of a similar case also in Texas, in this instance, when the rancher approached the calf the mule kicked him and broke his jaw

Animals, like human beings, have contradictory instincts Once a dog with nursing pups pursued a female coyote to its den and helped kill it The coyote, too, had pups, and when they were brought out the dog whined and nosed them in a most sympathetic manner One little coyote was saved and put with the dog's puppies She nursed it and "fled" it along with her own young, and it grew up a boon companion of the dogs

In Oakhurst, Texas, a family of children had a female dog as their chief pet Someone gave them three tiny squirrels The dog immediately claimed the squirrels as though they were her own offspring They suckled her and she reared them successfully Before the squirrels arrived she had been on the best of terms with a cat, but after she adopted them she would angrily drive the cat away if it came near her charges

Some animal friendships are not to be accounted for either by the theory of protection or the theory of isolation They develop, like many human friendships, through accidental propinquity A resident of Duncan, Okla., discovered a neighbor's dog

shed where he kept a cow At first the cow tried to hook the dog, Buck by name, and keep him away Finally Buck had his will He took to keeping company with the cow while she grazed If a strange dog appeared, he would chase it away The dog and cow grew to be inseparable companions

One of the prettiest sights of Nature in my memory is of a spotted fawn and two kittens lying on Bermuda grass in the sunshine The fawn would stretch out its delicate head along the ground, and on either side of it the kittens would stretch out also, all three cat-napping All three would drink milk together When the fawn nibbled grass, the kittens would place their forefeet up on its legs and shoulders or on its head As a captive the fawn had no other playmates, the kittens wished for no other cat society

Some years ago a Texas rancher raised a litter of hogs and a litter of dogs together, the pigs and pups playing with each other promiscuously One day he trapped a fox, tied up his grown dogs, and then released the fox for the pups to follow Finally the fox turned to fight One pup yelped for help Three of its play-fellow shoats came running, attacked the fox, and were killing it when the rancher pulled them off

The rush of the hogs to the distressed pup is essentially no more foreign to Nature than a dog's guardianship over a child belonging to his master Given the opportunity, almost any combination may develop between one kind of animal and another, just as between man and any kind of animal It seems to be part of

HOME-FLOWERS-LAWN

FRESH VEGETABLES

HONEY

GRAPES

RABBITS AND GOATS

DELICIOUS BERRIES

PASTURE

FRESH EGGS BROILERS

CORNHARK

COMPOST

WOOD LOT

BACON HAM-FRESH PORK

# The Have-More Farm Plan for City Workers

Condensed from  
Better Homes & Gardens

*Ed Robinson*

A little land, a lot of living, is the slogan of this energetic young couple who have made a suburban farm pay

TWO YEARS ago the Robinsons lived in a New York apartment. We discovered that the unadvertised inconveniences outweigh the much boasted conveniences that living in a large city has to offer. Every time we turned around it cost us money and trouble.

For example, just to let the baby play outdoors, we had to get together blankets and toys, walk two blocks, wait for a bus, ride a dozen blocks, carry everything into the park, and find a spot where we could sit down. Then, one hot Sunday afternoon, a policeman came up and said, "Look, you can't sit here."

That is when we began to think seriously about living in the country. At first we didn't see how we could afford it, then we wondered whether we could swing it by raising some of our food. We knew nothing about farming, but made a start by reading a couple of hundred books and pamphlets. Then, near Norwalk, Conn., about an hour from my New York office, we found a six room house on a two acre tract of flat, wooded land. The down payment was just \$600, and interest, taxes and amortization came to only \$49.30 a month—

which, even with my commuting expenses added, was less than our rent had been in New York.

Our basic idea was to farm for our own use rather than for profit. We called it our Have More Plan. When you produce only a few things, you have to sell the surplus at wholesale and buy other things at retail. But when you raise smaller amounts of a great many different things you can use them yourself and you have to buy very little.

Today on our little farm we are producing all our milk and cream, some butter, all our eggs, about 120 pounds of chicken a year, several hundred pounds of pork, bacon and ham, plus rabbit, lamb, goose, raspberries, and all but a few dollars' worth of fresh, canned and frozen vegetables plus fertilizer for our garden and lawn.

Having a garden, fruit trees, milk goats, chickens, rabbits, geese and bees sounds as though we were over-worked. Actually we handle it all easily, even though I commute to my



New York job five days a week. We are both young — I'm 34, my wife 29 — strong, and unafraid of work. We get up at 6:30 and I'm home from the office in time to work in the garden from seven until nine in the evening. In the canning season we are sometimes busy until midnight. I couldn't recommend the pace for old people or weaklings, but if you can take it, it's fine.

Our figures show that the market value of the food we produce averages \$55 a month above cost. Moreover, our doctors' bills and numerous other expenses have dwindled. For instance, in the city we spent quite a lot on theaters, baseball games, cocktail parties and so on. Today our spare time is used productively — building a stone wall, cutting firewood, working with our animals. All these savings, added up, come to around \$900 a year. Then there are the intangibles: better food, pride in our home, a feeling of accomplishment.

Eggs were our first project. We thought we'd need about two dozen a week and so bought seven pullets. They cost \$11. The first week they didn't lay. Then one evening when I arrived from New York I found my wife all excited — our flock had produced an egg. During the next eight months those seven hens laid 646 eggs. We figured they cost us 26 cents a dozen, against 60 cents in the store. So we increased our flock to 20, cutting feed costs about 15 percent, and now use four dozen eggs a week. When we have a surplus I get 60 cents a dozen for them right in my own office.

Then came broilers and fryers,

tery." These batteries reduce the chances of losing chicks by disease. The hatchery sends us 32 chicks at a time, and for feed it costs only 16 cents per pound of chicken. Labor? The first chickens we dressed took about an hour a bird, but the other day we did seven in two hours. Our battery takes less than ten minutes a day to operate and by running it 90 days we get enough chickens to last us a whole year.

We thought we should raise at least one other kind of poultry, and found geese to be the best eating and the easiest to raise. We started with a dozen goose eggs (\$4), seven hatched under two of our hens. We ate three, traded two and kept a pair for breeding.

This brings us to another aspect of our Have More Plan: trading with our neighbors. We traded geese for turkeys. Similarly we traded rabbits for pears, and last winter traded broilers and eggs for potatoes. Where several neighbors use the Have More Plan, variety can go up while both cost and labor are going down.

With the first winter over, we naturally turned to a garden. In season we had all the fresh vegetables we could eat. In addition we canned or froze about 275 quarts for winter use. Altogether we saved ourselves about \$150.

One day when we ran over our milk, butter and cheese bills we found the dairy department was getting about 25 percent of our food budget. It was obvious that we should start producing milk. But a cow requires a couple of acres of pasture. Our answer was milk goats.

A Nubian doe with her two weeks

ping This doe milked  $4\frac{1}{2}$  quarts a day and now, nine months after freshening, still gives a quart and a half She's young and we expect she'll do better at her next freshening Our friends from the city are always flabbergasted when we tell them that was goat milk they had for lunch Actually, goat milk properly handled has no distinctive taste, is a little richer than cow milk, and is naturally homogenized

We kept cramming more food-producing units into our miniature farm We put in 15 blackberry bushes in a hedge, and planted ten grape vines, a hundred raspberry bushes and a small strawberry bed Our 18 fruit trees add to the beauty of our front lawn From our beehives we took about five pounds of honey last year, and this year will extract at least 150 pounds which represents a total of 24 hours of work a year on my part

We bought two inoculated seven weeks old pigs in April, slaughtered them in December, and had 460 pounds of pork at a cost of 22 cents a pound Then we added rabbits — two does and a buck Judging from the way they are producing, we'll have 30 to 40 three or four-pound rabbits a year They are easier to dress than chickens, require less than five minutes' care a day, and cost only eight to ten cents a pound We never have more than 18 at a time and their hutch takes up no more space than a good-size table

The part of our Have More Plan that gives us the most pleasure is preserving food so we can live off the fat of the land year round People today are lucky to have three mod-

ern ways of conserving food quick freezing, pressure canning and dehydrating We have actually eaten better in the past two years of rationing than ever before The chicken we take out of our freezer is tender and delicious And we have good tasting greens in January, and so on The quick freezer is the hub of our miniature farm

Of course, it's best to preserve certain things in glass jars, and our shelves full of gleaming jars give us a feeling of pride and contentment The saving is tremendous, too Our 75 quarts of home-canned tomatoes cost — including plants, spray, jars, spices and electricity — exactly \$4, in a store 75 quarts cost \$16.50 Our savings 76 percent

The cue to our Have-More Plan is found in the little word *we* My wife and I have worked as a team on everything from our first seven hens Believe me, the marriage of a man and woman really means something in homestead farming, whether in the open spaces of the West or on a commuter's farm

There's another vital point in our plan Jackie, our son He is already an independent little thing, afraid of nothing He loves all our animals, and by helping care for them he will learn much concerning life and its processes He will take responsibilities early, and learn what it means to earn his own bread What's more, he will have all the childhood fun for which country life is famous

Our Have-More Plan is a pattern, not a panacea — and a pattern for only part of the people Some don't want to do the extra work, some can't, others simply don't like country

living But the average family can make this country living city job idea work For modern appliances and methods have simplified farming, the short work-week provides more time than one had ten or 20 years ago, and it is easier today to raise plants and livestock successfully Seeds, plants,

livestock breeds, fertilizers, pest controls and feeds are all better

After the war we believe the country living city job idea is going to be tried out, and successfully, by many American families They will, like us, adopt the slogan—"A little land, a lot of living"

~~~~~

Picturesque Speech and Patter

The green gauze of April's fragile garments (Taylor Callwell) Bluejays dressed like West Point cadets Clippership clouds (Louise Andre vs Kent) Brooks and birds uncorked by spring, sang together

(Donald Culross Peattie)

Sailor's letter home 'I enlisted because I liked the nice clean ships the Navy had Now I know who keeps them that way'

(Sydney J. Harris in *Chicago Daily News*)

His hair stood up in little paint brushes from sleeping (Iris Fitter) Brief sighs came from her open lips like steam given off by thoughts (Anna Seghers) A lieutenant with delusions of command (R. F. Kessler) They tried to cut each other on pieces of the past (Lee Croly) A child walking around with his sleep showing

(Roy J. Melvin Living)

Overheard "Oleomargarine is something you have to take for butter or worse" (Betty Cass)

The weather cracked a frosty whip over the eastern front (Robert St. John)

The sun sharpened its light across a razor edge of hills (Alli McKay) A cat sleeping with all loose ends tucked in (Nell Craft vs Wilcox) Slanting boles of coconut palms exploded in bursts of greenery against the sky (James Ramsey Ullman)

The most efficient water power in the world is a woman's tears (Willson Mizner)

His nose was a topographical error (Ernest W. Purcell) Her voice skinned easy chatter off the top of her mind (Harlan Ware) He went into a long commercial about himself (Noel Wical)

The strained intimacy of a crowded elevator (Charles S. Clifton vs Ott C. Frey) A weak ambitionless man who had slowly driven his wife to distinction (Marcelene Cox) A widow more devoted to her grief than she had ever been to her husband (Hannah Baker) He acted as the goat between (Gail Hamacher)

A girl speaking of a Navy man she had been out with "I think he's chief petting officer" (*Captain's Weekly*)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned but every item is carefully considered.



The READER'S DIGEST

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

May 1945

Planning for Freedom

By Henry A Wallace



I AM against a
Planned Economy
It means tyranny It
means that all eco-
nomic decisions would be made by a
small group at a central spot

Nevertheless I favor planning I
favor planning to keep our American
economic system competitively free
I go further I favor planning to make
our economic system *freer* than it is
today

It is threatened today by what that
great and beloved American, the late
William Allen White of Emporia,
Kansas, called "private totalitarian-
ism" It is threatened by the tend-
ency toward concentrating Ameri-
can economic decisions in the hands
of the directors of a few large corpora-
tions At the end of our last boom, in
1929, five percent of our corporations
owned 85 percent of all of our cor-
porate wealth In 1937, 13 corpora-

Writing as an experienced busi-
nessman, our new Secretary
of Commerce proposes three
steps by which the number
of small enterprises would be
every year steadily increased

tions possessed the services of one
third of all the country's industrial
research scientists In 1942, under the
influence of this tendency, 75 percent
of our war-production contracts were
held by 56 of our corporations

The true danger in such a situation
is not that a few men become rich I
am preaching no warfare on wealth
as wealth The true danger is that
decisions determining the economic
destinies of millions upon millions of
Americans tend to be made by a few
men in a few central spots This
concentration of economic power, if
unchecked, could finally give us a
private Planned Economy just as
tyrannical as any public Planned
Economy Economic freedom requires
that economic decisions should be, as
much as possible, not *concentrated* but
diffused They should be made, as
much as possible, not by handfuls of
men but by multitudes of men True
free enterprise cannot survive except
as the enterprise of the many

Note In his new book, *Sixty Million Jobs*
to be published jointly this spring by Reynal
& Hitchcock and Simon & Schuster,
Henry A. Wallace discusses at length his
views on the means of achieving full post
war employment within the framework of
the American way of life

I propose that all our governments, federal, state and local, should deliberately encourage the enterprise of the many. And I note with satisfaction that "small business," which is the enterprise of the many, still exists in this country in great volume. Some defeatists say it is dead. It is not. It is sick. It needs care and cure. But it is far from dead.

In 1944 the United States contained three million separate business enterprises. Only three thousand of them employed more than one thousand workers. Two million of them employed less than one hundred workers. Those two million, employing from 99 workers down to only one worker (namely, only the owner himself), can be called "small business." They might seem too tiny to be important. Yet look! In 1944 they provided 45 percent of the whole total of American industrial and commercial employment. "Small business" is still approximately half the population of our American business economy.

We should not, then, despair of "the capitalism of the common man" in America. We should go to work to retain it — and *enlarge* it. We should not be content just to *save* "small business." We should aim at expanding the area in which "small business" can thrive and multiply and grow.

I THINK I know how we can move toward that objective. First, though, I ought to qualify myself, as my critics say, on the point of "practical experience." I can do so quite readily. I am myself a small business man, and I know all the woes of taking a business from the stage of being only an

idea to the stage of being a going reality.

As a well-known "dreamer," I "dreamed" a better seed corn. I started breeding seed corn and in breeding it. My experiments were very "practical." They produced an improvement in seed corn. I then organized a company to handle that improved seed corn and market it. I raised the money for the capital of the company. I borrowed money for the seasonal operations of the company. I took a "practical" interest in the mechanical equipment of the company. With Simon Cassady, Jr., I designed the first modern seed-corn drying and processing plant in the world. I was president and general manager of the company till I came to Washington in 1933 to be Secretary of Agriculture. The company now has plants in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. We sell four million dollars' worth of seed corn a year. We take the greater part of our profits, after taxes, to build new plants or to modernize old ones. I think I know every headache and every heartache that a small business man can have as he struggles from nothing to something. And I know what it means to meet a payroll.

I contend that there are at least four practical things that can be done to make it possible for more American citizens to start businesses and to develop them, and I contend that these things would benefit not only small businesses but large. I contend that Big Business itself would be benefited by more development of small businesses.

In my opinion the first thing to do is to see to it that newcomers are not

artificially excluded from any business area. Such exclusions happen often. They happen, for example, through monopolistic pools of patents, through monopolistic controls of raw materials, through monopolistic deals between rings of manufacturers and rings of distributors.

All such arrangements are bad for the big businesses themselves. They diminish competition and thereupon diminish progress and thereupon diminish true ultimate profit. It is the duty of Government to strive to destroy all such arrangements. Two advantages will emerge. The large businesses will compete more among themselves. And new small businesses will enter the previously closed fields and accelerate competitive initiative and achievement. I do not see how any friend of free enterprise can call it "persecution of business" when Government strives in this way to broaden free enterprise.

Such is Point One. Knock down all arbitrary barriers that prevent a small business man from entering a business of his choice.

POINT TWO is to see to it that new small businesses have a reasonable access to credit. They do not have it today. In the matter of credit, of finance, of loans, they are much worse off than they were 30 years ago.

To begin with, it costs more today to start business. Machines for production have become more complicated and expensive. Marketing mechanisms have become more elaborate and require greater initial expenditures. The new capital necessary for a new small business is therefore much larger now than formerly.

Meanwhile the banks have become much stricter in extending loans. The federal bank examiners have more and more insisted that the loans by banks shall be ultrasafe. In the old days there were multitudes of loans known as "character loans." The borrower borrowed on "collateral" consisting of virtually nothing but his known good character. Such loans are rapidly becoming extinct.

Yet the country abounds in savings. It abounds in saved dollars held in private hands. These dollars run each year into the billions. They should flow back into business. In large measure they do not do so. That is one of the main reasons for recurrent unemployment.

Our most basic national economic problem is

How can the total of our annual savings be induced to find its way into total energetic investment?

The biggest field in which such investment is needed, and in which it falters, is small business. Many of our thoughtful financiers acutely realize this fact and are seeking remedies for it. Some have suggested local pools of capital, organized by local financial institutions and local public-spirited citizens, and supplemented, when necessary, by Government. I think this proposition is sensible and sound.

Myself, though, I would stress the kind of governmental assistance that we see in the Federal Housing Administration. A private lending institution advances money to a citizen to help him acquire a home. The Federal Housing Administration simply insures that loan. It guarantees the private lending institution against all important loss. The money remains

completely private. The home remains completely private. What has happened has been no promotion whatsoever of state socialism—that is, of governmental ownership and operation. What has happened has been just the reverse. The Federal Housing Administration, through its governmental insurance of private loans, has vastly promoted the private ownership of homes in America. I approve every governmental measure which promotes and encourages private ownership and enterprise.

I would therefore approve the establishment of a Government agency which in certain circumstances would guarantee loans to small businesses. Those circumstances would be:

The business requesting the loan must make sense to the directors of a private lending institution. And

The private lending institution must be able to show that it cannot absorb the total risk all by itself and needs insurance against loss. And

There must be a minimum of red tape in Washington.

I am convinced that under such an arrangement our private loans to private small business would be revived and multiplied into new thousands and hundreds of thousands. I am convinced that under such an arrangement the force of free enterprise in this country would be greatly expanded and strengthened. The number of free enterprisers would be every year steadily increased. Their businesses would remain entirely their own. What the Government would be doing would be simply but vitally this:

It would be helping to pump our private

savings back into private investment. It would be helping to avert unemployment. It would be helping to revitalize small business in its contest for survival against big business. It would be helping to promote American economic freedom.

I am happy to note that Senator La Follette of Ohio, who so strongly feels my tendency toward humanitarian government measures, is in substantial agreement with me. On behalf of small business he has introduced a bill for governmental insurance of long-term loans by banks and insurance companies and of stocks held in the portfolios of investment trust. I can now companionably say to Senator La Follette:

"I follow ideologically welcome!"

All possible business fields open to newcomers! All possible sensible credit facilities open to newcomers!

Those are my Points One and Two. My Point Three is governmental industrial research.

I HAVE already spoken of the astonishing concentration of industrial research scientists in the employ of a few large corporations. These corporations are not to be condemned on that. Rather they are to be commended, with their research scientists they are producing new processes and new products of incalculable value to mankind. But they sin ultra vires and altogether unintentionally, we bringing it about that our whole new scientific world of magical materials and magical methods will be accessible in large part only to corporations of titanic financial resources.

Imagine the condition of agriculture if research into the treating of soils, into the raising of crops, into the

breeding of animals, had been left to a handful of large farmers who could cover their discoveries with patents. We would not today have our steadily increasing number of family farms scientifically and effectively increased by small farmers with no research facilities of their own.

What has modernized them has been the research work of the United States Department of Agriculture and of our state agricultural colleges and universities, carried to the farmers by such educational agencies as the Federal Extension Service.

I submit that the Department of Commerce should be empowered to do a similar work of research and education for American enterprises in commerce and industry. For more than 40 years the Department of Commerce has had a research division called the Bureau of Standards. Its activities were greatly stimulated by Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce. The Bureau nevertheless remains only the tiny nucleus of the vast array of laboratories and of scientists that could make us research services to business the equivalent of the research services that the scientific bureaus of the Department of Agriculture render to farming.

I heartily concur in the recommendation recently made by Mr. Murray Maverick, the energetic and creative Chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. He has had much experience with the difficulties of small business in its wartime efforts and in its postwar plans. He says that one of the things that American small business most needs is "technical assistance in a manner comparable

to that given farmers by the Department of Agriculture."

My Point Three, then, is that our Government shall give to millions of small business men the same opportunity to keep abreast of new scientific developments that it now gives to millions of small agriculturalists.

My last point is tax relief.

The Senate Committee on Small Business recently reported as follows:

"The wartime tax structure falls relatively more heavily on new and small businesses than on long established large firms. This makes it very difficult for the new and small businesses to lay aside funds for reconversion to peacetime operations. It jeopardizes their survival."

I add:

Thousands of small business men who have grown suddenly from small size to medium size have had to pay over 70 percent of their annual profits in taxation. Many a small business, honestly capitalized, cannot prepare for sound peacetime expansion because taxes hurt the little man with a big idea more than they hurt the big man with no idea.

I suggest:

1. The excess profits tax should be abolished as soon as possible after the war is over and the danger of inflation is past. In the meantime exemption from the tax should be substantially increased to assist small business.

2. Expanding business should be permitted after the war and danger of inflation is past, to lighten its federal income taxes by writing off new plants and facilities more rapidly than it can under existing law.

3. Corporations that make no use of national capital markets should be

granted the privilege of being taxed in accordance with partnership principles.

4 The period during which business losses may be carried over and offset in a later year against profits should be extended from two to five or six years.

Such is my program of governmental assistance to new small businesses and to the enlargement of American economic freedom. Such, in this field, are my proposals as an uninitiated governmental planner.

I back them with the final observation that all governments, like all wide awake businesses, are planning at all times. When the Administration of George Washington, under the influence of Alexander Hamilton, persuaded the Congress to enact a tariff law, it planned a protected American manufacturing industry. But the greatest of all American governmental planning performances was by the Republican Party under Abraham Lincoln.

In 1860 approximately one third of the land between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Slope was virtually uncopied. It was owned by the federal government as public land. It could readily have been sold to large ranchers and to large speculative land companies. That would have been the easiest way and the Big Business way. But there was a contrary idea. The contrary idea was to dispose of the land in small parcels of 160 acres each.

This idea was violently opposed by the eastern manufacturers because it meant that their workers would have a chance to migrate from being eastern wage earners into being western

independent property-owners. The Republican Party nevertheless went against the eastern business interests and in its platform of 1860 declared itself for a West of small farms. Thereupon in 1862 a Republican Congress passed and Abraham Lincoln signed the memorable Homestead Act under which any man or woman who would settle on 160 acres of public land and cultivate it for five years could have it free.

This was the greatest governmental contribution to free enterprise in all human time. It set up a breed of independent settlers who successfully spread small farming enterprise over an area which otherwise might have been one only of feudal great estates. It founded the western individualism that has been one of the glories of our nation.

THE TRAIL where over all governmental planning, a particular needed in the field of fiscal taxation, tariff and monetary policies. No government has ever been able to escape responsibility in these fields. The responsibility is especially great after a war, because the governmental budget then represents such a large share of the national income. In order to carry the vastly increased burden it is vital to unleash all the energy possible.

After the Civil War the building of the western railroads, combined with the Homestead Act, released such a burst of energy that our nation increased greatly in stature in a remarkably short space of time. It must be said, nevertheless, that our certain over-all monetary policies after the Civil War made our progress

exceedingly irregular. We had serious depressions such as those of 1873 and 1893.

After World War I the building of roads and the expansion of the automobile business did for us what the western railroads and the Homestead Act did a generation or two earlier. But here again faulty over-all monetary and tariff planning by the Government led to disaster and the smash of 1930.

After World War II we shall have expansion in imports and aviation in electronics in trade with the Orient and Latin America. But American free enterprise, no matter how completely relaxed, cannot avoid the necessity of skilled Government planning in the field which is the Government's own responsibility. The Government will not carry out its duty in this field satisfactorily until the people themselves understand just what is involved in wise government action. This particular subject is outside the scope of this article and I am mentioning it only because I realize

that free individual enterprise uncomplicated by Government wisdom with regard to fiscal, monetary and tariff policies can lead to dangerous setbacks.

I believe that American free enterprise is the best economic system in the world and should always strive toward being even better. I believe that the United States Government, just as it encouraged the eastern wage earner to become a western property owning farmer, should by newer and different methods similarly encourage every wage earner who has it in him to rise from the bench of the employed artisan to the desk of the self employing businessman. Instead of uprooting the tree of American free enterprise, I want to see it put forth more branches and more blooms.

I shall governmentally plan toward that end as long as I have any governmental opportunity, and I shall urge such a course upon the people and upon their elected representatives in the Congress.



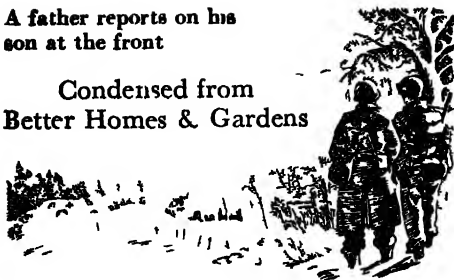
Hinds Across the Sea

As a Red Cross worker overseas, I found that an official officer was likely to try a little wolfing. Nor did being a moving male always stop after marriage. One friend of ours, a colonel, married an Army nurse. Presently she had to go back home for the usual reason — their union had been blessed. Our colonel friend stayed close to his knitting for about a month, then one evening he got into his best tailor-made uniform to come to dinner with us. On the way he thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a piece of paper on which he found in his wife's handwriting, 'So you're all dressed up — why?'

— Eleanor Bumpsey Stevenson and Pete Martin
I Knew Your Soldier (Infantry Journal, Penguin Book)

A father reports on his
son at the front

Condensed from
Better Homes & Gardens



I Saw the Boy

Anonymous

The author is an Army officer who in civil life was a writer. Out of consideration for his son he withholds his name.

WE STOOD in the dark, snowy woods on the edge of Germany, this tall young soldier and I. Somewhere below us, out of sight beyond the naked forest, a famous American regiment was probing at the Germans across a frozen stream. Off to the south, in the Ardennes bulge, artillery fired rolled down the valleys like distant bowling balls.

The command post was a battered schoolhouse to our right. Its back door, concealed from the enemy, squeaked open and shut endlessly as messengers hurried in and out. Each time it opened a thin, yellow streak of lamplight tumbled out across the dirty snow.

Behind us, over the shoulder of a little hill, an invisible column of ammunition trucks grunted past bringing up the night's supply of shells for the 105's and 155's. We could hear ambulances, too heavy with double loads, panting up the grade from the dressing stations.

A German 88 dropped a shell somewhere into the deep valley off to our left. I must have started, for the young soldier put a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

"It's okay Dad," he said. "They'll come a lot closer than that."

The soldier was my only son. He was 19 years old, a battle-hardened veteran. He had left the lines only a few hours ago. In a few more hours he would be back in his place. He was my son but he might have been yours. That's why I'm writing this. Because I am one father whose military duties took him for a few hours to the particular front where his son was fighting. I want to share with all fathers the pride and anxiety, the joy and bitterness the impressions I brought away with me.

There was no time that night to answer all the questions I had stored up. How was the boy equipped and trained? What did he want most? What were his future plans? Had the war changed him?

The boy looked fine. Tough, capable, alert. Thinner than when I last saw him. Taller, I believe. Straighter, I am sure. His talk, stilted across his shoulders, seemed to be a part of him. He was wind-brown and clean-shaven. He wore his helmet just off the proper regulation, horizontal position. He's not a parade soldier. He's a fighter. A rifleman in the lines.

He wore a field jacket over two sweaters and a wool shirt and wool underwear, two pairs of trousers and

two pairs of socks in his field shoes. He looked as unlike a military school cadet as any man can look. But that snowy forest wasn't a parade ground, either.

One night six months before, I'd said good-bye to this boy. We had met the hour of his leaving with a noisy, spurious gaiety. There was no gaiety left in him now. He was dead serious. He stood there in the snow with his feet apart, he id tilted slightly forward, and I had the impression that he was listening constantly for sounds I did not hear. All good soldiers get the cautious habit of listening. What was this one thinking about this boy who like your own boy, had always liked to dabble in thoughts too big for him who like your own, had the independent, exploring, questioning mind of modern youth?

He wasn't thinking of the Four Freedoms that night. He wasn't thinking of a happier letter postwar world. He wasn't making any plans even for himself. Maybe men in do that in the back areas. Here in Monschau Forest this boy was thinking only of how to keep himself and his friends alive and how to kill Germans.

He had met Germans close up, not through the headlines of the morning newspaper. He knew them as tough, determined, skillful soldiers. And he hated them, as all his mates did, with a deep, hot, personal hatred. He hated them for their cunning and ruthlessness, for the dead refugees he had seen beside the roads of France, for dead little towns. He hated them for what they had done to his own friends. His squad had been hit hard

last month. His buddy and one other were killed and six more wounded. There'll be no soft peace if he and his pals have a voice in it.

The big guns rumbled, off to the south, and an ambulance groaned on the steep grade over the hill.

'Cigarette?' The boy pulled out one of those boxes that come in the K ration can, four cigarettes to the box. But when he saw my own pack he quickly put his away. 'Thanks,' he said. 'I'll save mine.'

'How's the family?' he asked.

I told him all the details I could think of. Then he asked, 'How's Bob?'

Bob is his dog. Bob was fine, I told him.

Ed up at the farm tried to put him on a scale and weigh him the other day. 'I said. He got bit.' And for the only time in that hour and a half I heard this boy laugh. Then he stopped. It's hard to laugh when the ambulances are puffing up the grade from your own sector. I changed the subject.

'What's your outfit like?'

Great. Best regiment in the Army. Know our record since Normandy? Since Africa? Not in any of those first ones left and they're getting tired. But they know how to make the best of things. You pick it up pretty quick from them. How long do you think this will last, Dad?'

No one is trying to guess.

'Well, I know it won't be Germans we're fighting next Christmas, anyhow.' He inhaled deeply. 'My guess is that we'll have this job done by the Fourth of July. That's what we're all hoping. If we just had more ammunition, big stuff, a lot of 155.' "

"And if you had twice as much as you have now?"

"Oh, we'd want more, of course. It's just comforting to hear it passing over. We'll never have enough to satisfy us."

I asked him about the food. Swell, he answered. Hot meals right on the line twice a day, with hell popping all around. "Sometimes I think once a day would be enough," he said. We get some casualties, handling the steaming kettles up to the foxholes. We could take K ration instead of one of the meals.

I asked him what he had been reading. There's no time to read, he said. He wasn't happy about the few magazines from the States he had seen. "The ads are pretty bad. Particularly the pictures. The fellows get sore, looking at them. Pictures of war, all prettied up. No mud. No stench. Just heroics and attitudes. It gives the people at home false ideas."

He didn't like the radio news from the States, either. Nothing but victories. He knew firsthand the cost of victories big and small. His boy of mine had seen the results not in terms of towns taken but in men hurt and men killed. He disliked the easy sound of it all on the radio.

He took another of my cigarettes and I watched his face in the flame of the lighter—so old for his 17 years, wise, tired, wary, but calm, determined. I found that he wasn't interested in Washington gossip. The quarrels between management and labor, rationing, books, plays, songs,

all these belonged to a world of which he was no longer a part. His mind was concentrated on this little strip of snowy woods with the Germans just across the river.

"We've got to blast them out of the dams," he said, pointing east. That's our next job. Going to be tough."

He mentioned the wonderful nurses in the hospitals, the medical corps men working under fire. "They're heroes, for my money," he said. Heroes. It was the only time he used the word. He talked about the fact that he hadn't been paid for two months but no, thanks, he didn't need any money. About toilet paper and what a blessing it was, coming up with the rations. About his rifle and his shoes. The things that counted.

And then again. How long did I think it would last? Would the troops be shipped direct to the Pacific or be allowed to come home on their way? When would we have some V-bombs to fire back at the enemy?

The door of the command post opened and a young officer called, "Time to be going." My son hitched his rifle higher. He stood for a moment like a ramrod and then reached out his hand.

"Good night, Dad. See you at home," he said.

"Sure," I answered. "See you at home. Good night, son."

He saluted and turned on his heel and stepped off into the darkness, toward the little valley where his regiment was fighting Germans across the frozen stream.



Sleeping Pills Aren't Candy

The excessive and indiscriminate use of the barbiturates is a health problem of considerable and growing importance

—Dr. Thomas L. Aran
State Counselor
U. S. Public Health Service

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post + Rita Halle Kleiman

HARRY last fall Anne Temple McPherson according to a coroner's jury died of an accidental overdose of sleeping tablets. Just before Christmas Lupe Velez the actress, committed suicide with the same drug. They were only the more conspicuous people. Every day others die from the same cause. Yet we go on taking our own sleeping pills with no connection between these deaths and our habits.

We would be outraged at the suggestion that we are becoming a nation of drug fiends. Nevertheless as long ago as 1939 there were enough users of sleeping pills — barbiturates — to the doctor — roof bills — or red devils — or yellow jackets — to the addict — to account for the sale of 2,200,000 doses a day. Today, with the worries, griefs and readjustments of lives and hours caused by the war, the figures show that we are using at most three times as much.

In New York City there were five times as many accidental deaths from their use, or misuse, in 1942 as there were in 1937. In San Francisco, accidents from them increased 150 percent from 1940 to 1944.

The barbiturates are valuable when properly used, they have been classed

with salvarsan, insulin and sulfamillamide as the outstanding medical discoveries of the century. And death from their properly supervised usage is so rare that some physicians prescribe them lightly. To Mr. Jones, whose son is in the Philippines or a prison camp, to Mr. Jackson who is on the night shift to anyone who just can't sleep they prescribe a pill for a few days to get them back into the sleep habit. These people delighted with the results tell their friends. And they all continue to use them — changing as the office wears off from one kind to another of the 60 in general use.

If they took them only occasionally, in situations similar to the one for which the physician prescribed, there would be little harm done. But usually the person who has found seven or eight hours' release from the problems of the day wants to be sure that he will get this release every night. So at first hesitantly later with less thought he takes a pill. And the oftener he does this, the more readily he does it. He is on the way to becoming an addict. He has little, if any idea of the danger, except for a perfunctory caution on the label that the tablets "may be habit-forming."

and are "to be used only by or on the prescription of a physician." Yet, in addition to addiction, they may have other evil effects.

A recent test of almost 400 men showed that their average I Q was lowered 336 points after the use of only three grains of one of the barbiturates. Sleeping pills may produce a serious skin disease. They may bring on acute or chronic intoxication which, in turn, may cause motor accidents and even unintentional crimes. In New York a boy under their influence walked into a restaurant, removed the contents of the cash register and walked out so casually that the onlookers did not realize what had happened. In Florida a salesman, normally a kind, devoted husband, murdered his wife while under the influence of the pills.

Their continued use leads to shattered nerves and to strange psychological effects, varying from stimulation in certain combinations to drowsiness, coma and death. All these dangers are heightened when the drugs are taken by people with kidney trouble or in combination with alcohol. And since some barbiturates remain in the system as long as eight days and their effects are cumulative, they may, as was mentioned in the report of the McPherson death, lead to a state of forgetfulness in which the user "may not remember how in any of these pills he has taken." That is one of the reasons the British Medical Journal, as long ago as 1926, could report that deaths caused by barbiturates were "sometimes suicidal, but perhaps more frequently from accidental overdoses taken for sleeplessness."

It is too easy to get these drugs. A boy arrested in New York for robbery while under the influence of a combination of a barbiturate and beer said that the tablets could be bought almost anywhere in his neighborhood. Increasingly the drugs can be purchased not only in drugstores but in such places as hotels, apartment newsstands and saloons.

The federal law which insists upon proper labeling of drugs and upon their sale only on prescription applies solely to drugs which travel between the states. Only 33 of the states have any laws at all. These, with few exceptions, forbid the sale other than on prescription, but do not forbid refilling the prescription as often as the user wishes or the druggist permits; they do not require any record of purchases or amounts. What many officials would like to see are laws for the sale of barbiturates similar to those for narcotics — the most rigid recording of every grain from the time it leaves the wholesaler until it reaches the consumer.

Well-intentioned druggists now find it extremely difficult to control sales which they know should not be made. One day, a leading druggist in a large city was asked by one of his best customers, a prominent banker, for a dozen tablets. The druggist said that he could not sell them without a prescription. The banker was furious. If the druggist refused to sell him something everyone knew could be bought anywhere, he said, he would get his pills — and take his business — elsewhere. And he stormed out.

The next morning when the druggist picked up his newspaper, the words stared up at him: **PROMINENT**

BANKER DIES OF OVERDOSE OF DRUG

Most druggists want to live up to the high ethics of their profession, but — as in every profession — there are offenders. Among these are the druggists who deliberately prey on the weaknesses of known addicts, criminals and prostitutes. One pharmacist was found to have sold 126,000 capsules a year to Orientals. He was making a profit of \$100 a week when arrested. Another druggist was making \$200 a month from sales to addicts and was indirectly responsible for a wave of crimes in his neighborhood, committed mostly by young boys under the influence of habituates.

State laws are effective when public knowledge and opinion are behind them. This was demonstrated in Con-

necticut, where, in nine months of 1942, there had been nine deaths from habituates, 26 treatments and one commitment a week for addiction in state hospitals alone. Six months later, after a public hearing and the adoption of regulations, not a single death had occurred, there were few cases of treatment and the number of committed had dropped to none.

All these things add up to a serious case against the indiscriminate sale of habituates. The criminal features are of concern chiefly to the police. For the rest of us the concern is that we ourselves may become victim of these drugs. Until the discovery of a sleep-inducing drug that is *completely* harmless it would be better for us to go on counting sheep.

Spotlight on Today

A **DISAPPOINTED** car wheeled up to the toll gate of the George Washington Bridge in New York City. Its last drop of gas was gone, and its worn out tires were almost flapping in the breeze.

'Fifty cents,' said the bridge attendant briskly.

"Sold!" exclaimed the driver, leaping out of the car and holding out his hand.

— *Fair*

SHE STOOD at the counter, an obviously new bride, while a clerk explained various household gadgets to her. He waxed enthusiastic about an electrically timed egg cooker, explaining that her husband's boiled eggs would be just right when timed by it.

But I wouldn't need that," she said. "John likes his eggs the way I do them. I just look out the window at the traffic light, give them one red and two greens, and they're done."

— Contributed by John F. Howell

IN THE Texas town where my husband was stationed a cowboy came riding one day. Dismounting at the curb, he hitched his horse to a parking meter and, after much puzzled squinting, disgustedly dropped a nickel in the slot and strode off.

— Contributed by Bruce A. Fergus

Shall We GUARANTEE A proposal to insure the end of large scale unemployment in the United States Full Employment?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine +

Stanley Ibergott

Washington economist specializing in post war employment problems

BACK in 1941 a well known publicist suggested that it attainable full employment the United States could produce even more than the 99 billion dollars worth of goods and services turned out in the boom year 1929. Many an economist and businessman called him a visionary. But the war has demonstrated that a production of 150 billion dollars or more is quite possible. Furthermore—and this is the frightening thing—this vast flood of production has been achieved *without any of the ten million young men who normally provide the backbone of the labor force.*

Obviously, therefore, the problem of finding jobs in postwar production for ten million ex-service men and heaven knows how many millions of unemployed munitions ship and aircraft workers is a matter demanding the utmost sobriety in forethought. An effort to deal with such possibilities in advance is the duty of every responsible citizen.

There has been talk of 60 million postwar jobs, but we have yet to see a detailed plan which proposes to assure them. Throughout the country a happy-go-lucky optimism says to the soldier and war worker: 'Take it easy, bud. There'll be work aplenty. There'll be more than enough loose money to get things going again.'

But will there be?

In support of the comfortable belief that the postwar world is bound to be one of humming prosperity, three arguments are commonly advanced: (1) Business is planning it that way. (2) The spending of war savings will bring about an unprecedented demand for goods. (3) The plastics, light metals, electronic gadgets and other scientific wonders developed in the course of the war will create new demands, new industries and new high levels of business activity.

Let us examine first, the plans of business. It is a poor firm indeed which does not have its Vice President in Charge of Postwar Planning—often with a considerable staff. And many trade associations and special organizations (such as the Committee for Economic Development) have laid plans for whole groups of industries. Moreover, nearly all business expects to hire back their veterans where possible in accordance with the terms of the Selective Service Act.

Some businesses have been making enormous profits and have laid aside huge reserves. These concerns may be able to assure postwar jobs. But

for every firm in this category, there are a hundred others which either do not have substantial reserves or cannot convert to peacetime production. The shipyards are one example. Plane demand, too, according to the trade's own chamber of commerce, is likely to skid by 85 or 90 percent, and with it will go the demand for astronomical tonnages of aluminum and magnesium. And so on. How many jobs can such industries safely promise?

Moreover, business is a collection of many enterprises, big and little. Each of them has a healthy tendency to go its own way. At best there can be only a great many individual plans, which we hope may add up to something approaching full employment.

Furthermore, many a firm with a neat postwar plan also has a reservation which doesn't show on the blue prints. A spokesman for the Association of American Railroads, for example, recently asserted that "the nation's railroads do not expect to place orders for new postwar equipment until at least six months after the close of the present conflict, at which time it will be possible to determine their postwar needs."

This wait and see attitude is perfectly reasonable. Any business which would guarantee to buy equipment and provide jobs before it had a shrewd notion whether it could sell its product at a profit would be risking suicide. But while each individual firm waits to see what the general postwar business picture may look like, ex-soldiers will be waiting for jobs and a deflationary trend may well set in.

Now let us look at wartime savings

and postwar demand, which we are told are bound to sweep us into prosperity. The Federal Reserve Board had calculated that in June 1944 the increase in readily spendable savings amounted to about 40 billion dollars. How potent a force is that?

Terrific, according to one school of thought. This fund will create a new pattern of spending and saving, causing millions of families to use their current earnings more freely. Maybe so. But most of us know that the middle- and lower-income groups always have spent all of their earnings, aside from the slender margin saved for emergencies. Forty or 50 billion dollars, split among 39 million families, is not enough to change their long-established buying habits or to wipe out their worries about the future.

U. S. Chamber of Commerce surveys indicate that 1,500,000 families will build or buy new homes, 3,700,000 will seek automobiles, and so on for furniture, washing machines and refrigerators. Such estimates give some indication of what people would *like* to do. But in order to foresee what they actually *will* do, we need more information. A recent public opinion survey of war bond owners disclosed that 100 percent wanted to spend, but that 73 percent planned to wait and see how things went. While they wait, business will wait. Production will wait. And employment will wait.

The primary factor which will determine postwar spending will be not the size of past savings but the size of anticipated future income. Job security, not wartime savings, is the key to what lies ahead. Give the average consumer a reasonable assurance of steady work and he will spend a

good part of his wartime reserves. But leave him uncertain of the future and he will hoard. The mere promise of security, in other words, would go a long way toward creating jobs while fear of unemployment inevitably will help bring on the very thing we fear.

Perhaps the gaudiest of all the arguments that insist on automatic prosperity after the war is the one which points to the Marvels of Science. The demand for plastic houses, electronic quick freezers, magnesium dishwashers, and a helicopter in every garage is certain to bring jobs and more jobs, we are told.

For any given industry, these hopeful predictions may well be true. But to the extent that plastics merely replace steel and glass, or magnesium replaces cast iron, there will be no immediate *net* increase in employment. There will be more jobs in the plastics factories, but fewer in the steel and glass plants. Often there may be a net decrease in jobs, since one of the most attractive things about many of the new products is that they can be turned out with a lower labor cost. (A recent addition to one of the big aluminum plants in the South phenomenally increased the output of the factory, but the increase in employment totaled only 40 workers.)

In November 1944, when war production was at its peak, 33 million men and women were at work in our factories, farms and service trades. Those who may be expected to leave the labor market when the war ends—to run families, retire or go back to school—will partly balance the number of returning veterans who will be seeking jobs. By 1950 we shall

have near 60 million men and women who will want postwar jobs.

Nobody knows what may happen when war spending is cut from the present 8½ billion dollars a year to, say, three billion dollars, which was about what we spent on defense in 1940. It is probably conservative, however, to estimate that seven million people may be thrown out of work. The total might add up to a good many more, if all we had over 7,000,000 unemployed in 1940.

Perhaps this forecast is too gloomy. Maybe the optimists will turn out to have been right after all with their estimates of the job-providing capabilities of postwar spending, and the blossoming of a host of new products.

The basic moral problem still remains. Are we going to let security for our demobilized soldiers depend on chance, on the hope that the optimists are guessing right about an indefinite future? Or does the nation have a responsibility for *guaranteeing* security and an opportunity to work to all veterans and war workers, just as they have the individual duty of doing their share in wartime? Already there are 1,400,000 veterans who are saving, and the country could feed and give them clothes and furnish medical care so long as I was fighting. We can provide jobs for everybody while the war is on—why can't we do the same thing in peacetime if we really make up our minds to it?

Well, why not? What we need is a firm assurance that unemployment never again will be permitted to become a national problem.

Such a guarantee might take the form of an official statement of national policy by Congress and the

President, with the advice concurrence if possible of the major organizations of industry and labor. It might simply declare that unemployment, aside from seasonal fluctuations, would never be permitted to exceed four percent of the total labor force. If the number of jobless should climb above this level during any three month period, the Executive, with the advice and consent of a joint Congressional committee, would then take action to put the guarantee into operation.

It is quite possible that the guarantee would rarely be invoked -- that its very existence would be enough to prevent a major depression. It would serve as insurance to business that it could put its postwar plans into operation immediately with confidence that there would be an ample market for its products. It would forestall the retrenchment and price-cutting moves which themselves help bring on depression. It would assure every family that it could safely spend its wartime savings for that new automobile or radio right now.

The insurance principle on which this suggestion is based has been universally accepted by Americans for 200 years. Our closest approach to it on a national scale -- the guarantee of bank deposits by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the mere existence of which has eliminated runs on banks. The entire banking system stands higher in public esteem because of that assurance.

Just how the National Employment Guarantee should be put into effect, if the need ever arose, is a matter for Congress and the Executive to decide. The primary method would

be public works, not hastily improvised like taking but enterprises which would protect our natural resources and build up our productive capacity. Obvious examples are reclamation projects, reforestation, rural schools, soil conservation, new highways, development of the great river valleys on the TVA pattern. And the men hired should have regular jobs at regular salaries and should be held to regular standards of efficiency.

Public works projects might well be supplemented by other measures to stabilize employment: some governmental and some private. A more adequate social security system, higher minimum wages to bolster consumer spending, a shorter work week, incentive taxation, establishment of the usual wage principle in industries where it is feasible -- all these would help. A rigid formula is the last thing we want. Experience and ingenuity should constantly produce better economic devices for fighting unemployment just as they bring forth a continuous stream of new weapons in wartime.

Can we afford it? Many worried citizens will point to our postwar debt of some 300 billion dollars. How can we go on spending to guarantee employment without shoving the country into bankruptcy?

First we know that the Government is going to have to spend public funds to deal with unemployment in any case. Prolonged unemployment on a large scale is no longer politically possible. Shall we commit ourselves in advance to spend whatever is necessary to keep men at work, or shall we spend hurriedly, wastefully, and on a larger scale to put them back to

THE READER'S DIGEST

work after a depression has hit? If we make the commitment in advance, we may never have to spend at all.

Second — and most important — the cost of a National Employment Guarantee would hinge upon its success in revitalizing the spirit of enterprise. It is clear that our 300 billion-dollar debt can be handled *only* if we succeed in maintaining a high level of production, employment and national income. If we can keep the national income at 140 billion dollars a year, the carrying charges can be met handily and we can make some progress at paying off the principal. If the national income should slump back to the 1932 level, the present debt would become completely unmanageable, and we should be bankrupt indeed.

Under these circumstances the public spending of a few billion a year to avert a major depression would seem to be simply good business.

From a cold-blooded financial standpoint, the most hazardous thing we can do is trust to luck and do nothing.

The first step is simply for Congress and the President to make a formal acknowledgment — now — of the responsibility which they cannot in any case escape. They need go only as far as Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, who has warned that "any sound postwar domestic program must contemplate the production of goods and services at a level sufficiently high to occupy all who wish to work and are able to do so." If this can be established as a settled national policy with assurance that the full resources of the nation will, if necessary, be mobilized to carry it out, we not only shall be discharging an obligation to our servicemen, we shall be taking our first effective measure to insure the whole country against another economic disaster.

Dew Drop Inn

AFTER 30 years of teaching mathematics, a professor retired to a cottage at Carmel by the Sea. He has named it "After Math." — *Chicago Tribune*

BURTON HOLMES, famous lecturer and explorer, buys Buddhas as some women buy hats. Because of the number of them in his apartment, he calls it "Nirvana." But Miss Holmes has a different name. She calls it "Buddha pest." — *Mary Margaret M. Brice*

WHEN a magazine editor had completed extensive alterations on her newly acquired place in Westchester, she christened it "Moneysunk Farm."

ABBOFF and Costello gave their Beverly Hills ranch the democratic title, "Bar None." Billy Gilbert calls his place "Gezunt Heights."

— Contributed by Charles B. Rothman

DR. R. SELDIN, a dentist, has a farm in Putnam County, New York, called "Tooth Acres."

— *Walter Winchell*



The End

Condensed from
The World

Germany's exiled great man of letters writes the obituary of the evil that overtook the German soul

Thomas Mann

THE DESTINY of the most repulsive monster of our era National Socialism is on the point of fulfillment. If its agony were only its own, and not at the same time that of a great and unfortunate nation now suffering for its besottedness, we could view the catastrophe with a colder sense of satisfaction for that which is right and necessary.

It is impossible to demand of the abused nations of Europe of the world that they draw a neat dividing line between Nazism and the German people. The world has gone through five years of a war full of suffering and sacrifice, a war unleashed by Germany, and from the very first day of this war Germany's opponents were faced by the com-

bined German ingenuity, courage, intelligence, discipline, military efficiency — in short, by the whole power of the nation which stood behind the regime and fought its battles. They were not faced by Hitler and Himmler who would be nothing at all if the strength and blind loyalty of German manhood were not fighting, and dying with misguided valor for these criminals.

No one can deny that the "nation" awakening of 1918 possessed the uncanny power of a genuine revolution. But hopelessness and dimination were written on its features.

Great revolutions, I wrote in my diary at that time, 'usually attract the sympathy and admiration of the world by their passionate generosity.' What is there about this 'German' revolution that so isolates the country and breeds only uncomprehending loathing round about? Its boasts of its bloodlessness and yet it is the most vindictive and blood-thirsty that ever was. Its basic character is hatred, resentment, vengeance, bitterness. It could be much bloodier and the world would still admire it, if it were at the same time finer, brighter, nobler. It was left for the Germans to bring about a revolution of a character never seen before.

A VOLUNTARY exile from Hitler's Germany in 1933, Thomas Mann internationally famous novelist and Nobel prize winner has lived in America since 1938. He early predicted the collapse of the Nazis in country-wide lectures and radio addresses beamed by BBC to Germany and in such publications as *The Coming Victory of Democracy* (see *The Reader's Digest*, October 1938). He applied for naturalization papers a year after his arrival in the United States.

a revolution opposed to ideas, to liberty, truth and justice. Nothing like it has ever occurred in human history. And all this is accompanied by tremendous rejoicing of the masses who believe they have accomplished their intent, while in reality, they have only been deceived by mad cunning."

At the risk of appearing to deny German responsibility, I shall not conceal what I knew at that time, namely the rapidity with which disillusionment and doubts spread through the land, the rapidity with which the 'democratic' self-identification of the rulers with the people became an impudent piece of fiction. For I saw the nation walk into a trap from which, partly out of stubbornness and partly out of weakness, it could now no longer escape.

"I have an inner conviction," I wrote for myself alone, that the people as a whole are filled with a deep-rooted dread of their leaders and of the situation into which they have been led. Indifference, fatalism, hopelessness are the 'bearers' and supporters of the regime, rather than faith and enthusiasm. A cowering, watching and waiting people. These people would sigh with relief, as though freed of a nightmare, if it were all over."

That is what I wrote and I cannot deny it. What I saw at that time was a people lashed into a nationalistic and falsely revolutionary frenzy, but a people nevertheless depressed, fearful of future ills, fatalistically indifferent, a people that saw itself delivered up to a questionable adventure without the slightest chance of resistance.

The condition which I called "an

internal war of revenge" soon developed into a state of war with the outside world, an ersatz-war of hopeless isolation and the carefully nurtured delusion that the German people were the champions of truth and that all evil in the world had maliciously united against the country that could bring salvation. But every state of war, genuine or pretended, brings the people and its government closer together, achieves the emergency identification of nation and regime.

Then the war came, the real war. The Germans did their best — and their worst. Atrocities were committed at which the heart of humanity trembles — unforgettable. As long as possible they refused to recognize the fact that the war was lost, and when they finally did recognize it, then ingrained fanaticism and Gothic pathos in the face of destruction were made to replace the lost faith in victory.

It was a terrible sight to see an entire nation rushing to hell with its eyes wide open. Attempts to break away to unseat the regime, to save what of substance and of future might still be saved, failed ignominiously. Neither had a nation acquired more cruel rulers, masters who more ruthlessly insisted that it should perish with them.

The national catastrophe which the regime carried in its bosom is at hand. For 12 years we who are German exiles have waited for it with a mingling of horror and hope. Yes, we wished it — for the sake of morality, out of genuine hatred, out of desire for the punishment of absurd wickedness. And now that the debacle is

here — an all-embracing moral, spiritual, military, economic bankruptcy without parallel — our pity for so much misguided history, for so much impudence, for so much defiance of the real demands of the present world equals our satisfaction. For everything German is placed in jeopardy, including the German spirit, German thought, the German word, and we are forced to face the question whether in future 'Germany' in any of its manifestations can dare open its lips in human affairs.

How will it be to belong to a nation that never knew how to become a nation and under whose desperate megalomaniac efforts to become a nation the world has had to suffer so much? To be a German author — what will that be? Back of every sentence that we construct in our language stands a broken — spiritually burnt-out people, bewildered about itself and its history, a people that according to reports, despairs of ever

governing itself and prefers to become a colony of foreign powers — a people that will have to live in solitary confinement, because the fearful accumulation of hatred round about will not permit it to emerge from its boundness — a people that can never show its face again.

One thing is certain. There must be an end of the martial Reich, that never understood the meaning of the word 'liberty', that regarded as liberty only its right to enslave others. The mechanized romanticism called Germany was such a curse for the world that no measure that destroys it as a state of mind can be disapproved. The hope remains that with the cooperation of the German will itself, purified by cruel suffering, a form of government and of life for the German people may be found that will encourage the development of its best powers and educate it to become a sincere co-worker for a brighter future of mankind.



It's All in Your Point of View

ON A recent trip across Canada the compartment next to mine was occupied by a bejewelled dowager with several chins and a difficult disposition. Nothing was right, and she raved for the porters incessantly. At the end of the third day I felt so sorry for him that I suggested that he shut the lady firmly in the upper berth until the train got to Vancouver.

Well, ma'am, he responded, she's somebody's mother, and I'm so darn glad she ain't mine that I'm pleased to do for her.

— Continued by Jack Corrie



A MAN in Atlanta took four friends to visit a farm he owned. The visitors entered the tenant farmer's house and were a little embarrassed when they discovered he had only two chairs. They stood around awkwardly and finally the owner said "I don't believe you have enough chairs here."

The old farmer took a dip of snuff, muttered "I got plenty of chairs — just too darn much company."

— *The Week Magazine*

The Veteran Betrayed • II

Our Mental Casualties

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Albert Q. Maisel

Author of *Miracles of Military Medicine* and *The Wounded Get Back*

THESE are the most harrowing casualties of war, the soldiers whose wounds are of the mind. These are the men the world forgets — because they are locked away in Mental Hospitals.

Already more than 10,000 mentally wrecked veterans of this war have been "shoehorned" in beside nearly 30,000 from the last war who still haunt our 30 Veterans' Mental Hospitals. Every month the overcrowded wards become more crowded still — while others wander our cities untreated or cynically discharged as "unimproved."

There is no excuse for this situation. Long ago, Congress ruled that all veterans — the mentally disabled included — were entitled to the finest care that modern medicine can provide. We have spent hundreds of millions building giant hospitals, paying the salaries of the men who run them. Yet I must report with shame that our honored veterans are not getting the services we have paid for. Instead,

some are being beaten by sadistic brutes. And thousands, who should achieve a speedy cure, are receiving almost no treatment and are being allowed to degenerate and die.

In October 1944, a conscientious objector, Robert Hegler, ran away from the Veterans' Mental Facility at Ivy, N. J. where he had served for eight months as an attendant. He showed his diary to reporters in New York — a record of endless brutality.

Hegler wrote: "A veteran of this war was tied to a chair with a sheet and vigorously punched. Two weeks later I was ordered by the head attendant to turn cold water on a patient held forcibly under a shower."

He wrote of patients being "wrung out" — the attendants' lingo for choking a veteran with a towel around the neck. A patient was held down by one attendant and kicked in the head by another. One seriously ill patient was beaten up in bed by two attendants and died the next day.

More than 50 shocking instances of brutality appeared in Hegler's diary. When the story broke in the New York papers, the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, Brigadier General

A previous article on the treatment of tuberculous veterans was condensed from *Cosmopolitan* in the April Reader's Digest.

Frank T. Hines, sent an investigator to Lyons. Then a month later, he issued a statement admitting abuses and promising a cleanup.

Ten weeks later I visited the Veterans' Hospital at Lyons.

It still had the same manager and the same Chief Medical Officer. The physician who had been in charge of the Acute Service during the period covered by Hegler's charges had, according to hospital authorities been ordered transferred to another facility. He had not been discharged — although the substantiated abuses had been inflicted upon patients under his guardianship. But up to at least January 15, 1945, he was still at Lyons, practicing medicine on defenseless mental patients. But the Chief Medical Officer pointed out "he's no longer on the Acute Wards."

The Veterans Administration Instructions for Attendants has this rule: *"Under no circumstances must a patient be struck, shoved or subjected to abuse. The offender will immediately be dismissed."*

Yet I was informed that "no dismissals had occurred — though a few attendants had been permitted to resign."

One man *was* punished. Robert Hegler was sent to prison — not for making the charges which were substantiated, but because he violated the rules that forbid a conscientious objector to leave the hospital grounds without permission.

The new Acting Chief of the Acute Service took me through his "disturbed wards." Peering through tiny portholes we found five patients in what he euphemistically called "seclusion" cells. Each cell had only a

bed and a veteran in a shapeless bathrobe from which the cord had been removed. These, I presumed, were dangerously violent patients.

My guide opened one of the doors and an old man in felt slippers shuffled toward the doorway. He weighed no more than 90 pounds.

"Is he suicidal?" I asked.

"No," was the reply, "we keep him here to protect him from the other patients."

A touching bit of consideration, that — "protecting" a man by confining him alone in a bare locked cell.

We passed onward, to a patients' dayroom furnished with about a dozen hand chairs and benches. Some 40 odd patients had the choice of standing or sitting on the cold concrete floor. Half a dozen were sleeping on the floor although a dormitory, just across the hall, was filled with beds. "It's not good for them to stay in bed during the daytime," I was told. But no one seemed to mind their sleeping on the floor.

I asked about restraints — in other of those soft words so frequently used within the Veterans Hospitals to cover up the hard realities. The medical officer began to shake his head in the negative but just then an attendant handed me a pair of leather handcuffs.

"Restraints" of any sort are forbidden in many of the most progressive mental hospitals. Others limit them to the so-called "wet pack" — the wrapping of the patient in a cold, wet sheet — which has medical value. But at the Veterans' Hospitals "restraints" include these great cuffs — leather hands, three and a half inches wide, that are locked over the wrists.

and tied to a leather belt fixed tightly about the patient's waist

The officer asked a patient wearing the cuffs, "Do those restraints hurt you?"

"No," the veteran said. Then he lifted his shackled right hand as far as the belt would let it go and tried to point toward his heart. "It's here where they hurt — inside," he said.

Beating of patients has been "discontinued" at Lyons. But *the men who did the beating haven't been fired*. And "disturbed" veterans are still put into "seclusion" or "restraints."

Not are conditions better at the other Veterans' Mental Facilities. The vast majority of them are overcrowded. In September 1944 the Facility of Northport, Long Island, had 437 more patients than it was built to hold. Cortesville, Pa., had an overload of 215. Waco, Texas, an overload of 243. At Northampton, Mass., 992 patients are crammed into building built for 770. On January 15, 1945, at Lyons 1901 patients were housed in a hospital built for 1716.

Of course, as with its Tuberculosis Hospitals, the Veterans' Administration does not admit that such overcrowding actually exists. Capacity has been "increased" by the simple device of adding so-called "emergency beds," a process which has already crowded 3000 extra beds into spaces never designed for them. At Northport I found dayrooms and even a dining hall converted into such "emergency bed" wards, while patients were forced to eat in a cellar.

Such overcrowding has had its effect on the already low standards of treatment. Hospital managers encourage discharges because beds must

be made available for new patients. Thus, at Northport in August 1944 only 19 patients were discharged, *is* having achieved "maximum hospital benefit" while 89 were discharged "Against Medical Advice," despite the fact that legally committed patients cannot leave of their own free will.

Colonel Harold F. Foster, Clinical Director at Northport, answered my surprise at these figures by saying, "The Veterans Hospitals feel that, as long as the patients are not violent, there is no harm in letting them go."

"No harm." The police blotters of scores of communities repudiate that view. One might cite a Detroit case — an honorably discharged wounded veteran of Guadalcanal who broke into a store and stole \$1500 and a gun. That man was on the records of the Dearborn Veterans' Hospital, diagnosed as "hysteria, shell shock with neurosis." But he was discharged uncured — supposedly harmless.

The records of admissions and discharges from the Lyons Hospital for the entire year 1944 show that 500 patients were sent out on so-called "trial visits" — three month experimental discharges. More than one fourth failed so decisively to adjust to the outside world that they had to be recommitted.

Yet those who are discharged half-cured may still be lucky. For others may linger for years in Veterans Hospitals virtually untouched by modern psychiatric techniques. Within the last dozen years, medicine in the mental field has made remarkable curative advances. But the Veterans' Administration has denied these advances to patients for

three or four years after they had been widely adopted because "the veteran must not be experimented upon." When a new procedure is at last grudgingly adopted, it is often turned over to sketchily trained, over-worked doctors whose every move is an "experiment" conducted at the patient's risk.

One of these advances is electro-shock therapy, first introduced in 1937. The mental hospitals of the State of Wisconsin have used it since 1939. St. Elizabeth's, the great federal mental hospital in Washington, has used it since 1940. New York State's mental hospitals adopted electro-shock in 1941. But it was not until late in 1943 that electro-shock was widely introduced into the Veterans' Mental Hospitals, and some of them are still only "preparing to institute" its form of treatment.

Having waited all these years, one might imagine that the Veterans' Administration would train its doctors adequately. Again, let's look at the record. At Northport I found electro-shock administered by a single physician. It was his duty to give this treatment to several hundred men, every week — on the side. His main job was to care for the inmates of an entire building — 225 patients. He was a conscientious physician, but he could average seven minutes a week for patient, apart from his electro-shock work.

At Lyons, electro-shock therapy is performed by a doctor who took the two weeks' course which made him what he jokingly called an "expert." Previously he had spent all his time as the hospital's X-ray man. He still performs his X-ray duties. Besides

this he has given exactly 20,579 electro-shock "treatments" in a single year. He "treats" as many as 90 cases in a single morning — two minutes per patient.

Another of the new treatments for certain types of cases is the extremely delicate operation known as prefrontal lobotomy, involving the piercing of both sides of the skull and a careful probing and cutting to sever certain brain connections. If done right, it can often change a violent patient into a normal human being. If bungled, it can produce disastrous results and even death. Somewhat over a thousand prefrontal lobotomies have been performed in the United States since it was first devised in 1937.

The Veterans Administration held off until 1944. During all the years when it might have sent its physicians for training, it listed this operation as "experimental." Last year it sent four physicians to study under Dr. Freeman, who with Dr. Watts, also of George Washington Medical School, devised the operation. These men did not complete six months of a year of resident training. They just took a two weeks' brush-up course.

Veterans' Hospitals differ from other hospitals such as the federally operated St. Elizabeth's only in that they do more "experimenting" and won't admit that they do any. St. Elizabeth's, for instance, has interns and psychiatric residents — competent young doctors who practice only under the constant guidance and instruction of older physicians. But the Veterans' Hospitals have no interns, no psychiatric resident physicians. Their doctors are hired as full medical *officers*. They need not even be psy-

chiatrists. In fact, I was told 'We'd rather have men who don't know any psychiatry. Then they can learn our methods when we detail them to our indoctrination schools.'

"Where are these schools located?" I asked.

'Well,' my informant said, after a pause, 'we're not running any such courses just now.'

The fact is that *not a single one* of all the hundreds of doctors who man these Veterans' Mental Hospitals is a diplomate of the Board of Neurological Surgery. Only 22 staff members are to be found on the latest list of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.

In contrast, St Elizabeth's Hospital, with a staff of only 43 full-time medical officers, has 26 diplomates on the board's list, and the New York State system of psychiatric hospitals has 85.

Despite all their shortcomings, the Veterans' Mental Hospitals are not operated cheaply.

St Elizabeth's, with the same federal pay scales and far higher standards of service, operates at a cost of \$2 per day per patient. Minnesota's progressive Mental Hospital System operates at costs varying from a low of 48 cents per patient per day to a high of 79 cents. New York State, in the highest-cost area in the country, manages to run its mental institutions at a duly cost per patient of 84 cents.

But the Federal Treasury pays out, for every patient on the rolls of the

Veterans' Mental Hospitals, \$2.44 per day!

By every measure — their record, their personnel, their abuses, their medical backwardness — the Veterans' Mental Hospitals stand indicted as third-rate institutions. Only when it comes to expenses do they outdistance comparable federal and state institutions.

There is one final measure of these hospitals we have yet to consider: their abominably poor record of cures. The last available Annual Report of the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs shows that 23,147 veterans were discharged from these 30 hospitals during a year. Of all these, *less than eight percent* are rated as recovered, "apparently recovered or cured."

The last available record of St Elizabeth's Hospital shows that *more than 45 percent* of its discharged male patients were rated as recovered. Small wonder that the Navy refuses to discharge most of its mental cases to the care of the Veterans Administration. Small wonder that it insists on sending these men to St Elizabeth's.

But the Army is too large to boycott the Veterans' Hospitals. Already, thousands of World War II veterans have been discharged into these mental mantraps. For these men — and for the tens of thousands who will follow them — there is no hope unless the Veterans' Hospitals are cleaned up — drastically, thoroughly and promptly.

In matters concerning yourself, trust first your head, in matters concerning others, trust first your heart.

How We Are Going to Look

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Roy Chapman Andrews

HUMAN BEINGS, half a million years from now, would be caricatures in our eyes — something out of a bad dream. Big round heads, almost globular, hairless as a billiard ball, even the women! Very clever these future people will be — much more intelligent than we are — but alas, at the expense of hearing, tasting, seeing and smelling. Their faces will be smaller. But they will be taller, probably several inches, though shorter bodies are predicted, with longer legs and only four toes.

We might hesitate to invite one of those future humans to dinner, were he to appear now in advance of his time, except for his conversational brilliance. But he would have some physical advantages over us: no appendicitis, no sinus trouble, no fallen arches, neither hernia in man nor falling of the uterus in woman.

Such predictions aren't pure guesswork. They are based on the known progress of human evolution. Before us is the visible evidence of fossil human skeletons, beginning with that

of the Java Ape Man, more than half a million years old, and progressing in a definite sequence up to the present day. We have every reason to believe that the development or reduction of the same physical characteristics will continue into the future. We can visualize some of those changes if we forget the paltry six thousand years of known civilization and think in terms of thousands of centuries.

Instead of being among the "oldest families," as we would like to believe, man is one of the newest comers. Not long before the beginning of the Ice Age, say six or seven million years, he was a quadrupedal ape, swinging blithely through the treetops like a present-day gibbon or chimpanzee. But he was an ape with possibilities. Some inner urge impelled him to get up on two feet and free his hands for purposes other than locomotion.

He did this in an incredibly short time, judged by evolutionary standards. It required 60 million years for the horse to change from the four-toed Eohippus, scarcely bigger than a fox, to the thoroughbred of today. Man accomplished a far greater miracle in only a fraction of that time.

That man is already becoming taller is shown in records of the last 50 years, in both Europe and America. Members of the present generation average 3.55 centimeters (1.37

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inches) in height above their fathers, younger sons are taller than their elder brothers, fathers are taller than *their* fathers. Perhaps vitamins are responsible, or progress in medical science and hygiene. But it is doubtful that we shall ever become giants. Nat ire tried that experiment once — in the giants of Java and South China — and evidently found it unprofitable. I can see little reason why enormous size should be in vogue.

That our hypothetical man will have a larger skull is a safe prediction. The human brain has constantly increased in size and complexity since the Java Ape Man and his ever-dwindling descendants. True, the size of the brain does not always indicate intellectual power: the biggest brain on record belonged to a feeble-minded London gardener. Nevertheless, the dictum that the bigger the brain the better the man has held good as a general rule throughout evolution.

The average of the Ape Man's brain capacity was only 811 cubic centimeters, modern man boasts an average of 1350 cc. Future man could be expected to have at least 1725 cc. Not only has the volume of the brain constantly increased but those centers connected with thinking have been improved by folding and by a denser accumulation of nerve cells and fibers. This, however, at the expense of the sense areas. But modern man has compensated for that by inventing tools to sharpen the senses, such as the telescope and hearing devices — all products of

his better brain. That the skull of future man will have a shorter base and be round instead of long and narrow is almost certain.

The Java Ape Man had "overhanging brows" caused by a heavy bar of bone above the eyes, so did Peking Man, Rhodesian Man and Neanderthal Man. By the time our own species arrived, the bar had been greatly reduced. Nevertheless, its rudiments still persist in our faces. Logically the men of the future will have almost smooth brows. "Women's features point the direction in which evolution moves," says Sir Arthur Keith. The smooth brow condition has already been achieved by the female of our species. And how they love it! But we poor males have an inconsiderable swelling above the root of the nose — on either side of this protuberance vestigial ridges of bone still remain. Thus women are about half a million years ahead of men, at least in this respect. But they need not be too smug. If sex differences persist females of the future will increase in an almost bulbous forehead, like a newborn baby's, by the time we men have reached their present condition of beauty.

Modern man is in a deplorable condition regarding his teeth. They are frequently twisted, impacted and malerupted. The last molars, or "wisdom teeth," appear relatively late in life or not at all. In the future they will disappear, as will two of our front teeth (the lateral incisors). Our soft food and polite manner of eating are largely re-



sponsible. The Eskimos, who gnaw their bones, have beautiful teeth. So did most primitive men. But you can't have good teeth or jaws unless you eat resistant food. We don't do it. If the time ever comes when man lives on concentrated food pills, he can say good-bye to the last of his teeth.

The earliest humans had long jaws and projecting faces. These have progressively shortened and receded as man climbed up the evolutionary ladder. Less use of the jaws and powerful chewing muscles enclosed by the cheek bones is largely responsible. Inevitably this will continue unless our eating habits change, and the hypothetical man will have a pitifully small and receding face.

The man of the future will be lucky if his head does not resemble the surface of a hill and his face is 50 years old. No hope for the women either. Hair do parlors will have little place in feminine life of half a million years from now. Wig makers, yes, if that happens to be the style, but natural tresses will be a thing of the past. Body hair, too, will disappear. In the course of human evolution the pelt has constantly diminished. We do not need hair to keep us warm when clothes do the job. The yellow and black races already have lost most of their body hair. Depilatory creams for the future female will be unknown.

Our hypothetical man of the future will escape some of the ills that make our lives miserable. When we became vertical creatures nature left us with many weak spots. All our

internal organs had to be suspended in the thorax or bound to the back wall, otherwise, they would sag distressingly. This necessitated a widening and flattening of the chest and a great expansion of the pelvis to form a weight-bearing basin. Nevertheless, we are still poorly fitted mechanically for an upright posture. No automobile manufacturer would dare put a car on the market with so many defects.

In the first place, our chassis is much too long. It gives us a weak lower back. Few men reach middle life without aches and pains in the lumbar region. Since we have no support from the front legs, the "small of the back" must bear the weight of the entire upper body. No wonder that we have sacroiliac displacement! But nature is not one to let such a defect in architecture go on indefinitely. Obviously our backs must be shortened, or strengthened. Either we must lose a lumbar vertebra or, more probably, the last one will become fused with the sacrum.

Our abdominal protuberance is another weak spot. The curve of the lumbar vertebrae pushes the abdomen forward between the ribs and the pelvis in a decidedly unlovely and mechanically imperfect manner. Men get hernia and women prolapsed uterus. These ills should be much less prevalent when the back is shorter.

The hypothetical humans will not be troubled with an appendix, for it is definitely on the way out. Moreover, nature is pretty certain to do



something about our sinus afflictions. In the four footed stage, the sinuses drained beautifully, but not so when we become vertical. The openings must migrate downward to function properly, and they doubtless will do so.

The change in our extremities was a pretty good job on the whole. I doubt if our hands will alter much, but there is room for improvement in our feet. We still suffer from fallen arches, and that is pretty sure to be remedied. As the line of leverage in walking shifted from the middle to the big toe in modern man, the little toe became less and less important. Even now it is almost useless, and sometimes holds a nail. Useless parts seldom persist indefinitely, so we can confidently predict that the little toe is doomed to disappear.

Such is an impressionistic picture of the future human, so far as his physique is concerned. What will happen to him mentally and spiritually we can only guess. Dr. Harry Shapiro, from whom I have drawn many ideas

embodied in this article, is an optimist. "Inevitably," he says, "civilizations will have declined and new ones will have arisen. Perhaps on occasion civilization will come perilously near to barbarity, but it will ever spring anew to dizzy heights."

But the pessimist is entitled to his opinion, too. The human species may not continue to exist for another half million years. Regardless of the possibility that man may destroy himself (and he is making a pretty good attempt in the present war), the life cycle of all organic forms seems to be determined by nature. When they have lived their allotted period they disappear. Animal dynasties that once reached majestic heights are known now only from their fossilized remains.

Man's history on earth has been incredibly short and brilliant. Like a meteor flashing across the sky, he has risen to control the animate world. But he may burn out as rapidly as that same shooting star, leaving behind only the dead records of his once glorious past.



Tales of Kaufman

DESCRIBING a new play to playwright director George Kaufman, Ruth Gordon explained, "There's no scenery at all. In the first scene, I'm on the left side of the stage and the audience has to imagine I'm eating dinner in a restaurant. Then in scene two, I run over to the right side of the stage, and the audience imagines I'm in my drawing room."

"And the second night," nodded Kaufman, "you have to imagine there's an audience out front."

— Bennett Cerf in *Liberty*

AS THE final curtain descended at the opening night of one of Kaufman's plays, cries for "Author! Author!" were heard from the back of the house and soon echoed throughout the theater. Someone saw him standing at the rear of the theater and asked, "Why didn't you acknowledge the applause?"

"I was too busy yelling 'Author!'" he replied. — Myer Primack in *Coronet*

I Was an American Spy

(Condensed from The American Mercury)

Claire Phillips

As told to Frederick C. Panton

WHEN the American troops retreated in Bataan in February 1942, my daughter Diane and I went with them, trying to stay near my husband John Phillips of Headquarters Company, 31st Infantry Overrun by the Japs we fled to the hills, where we lived like hunted beasts. Diane had bad attacks of malaria and needed medical care. In desperation I smuggled her into Manila where we were sheltered by Judge Mamerto Roxas, a relative of my former husband, Diane's father.

During those terrible months in the hills I developed a red hatred for the Japanese. I told Judge Roxas I was going to spy on them. My plan was to open a night club on the water front where I could watch shipping and troop movements, and get information from Jap customers. Judge Roxas tried to dissuade me. He said I was sure to be caught and executed.

But I had seen enough of the Japs to have utter contempt for their files and organization. For two months I had worked under the name Madame Dot in Anna Fey's night club — right under Jap noses — and they had suspected nothing. I am olive-skinned with black hair, and I passed as Italian-born, married to a Filipino. I had been in the entertainment busi-

To repay the Japs for their treatment of her, an American woman set up a night club in Manila which proved a fertile source of information.

ness ever since I left high school to join a tent show. My low, husky voice made torch singing natural. While at Anna Fey's I studied the Manila night clubs and the Jap character, and decided that, if I charged outrageous prices and catered only to high Jap officials and army and navy brass hats, I could make a go of it.

I pawned a diamond ring and a wrist watch for sufficient pesos to make a start. I chose a house in the Limnita section, where I could watch ship movements in the harbor. I named the place the Tsubaki Club. The word "club" in Japanese signified exclusive, and *tsubaki* means camellia, which to the Japanese means delicate and difficult to get. Icky Cucuerra, a Filipino girl, was my chief performer. She knew what I was up to and she saved my life many times.

On opening night, October 15, 1942, I stood at the door. As a Jap officer entered, I bowed my head very slowly and said, "Kombara," meaning a very polite good evening. Then I would lead the officer to a table and he would select a hostess. She would pour his beer, light his cigarette and smile upon him. Most night clubs in Manila gave one floor show weekly, I had one every night. Fey sang Japanese songs, I did torch numbers, and I had Filipino boys and girls perform native dances, which the Japanese like very much.

I had my troubles. At first the Japs

would make determined passes at me and the hostesses and frequently would slap our faces when we told them it wasn't that kind of place. But gradually as I built up a better and better clientele, this trouble ceased. All customers complained at first of the high prices. I told them I had to add in the price of the floor showing, after all it is necessary to pay to be so exclusive. You could see them swell with satisfaction.

Often young officers would drink beer, then smash the bottle on the floor and walk out without paying. Once a brutal officer broke a beer bottle over a hostess's head. The Japs had a rigid order that all cases of misconduct or destruction of property by officers should be reported. I deliberately refused from making complaints. I wanted to build good will.

The Japs have a stringent rule against dancing, which they regard as disrespectful to the war effort.

Nevertheless Jap officers would often force the hostesses to dance. One night a Jap military policeman -- an enlisted man -- walked in, crossed the floor to a captain who was dancing, and slapped his face. The captain reddened, but merely turned off the floor. I was prickly because the Japs could now close down the place, and all my efforts would be for naught. I only whispered: You leave this to me.

She and a Jap major told the MP that we had protested but had been forced to yield. The major did a little bribing. The MP tore up the complaint and from then on I was trusted by my Jap clients. They came back night after night, and I was making money. It was time to get to work.

I made contact with Captain John B. Boone commanding the guerrillas in the Batuan military district. My code name was High Pockets, and my information was coded in food terms. If it was important, he'd write: 'Beans delicious.' If the news was stale, he'd write: 'Cabbage spoiled on arrival.'

The first messenger we used was caught and shot. The second survived. He had a double soled pair of shoes and we could put the message between the soles. Or we would split the center bottom in a bunch, put a message inside, and fasten the skin back into place.

Once a month I sent Boone packages of food and medicine and all routine information. If I got anything urgent, I had a Filipino waiter who would race into the hills at once. My orders were to report the movements of all Jap vessels and the destination of Jap troops moving through.

A naval captain, skipper of a Red Cross hospital ship, came one night. He got very drunk and told how he had just arrived from Bougainville with many troops. I asked, 'Wounded?'

He laughed loudly and replied: 'Only a few slightly wounded. All the rest are first class troops. We know the stupid American must let a Red Cross ship go unmolested.'

He laughed loudly and replied: 'Only a few slightly wounded. All the rest are first class troops. We know the stupid American must let a Red Cross ship go unmolested.'

I sent information to the hills that night that the Japs used hospital ships as troop transports. This captain also told me all badly wounded Japs were killed and buried. I heard this from many Japs, who said the men were as good as dead and anyway it would save them from torture by the Americans.

One night I was sitting with a Japanese officer. He said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" I thought he meant at Anna Fey's and I started to answer, "Oh, you mean before —" A brutal blow of his fist knocked me to the floor. He said angrily, "Always you people say 'before Japanese came' Degenerate Americans gone forever. There is only Japanese new order now. Remember that."

A few times I knew the result of my work. The captain of an aircraft carrier liked Fey's singing. At his farewell party, Fey slyly asked him where she should write. He said he was going to Singapore and then to Rabaul. I got that information off posthaste. Months later one of his officers dropped in. Sadly he said to Fey, "Your sweetheart is no more. Most on that ship are no more." We shed a few crocodile tears.

One night the Japanese commander of a submarine flotilla took a fancy to me. He had seen Sally Rand's fan dance in San Francisco, and now he asked me to do the dance. I said, "You return tomorrow night." We made two fans of split banyan and tissue paper. Fey sewed me some flesh-colored tights and I arranged a dim reddish spotlight. The commander came with 40 of his officers and they almost lost their eyesight straining to see if I was really naked. He came again the next night with most of his officers. "You do Sally Rand dance," he said. "Tomorrow sunrise we sail for the Solomons."

I did the fan dance with great success and sent off word to the hills. Months later an officer came to the club and told me that he was one of

the few survivors of the flotilla. He got very drunk drinking to the ashes of the victims.

Meantime, I tried to make contact with someone in Cabanatuan prison camp in order to help my husband. We had proof that Red Cross packages sent there were not given but sold to the men. I was making lots of money and I wanted to give John what he needed. I made contact, only to be stunned by the news, "Your husband died two weeks ago. The Japs said malnutrition — but he starved."

Chaplains Robert Taylor and Frank Luffmy (both to die with 1600 other Americans when a Jap prison ship was torpedoed en route to Japan) wrote me of the prisoners' urgent need. So I joined what was known as Group U, to send messages, money, food and medicines into the camp. We unraveled bedspreads and knit the thread into socks. We even made medicine. Beriberi and scurvy were prevalent because the prisoners lacked the citrus vitamin. So we bought calamansis, native oranges, and boiled them down with sugar. We sent the concentrated juice to the camp in demijohns. The guards had to be bribed, usually with American watches, pens and cameras.

As many as 100 messages containing up to 20,000 pesos would go at a time. I have a fruit jar full of pieces of faded paper, receipts for money, some written on cigarette wrappers. They didn't have to send those, bless their hearts. The ones who are alive today owe me nothing and I say now, "Forget it."

This running of stuff into Cabanatuan was my ultimate undoing. On the morning of May 23, 1944, I was

sitting at breakfast, grief-stricken and uneasy because I had just been told that Ramon, one of the Calanatan messengers, had been captured. Suddenly four Japanese military policemen raced into the room. I jumped up. Two of them jammed revolver muzzles into my ribs.

"Where all your papers?" cried one. "You spy!" My heart sank, my throat got so dry I couldn't swallow. Spies are shot or, more often, decapitated. They blindfolded me and led me across town to a guardroom. Later in the day the investigation began, with me still blindfolded.

A voice said as if out of a Hollywood movie: "You might as well come clean, High Pockets. We know everything. The word High Pockets struck me numb. They had intercepted a letter. But to whom? Boone? If so I was as good as dead.

He began to read a letter of mine to Chaplain Liffany and I knew now that the Filipino girl who had been carrying our letters had been captured.

Suddenly he said, "Who is Cal?"

I replied that it was an abbreviation for calimansi. That letter had said we were running short of demijohns and I had asked Chaplain Liffany to return all he had.

To my amazement, they didn't believe me. I was kicked and beaten. "Answer who is this Cal and who is Demijohn!"

Desperately I repeated again and again that "demijohn" was jug and "calamansi" was orange.

"We no fools!" cried the inquisitor. "Cal is code word and John is American name. You tell me what you say to this Demijohn."

I screamed at him again. Hands seized me. I was stretched out, bound hand and foot and head tied rigidly. Suddenly a garden hose was held to my mouth and nostrils. This was the water treatment and it is just like drowning, only more horrifying. Of course I passed out. I regained my senses crying out with agony. They were pressing lighted cigarettes to the inside of my legs. "Who is Mister Demijohn and what is Cal?" I cried out a repetition.

"So you want more water?"

Before they got the nozzle of the hose in my mouth I yelled, "Look demijohn up in a dictionary." Then water poured into my mouth and nostrils and I died all over again.

But when I regained my senses they stopped the inquisition. Every Jap officer carries a pocket Jap-English dictionary and they had found I was right. So they went out and the guard took off the blindfold.

I was left alone in that room for three weeks. I was given three cups of water daily and one cup of rice. One day when the Jap was mopping the corridor outside my cell I made signs that I wanted water to wash my filthy garments. He raised the pail filled with gray, sour sorpsuds and hurled it in my face. With matted hair, dirt thick on me, lice and fleas sit on the floor. I grew weak from lack of food, and flesh melted off me and the cigarette burns festered and made scars I'll bear to my grave. I mumbled to myself to hear my voice and know I lived.

At the end of three weeks I was moved to Santiago prison and placed in an eight-by-ten-foot cell with 11

other women. At the end of three months, in which each hour passed like a century, an officer I'd seen in the club passed the window. I called to him. I said I was going mad and wanted to know if he could have my case examined so I could have an end to this living hell.

At 2 a.m. (the Japs like to take you out of a sound sleep, thinking you will soften up) I was taken to the inquisitors. Here I was told that the original letters in my case had been lost, but they had others. In one I had been plain dumb, for I had written,

"Here I am, an American running a Japanese night club."

The inquisitor was furious at me, grinding his teeth and yelling, "You thief, you reach in Japanese pockets and rob them of money to buy things for degenerate Americans."

They tortured me by putting the point of a shingle nail under my fingernail and hitting the nail with a hammer. One frightful shock of pain tears through you to your toes and you're out cold. Even if I had wanted to answer their questions, I was incapable of it now. The pain had dismembered my mind.

A week later, I was taken blindfolded to the old Spanish torture chamber under San Iago. Here the blindfold was removed and I saw a Japanese officer with a glittering drawn sword. He ordered me to kneel down. I felt the edge of the sword laid against the back of my neck.

"Say a prayer," he said, "for this is your end."

I might have flinched, but I was incapable of movement. There was only silence, and time flowing like a gushing torrent, and I praying. Then

the officer's voice said, "You brave woman. You expected to tell names. You no tell, so we must believe you —"

I never heard the end of his speech. I fell forward on my face in a faint.

Three days later they took me to Fort McKinley for a formal court-martial. When I tried to defend myself, a blow broke off half a tooth. "You required say only you guilty, not guilty," said a voice. I said guilty to get it over with, and was immediately sentenced to be shot as a spy.

Each night as I lay on the floor in Bilibid Prison I thought, "This night they will come to take me out and shoot me. After a while I was no longer afraid. This went on until November 22, 1944.

Then to my amazement, I was taken out for a new trial. This time the charge was not espionage but 'acts harmful to the Imperial Japanese Government.' Asked how I pleaded, I stumbled over "guilty." I was so anxious to say it I was thereupon sentenced to 20 years at hard labor.

The next day I was taken to a woman's prison and by contrast it was like heaven. We stayed, we ate boiled banana leaves and horrible cassava. But we worked it gardening under a kindly Filipino who asked only that we make a showing for the weekly inspection by Japanese officers. My flesh was slowly healing and so was my mind. Then came that blessed day, February 10, 1945, when the helmeted American boys came in. I went forth barefooted and ragged, but happy in my liberty and the hope of seeing my Diane and my native land again.

Twenty Who Fed a Nation

How the U S Army, once again, found the
right men for an emergency job in France

Condensed from Farm Journal + + + *George Kent*

ORDINARILY you wouldn't choose a county agent as a hero, but the other day I listened to a tale of 20 American county agents in France that was fine a story of accomplishment as has come out of the European Theater of Operations.

The youngest was 27, the oldest 48, only a year previously they had been riding dirt roads in Texas, Illinois, California and Kentucky talking to farmers about fertilizers and crops. They were lieutenants, captains and majors, but they didn't know or give a hink about military discipline. Their job was to help farmers, this time French farmers. Their assignment was to feed France from French resources without touching the food of the Army. But for them France today would be much hungrier than she is.

Their leader, Lieutenant Colonel Bruce W. McDaniel, has operated a group of 31 associations of orange growers in Redlands, Calif. He was also a director of the National Cooperative Council. Thus he understood the intricacies of processing a crop and getting it to the consumer. He served two years in the other war and was wounded in the Argonne.

"I was in London when my orders came," McDaniel told me, "and when I read 'em I almost fainted."

They informed him that his job was to marshal the indigenous resources of France so that the country could feed itself as soon as possible. He was permitted to choose 20 expert assistants and a few clerks and call on the transportation pool. But that was all.

With this outfit, he had to rouse and organize a stunned farm population whose cattle had been slaughtered in large numbers, whose poultry, sheep and pigs had been carried off whose fields had been mined.

A few weeks after D Day, a Duck ground up to 'Omaha' beach and McDaniel and four county agents set foot in France. Each carried a bedroll and a knapsack. They had urgent instructions: *Paris must be fed*. A hungry Paris meant trouble. It was absolutely vital that food come rolling in with the American troops. "It was like being told to feed Chicago, with the rest of the United States paralyzed," said McDaniel.

Five men and an automobile — and a nation to feed. To any but these hardhanded Americans, the notion would have been preposterous. What railroads existed were being used by the Army. The agents were also barred from the main highways and were told to forage for their own trucks and to enlist the local population for labor.

Each of 15 other farmers in uniform was to take over a designated area as soon as the troops overran it. These men, whose knowledge of French was meager, were left to tackle a stupefied and often suspicious peasantry. They had nothing to work with in the beginning except their ability to convince people that they came unselfishly for the good of France.

One of the first five who landed was stocky Steve Debman of Texas. He was sent to Coutances. The flour mills and creameries of that city had been run by electricity brought by cable from a power station on the other side of the Soule River. The cable had crossed on a tower but the Germans had destroyed the tower and cut the cable. And there was no coal for the power station.

"Our first job is to get the cable up so let's put up a tower." Steve told the mayor. "But," asked the mayor, "the coal? Where can we get coal?" "I'll get the coal, you get me the tower," said Steve.

Once the French people give you their hand, they're the best anywhere. The mayor called his people together and told them that the job was important not only for themselves but for the feeding of the Frenchmen who were rebuilding the port of Cherbourg. "Those folks were marvelous," said Steve. Men and women, even children, went into the river and salvaged old bridge timbers. Some brought beams from bombed houses, others ransacked sheds and wood-piles. Scores cut down trees in the woods and dragged the logs to the river edge. Wading in the river, the carpenters and the masons went to

work and a 70 foot tower began to rise.

Steve soon saw that these people knew their business, so he drove off to towns and nearby Army camps to find coal. He found it. Finally the tower was finished. In the power station a jubilant stoker threw coal into the fire. And in Coutances, across the river, the lights of a creamery went on.

Some of the flour mills had been stripped, but the county agent from Texas took a part from one and a piece from another, and by telescoping three damaged mills obtained one good one. He provided the enthusiasm and the know-how. After that, the French took hold and did the rest. The men who made the port of Cherbourg ready for shipping never complained for lack of food. Debman was cited for "conspicuous meritorious service."

In Rennes four county agents and McDaniel sat down with five French officials to plan the collection of food staples for Paris. The wheat stood in the fields unharvested. There was no coal and no gasoline for the threshing machines. The situation seemed hopeless, but McDaniel said, "It's got to be done."

They worked, as Debman had, by seeking out a mayor or other influential official and appealing on the ground of patriotism. *Paris must be fed.* It got results. Often the village turned out en masse into the fields—women, old men, little children. They cut the wheat with scythes, threshed it with flails, loaded it in oxcarts and brought it to old windmills with broad, creaking sails pressed into service again because they needed no fuel. But once this

start was made trucks and threshing machines and tools came out of hiding, and the agents scoured the country for coal, gasoline, spare parts, tires. Flour and butter soon piled up in warehouses, ready to be sent to Paris when Paris should be freed.

Lanky, bald Charlie Davis of Louisiana presided over what the French called the beef marathon. Davis roamed the countryside, talking and pleading with farmers to bring their cattle to market in the town of Le Mansault to help feed Paris. Soon cows, heifers, steers and bulls began converging on the town. Davis hired 22 drovers, hard drinking roistering men who knew their business well, to drive the cattle to Paris, 150 miles away. Finally when some 3000 head of cattle had been rounded up, the great herd, mooing and bellowing, was got under way.

The route was along back roads because the good highways were reserved for Army traffic. Some roads were mined, and a few head of cattle were killed, but dying, left the roads safe for human use. As the great drove of cattle passed through villages, people cheered. The drovers, cracking whips and hoisting bottles, loved the acclaim.

On the day of the liberation of Paris they were still five days' march away. One of the drovers got up on a stump and delivered an address to the cattle,

with oratorical flourishes "Cows, steers and calves of France!" he cried.

This is the hour when we need every able bodied beef bearer to contribute its utmost to *la patrie*, so move faster, waste no time, *mes chers* Paris awaits you!"

The cattle finally came lowing through the Arc de Triomphe, a big steer in the lead. On one horn was the tricolor of France, on the other an American flag. The drovers called him Pipa Napoleon."

Trucks from Rennes came close on the heels of the cattle with flour and 500,000 quarts of fresh milk a day. Later they brought fruit and vegetables. All this was food out of the soil of France to keep the people of France fed, none of it was from the supplies needed by our advancing troops. It was a triumph for McDermid and his 20 county agents.

Then trucks and their ability to organize saved the rotting sugar beet crop in Brittany. They rushed wheat to a desperate Marseilles and relieved a serious food shortage there. They got potatoes transported to regions that needed them most. They are hunting everywhere for seed to give farmers for their spring wheat planting. They are trying to start manufacture of much needed milk cans and farm machinery.

The big and exciting part of the job is over. But France, thanks to their help, has been fed.



How to Gain Emotional Poise



Condensed from "Best Sermons, 1944 Selection"

Reverend James Gordon Gilkey

Pastor of South Congregational Church, Springfield Mass

SUPPOSE you are easily upset, easily thrown into a turmoil. Suppose you would like to have self-mastery. Can you gain mental and emotional poise? If so, *how*?

Your difficulties may of course, be such that you need a physician or a psychiatrist, but if they are less complex and more manageable, remember three rules for gaining emotional poise which have grown out of long and bitter human experience.

The first is this: *Get the right mental picture of your own life.* Most of us think of ourselves as standing wearily and helplessly at the center of a circle bristling with tasks, burdens, problems, annoyances and responsibilities which are rushing in upon us. At every moment we have a dozen different things to do, a dozen problems to solve, a dozen strains to endure. We see ourselves as overdriven, overburdened, overtired.

This is a common mental picture — and it is totally false. No one of us, however crowded his life, has such an existence.

What is the true picture of your life? Imagine that there is an hourglass on your desk. Connecting the bowl at the top with the bowl at the bottom is a tube so thin that only one grain of sand can pass through it at a time.

That is the true picture of your life, even on a super-busy day. The crowded hours come to you always one moment at a time. That is the only way they *can* come. The day may bring many tasks, problems, strains, but invariably they come in single file.

I, for example, may have a hundred different things to do before tonight, but they will come to me one by one. Therefore I can stop thinking about my future responsibilities, and can ban from my mind the sense of strain which is automatically created if I picture all my tasks as arriving simultaneously. Thus I can make my way through the day in perfect quietness — living one moment at a time, doing one thing at a time, facing one problem at a time.

You want to gain emotional poise? Remember the hourglass, the grains of sand dropping one by one. There is the true picture of your life.

The second rule: *Scale down the demands you are making on other people.* What are those demands? One is the demand for attention and praise. Little children make this openly and unblushingly, we older people make it in secret ways — perhaps even unconsciously, but all of us make it continually. We cannot endure being ignored.

Are these demands met? Do we actually get attention, commendation, expressions of gratitude? Usually we do not. This is the actual and painful record of experience. When we do not receive all we think we deserve (and in many instances do deserve) we are upset, mentally and emotionally.

The way to avoid this inner turmoil is to expect less commendation, less appreciation. Years ago I read an essay with the quaint title *Fishing for fish not in the pond*. To learn what fish are not there to be caught, and then to stop trying to catch them — to do that is to save one's self much fruitless effort and many bitter heartaches.

The final rule: *At any cost in effort, keep your world from growing small*. As we grow old many of us let our world grow smaller until finally a day comes when we find ourselves living in a miserably restricted area surrounded only by our own feelings and our own interest. A novelist described such a character: "Edith was a little country bounded on north and south and east and west by Edith."

Many to whom this happens do not realize it is happening. They tell themselves they are getting on in years, that their strength is not what it used to be, that they should cut down the number of their responsibilities. So they drop most of their activities and refuse to try to acquire any new skills.

Thus gradually and without realizing it they become wholly self-centered. As a result they are mentally and emotionally upset most of the

time. **Why? Because they are thinking continually about themselves and are living solely for themselves.** Do you want to escape mental and emotional turmoil in your later years? At any cost in effort keep your world from growing small.

Suppose you start making these efforts. Can you get help from God? You can. You can get it in church. In church you have withdrawn from the noise and tension of daily life. You have made yourself inwardly quiet; you have joined in acts of worship and prayer; you have focused your thought on one of life's deep issues. As you do these things, God's help comes to you. It comes as a new insight, invading your mind from the Divine Wisdom at the core of life. It comes as a new serenity flowing into you, heard from the Divine Silence at the center of things.

Strained by the drive of modern life, most of us are haunted by the realization that there must be a better way of living — a way of untroubled serenity, unfuling power. Here and there we see individuals who have found this better way and are following it. They are not people of idleness or mooning meditation; they are individuals who carry their full share of the common burden. But they do it without chafing under the load. We are strained and tense; they are poised and at rest.

How do they win this victory? By finding God, drawing from Him strength and wisdom and quietness. Their victory is within our reach. The peace of God can guard our minds too.



"ZOO SUITS" That Save Fliers' Lives

Doctors and engineers got
together to defy gravity

Condensed from *Ani News*

Albert Q. Maisel

THE Jap who designed the Zero was a wily Jap indeed. He gave his pilots no armor, no self-sealing gas tanks, and less speed than similar combat planes of other nations. But the Zero's lighter weight and slower speed gave Jap fliers a big advantage: they could turn on a dime without blacking out.

For nearly two and a half years they counted on the fact that they could pull away from our fighters by a tighter turn than our men could make. Then on March 31, 1944, the Jap advantage blew up like a pin-pricked balloon. Fighting Eight, an untried squadron fresh from the States, rose from a carrier and in its first strikes bagged 11 Japs in the air and got three more "probables."

There was nothing different about Fighting Eight's planes, but there was something different about the men. Most of them had never flown in combat before, yet they were able to pull acrobatic maneuvers that would have blacked out any other pilots in the fleet — at 50 miles or more greater speed than the Jap could work at!

The secret was a bit of medical engineering that a few Navy and Army doctors and old fliers had been working on for years, called the G Suit. It

consisted of five small bladders, a few lengths of hose, and a little tick valve, all weighing less than five pounds. This little contraption was all that was needed. Wearing it in ten major engagements from Palau to the Philippines, Fighting Eight pilots destroyed 243 Jap planes and sank 7,000 tons of Jap shipping — and lost only three men in its 3000 sorties.

The Zoot Suit is our pilots' call the new device enables them to overcome G, which is fiercer talk for gravity. When a maneuver creates force of more than four Gs (four times the earth will pull on a pilot's body) the blood is forced away from his brain to lower parts of his body. Lacking blood, his brain starves for oxygen after a few seconds' sight fails, and he is caught in the dreaded blackout. With luck, he may be blind for only a few seconds, dizzy for a few more, and reach full consciousness again miles from his target. At their worst, G and the resulting blackout can throw a flier into a spin, or cause him to come back to sight and consciousness to find the enemy chasing him.

Besides the relative slow speed and maneuverability of their planes, the Nips had another advantage. They are small men. The distance from heart to head — from the blood pump to the brain — is less, and the stunted Jap might therefore be expected to have a slightly greater tolerance for G.

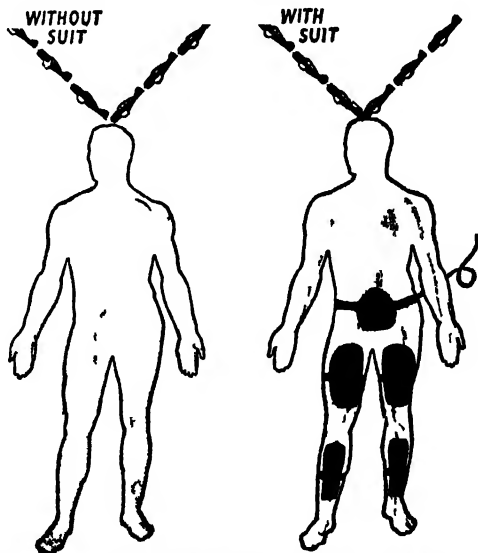
The Navy's problem was to raise our own pilots' G tolerance, while keeping the extra weight and speed of our planes. As early as 1939, physiologists working with the Navy and Army Air Forces had the basic principles of blackout prevention thoroughly pinned down. But it wasn't until last year that their device was perfected. Although the Navy originated this air suit and was the first to battle test it, the Army Air Forces supplied important simplifications and, after battle tests in the Europe theater beginning in December 1943, became the first to distribute the suit for service use.

The final solution, as used today by both Army and Navy fliers, is a flying suit equipped with small bladders, one on each calf, one over each thigh, and a fifth over the lower abdomen. In ordinary flight the bladders are uninflated. But the instant the plane begins to change direction and G begins to mount, an ingenious valve shoots air into all five bladders, which press against legs and stomach preventing the blood from rushing into the lower part of the body.

The force of gravity that induces blackout throws the valve into action. The higher the G, the more air passes through the valve and the more tightly do the bladders bind. The average flier finds his tolerance raised by at least one and one half Gs — enough to let him make formerly impossible maneuvers

in perfect safety. When G drops off, the bladders relax as casually as a set of muscles.

It all sounds simple now, but when the first Anti-G suits were developed, fliers would not wear them. They were heavy, hot, complicated affairs that looked like old-fashioned laced-up corsets. Then along came Fighting Eight. Its novices had a world of respect for their tactical officer, Lieutenant Commander Elbert Scott McCuskey. He had seven kills to his credit, and knew from previous Pacific experience what blackout could do to a flier. Sold on the Zoot Suit from the start, McCuskey convinced his men one by one, by challenging them to stay on his tail, he wearing the Zoot Suit, they without



Five bladders of the anti-blackout suit are adjusted to a flier's abdomen, thighs and calves. Without the Zoot Suit, blood is forced to the lower extremities by additional gravity pull, causing a blackout. By pressing on blood vessels the bladders when inflated slow the downward rush of blood away from the brain.

it By the time Fighting Eight had completed its training, 46 of its 49 pilots were wearing the suit. The squadron's first days in combat convinced even the three die hards.

On the second day over Palau, one division of Fighting Eight watched another group, not equipped with Zoot Suits, make a series of steep passes at a group of Zeke's. They watched them fall as the Zeke's turned off, saw them fall away and lost the quarry. Then the Zoot suited fliers attacked.

I was able to get on the tail of one Zeke,' the executive officer later reported. 'from a dive that it would have been too steep except for my suit. He took evasive action, whipping violently from one direction to a turn on the opposite side. Yet I stuck with him for three miles long enough to fire. His plane exploded. I lived on another at 1,500 feet, pulled up short and fired one burst. He flamed right off and fell into the sea.

Extra offensive power is not the only advantage of the Zoot Suit. It has brought back scores of men from what would once have been fatal missions. One young ensign of Fighting Eight dived after a Zeke and had him smoking, only to find another Jap on his own tail. "I immediately pulled back on the stick and did a sharp climbing turn, pulling eight and a half Gs. Without the suit I would have certainly blacked out. As it was, I held the turn easily until the Zeke could no longer follow."

Carrier fighters often have to operate close to the water in intercepting high speed Jap torpedo planes. At such levels even the briefest blackout can prove fatal, yet pilots had to risk

it. In this dangerous work the Zoot Suit has now cut our casualties, and raised the Japs proportionately.

The suit has also proved its value on strafing runs. Formerly a pilot had only two choices to pull up early, diminishing the effectiveness of his attack or go in all the way and turn sharply, incurring enough G to give out or blackout. Good pilots always did it the latter harder way. The Japs knowing this took to jumping our pilots when the blackout gave them the edge. But now Zoot suited Americans have not only retained sight and consciousness but counter attack instantly dropping their astonished attackers.

Perhaps no flier loses the Zoot Suit more than the vitally important wingmen. These are the fliers who follow a leader, guarding him from attack while he strikes for a kill. Until Fighting Eight went into combat wingmen were constantly faced with two alternatives. If they eased up and failed to take their turns sharply enough they lost their leaders, separated. Both planes became easier prey. If they took the tight turn on the inside at shorter radius they blacked out. Today, wingmen feel safer. I know I can tie it up just as tight, one of Fighting Eight's wingmen reported, and keep joined up without giving out.

By the time they had completed their phenomenal first tour, the pilots of Fighting Eight were sold on the Zoot Suits except for one defect. They kept complaining to the flight surgeon who helped develop the suits that they were much too warm for the tropics. So, aided by the underwear and corset makers who manu-

factured the suits, he produced a new nylon coverall weighing less than three pounds and cool as in autumn night

Meanwhile the fighter pilots of the Army Air Forces who were fighting the Jerries gave the G Suit an equally enthusiastic reception "I never was able to turn inside a Jerry before, but I did it today," said one Eighth Air Force "subscriber" By D Day of the Normandy invasion, the G Suit was in widespread use in fighter and fighter bomber missions

It remained, however, for one unlucky Navy pilot to discover a totally unexpected use for the suit Finding his plane on fire after a strafing attack, he nosed up until he lost speed, then bailed out at 1000 feet Once in the water, he missed his life jacket, so he unzipped the legs of his Zoot Suit, put them behind his back, put the hose connection to his mouth, and blew When they found him he was nonchalantly treading water, supported quite comfortably by the five inflated Zoot bladders

Rising to the Occasion

ONCE at a dinner I sat beside G. K. Chesterton. A scintillating monologue poured from him in one continuous stream. And as he talked, his chair cracked alarmingly under his massive corpulence. At length the crisis arrived. The chair swayed and splintered. But not for a fraction of a second did he cease speaking. Rising, he continued to talk imperturbably while his hostess rushed forward, removed the debris, and substituted another chair. Then without appearing to notice so trifling an incident, Chesterton revealed himself, still conversing.

— A. M. W. Stirling *Life* (Little Day) (Thorn in Butterworth)

ON a bright June morning in the early 90's, Bernard Shaw, full of revolutionary ideas, was speaking before a crowd in a city park. Poised on a large circus barrel, he alternately stirred his audience to cheers and jeers.

Suddenly, he disappeared from view. He had dropped through the barrel. The crowd rocked with laughter, but as he was hoisted out again, Shaw declared, "Surely nothing more need be said. The weight of my argument can always be depended on to carry me through!"

— Contributed by Alexander Lambie

Discovering Winston

WHEN Winston Churchill was appointed Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1905, I was named his private secretary. I was not too pleased. I had met him only twice and thought him truculent and overbearing. When I told Lady Lytton, his friend as well as mine, of my misgivings, her answer was one of the nicest things that can ever have been said about anybody. "The first time you meet Winston you see all his faults, and the rest of your life you spend in discovering his virtues."

— Edward Marsh *A Number of People* (Harper)



DOC SMITH and the Appleblossom Club

Condensed from Household

Nelson Attrim Crawford

IN MICHIGAN there is an area of barren, cut-over pine land occupied by farmers — many of them foreign born — who eke out a meager living on marginal land. Yet this impoverished country has 75 of the best consolidated rural schools in the United States. Here, too the rural church — despair of clergy and sociologists — has taken a new lease on life.

It was not always so. Less than 20 years ago the rural schools and churches here were as 'marginal' as the land. They are flourishing today thanks to a bunch of college boys and girls from the Central Michigan College of Education, in the little town of Mt. Pleasant — youngsters who hid themselves grown up in dreary one room country schools.

It all began one evening in 1921, in a Beaverton, Mich., schoolroom. Dr. Maurice L. Smith, professor of education at Central Michigan, had been trying for years and in vain to make farmers see the advantages of consolidated rural schools. He was to talk to the Beaverton parents that night on the subject. Before he left his college office in Mt. Pleasant he

How a group of hard working college students revitalized schools and churches and made farm life happier in a once forgotten region of Michigan

asked some of his students to come along, and sing a little and pep up the meeting. They agreed.

That night, toilworn farmers in overalls and their tired looking wives, many in the black shawls of the old country, sat awkwardly behind the too small desks. They were apathetic, at best, mostly they were suspicious or hostile. But now one of Doc Smith's young students went up to the teacher's desk, strummed a few chords on his guitar and began to sing:

'I'm Ole Svenson with the big gui-

tar
I sing the luff songs to girls near
and far."

He stopped singing and began to talk, still strumming the guitar. "I really am Ole Svenson," he said. "My folks are Swedes — guess you'd know it. We've got a little farm in Alcona County, a lot like the farms around here. Mama's a widow, and there's eight of us kids. I sorta ran the farm till the next boy got old

enough. Then I came down to Mt Pleasant to go to college — and I met Doc Smith."

Doc sensed a new warmth in the audience. He caught a whispered "ja, gut."

Ole went on, "And now, two other students of Doc's are going to sing. Jennie Knaus and Georgiana Papadopoulos." Ole broke into the strains of "O Susanna." Jennie's sweet soprano and Georgiana's low contralto joined in. They swung into "Home on the Range." The farm folk were already wiping their eyes. Then Georgiana recited "The House by the Side of the Road" as Ole plunked his guitar and Jennie hummed a lilting melody. Applause shook the frail little schoolhouse.

When Doc Smith arose to speak he felt humble. Audiences like this had always listened to him coldly, without response. Now there was warmth and eager attention. It had taken his young friends to win the hearts of these conservative country people. With rising enthusiasm he told his convictions that rural children were entitled to the best education obtainable because farming is the basic job of the nation, how the little one-room school, uninspiring, meagerly equipped, paying its teacher a starvation wage, could not hope to build a happy country life, how consolidating a dozen little districts into one big one would make possible a modern building and first-class teachers.

After the meeting the farmers thronged around him. "Professor," they said, "if we could have a teacher to train our kids the way you did Ole and his friends, we'd vote for any kind of school you want."

Doc Smith himself had attended a one-room school in Kansas. Later, teaching in such a school, he decided to devote his life to improving rural education. Now, after the Beaverton meeting, he knew he had found the way. He arranged for a meeting in every schoolhouse in the township. To each he brought Ole, Jennie and Georgiana. Everywhere their reception was enthusiastic. Within six months a consolidated school district had been voted and the new building, a fine fireproof edifice, was under way.

Meanwhile the three young people told their story to fellow students at Central Michigan, and soon they had formed the Appleblossom Club, named after the Michigan state flower. The club grew fast; its membership rose to 200, about half boys, half girls. Every member was at least partly self-supporting and most of the members were wholly so.

The club gave its programs — expanded to include operettas, plays and pictures showing modern farming methods — at hundreds of school house gatherings and Grange meetings — with one of Doc Smith's constructive speeches always following. It revived country dances, the American square dance and the dances of the dozen nationalities represented in the region. It stimulated the formation of community councils.

The International Harvester Company sent a reluctant representative to one of the programs. He was pop-eyed with astonishment. "This is just like a revival meeting, only a lot more practical," he exclaimed. His company donated a bus for the club's travels.

As a result of the club's efforts, 75 thriving consolidated schools — each replacing eight to 12 old-time districts — now inspire the children of this once dreary region. The teachers, college graduates with fair experience, tie every subject in with the betterment of rural life. Crops, livestock, landscape gardening, music drama, public speaking, manual training, athletics are part of every pupil's everyday experiences. For adults there are classes too.

Through the schools and the Appleblossomers, alfalfa was introduced to make livestock-raising profitable. The alfalfa attracted grasshoppers; turkeys were brought in to eat the pests and soon became a thriving side line. Small fruits began to replace the potato, which depleted the thin topsoil. In 1944 there was a livestock show at Minton's Appleblossom school, where 12 registered animals were exhibited in this region 15 years ago even a ride stock was rare. In this one district 20 lumphouses have introduced plumbing and electricity installed by the schoolboys themselves.

Everywhere in the region you can see evidences of new confidence and pride. Houses are painted. There is shrubbery about them. Farm machinery is well kept. Agricultural practices have improved, the families eat better-balanced meals, the people have more community pride, more ambition for their children.

"My folks come from Lithuania," one farmer told me. "They didn't have nothin' there, and we didn't have nothin' here. But then those college students came here and showed how our kids could have as good a chance as anybody else."

At the Beaverton consolidated school last January only four of the 27 week-day nights were without an event of some kind: school dancing, basketball games, American Legion meetings, baby health conferences, parent-teacher meetings. All this in a region where winter used to be a period of forlorn isolation.

ONE NIGHT in 1936, members of the Appleblossom Club were lamenting that summer vacations seemed to be all work and no play for many of the poorer children on remote farms.

"There ought to be a summer camp for them," said one of the girls.

"What's stopping us from building one?" asked the treasurer. "We've got \$100 in the bank."

With the enthusiasm of youth, the club went ahead. They persuaded a retired circus man to provide 33 acres of riverside land; they got permission to dismantle old buildings for lumber. They cut cedar poles in a swamp, quarried stone, and dug sand. Every hour had to be snatched from work, for these young people not only kept up their studies but also carried on their jobs — junior service newspaper delivery, waiting on table, tutoring. Three large buildings are now complete, with accommodations for 100 children. Since they opened, 1500 underprivileged country children have enjoyed at Appleblossom Lodge the healthful group activities of summer camp life.

Next came the rural church. When their car stalled on a sideroad at Deerfield Center one day, members of the club noticed a rickety church, apparently abandoned. Inquiry revealed that services were no longer

held. The members pitched in, made calls in the farming community, and found plenty of young people who said they would be interested in a live, active church organization. So the club repaired and painted the church, formed a choir, announced a picnic supper to be followed by a service at which Doc Smith would speak. The little church was crowded. Within two years its membership had grown to 90, and the parish was supporting an enthusiastic young clergyman. This church, in turn, became a missionary organization, sending its choir to a score of other communities. As a result church after church throughout the region has reopened, with a program directed to rural youth.

Tolerance and cooperation have been born. Previously there were jealousies among the religious and national groups. Now Methodist, Lutheran, Baptist, Mormon, Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic have learned to work together.

The influence of the Appleblossom Club carries on through the work of its graduates, 80 percent of whom have gone into rural education in Michigan. Earl Seibert is president of the State Farm Bureau. Former Appleblossomers, now school superintendents or teachers, have organized local clubs in farm communities to emulate

the public-spirited activities that have made the Appleblossom Club the pride of the entire region. One enthusiastic alumnus, Donald Hilsinger, established an Appleblossom Club among his high-school students on the Island of Iuzen. Members of the club at Mt Pleasant are planning to help their distant namesake resume work now that the Japs are being driven out.

The Appleblossom Club has developed a 30-page mimeographed manual on games for rural schools, another on farm cooking. It publishes twice a month a newspaper covering significant developments in rural education everywhere. This publication has been made the official organ of the Michigan Rural Teachers' Association — and the name of a student periodical being chosen to represent an adult professional organization. Recently educators from Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras visited the college and invited the club to come to Central America after the war. "We desire you shall inspect our education, and we promise you that after there shall be Appleblossom Clubs blooming in every school."

"Any rural region in America could duplicate the success of the Appleblossom Club," says Doc Smith. "It's nothing but young America at work as it really wants to work."



To my 73 year old aunt I remarked one day, "I've often wondered if, as people grow older, they feel older in spirit."

"No they don't," she answered. "I've asked them."

— Contributed by Mrs. John F. Trumbo

No matter how you slice it —
it still isn't fit to eat



Our Daily Bread

Condensed from Common Sense

Clarence Woodbury

WHEN I was growing up, Saturday always seemed the best day of the week to me. Not just because there was no school, but because it was baking day.

All during the morning a tantalizing, mouth-watering fragrance crept through the house and, by midafternoon, we would all be half-crazed with hunger. Then, at about three o'clock, all the children would rush to the kitchen to watch my mother draw six fat, shiny loaves of bread and a big pan of rolls from the oven of the coal range. No food on earth was ever any better than that fresh warm bread!

The six crusty, succulent loaves would usually last until the next Saturday, but now and then, because of unexpected guests, we would have toeke out our supply with "store bread." Mother was always deeply embarrassed on these occasions. Store bread, in her opinion, wasn't fit to eat.

All this happened a good many years ago, but store bread as turned out by our big commercial bakeries is no better eating nowadays. Instead of rich, crunchy, satisfying crust, it has a thin, tasteless flabby coating. True,

the stuff is now wrapped in wax paper. It comes ready-sliced and is "enriched" with synthetic vitamins — which costs little and makes good ballyhoo.

Millions of dollars are spent in shrieking its alleged virtues over the radio, plastering the landscape with billboard advertising. It is, undoubtedly, pure, sanitary, wholesome, nutritious, clean, white and beautiful — but it is utterly tasteless. It's a far cry from the bread my mother used to make, or the bread of any other land under the sun.

This is not just my opinion. There is a good deal of evidence to show that the general public doesn't like the big bakers' product either. We buy it — but our national taste has not become so debased that we have grown fond of the quilt stuffing foisted upon us as the staff of life.

I travel around the United States a good deal and very seldom do I meet anyone who will eat store bread if he can get anything else. Restaurant keepers from coast to coast have told me that, if given a choice, their patrons will invariably eat biscuits, rolls, corn pone, soup crackers, bread sticks or foreign bread of any description in preference.

The sad fact is that the great majority of Americans fill their bellies with store bread not because they like

it but because it is difficult for them to get anything else.

In many communities it is still possible to obtain real bread by taking a little trouble. On side streets there are little bakeries—French, Ital in Jewish, German, Hungarian—which consistently produce delicious hard crust white bread, honest black pumpernickel, tangy salt rising bread, and magnificent sour rye. Any one of these loaves is a meal which will renew a hungry man in both body and spirit.

But most housewives find it simpler to buy the advertised pup of the big bakers than to shop for really tasty bread or treat their families to ambrosial homemade loaves.

At the end of the last war 50 percent of the bread sold in this country was baked by the small independents. Today they are being squeezed out of business and produce only ten percent of it. The rest is manufactured by about 40 wholesale producers and chain store companies. Indeed, the ten largest of these companies make more than 30 percent of all the bread we consume.

Why, you may wonder, don't the big companies bake real bread? Can it be that they don't know how? They employ hordes of engineers, electricians, chemists, advertising shark and throaty radio orators but practically no skilled bakers who could, unaided by assembly line gadgetry, go into a kitchen and mix and bake a loaf of bread like mother used to.

The big companies simply find it easier to persuade us by advertising that their product is "delicious" than to make it so. They are not primarily concerned with gratifying your pal-

ate. They are intent upon producing loaves which are precisely uniform in size, shape and texture and which will remain "fresh"—meaning soft—for an unnaturally long time. Uniformity makes it cheap to handle, slice and wrap mechanically, of course, and the "fresh keeping" quality makes it possible to distribute over large marketing areas.

To produce bread that will stay soft, the bakers, first of all, rule out the type of flour which makes the best bread in the world—flour milled from soft or high gluten wheat such as is used in making French and Italian bread. In the second place they do not bake the bread as thoroughly as it should be baked to taste best and, thirdly, they pick up it in moisture proof wrappers.

From a sanitary point of view, such wrappers are entirely unnecessary. Bacteriologists have assured me that we should be just as safe from germs if our bread was brought home in a paper sack. After all, pies, cakes and cookies—surely better germ catchers than bread—are not sealed up so elaborately, and nobody is scared to eat *them*. Nevertheless, millions of housewives have been led to believe that bread must be thus wrapped for health protection.

The formulas which the big bakers employ to keep their bread soft account, to a large extent, for its tasteless quality and for the fact that, in warm weather, it may turn repulsively green and moldy in your bread box instead of drying out slowly as decent bread does. Without question, though, these practices produce an efficient article of commerce for blitzing small competitors.

One method the big baker employs to swamp markets far from his plant and to induce the retailer to handle his bread exclusively, or give it the best display, is so-called consignment selling. Through this practice, which has been temporarily prohibited by the War Food Administration, the wholesale baker overstocks the shelves of retailers to provide mass sales appeal, and takes back bread as it becomes stale, at no loss to the retailer. The stale bread is sold as livestock feed or burned in the bakery furnaces. When consignment selling was suspended, some grocery stores were returning as "stales" from 30 to 50 percent of the bread they received, and the practice was costing the nation, every day, enough bread to feed 2,000,000 people.

There is no sound economic reason why bread should be produced in large quantities in a few big central plants and then delivered to consumers who live hundreds of miles away. Mass production has not cut the cost of the nation's bread. The average consumer paid 9.27 cents for a one-pound loaf in 1942 as compared to 8.35 cents in 1922, although the wheat grower's income from that same loaf dropped from 1.14 cents to 1.03 cents during the 20-year period. It is a shocking fact that 23.56 cents out of every dollar spent in producing bread goes for distribution.

There are signs that the American

people are eager to buy real bread and will pay a good price for it. A few years ago, a Connecticut housewife, Mrs. Margaret Rudkin, started baking eight loaves a day in her own kitchen and selling them to neighbors. It was good, honest bread, and its fame soon spread. Today Mrs. Rudkin sells her Peppering Farm loaves by mail all over the United States and at a fancy price. A considerable portion of the public eagerly pays her a premium to get away from the cotton batting put out by the big companies.

I know a man who has put his two daughters through college on the earnings of his little bake shop in New York. When he calls on friends he always brings a loaf of his fresh, crusty bread. A short time ago he dropped in on an old acquaintance who was staying at a hotel with his nine-year-old son. The boy got hold of the loaf and ate it all, without butter. The youngster was not starving. He had simply never tasted real bread before.

There are, I fear, millions of other children in the United States like that. Young and old alike, we have never known or have almost forgotten how delicious bread can be. Nobody expects the average housewife to bake bread, as her grandmother did. What she can do, however, and should do in justice to herself and her household, is to insist on getting real bread for her money.



"The best measure of a man's mentality is the importance of the things he will argue about."

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power ^{By} Wilfred Funk

EVERYONE knows that words are used for reading, for writing, for understanding and for speaking to others. But there are very few who realize that we use words for thinking. We cannot think without them. If you happen to be limited in vocabulary your thinking will be limited. Therefore the more words you know the more ideas you will invite into your mind and the more effective all of your thinking processes will become.

Here is a vocabulary test based on 20 words used recently in *The Reader's Digest*. One word, *limpid*, may seem absurdly easy. But be careful. Common words often fool us. Now start and underline the word or phrase in bold, that you believe to be nearest in meaning to the key word, and check your results against the answer on page 63.

(1) *unilateral* — a a parallel agreement between two nations b lying flat c one side of a triangle d undertaken by one party

(2) *commensurate* — a generous b equal in measure c fair and just d firmest

(3) *spite* — a a shelter b a bone of the foot c a slap d a quarrel

(4) *didactic* — a a type of meter in poetry b overbearing c direct d instructive

(5) *pharmaceuticals* — a drugs b druggists c surgical supplies d spasmodic contractions of the throat

(6) *moribund* — a sleepy b deeply sorrowful c bitterly caustic d near death

(7) *burglar* — a to thrust oneself boldly b to send forth buds c to hit with a club d to cause to bulge

(8) *indigenous* — a destitute b native c angry d lazy

(9) *procure* — a a kind of canoe b a wig c a clown d a twirling fire dance

(10) *mythem* — a a disease of the respiratory organs b. an *Last Indian* title c. murder d. will

(11) *catharsis* — a a type of asthma b oriental dancers c an emetic drink d a purification of the emotions

(12) *impeccable* — a well dressed b obstructive c unbreakable d faultless

(13) *limpid* — a watery b relaxed c clear d calm

(14) *tintinnant* — a lower than b equivalent in value c utmost d including the whole

(15) *inevitable* — a that which cannot be erased b incurable c inflexible d very calm

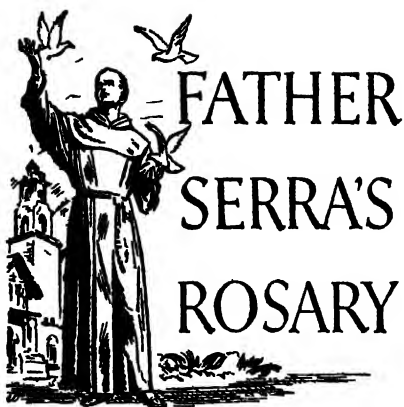
(16) *ebullient* — a manifesting excitement b optimistic c extremely optimistic d silly

(17) *roulade* — a a vocal flourish b a roll of coins put up in paper c a gambling game d a French curve form

(18) *vicissitudes* — a irregular changes b circles c the suburbs d lively musical compositions

(19) *inveigh* — a carry b rail bitterly c entice d encroach

(20) *nadir* — a a Mogul provincial governor b an Arab tribesman c the highest point d the



Despite a tragic history the missions of California are today a monument to the vision and indefatigable industry of a pioneering man of God

Condensed from *The Catholic World*

Donald Culross Peattie

WHEN George Washington was still a loyal subject of King George, and Dan Boone was oiling his rifle for his first trip into Kentucky, another pioneer, nearly 3000 miles farther west, was exploring the remotest corner of the future United States. Father Junipero Serra in his gray Franciscan robes was not a daring and resourceful, no less missionary of the future greatness of a new land, than the English speaking pioneers. And he was just as much an American as the *Mayflower* settlers. For, like them, he had been born in the Old World and had come a painful way to build in the New a better home. At the age of 25 Serra had cast his lot for life with the fate of the wild, wide North American continent.

It was on July 16, 1769, that Father Serra first said Mass at the foot of a cross overlooking the fine harbor that is today San Diego's. Here and then he dedicated the first of the 21 famous missions of California.

Father Serra's rosary" they are affectionately called. But the little band of men — fellow Franciscans, a

few soldiers and some Indians from Lower California — were witnessing more than the beginnings of the great "mission system." They were present at the actual founding of California itself, neglected as inaccessible for 200 years.

Better perhaps than even the military commander of the expedition, Caspu de Portola, Serra foresaw the vast consequences of the new venture. He dared to dream, there in that mid sun-scorched wilderness amid hostile Indians with men dying of a fever of a land glowing with the orange and rippling with grain, inhabited by peaceful Christian people.

Father Serra, born in 1713 on the island of Majorca, was not the type one would pick for a pioneer. A scholar, a doctor of theology and professor of philosophy, he was a friar in whom suffered from chronic bronchitis. He had received an injury to one leg that made walking an agony, yet with sandaled feet he was to trudge 6000 miles on his apostolic labors. He hardened himself to sleep on the ground and live on roots and seeds. While the soldiers and Indians were fighting, and killing each other, Serra passed unharmed among "the gentiles," his "pagan children" as he called them.

Not primarily for the saving of pagan souls had the government of King Carlos III of Spain sent Portola to explore and defend Alta (Upper) California, but to forestall the Russian Bear which was reaching a paw down the Pacific Coast from Alaska toward California. However, the Crown recognized the value of the Franciscan missionaries in pacifying the Indians, and it planned in its own time to secularize the converted red men and transfer them to civil administration. But to honest Father Serra all this new land was the Indians. Even the mission buildings were to be theirs, and all the cattle and sheep, all the farms and produce of the mission system were to be held in trust by the Franciscans, who themselves owned nothing of this world's goods.

Within a year Serra had founded another mission almost 100 miles further into the wilderness on the shores of Monterey Bay—the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, known as Carmel Mission. The next year in an oak-studded valley of the Santa Lucia mountains, blazing with July heats, the dumbless Serra slung his bell from a gnarled old tree and tolled it to the unresponding silence. "Come, gentiles, come to the Holy Church, come and receive the faith of Jesus Christ!" he cried.

Not a pagan was in sight. Yet the cry of the bell had sped through the forest. Presently an Indian appeared and looked on with awe as Serra stood Mass under the cross he raised. Given presents, the Indian returned with others of his tribe. All grew to love Serra, and he set about learning their language. Together the men in

gray robes and the men in their bronzenakedness used the first crude structure that was the Mission San Antonio de Padua.

For the mission "churches" of these first, brave, struggling years were not the solid and shapely structures we see now with their six-foot walls, their carved doors and painted ceiling beams, their gardens and fountains, their bell and cool cloisters. Such structures blessed old Serra dreamed of but seldom saw completed. The first "missions," he knew were but rude shelters of boughs and burlushes. Yet the missions of today stand pretty much where Serra and his successors first planted the Cross. Not whimsically, were their sites selected. Serra, realizing that he was fixing the seat of future settlements, searched for abundant water, good soil and climate, timber, and a location on the coastwise highway of which he dreamed. And on the sites he selected grew up San Diego, Los Angeles, Monterey and San Francisco. Of the nine missions Serra started, only San Antonio today has no town around it.

When Serra had founded four missions and been in California three years, troubles that had been brewing came to a crisis. The new country had not yielded quick returns either in revenue or converts, the colonies had cost more than was bargained for. Every item of equipment and almost all food still had to be brought an immense distance by small sailing vessels. The Indians, indignant at the treatment given their women by the soldiers, retaliated with arrows and firebrands. San Diego mission was burned, its padre killed. All the others were in danger.

Dolores Mission — founded in 1776

Both the Viceroy of New Spain (Mexico) and the Father Superior of the Franciscans back in Mexico City were inclined to reject it. So Serra set out for the capital — a round trip of 2400 miles — to save the California venture. For talking points he had no material gains and few spiritual. He had only his shining vision and the conviction of absolute truth his words seemed to carry.

And he got all he asked for: the right to found more missions, more money, an overland road to California, and the immigration of more settlers, especially of families and of women to provide wives for the soldiers. Instead of retreating, the Viceroy and the Father Superior were persuaded to pour in fresh blood and treasure. Serra returned to found Dolores (San Francisco), beautiful San Juan Capistrano in the hills near San Diego, San Luis Obispo and San Buenaventura on the Santa Barbara channel coast.

In the 70th year of his age, having confirmed more than 5000 heathen converts, noble old Padre Serra felt his last reserves of strength ebbing. On foot he made the round of his

nine missions, from San Diego to San Francisco. At each he bade a sorrowful farewell to his brother Franciscans and the weeping Indians. Death found him at Carmel Mission in 1784. The double tolling of its bells brought the grief-stricken Indians, who came with wild flowers to lay upon the redwood coffin of the Apostle of California.

Serra's successor was Father Fermín Francisco Lasuen, who founded nine missions, including Santa Barbara, Purísima Soledad (Solitude) near Carmel, San José near San Francisco Bay, San Juan Bautista near Carmel, San Miguel in central California, and San Leonardo in the valley of that name.

Only three missions were added after Lasuen ceased work: Santa Inés near Santa Barbara, San Rafael across the bay from San Francisco, and Solano in what is now the wine country of the sunny inner coast ranges. To the surprise of all the Russians sent gifts and good wishes to the founding of these last two, the padres' furthest north.

Father Lasuen an even greater administrator than Serra brought the mission system to its highest peak of influence, efficiency and prosperity. It was his ambition to make the missions self-sufficient. At them the Indians learned more than 50 trades so that a mission could employ carpenters, stonecutters, shoemakers, wheelwrights, cowboys and shepherders. The Indian women were taught to spin, weave, and make clothes. Tallow, hides, pottery, baskets, blankets, saddles, soap, candles and wine were produced. The missions grew many vegetables, oranges and lemons were

planted and olives almonds walnuts, figs, dates, fruit trees and grapes. Great fields of wheat, barley, corn and oats were plowed and planted. Between 1783 and 1832 the 21 missions produced 4,137,625 bushels of food for the Indians and struggling colonists, and they may have had as many as 150,000 head of cattle and perhaps as many sheep.

Irrigation works were started by the Franciscans. They dammed streams, built reservoirs and aqueducts. Beautiful fountains adorned many of the gardens. The water turned too, grain and olive mills. Some of these hydraulic systems are still partly in use by the towns and ranches of California.

The chain of missions spaced up approximately a day's ride apart became the uns of the voyagers of those days. Clean, quiet, cool, secure from Indian hostility, they must have looked like heaven to the weary folk who came to their doors. And there the traveler could converse with men of breeding and education, or read in the mission libraries.

The location of the missions largely determined the route of the *camino real*, or King's Highway, first worn smooth by the toiling Franciscans, later broadened to accommodate the trains of *carretas*, or wagons, from Mexico. When the United States entered on the conquest of California, it found the footsteps of Spain almost the only line of military communication. Today U. S. Highway 101 and the coast route of the Southern Pacific railway follow approximately the old *camino real*.

In Father Lasuen's day almost all the mission churches began to take

on much the appearance that the best preserved of them have now. Without being trained architects, the Franciscans had to solve their own structural and artistic problems. From bitter experience they learned that nothing is so likely to fall down in an earthquake as a wall of stone blocks or of adobe. So walls as much as six feet thick, often supported by buttresses, gave the missions their air of strength. Frequent fires proved that thatched roofs were impractical, and so the Fathers showed the Indians how to make tiles, and now that colorful and harmonious type of roofing is characteristic.

The bell tower, or at least a bell frame, was a prominent feature of the missions. The padres were addicted to the sound and use of bells, while the Indians venerated and delighted in them, too, for the language of bells can be understood by all. So bells have come to be the very symbol of the California missions. And time has only mellowed their tone. Even to a Protestant like myself, the tolling of the mission bells to which I wake each morning chimes its way into the rhythm of living.

Within the mission churches the native art of the Indian was given sway. Most of the original mission doors are deeply carved with parallel waving lines—the Indian's symbolic "river of life." The wise Indians permitted Indian artists to make their own form of offering to God.

So friar and neophyte worked out together a distinctive style in architecture and decoration. With their softly flowing lines and delicately tinted surfaces, the missions are deeply

harmonious with their natural setting. They look kind — tranquil, hospitable and strong. They have served as the inspiration and model for a whole California style, and if not all of this is equally good, that is no fault of the originals.

Just when the missions had reached the height of their usefulness and beauty and had become the one civilizing force holding the frontier communities together, a deadly blow was directed at them, first by the Government of Spain and later by independent Mexico. The missions were secularized — reduced to parish churches with a single priest and stripped of everything except the buildings themselves. Many of the pioneering padres, men of education and high ideals, were supplanted by inferior friars, some none too intelligent or holy. Then the lands which the Fathers held in trust for the Indians and had brought to high productivity were given in immense feudal tracts to settlers from Mexico, the *rancheros*. The Indians who had given up their native life for the white man's way were stripped of both at once, and so driven to beggary or to acts of violence. As the missions fell into despair and were abandoned, the governor, Pio Pico, sold them off at auction, enriching himself with commissions.

By the time the American armies came, in 1847, the missions were in a sad state, some serving as stables and liquor cellars and other profane uses. Only Mission Santa Barbara was never abandoned and never passed out of the control of the Franciscans. True, only two of their number were left, still they remained in

the neglected shell of the once-great church and cloisters, guarding the precious records of the whole mission movement.

By 1888 the people of southern California had become so conscious of the heritage of beauty in the missions, and so indignant at their neglect, that they formed the Association for the Preservation of the Missions, under the leadership of Charles F. Lummis, the writer and historian. Largely to save the northern missions, the California Landmarks League was organized at San Francisco in 1902 and soon the societies of the 'Native Sons' and 'Native Daughters' joined in a state-wide campaign to pick up the scattered pearls of Father Serra's rosary.

Walls again were raised and roofless altars covered again from rain and dust. Profane objects were swept away both within the missions and, where possible, in the immediate surroundings. Sacred objects, once mission property, were rediscovered where they had fallen into private hands and many of them were bought or donated and restored to their place. Protestants of the community joined in some who could not give money gave their labor. At Santa

Carmel Mission
founded in 1770





Santa Barbara Mission—founded in 1786

find a band of wandering hobos saw the struggles of restoration and worked for weeks to help

Some of the missions which had not actually suffered neglect or outright theft had suffered from excessive attention. Local congregations and parish priests had sometimes tried to disguise the mission origins: wooden steeples had been added, walls had been breached to admit sickly stained glass, beautiful old Indian murals had been smeared over with whitewash just about every conceivable atrocity was committed with the best of intentions. It was a task to get this undone, and it is not all put to rights yet.

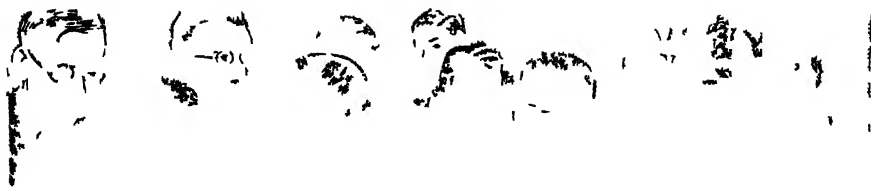
San Rafael Mission had totally disappeared. Sold and is a hopeless adobe rubble fast melting away, Sonoma is turned into a local museum full of Civil War and pioneer relics. But in the days before Pearl Harbor, millions of tourists from every state made the rounds of those that are left, following a path marked out for them by the State of California, with mission bells

as signs. Each mission has its beauties and charms, but certain ones—Santa Barbara, Carmel and San Juan Bautista, for example—have long been special favorites because they are so nearly what they were in their great days, both in completeness of original structure and as “going concerns” today with the Franciscans again or still in charge with fine libraries and gardens and spacious and interesting settings. Others that are off the main-traveled roads have, in especial lure, such as Santa Inés and lonely San Antonio where so long ago Serra slung his bell and tolled it.

Even now, with travel restricted, I see every day in the year, a crowd of people around the “river-of-life” doors of Santa Barbara Mission: service men and their families from all over America stationed in or passing through California. Whatever their denomination, Americans cannot but find new faith for the fight for Christian democracy in such serene survivals of a pioneering godliness.

SOME PEOPLE once they adopt an idea, bury it in the ground and go on the rest of their lives defending it, without ever re-examining it to see whether time and the elements have caused it to decay into a worthless handful of dust. In that way you can be always consistent—and often wrong.

—Raymond Clapper *Watching the World* (Whittlesey)



Lloyd's underwriters thrive on the unshakable conviction that everything will be all right and that you, John Public, are a fool to be afraid

The World's Most Famous Optimists

(Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post + + + + Ernest O. Hauser)

WORD has got round, in the last two and a half centuries, that Lloyd's London will insure almost anything. Hardly a day goes by in which this center of the world insurance trade is not approached by someone in Alaska, South Africa or New York with a request for an entirely novel form of policy, and if the applicant has an 'insurable interest' and can pay his premium, he'll receive that policy by return mail. To pioneer where others shunned the risk has been one of the principal functions of this fabulous institution in any standard forms of insurance now in use all over the world were invented at Lloyd's.

Few catastrophes, mishaps and losses occur without Lloyd's being affected. The San Francisco fire, the sinking of the *Titanic*, the burning of the airship *Hindenburg*, the death of Will Rogers, the U-boat sinkings in the Caribbean, the Ringling Circus fire, the flying bombs — all these have cost Lloyd's a pretty penny. And the fact that Lloyd's has not collapsed under the

staggering weight of the world's accumulated woe proves that there's money in optimism.

Don't go looking for your local branch office, though. There is only one Lloyd's, No. 12 Cadogan Street, a stone's throw from the Bank of England. Inside, in a spacious hall known throughout the world as 'The Room' — the famous Celler, dressed in his resplendent red robe, stands on his rostrum, singing out names and making announcements over the microphone. Around him some 300 underwriters, seated in boxes, say yes or no to requests for insurance.

Lloyd's does business only with an exclusive group of brokers — as you peer across the barrier, you can see them walking back and forth between the boxes and talking with the underwriters. These boxes consist of rough tables and uncomfortable wooden benches — a hangover from the 17th century, when Edward Lloyd's coffeehouse was a meeting place for London merchants and the skippers of sailing ships about to brave the

dangers of the seven seas To this day the attendants throughout the building answer to the call "Waiter!"

American soldiers who sometimes visit the establishment are puzzled when told that Lloyd's is not an insurance company "Then what is it?" they ask The reply is an old one "Individually we are underwriters Collectively we are Lloyd's"

The 1877 individuals trading under the name of Lloyd's are as loosely tied together as the visitors to a cafe Although guided by an elected committee of 12 and a chairman, they do business 'each for his own part, and not one for another' To be sure a single policy, such as the £1,000,000 policy that covered the *Titanic*, may be signed by most of the members, but each is obligated only to the extent of his specific share

During the first World War, Lloyd's made a mint of money, largely by covering land war risks in the British Isles With the first German Zeppelin buzzing overhead the British public rushed to Lloyd's to insure their belongings against wholesale destruction by aerial bombardment But only a few tiny and innocuous bombs were dropped and Lloyd's emerged as the ultimate beneficiary One broker paid £370,000 in excess-profits taxes before the war was over

It's different in this war Land war risks as such are no longer accepted at Lloyd's, modern weapons of the air being what they are Buildings and property are now insured by the British Government

However, at the beginning of the blitz, one enterprising group of underwriters evolved a "1000 to 1" monthly insurance scheme, offering a policy

covering the assured against death or loss of limbs ("death and spare parts" in underwriters' lingo) at the moderate cost of one pound a month for £1000 insurance The policy, dovetailing neatly with the government insurance scheme, proved a gold mine The underwriters were able to double the benefits of the policy during the lull of 1942 The arrival of the flying bomb last summer raised the amount of insurance taken out to as much as \$24,000,000 in a single day, and Lloyd's V 1 total was \$120,000,000 — as against a \$36,000,000 stake in the earlier blitz

At present, Lloyd's is insuring hotelkeepers and owners of buildings in Britain and America against damage resulting from the exuberant reaction of the public to reports, true or false, of an armistice

The year 1942 was one of the leanest for Lloyd's underwriters specializing in marine insurance, despite the fact that in Britain, as in the United States, war risk insurance on ships themselves is carried by the Government In addition, the British Government early in the war took over war risk insurance on cargo en route to and from the United Kingdom Even so, almost every ton of cargo that went down off our shores and on the ticklish South Atlantic run carried, directly or indirectly, some Lloyd's coverage, and it took an establishment that had survived the losses of eight generations to weather the storm

Obviously, large scale commercial insurance requires a large pool of ready cash — enough to buy a new ocean liner, a new Empire State Building, a new Golden Gate Bridge

According to Lloyd's constitution, forged into law by an act of Parliament, each underwriter is liable down to the last penny of his personal fortune for the fulfillment of his policies. Anyone wishing to become a member of Lloyd's is closely investigated and must show free assets of at least \$100,000 besides, he has to deposit some \$40,000 in cash with Lloyd's committee and an annual audit gives the committee a chance to find out whether he is still on the right road or courting disaster. No holder of a Lloyd's policy has ever lost a cent through a member's insolvency.

Most of the members never see the inside of The Room. Known as the "names," these men merely put up capital. They belong to groups or syndicates, each of which is represented in The Room by a professional underwriter who may or may not be a "name" himself. "Everything a Lloyd's member will tell you depends on the judgment and experience of the man in The Room; he has to make snap decisions and should be equally familiar with the American oil business, the skill of osteopaths in Brazil and the political situation in Palestine."

Accordingly, the underwriter at Lloyd's is paid like a movie star or any other kind of professional genius. As a rule, he receives a salary of \$100,000 a year from each of the 20 or 30 "names" he represents, in addition to a commission which may amount to as much as one fifth of the syndicate's profits. Many underwriters thus earn well over \$100,000 a year, while the average nonactive "name" is doing well if he receives a check for \$7500 at the end of the year.

Underwriters have a soft spot for the romance of their trade. The famous Lutine bell which hangs over the Caller's head in The Room was salvaged from the *Lutine*, a Lloyd's-insured frigate which went down in 1799 off the Dutch coast with some \$6,000,000 worth of gold. A week after receiving news of the sinking, Lloyd's was able to inform the Admiralty that an equivalent amount of gold to replace that lost was ready for shipment. Much of the gold was salvaged decades later and with it the ship's bell, which was placed in The Room and rung to obtain silence for important announcements such as the arrival of an overdue ship — once for bad news, twice for good news.

In recent years radio and wireless have almost silenced the Lutine bell. The last time it was rung — twice — was to announce the sinking of the *Bismarck* in 1941.

All that is salvaged from a loss belongs to the underwriter. In 1943, when a plane carrying \$200,000 worth of Lloyd's insured jewels crashed in the Arab desert near Khartoum, Lloyd's underwriters dispatched William C. Crocker, one of the smartest lawyers of the City, to the scene. By computing the speed of the plane and the momentum which had forced the precious stones out of their metal containers and mail bags, he was able to put his finger on an eight-carat emerald in the sand precisely where his calculation had placed the treasure. Crocker loaded a substantial part of the surrounding desert into sacks, he washed the sand in his hotel bathroom that night, and salvaged most of the lost jewels — for Lloyd's.

Today Lloyd's handles nearly as much in American orders, mostly reinsurance, as the rest of its business put together. Catastrophe reinsurance is particularly popular in the United States. Under such an arrangement, Lloyd's underwriters promise to reimburse American insurance companies for losses caused by a single catastrophe, such as a flood or hurricane, which run beyond the totals Americans are willing to carry alone. The Texas storm of July 1943 is still remembered in *The Room* with horror — \$5,000,000 is no chicken feed. And the recent New England hurricane blew a cold wind through Leadenhall Street.

The largest single risk handled at Lloyd's today is the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, insured for approximately \$40,000,000 against collapse or any other hazard. Lloyd's underwriters share this colossal risk with a number of American insurance companies.

Lloyd's American bonanza had its start in the San Francisco fire of 1906, when four square miles of valuable property burned to cinders. The total damage, amounting to some \$500,000,000, was divided among 107 insurance companies, with a share of more than \$50,000,000 falling upon the British insurance market, including Lloyd's. Lloyd's settled the claims without quibbling. More than that, it was prepared to insure the temporary buildings constructed to house the survivors. Such fair dealing paid rich dividends. The confidence of American business in Lloyd's did not wane even during the British invasion scare of 1940 and the London blitz. "Our American friends kept right on

sending us their orders," a leading underwriter at Lloyd's said. "I suppose they figured there would always be a Lloyd's."

Hollywood is more Lloyd's-conscious than most other American communities. A good deal of its real estate is insured at Lloyd's against earthquake, and some Hollywood parents let Lloyd's do the worrying about would-be kidnapers of their children — Lloyd's will insure you up to 90 percent of the ransom money in case such money is paid and the insured person returned alive or dead. Major movie productions are customarily insured for \$750,000 against losses resulting from death, accident or illness of certain artists.

The main sources of transatlantic premium income are fire and accident, including public liability, American railroad business. Lloyd's underwriters complain, has become something of a white elephant of late. "Since the beginning of the war," one of them explained, "exceptionally heavy traffic has led to a general deterioration of equipment and a higher accident rate. We've had to raise our rates three or four times, but even so, we just about break even."

In the field of aviation insurance, on the other hand, great satisfaction prevails in *The Room*. On American air lines a single 20-passenger liner usually carries as much as \$2,000,000 worth of liability insurance per flight. In addition, planes and engines, as well as ground installations, are insured. "Now," Lloyd's men say, "the safety factor of your air services keeps going up and our aviation-insurance rates go down accordingly."

After the war our aviation business may reach the proportions of our marine business.

Of all standard types of insurance, only life insurance is outside Lloyd's orbit. A Lloyd's policy runs for one year only, and, as one underwriter remarked, "everybody dies so what's the fun of writing life insurance." Lloyd's resents the impression that it is a fancy betting institution. As a matter of fact, Sir Justice Puckoock, chairman of Lloyd's, explains,

"we do not bet at all. Only people with a definite insurable interest will get Lloyd's to write a policy. Besides, the committee imposes certain rules upon the members: nobody, for example, can insure himself against the death of the reigning monarch, and we will not insure anybody against the end of the war—it would be immoral."

Lloyd's men themselves are notorious betting addicts, nonetheless. Private bets are laid on the end of the war, and if a broker approaches an underwriter in The Room with an exciting proposition, the temptation to sign it is great. Thus, before every American Presidential election, Lloyd's underwriters will carry a few thousand dollars of "insurance" for their American friends—the amount of the premium representing the odds

a particular underwriter is willing to give.

The list of taboos reflects The Room's realistic attitude toward life in general. No one can insure himself against poverty, obviously, it would be a pleasure to go broke, and then ask Lloyd's to indemnify you with a crisp check. No one can insure himself against remaining a bachelor or herself against becoming a spinster, or against a divorce. The success of a Broadway play, the circulation of a newspaper, the turnover of a department store are not insurable. Your job isn't insurable either. And Lloyd's will not insure you against your committing murder. This, however, pretty well concludes the list.

In June 1944, the members of Lloyd's decided to widen the basis for membership by admitting citizens of British dominions. A movement to invite Americans to become members of Lloyd's is afoot. By opening its doors to men from every part of the English speaking world, this amazing institution expects to take the lead, once more, in the peaceful growth of international trade. Cheerfully anticipating the unknown hazards of the future, Lloyd's is confident that it cannot be licked, for, seen from the inner sanctum of The Room, the customer is always wrong.

Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

1-d	6-d	11-d	16-a
2-b	7-b	12-d	17-a
3-a	8-b	13-c	18-a
4-d	9-a	14-b	19-b
5-a	10-d	15-c	20-d

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct	almost impossible
19-16 correct	exceptional
15-12 correct	very good to good
11-9 correct	fair

Life in These United States

* LATE for an appointment a friend of mine dashed into the entrance of a New York cocktail lounge and collided with a lady just emerging. Hurried 'beg pardons' ensued. Then began one of those ludicrous dances with each party jumping from side to side in unison, blocking instead of side-stepping the other.

Finally flushed and embarrassed my friend exclaimed "Well—we seem to be at an impasse! I wonder what Emily Post would do in a case like this?"

Said the other lady: "She'd feel just as awkward as you. I know, because it happens that I am Emily Post."

—OLGA SWANSON

A MAN in Providence, R. I., has a unique arrangement with the headwaiter at a leading hotel. The man's wife, a very thrifty soul, insists on packing a lunch for him to take to his office every day, just to make sure he gets wholesome food without spending any money. Her husband drops into the hotel around noon and orders oysters or clams soup and some rugged dish like a New England boiled dinner or ox joints. He hands over his bag of lunch to Headwaiter Louis, who retires discreetly to the pantry and wolf's delicious homemade chicken sandwiches, stuffed eggs, angel cake or the kind of pie only mother makes.

"He brought in a slice of Lady Baltimore cake the other day," Louis said dreamily. "Best I've had in years. One thing, though," he added, "we never let him eat a dish containing onions. Might give the whole thing away."

—FRANK WESTON

* Two aristocratic Virginia ladies, residing over a large estate outside Richmond, look with disfavor on the wartime intrusion of Northerners who frequently

stare at the handsome old mansion and even make bold to ask permission to go through it.

"I wish these foreigners would stop coming down to Virginia," sighed one of the ladies.

But sister, the other reminded her, "think of all the money they bring into the state."

"Well," returned the first, "I think it would be very much better if they just sent the money and stayed at home."

—ANNE REIDERY

THE FIDELITY Pennsylvania Dutch farmer came out of the hardware store, dumped several packages on the seat of his car, and then scrutinized the parking meter.

There were 15 minutes left.

Taking a newspaper from the back pocket of his overalls, he leaned on the meter and began to read. Alternately reading and pecking down at the dial, he stayed there until the red indicator showed that his hour was up. At once he tucked the paper under his arm, got into the car and drove off, on his face the contented look of the thrifty man who has had his full nickel's worth.

—MR. JOSEPH I. BRILINPANE

* AN ELDERLY southern gentleman of my acquaintance, long a widower, returned to his home with a bride 30 years his junior. His butler, who had been in the family many years, greeted the new mistress with what the bridegroom fancied was a lack of enthusiasm. The next day my friend said, "Joseph, I'm depending on you to do everything you can to make my wife happy. Why are you so gloomy?"

"Well, sir," replied Joseph, looking with melancholy devotion at his master's well-lined face, "The new madam is a

ight pretty young lady, and I'll do my best. But it always makes me sorrowful to see a man begin a day's work in the afternoon."

— HARRY ROBERTS PRATT

* CATTLEMAN Cy Feitin had been ill for one of the few times in his stalwart life, so my wife and I rode down country one afternoon to inquire about him. As we approached his gate, about a quarter of a mile from the ranch house, we saw what looked like a new white headstone.

"Why, good Lord!" I said. "That can't be true. We'd have heard."

I got off my horse, opened the gate and examined the headstone. On it was neatly lettered: "Here lies the last man who left my gate open. REST IN PLACE."

— STURGEON BURT

It was 3 a.m. and one of our largest transports was loading 10,000 soldiers. Snow was falling heavily and there was no singing or whistling in that crowd of heavily packed GIs. Cold scared grimly silent, they were shuffling unhappily aboard when something happened which changed the whole atmosphere of that ailing. A redheaded Irish boy, half-way up a gangplank, turned, cupped his hand to his mouth and shouted: "*Hey! Is this trip really necessary?*"

— WILLIAM L. SUTHER

AFTER A hailstorm which severely damaged the tobacco in our section, I met one of the worst hit growers. "Any of your crop saved?" I asked.

"No'm."

"But you did have it insured?"

"No'm. Not a penny."

"I'm sorry," I commiserated.

"Yes'm, thank you. 'I was bad. Had been anybody else but the Lord had done it, I shore would a been peeved."

— LOUISE ALLEN HARRIS

* TO ADD color to its autumn festival at city in Kansas invited Indians from a nearby reservation to attend, and rented spees so they could pitch camp in the park. The Indians arrived in large sedans

After surveying the site the chief inquired: "Who's going to put up the tepees?"

"Why?" the chairman of the festival committee replied, "we thought *you* d do that."

"I'm sorry," explained the chief, "but we don't know how."

The local Boy Scouts, well trained in frontier lore, came successfully to the rescue.

— JIM SIOBERS

* IN OUR part of Puritan New England, strict observance of the Sabbath is still a habit of the older generation, but the bars may be lowering a little. We were having a youngster's birthday party on a Sunday and the boys were playing a mild ball game on the lawn. "Albert! Albert!" admonished one grandmother. "Don't throw the ball *quite so hard*. You ought to have a little more respect for the day."

— EDNA E. CHASE

IT WAS at the funeral of a woman who had been thoroughly disliked in our rural community — and for cause. With a sharply barbed tongue and a violently explosive disposition, she henpecked her husband, drove her children mercilessly and quarreled with her neighbors. Even the animals on the place wore a hunted look.

The day was sultry, and as the minister's voice droned on the sky grew darker and darker. Just as the service ended the storm broke furiously. There was a blinding flash followed closely by a terrific thunder clap. In the stunned silence a voice was heard from the back row of the crowded room: "Waal, she *got* there!"

— HARRIET L. MEYER

NEAR Abingdon, Va., there is a wood carver whose artistic output runs heavily to bears. He carves them swiftly and unerringly from almost any sort of wood, and "primitives" though they are, each one has a remarkably individual bearishness. "I don't see how you do it so easily,"

I said to him one day, watching his quick knife

Well, man ' explained the wood carver, I just look at a little block of wood till I see the bar then I cut away the wood and there's the bar

— BILLYAH PENNELL

MY FRIEND Barry, home from the Pacific met his wife and small son in Los Angeles one evening, and started hunting for a place to stay. It was close on mid night and they were still walking the streets carrying a sleeping baby and heavy luggage, when a police car wheeled up. "Looking for a room sir?" asked one of the policemen.

"Yes, sir," said Barry.

We're on our way to a hotel right now to make an arrest, the officer said. Jump in. The clerk will be glad to trade guests."

Thirty minutes later, Barry's baby was peacefully slumbering in a freshly made bed, while the whine of a police siren faded in the distance.

— FORREST MARALI

The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department The Reader's Digest will pay \$200. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incident from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Address: Life in These United States Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Bread and Butter Letter

AFTER having a bowl of chowder and coffee at a restaurant of a well known chain, a New York public relations man was charged ten cents for bread and butter which he hadn't eaten. He protested that he hadn't ordered the bread and butter, but the waiter said he was sorry, it was orders from the chain officials. Our hero — and to us he is a hero — asked for the manager, who said the waiter was right. Orders, sir, you know.

The man paid the dime, very ungracefully. Back at his office, he wrote a letter in public relations patter to the chain owners, telling them they were losing good will by charging for bread and butter, willy nilly. A few days later he sent the company a bill for professional services — \$5000. By return mail came a letter from the restaurant's Wall Street lawyers pointing out that the whole thing was absurd, since they hadn't ordered any public relations service.

Our hero shot off a one sentence reply: "Well, I didn't order bread and butter."

P.S. At any of the chain's restaurants today, you get bread and butter, but — if you don't want it, you don't have to pay for it.

—IM

The Government's Waste of Manpower

While the nation suffers from a critical manpower shortage, Washington bureaucrats blithely keep on paying 300 000 unnecessary federal workers to sit out the war

Condensed from The American Magazine + Senator Harry F. Byrd +

ONE of the most pressing jobs ahead of Congress and the Administration is to reduce sharply the army of civilian Government employees who have been sitting out the war

Today there are more than 3,000,000 federal civilian employees in the United States. Out of this number, at desks in Washington and scattered throughout every state in the Union, there are 300,000 men and women in jobs created artificially. They draw approximately \$700,000,000 in Government pay each year. These nonessential employees serve no useful purpose and should be dismissed at once.

And there are in addition 500,000 Government employees who should be demobilized to save taxpayers' money as soon as the war in Europe ends.

Although our manpower shortage is still so desperate that we draft fathers and force men and women into war work, *official Washington does nothing about its own surplus of manpower*. Top executives have shown that they do not want to eliminate such waste. Some actually encourage it. Others have indicated that when the war in the Pacific ends they intend to have even more men and

Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures

+

women in their bureaus. This is one more step along the road to State Socialism.

Recently Lieutenant General Brechon B. Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, stated that our critical programs needed over 300,000 additional workers to get up to schedule. I say he can get many of the needed employees from the federal Government.

In *The American Magazine* for January 1943 I disclosed the waste of manpower in Government bureaus, and that article helped the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures to save American taxpayers millions of dollars and to furnish more manpower for essential work. The force of public opinion was felt in the bureaus, and by July 1943 total federal civilian employment actually dropped. However, the effect was only temporary.

In the first seven months of 1944, while war plants were shorthanded, Government officials, evidently deciding that the public had forgotten about waste of manpower, increased total employment by nearly 70,000,

reaching a record peak of 3,366,780 in July. This surpassed the high water mark of 1943, the highest federal civilian employment figure in our history.

The War Manpower Commission tells us that more men may die in battle unless more men and women leave nonessential jobs and help in war work. Yet this Commission calmly ignores the shocking state of affairs in the federal family.

On September 18, 1943, is chairman of the Joint Economic Committee. I wrote to Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner: 'To what extent have you investigated the various Government departments so as to utilize available manpower in a manner most efficient to promote the war effort?'

The War Manpower Commission was investigating possible waste of manpower in *private* business, and I fully expected that it would at least cast an inquiring glance at Government. Two weeks later Mr. McNutt replied: 'In the field of maximum utilization of manpower in the Federal Service, I rely upon the United States Civil Service Commission.'

The Commission will be glad to give you full details of their achievements in this field.

Actually, the Civil Service Commission has continued to recruit intensively all over the United States, filling the orders from Government bureaus for more and more employees, and even increasing its own staff by 1380 in 12 months.

Today thousands of Government employees sit around with nothing to do and the federal government, while urging civilians to further effort,

continues to take employees away from private employers. An example just came to my desk — a letter from a businessman in Virginia who deals in fuel, certainly a necessary business. He wanted to give his experienced secretary a raise of \$10 a month, but the War Labor Board refused the request. So he writes me, 'she went upstairs in this building to a Government office and got a job at an increase of \$40 a month.'

War Labor Board and Treasury Department regulations that forbid salary increases *do not affect Government bureaus*. Our Committee has found innumerable cases in which Government employees have received raises that would not be allowed by the WLB in private business. For example, six OWB employees have received raises of \$1,500 in the last year. In the Foreign Economic Administration, 104 employees received \$8,000 a year and 40 percent of them received an average increase of \$1,700 in the first 11 months. A college professor who was earning \$2,000 a year joined the Government when war started to day, although he has never had any business experience; he is getting \$8,000 as a business specialist. I could recite innumerable similar cases.

In one Government department the top man wanted to raise an employee's salary from \$4,700 to \$5,600. To justify the raise the employee had to have an assistant, *so an unnecessary assistant was hired* at \$3,800 a year, and the employee got a \$900 raise.

Non-Government white collar workers refused raises by Government orders, are struggling desperately to meet the increased cost of

ing Even though their employers want to raise their salaries, the Government won't permit it. On the other hand, many Government employers and employes who know the ropes find that their raises are eagerly approved. It is monstrously unfair for the Government to have one rule for itself and another completely opposite rule for private business.

I want to give full credit to the thousands of Government workers who are laboring long hours at essential work. Some departments, such as the Post Office, are undermanned. Many in executive work all day at his office and many hours at home in the evening. Most of these conscientious Americans join me in my protest, for they know that federal employes who are needed in war work are sitting idle on the floor above, or in the building across the street but their bureau chiefs won't give them up. The reason is that if these chiefs employed only as many as they actually needed they would lose face, would perhaps be forced to take a reduction in salary, and thus would have to accept only what they are worth.

A Chicago businessman engaged in war work writes me: 'We are not getting so many questionnaires these days from Washington, instead, there is a great increase of young men of draft age who come to inspect our books and records. At one time seven young men from seven different Government departments were working on our books. The young men have become more of a nuisance than the questionnaires!'

Our Committee has believed that, through our investigation of useless

questionnaires, we had eliminated some waste. But now we find the bureaucrats have cleverly evaded our efforts. Instead of sending out questionnaires, they *hired more men* and are sending them through the country, helping to crowd railroad trains and hotels, to annoy businessmen even more, and at greater expense.

Our files are jammed with letters from Government employes who volunteer information about waste in manpower. Our investigators report that when they talk with employes from various departments, who are not afraid to tell the truth, nine out of ten state that their department is overmanned. Many left good jobs in their home towns believing that in a Government position they could help in the war effort. Thousands return home. One of them writes:

For days after I arrived in Washington I sat and looked out a window. Finally I couldn't stand the waste, discrimination and idleness, and resigned. When I did so the head of the department said 'You are a fool. You might as well have some of this money. If you don't take it, someone else will.'

From a Government office outside Washington, an employe writes: 'In our office is a \$6500 a year lawyer who comes in for an hour or two every day. The rest of the time he is in his own office taking care of his private practice. He was with WPA, and was transferred to our department, although we already had lawyers sitting around with nothing to do.'

A stenographer in the War Department in Washington told one of our investigators: 'In my office there

were nine officers and each had a secretary — nine girls, but there wasn't really enough work for three. Another officer moved in, and do you think he was willing to use the nine girls? I should say not! He had to have his own secretary."

According to the latest available figures, there are over 6,000,000 on public payrolls, which means that one person for every 11 employable persons (ages 18 to 64, inclusive) is employed by the federal, state and local governments, eliminating those now serving in the armed forces. Excluding the teachers, in every state except West Virginia there are more federal employees than there are state or local workers.

In some states the great concentration of Government employees of course, is caused by war work, navy yards, arsenals, camps, airfields, and shipping centers, but our investigations show that most of these are

overmanned and the executives are hoarding labor that is needed elsewhere.

On September 19, 1943, I addressed a communication to Government departments and agencies requesting information as to their postwar plans and their personnel requirements. The replies revealed the amazing fact that *nearly all except war agencies plan to increase, rather than decrease, their personnel in the postwar era.* In fact, the decrease in the work of certain programs and the expanded work of other programs will result in a proposed net increase in the postwar era of approximately 95,000 employees in nonwar agencies!

It is apparent that a huge payroll will continue to drain the federal treasury. This will enable governmental bureaus throughout the nation to harass further the citizens of our country with various forms of federal regimentation.

WIT TIME TROUBLES

IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, ORA STUMPFER desperately sued a jeweler for embezzlement in a final attempt to get back his watch, which had been on the repair shelf for 23 months.

— *Time*

ATTACHMENT to a California school located near a large aircraft plant received this note from the mother of an eighth grader:

Dear Madam: Please do not keep my son after school any more. I work on the afternoon shift, and my clock does not work. When I see him coming home from school I know it is time for me to leave the house."

IN THE Orderly Room of the organization responsible for Incoming and Outgoing Processing at Sheppard Field, Texas, there is a large wall clock. The men in the room have been working untold hours, day and night, seven days a week, for months after months. Finally this sign appeared below the clock: "Is This Clock Necessary?"

— Contributed by S/Sgt Benjamin Slavin

RUSSIA'S Number One Soldier

Condensed from *Life*



Stalin's best general, defender of Stalingrad and Moscow, planned and executed the great Russian drive to Berlin

Richard E. Lauterbach

Former head of Time & Life's Moscow Bureau, author of 'These Are the Russians'

WHAT EVER happens in the future, Marshal Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov (pronounced Jzoo' kul) will go down in history as one of the greatest generals of World War II. Stalin's choice as conqueror of Berlin and perhaps as the chief Russian in the future Allied government of Germany. Zhukov has a record of military achievement without parallel in modern war.

No single counterpart for him can be found in either the Allied or Axis armies. His role can best be comprehended if one imagines an individual officer simultaneously holding the responsibility of General Marshall, General Eisenhower and General Bradley. For the last four years he has shuttled between the Kremlin and every battlefield of the Russian front, alternately planning grand strategy and commanding armies in the front lines.

It is Zhukov's philosophy that offensive strategy must be fluid and flexible and cannot be definitely envisaged at a table in the Kremlin. That is why he habitually takes great

personal risks in order to observe his troops in action and to compare backroom strategy with front line tactics. As a staff officer he has proved himself cunning, imaginative and prophetic. As a field general he has been audacious, imperturbable and unconquerable.

Zhukov's most dramatic performances have been in his recurrent role as Russia's Horatius-at-the-Bridge. Muscovites call him *Spasitel'*, or savior. In the bitter autumn of 1941 when German armies almost encircled Moscow, Stalin relieved Zhukov of his desk duties as chief of staff and entrusted him with the defense of the capital. Zhukov issued an impassioned hold-or-die order: "Not a step back!" he commanded. "Halt the fascists! Every man must fight like ten!"

The Russian retreat slowed and Zhukov won time to concentrate powerful reserves from the east. He deliberately sucked the Wehrmacht into his trap. On November 27 he sprang it, following up with an offensive which split the Nazi spearhead.

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and sent 50 German divisions streaming westward in defeat.

In a rare press interview Zhukov outlined a few reasons for the German shambles at Moscow. They were used to easy victories,' he said. 'For them, war was merely maneuvers. They have neither cavalry nor skiers; their tanks cannot pass over the snow.' As he talked he sparkled with sarcasm and occasional wit — he was relaxing for the first time in months. 'The stubborn resistance the Germans offer in towns and villages has a simple explanation. They are afraid to give up warm houses for frozen fields.'

With the Germans stabilized on the central front, Zhukov was transferred to Stalingrad, nicknamed by the names of von Paulus and von Manstein. The epic battle of Stalingrad went on for 21 weeks and exceeded in violence any previous battle of the war. Under Zhukov's direction what had seemed to be a Russian disaster was dramatically turned into a victory that probably will go down among the decisive ones in history.

Stalin then hustled Zhukov to Leningrad, where he organized a new offensive which lifted its long blockade. A few weeks later he was named Marshal of the Soviet Union, the first field commander of the war to be so recognized.

With Stalin and Voroshilov, Zhukov planned the 1943 summer offensives which swept the Germans out of Kursk, Orel, Belgorod, Kharkov, Smolensk and sent them back across the Dnieper. Early in 1944, General Nikolai Vatutin was killed at the height of operations in the Ukraine. Rather than entrust the sector to a

less experienced commander, Stalin put Zhukov in active command.

Everything was against Zhukov's success. One of the earliest spring thaws in memory set in. His troops sank to their knees in greasy mud. But time was all important. On March 4 Zhukov's artillery opened up. Then the tanks slipped forward through the mud on a 150 mile front. Inspired by Zhukov's presence, the First Ukrainian Army outdid itself. After two days of bitter fighting 12 German divisions were smashed and the enemy was driven across the Soviet frontier and onto Polish soil. For his achievement the Supreme Soviet awarded Zhukov the Order of Victory, a magnificent bauble of diamonds, rubies and platinum worth \$100,000.

The climactic offensive which began January 12 this year is the fruit of Zhukov's planning. To invest Berlin, destroy Hitler's armies and end the war, Zhukov deployed an estimated 200 divisions, twice the reported total strength of the Anglo-American armies in the West — along a 400 mile front from East Prussia to the Carpathians. Characteristically, he turned the main weight of his attack straight down the Warsaw-Frankfurt highway to Berlin. And characteristically he gave command of that most critical, most difficult sector to himself.

The speed with which his forces advanced (15 to 20 miles a day) attests not only to the efficiency of the Red Army's fluid supply system, which Zhukov helped evolve, but also to his own tactical skill. Zhukov is a wily field soldier, a student of Clausewitz and other military

analysts, and an authority on the campaigns of Hannibal. He has repeatedly outguessed and outmaneuvered the Germans' shrewdest commanders. Two winters ago for example, he took Rzhev by ordering his engineers to throw an "invisible" bridge across a river. It was built entirely by night, with its roadway submerged 18 inches below the surface of the water. On Rzhev's Day the Nazi garrison saw Zhukov's tanks miraculously breasting the stream like a fleet of old side-wheelers. In recent fighting, the Red Army has attacked from unexpected directions all up and down the front. Retreating Germans have found Russians already dug in behind them. By pressing strong points and leaving them for rear echelons to mop up, Zhukov hurled his spearheads across more than 300 miles of swamp-land and woodland in the first 18 days of his campaign—the fastest advance of the war far exceeding the record of the Germans against the Russians in 1941.

In appearance and manner Zhukov is a military man from his appearance even to his polished boots. He speaks directly, sharply and precisely in a calm, low voice. He dislikes vacillation. His strong face is so expressive of willfulness that few men dispute his views. In upholding his judgments he can be extremely stubborn, but on occasions when he is outvoted by other members of the supreme command he executes their plans as solicitously as he would his own.

Son of simple peasant folk, Zhukov was born in Strelkova, a small village in central Russia, in 1895. He left school at an early age and became

apprentice to a furrier. At the outbreak of World War I he was drafted into the army and saw two years of active service, then was invalided home. By the time he had recovered, Russia was out of the war and Lenin was in power. Army life appealed to Zhukov, so he abandoned the fur trade and joined the Red cavalry. He also joined the Communist Party.

His ability attracted the notice of Red Army commanders and he was picked to attend Frunze Academy—the Soviets' combination of West Point and General Staff School. In the years that followed Zhukov obscurily but effectively prepared himself for his later responsibilities. He had few intimate friends and spent his off-duty hours studying Marxist literature, writing tactical dissertations and learning foreign languages. He speaks some Spanish and German and is very fluent in French. For a while he lectured at Frunze Academy. During the pre-Hitler period he visited briefly in Germany, attending lectures given for Russian and Chinese officers by the German General Staff. In 1936 Stalin dispatched him to Spain as the Soviet Union's chief military observer.

When the Japanese attacked the Mongolian Republic in May 1939 the Soviet Union rushed several tank divisions under Zhukov's command to their assistance.

It was here as the Red Army underwent its first real test by fire that Soviet newspapermen first glimpsed Zhukov's superlative self-assurance. A group of war correspondents were interviewing Zhukov in a blockhouse on the Manchurian frontier one day when two Red Army scouts rushed in

to report that the Japanese were massing large units in preparation for a counterattack. The correspondents braced themselves, expecting a galvanized commander and a cascade of excited orders. But Zhukov, unperturbed, calmly informed his scouts that the Japs were in no position to deliver an offensive blow. His words changed the atmosphere instantaneously. A few days later the forces under his command wiped out the Japanese Sixth Army at Khalkhin Gol. His daring and guile established him in Stalin's eyes as a military genius. He shot upward through Red Army ranks.

Zhukov helped with staff work under Timoshenko during the not very brilliant Finnish campaign and upon its conclusion was appointed Commander of the Kiev Military District with the rank of general of the army, next highest to marshal. He drew up plans for Red Army reform and in a speech delivered before a Party conference he outspokenly attacked the Red Army's 'political commissars' for their interference in purely military matters, and charged the army's high command with failure properly to train young officers rising from the ranks. He closed his audacious speech with an oblique warning against the Nazis, the Russo-German peace pact notwithstanding.

In the winter of 1940-41 Stalin brought Zhukov to Moscow as chief of staff. Racing against time and Hitler, Zhukov welded the Red Army into an orderly hierarchical organization, whose respect for discipline has been intensified in the last four years of war to a degree unknown in Czarist days. It is a far cry from the

rapt dream of a Communist fighting force of happy comrades who vote on every military decision.

Although he is twice a Hero of the Soviet Union, Zhukov's face and broad, balding brow are unfamiliar to the average Russian citizen. The General has a pretty dark haired wife, taller than he is, a 13 year old daughter and two sons, 12 and nine. The older boy is nicknamed "Zhuk" by his classmates — he notes this, for *zhuk* means beetle.

At the front Zhukov leads a Spartan regime. In the Ukraine, he habitually galloped his charger before breakfast and worked a 12-hour day without lunch. For additional exercise he would fence with his aides, usually wearing out several of them before he had had enough. Since he subjects himself to such rigors he does not shrink from demanding as much from his men.

Stalin disciplines him though he is, Zhukov nevertheless is solicitous for the welfare of his troops. Time and again he has said that it is the common denominator that counts: the simple soldier who shoots the bullet and stops the bullet. In a pamphlet which he sent to other commanders, he commended these words of Suvorov: "Regardless of what happens to me, the soldier is dearer than myself." I neither sleep nor rest so that my army may have sleep and rest.

Zhukov is a good Communist. He does not believe in God. But he does believe in history, in progress in decency. For these things, for his home, his wife, his children and for Russia, he has fought an unbeatable kind of war.

Uncle Fazz grew the best watermelons in Mason County — but somehow they lost their flavor after



The Melon-Patch Killing

Condensed from Southwest Review

Fred Gipson

WHEN Crawfish Doss came into the Mason *Herald* office that Saturday afternoon to announce that Uncle Fazz Boltin had brought in a hickload of watermelons, I was dumfounded. Nobody ever had ripe melons before the Fourth of July, and this was only the middle of June. Besides, Uncle Fazz had given no warning.

Crawfish was 11, my age. He had a shy way of talking to grown people that they liked. That's how he could round up nearly half the news that Papa put into the *Herald* every week. Crawfish had a sharp mind.

I dropped the type I was cleaning, and we went out to look. Sure enough, Uncle Fazz had tied his mules to the hitch rail in front of McDougals' riding post.

Crawfish and I stood round, our mouths watering. We felt cheated. Always before, when Uncle Fazz had melons about ready, he'd show up in town with a long-barreled shotgun in the crook of his arm, as a warning to thieves. It was also the tip off for me and Crawfish and Lode Turner. We knew then that Uncle Fazz's melon patch was ready for raiding.

After a while, Lode showed up. Lode was 12. He had freckles and a

shirttail that hung out. He stood with me and Crawfish, but we didn't say anything. When Crawfish couldn't stand it any longer, he eased up close to the hick.

"Look, Mr. Boltin," he said. "If you was to just happen to drop a little one, could we eat it?" He nodded toward me and Lode.

"Git!" Uncle Fazz shouted. "Been stealing my melons for years. Seen you in my patch last night. Let me git my hands on my shotgun. I'll blow a hole in you a man could pitch a dog through."

We didn't wait. We could hear men laughing and hollering as we tore round the corner to hide out in old man Jones' wagon yard and suffer the misery of wronged innocence.

Sure, we'd wiped watermelons out of the old skinflint's patch. But Mason County folks just sort of lumped watermelons with water and air — gifts of God, and free to all. Neighbor ate melons out of neighbor's patch without bothering to ask. Even a stranger was welcome to a melon. That wasn't stealing.

Not to anybody except old Uncle Fazz.

But the funkest injustice of all was being accused of raiding Uncle Fazz's patch the night before. That was a

flat-out lie. We hadn't even known he had a melon getting pink around the seeds yet.

Crawfish was busy thinking. After a while he said, "I got a plan figured out."

UNCLE TAZZ'S farm was about a mile from town and it was a job packing our straw man all the way out there that night. The straw kept slipping out of his pant legs and we'd have to stop and shove it back. In about an hour the moon was due to come up. We had to get our dummy set before then.

We climbed up on the slab rock fence at the far corner of Uncle Tazz's melon patch and looked toward his house. Yellow lamplight glowed at the window.

"We got to be quiet now," whispered Crawfish, "or we'll stir up his old hound dog."

We hopped down and waded into the lush vines already dew-damp and cool to our bare feet. Crawfish whispered to Lode: "You locate us a ripe one to eat on while we're waiting."

Anybody can tell a ripe melon in the daytime when he can look for dead curls on the vine or roll a melon to see if its belly is turning yellow. But it takes a good ear to locate one at night when you got to depend on thumping. Lode hid about the best melon-thumping ear in the county.

We set up the dummy on a slight knoll in the middle of the patch, bent over to make him look like a man reaching down for a melon. We wanted him to stand out well against the moonrise. Then we crawled back over the fence.

Lode called softly. We followed the

sound of his voice into a thicket. "I wasn't sure about the first one," he said, "so I brung out a couple!"

We squatted down. Crawfish lifted the biggest melon and hammered its bloom-end against the ground. The melon split up the sides, almost as even as if he'd cut it with a knife. Crawfish was a good melon-buster.

We crushed the luscious melon into our mouths and let the juice run off our chins and elbows, onto our bare feet. That's the only way to get all the good out of a watermelon.

The top edge of a moon big as a wagon wheel sneaked up over the mesquite ridge back of us. When it was high enough we crawled out of the thicket and looked over the rock fence. We'd done a good job on the dummy.

The light still glowed in Uncle Tazz's window. Crawfish said "Get him out, Hop!"

I started squalling and snarling, like a couple of fighting river coons. Uncle Tazz's black hound dog set up a loud baying and heeded for the melon patch. A moment later Uncle Tazz came out on the run.

"Git out of them melons, you thieving scum!" he hollered. "Teeh any one, and I'll blow a hole in you a man could pitch a dog through!"

He was leaping over the melons shining in the moonlight.

"I'm telling you, you better git!" he shouted, waving that big old shotgun. "I said I'd shoot and I aim to do it!"

The melon thief didn't move. Uncle Tazz stopped suddenly and brought up his gun. It seemed to me the whole earth shook with the blast. The shot must have caught the

dummy dead center. It jerked sort of flung up its arms, and pitched sideways to the ground.

I felt something like a cold-bellied snake run up my spine. What if that had been one of us? Uncle Tazz was staring at his kill.

"Dang mighty!" he said. "Gosh, dangamighty!"

He wheeled and headed for the house, running as hard as he could so.

"We got the brutes scared off that old tightwad and Crawfish.

He thinks he's done a killing."

In a little bit we heard the clatter of hoofs in the lane. Uncle Tazz was headed for town.

Tode and I wanted to leave, but Crawfish wouldn't have it.

"It's getting better all the time," he said. "No telling what he'll do now!"

In less than an hour Uncle Tazz came back, bringing Sheriff Gibbs and old Doc Grandberry with him. Doc and the sheriff hurried across the melon patch. Uncle Tazz trotted along behind.

"He's lying right up yonder on that rise," Uncle Tazz chattered. "I didn't aim to do it, Sheriff. I swear I didn't. I just lost my temper and blowed him down before I knowed!"

Doc grunted. The sheriff didn't say anything.

"What'll they do, Sheriff? I tell you, it was just an accident!" All the bite was out of Uncle Tazz's talk now. He was plenty scared.

Sheriff Gibbs said, "If you've kilt him, Tazz, it's liable to go hard. Mason County folks don't look on a stole melon as a killing matter!"

"But, dang it!" the old man shrilled

"Ain't a man got no rights? He's got to protect his lawful owned property."

They were at the fallen dummy now, and Uncle Tazz hung back. The sheriff and Doc reached down to turn the corpse over. But now both straightened up and looked at each other. Then Doc threw back his head and his howling laugh could have been heard clear to town. Sheriff Gibbs sank to his hunkers and rocked. Uncle Tazz stared at them like they were crazy.

"What is it? What've y'all found?"

He came up walking mighty cautious and bent over the dead man.

"Dang mighty!" he yelped. He snatched up the dummy and let it fall. "Somebody's made a fool out of me!" He fought the air with clenched fists. Why, if I knowed who the scound was I'd blow a hole in 'em a man could pitch a dog through!"

"What'll Harmon Hightower gets hold of this!" howled Doc. "He'll spread it all over the front page of the *Herald*!"

That stopped Uncle Tazz so quick he still held one fist in the air. He let it fall.

"Doc!" he pleaded. "Doc, you can't do that to me. Harmon'd git me laughed out of the county! I'm too old to start over some place else. I'll pay you for your trip, Doc. I'll make it right with the sheriff!"

He was crying a little when he finally talked them into a promise.

When they were gone we hugged each other and rolled on the ground and laughed. Then Crawfish hatched off another idea.

When Uncle Tazz showed up with a hackload of melons the next Satur-

day, me and Lode and Crawfish were his first customers

"We want to buy a melon, Mr Bolten," Crawfish said

"Let's see your money!" snapped Uncle Tazz. The old man looked raw-edged and jumpy

Crawfish showed a quarter, and Uncle Tazz started pulling a melon out of the sack

"That one ain't got no blood on it, has it?" Crawfish asked

Uncle Tazz jerked around like we'd stabbed him. "Blood!" he yelled. "What'd you mean, blood?" His whiskers stood out on his chin like the bristles on a mud hog.

"Why," Crawfish said, "when you take to shooting down folks all over a patch you're bound to scatter blood on some of the melons. We don't want to eat no melon that's got blood on it!"

Uncle Tazz's face turned purple. I never saw such a wild, crazy look in a man's eyes.

"That confounded Doc Grandberry!" he snarled. "I knowed all along he'd tell it around!"

"It ain't been told around," said Crawfish. "Not yet —"

Uncle Tazz's mouth fell open. He stared at Crawfish. He turned and stared at me and Lode. Suddenly his chin whiskers wilted.

"All right, boys," he muttered. "Take your melon. Keep your money. Go visit my patch when it suits you."

We felt mighty smug and smart when we ate it.

But when we raided Uncle Tazz's patch the next night something was wrong. Somehow those melons didn't taste any better than anybody else's melons. Seemed like all that special flavor was gone out of them.

Aerial Climaxes

AN INSTRUCTOR at an Army airfield in Florida had to fly down the line on business and took one of his students along as pilot. Coming back he dozed off for a bit. When he woke nothing below looked familiar. Picking up the intercom he said to the young pilot, "Are we on course?"

"Yes, sir."

"All check points okay?"

"Yes, sir."

"How soon do you expect to land?"

"Ten minutes, sir."

There was a click but apparently the intercom failed to disconnect. For he heard the boy say under his breath, "That's what I keep telling myself."

— Contributed by Elsie McKeogh



RECENTLY the control tower at Gunter Field, Alabama, received a message: "Cadet Jones to tower. My fuel gauge shows empty. What will I do?" The operations officer, envisioning the plane about to make a forced landing, rushed to the mike, shouting, "Take it easy, son! Don't get excited! Where are you?" The cadet calmly replied, "I'm sittin' in my plane down on the flight line. I haven't taken off yet." — Sidney Skolsky

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By
Jules Romains

Novelist, poet and dramatist
author of 'Men of Good Will'

I FIRST met Jacques D in 1931 at the house of a mutual friend in Paris, and had many intimate talks with him there. But it was not until after his death in 1936 that I learned the complete story of his remarkable avocation.

Jacques was the owner of a chain of dry-goods stores. He lived alone, with three servants, on an income of about 1,000,000 francs a month.

The son of poor parents, Jacques had worked for a small shop as attendant of its outdoor stalls. During this time, something happened that influenced his ideas of life and humanity, and was the cause of the rather extraordinary actions which, out of modesty, he did not like to have called 'good deeds.'

In those days the lot of the average young Parisian employee was hard. A stall-keeper spent ten hours a day on the sidewalk, exposed to all kinds of weather. In winter the only way to keep warm was to stuff one's hands in one's pockets and stamp one's feet.

One bitter winter day Jacques, then 15 years old, was shivering at his stall, clad only in a threadbare suit and a flimsy scarf. Suddenly a well-dressed man stopped, examined him closely, and then entered the store. When he reappeared he held out to Jacques a warm overcoat and a fur cap, saying, "These are for you. As a gift. Put them on right away, and don't ask me to explain. I am doing

this for my own pleasure. Good-bye, my friend." Then he hurried away.

The incident made a great impression on Jacques. 'That man had revealed to me,' he said, 'how rare a quality is the completely self-effacing goodness that asks for nothing in return. Better yet, I felt as if he had handed on to me some sort of secret formula—and that it was up to me to apply it and use it in my own life.'

Jacques' secret formula was this: 'Try to give to strangers one of the greatest pleasures of their lives.' He was convinced that such a pleasure should be neither sought nor expected, but should come as a gift from the skies.

Jacques had calculated that out of his million a month income he could set aside 200,000 francs without disorganizing his budget or giving less than his usual amounts to charity. So every Thursday he became incommunicado to his employees and his servants. Slightly disguised by dark glasses, he would set forth his pockets filled with bills of various denominations. He also took with him form letters suitable for half a dozen stock situations, with blanks that he could fill in by hand.

Then the adventure began.

At a corner of the Champs Elysees, he came upon an old peddler with her basket. First making sure that she had the face of an honest woman, he approached her.

"Excuse me, madame I'm in a great hurry I have to take a present to some children What is your whole basketful worth?"

"My whole basketful?" The poor woman could not believe her ears

"Yes, madame Add it up"

"Let me see — twelve caramels at five sous apiece — three francs The peanuts — six times eight, 48 — oh, Lord, I'll be sure to make a mistake" He helped her calculate In the end she said, "It comes to something like 30 francs"

"We'll make it 40 But I'll need your basket too How much for that?"

"I can't get a new one under 20 francs But my goodness, it's old, give me ten"

"Forty and 20 make 60 Here's 100 Keep the change, since I'm making you go to a lot of trouble"

He hailed a taxi "Take me to the nearest school," he told the driver

At the school Jacques asked for the principal "Madame, I want to make a gift to the children Share this among them, will you please? Just say it's from an unknown friend"

Before midday he found time to give several poor people a delightful surprise, and left them reflecting on the strange funds of kindness this dreary world holds in reserve

Some of his undertakings required more patience, more study For instance, he would notice a young woman walking down the street holding a child by the hand Their faces appealed to him, and so did the tone of their voices, the air of comradeship between mother and child He followed them, found out where they lived, and through discreet inquiry of the concierge learned that the hus-

band was a hard-working man and that the family's reputation was excellent Satisfied, Jacques filled in one of his form letters

Dear Monsieur and Madame Girard

I have become very much interested in you and it makes me happy to give you a small token of my friendship Enclosed is a money order for 10 000 francs Please use it in whatever way seems most likely to bring happiness to your little family

I am afraid that I shall never have the opportunity of making your acquaintance for I lead a very busy life So do not try to thank me except by sending me a friendly thought

Sincerely yours,

Signed [Illegible]

Jacques soon found that he could not go through his weekly 50,000 francs except by frittering it away on little kindnesses, unless he expanded his system Accordingly he rented an office under the name of Balanchard, and engaged an intelligent young man as secretary Then he ran a series of advertisements in the newspapers

'Loans granted without security, on exceptional terms to persons in temporary difficulties and able to offer unimpeachable character references Balanchard, 17 bis rue Cadet'

During the week the secretary interviewed applicants, picking out the few who seemed really deserving

On Thursdays Jacques would question the selected candidates, quickly trying to size them up If he was satisfied, he would ask, "How much do you need to get out of your difficulty?"

"Two thousand francs at the very

least Three if possible But — what are the terms? What interest?"

"Don't worry about that Three thousand will be enough"

"Oh, yes"

"Here you are, then"

"Isn't there a paper to sign?"

"If you like" Jacques would hand the applicant a printed form "I, the undersigned, have received of the Blanchard Agency 3000 francs which I shall repay when I can"

The applicant usually studied the paper uneasily, wondering what the catch was "There's no date set for payment," he would stammer "and the rate of interest isn't stated"

Jacques would reassure him "I am the intermediary for some wealthy persons who want to help honest people like you," he would say "These persons consider you as a friend in need of help One doesn't ask a friend for interest"

"The awful thing," Jacques once

said to his secretary, after the latter had discovered his employer's identity, "is that these poor people are forever coming in to repay loans, and I can't always manage to spend my 50,000 a week!"

SUCH were the secret pleasures of Jacques D He once explained to me the theory which inspired his odd philanthropic "There are a lot of unlucky people in the world," he said "Quite naturally they begin to think that in Evil Principle is lying in ambush, waiting for them at every turn This notion sharpens their misery and paralyzes them, making them all the more vulnerable to misfortune Don't you think that one can do them a great service just by getting them to believe that there is also a Good Principle and that around the next turn it may as easily be the Good Principle as the Evil which is lying in wait, to give them a surprise?"

Better Man Wins

PRIVATE JONES, an inveterate and invariably successful bettor was such a demoralizing influence in his unit that his lieutenant after trying unsuccessfully to end his gambling sent him before the captain After the interview, the lieutenant was summoned

"I've shown Private Jones he can lose a bet," the captain said "I asked him why he couldn't stop betting and he said 'Sir, it's a habit I can't seem to lose Why, I'll bet you \$10 right now you have a mole on your left shoulder' Well, I knew darn well I didn't so I took off my shirt and showed him He admitted he had lost and paid the \$10 I guess that'll hold him!"

The lieutenant was so noticeably silent that the captain asked "What's the matter? Aren't you pleased?"

"No, sir," replied the lieutenant "You see, on the way to your quarters Jones bet me \$25 he'd have the shirt off your back in five minutes"

— Contributed by Mrs. B. F. Etter

WHY WE MUST BOMB JAPANESE CITIES

*Facts about Japan's family factories
and our plans to blot them out*

By Frederick C. Painton

War correspondent now in the Pacific

LET'S call this Japanese family the Hiroshugi. There are five of them, the husband, his wife, two children and a pup, relative from the country. They exist and work in some ten square feet of space in the old section of Tokyo, not far from the river. They work from dawn until far into the night; their busy hands never still. In days of peace, Hiroshugi's family produced wooden toys, typical "Made in Japan" gadgets that used to cause us to wonder how people could work for so little. But Hiroshugi's family isn't making toys now.

Out of his rat-warren habitation comes a stream of ammunition boxes. He cuts and sizes the wood, his wife nails the butts, the relative screws on the hinges, and the children stencil and paint the finished product. They work with feverish intensity because a district supervisor has given them a scroll for excellence and they now strive even harder to be worthy of this high honor.

There are some 50,000 families working on war production in this manner in the Tokyo area alone. There are hundreds of thousands in the other key cities. In Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe and Yawata there are crammed 15,000,000 Japanese, which is two thirds of all Japanese war workers. And up to one fifth of all Japan's war production

comes from such little handicraft factories as Hiroshugi's. These individual trickles of war material become a gushing torrent of shells and bullets, guns and planes.

Consequently, any plan of strategic bombing to destroy Japan's capacity to make war — particularly her war material industry — must include the destruction of these thousands of family factories. This is not making war on civilians. A brief examination of the Japanese war material industry and its origins will show you why.

Cottage weaving, spinning and non-mongering medieval methods of production which we in our industrialization have long since abandoned found Japan had a vast and prospering handicraft production system. When Japan began to modernize she tried to concentrate this production into factories, but the system of home work persisted. When feudal noblemen like Mitsui and Mitsubishi became heads of modern industrial empires they found they simply had to go along with the old methods. Even in the 1930's when Japan launched her campaign of aggression, efforts to centralize this handicraft industry failed. As the huge concrete factories grew, so did handicraft production. In 1940, 53 percent of the entire Japanese working population was employed in establish-

ments of not more than five persons

But this feudal hangover is not a sign of weakness it is Japan's strength

These little families produced nearly 60 percent of silk textiles, over half of all wooden articles, 62 percent of porcelain goods and 95 percent of all lacquer ware. The Japanese National Mobilization Law of 1938 gave the government absolute power over this vast family industry. The silk textile people made parachutes and delayed action bombs and flares, the porcelain people made spark plugs for motorized vehicles, and so on.

So it can be seen that when Radio Tokyo declared that all of Japan is mobilized either to fight or to provide munitions and food it stated the literal and positive fact. Boys and girls of high school age work in shipyards, munitions plants or home factories. Grammar schools have rooms set aside where children volunteer so many hours a day to make aircraft parts. One school in January turned out a thousand nuts for the Nissan Motor Company and in March made 3000. A school for the deaf and dumb that once made knitted goods now makes parts for the Fukukura aircraft industry. Even sixth grade children did such splendid work making gauges that 92 percent of their product passed

final inspection. In March it was announced that all school children, save the six-year-olds in first grade, would be subject to call to do war work exclusively.

The handicraft effort has invaded Japanese religious institutions. One temple proudly describes itself as the "Kooya Temple Machinery Corporation" and makes airplane parts. In Tokyo the middle-class housewives

go to the Myuro temple to work half-day shifts in the temple workshop. Each woman makes about 700 cartridges. Four families out of every five belonging to religious groups in Nagoya are reshaping copper and steel springs and make mosquito netting for Jap soldiers fighting our troops in the jungle. Fan makers with world-famous names now make airplane parts.

Not is this all. The Japanese have set up the *Tonarigumi* or neighborhood social unit, which secures space and equipment so that they can pool their joint efforts to bolster the war production. Japanese radio broadcasts constantly praise their enormous contributions. In the comparatively small locality of Tachikawa 49 neighborhood units created 40 such workshops to make airplane parts for the Tachikawa aircraft factory. Seventeen of these are located in what were once geishas. The geisha girls who once frequented them are now all war workers. All the geisha call offices are war plants. The Mukojima Geisha Hall has 100 such girls at work. Women's groups (like American women's clubs) have a membership in one city of 15,000 and from dawn until dusk they sew buttons on uniforms.

Knowing these facts, then, you can understand how it is possible for our pilots and gunners to shoot down more than 10,000 Japanese warplanes and find that the Japs still have an air force. You can see that to fail to destroy this handicraft industry is to permit the enemy to continue making war weapons.

The bombing of large city areas causes tremendous damage to home industries. It prevents millions of

workers from getting to their jobs. Many have to be evacuated. Living farther away, they lose hours getting to their work place. They must fight fire, clean up rubble, give first aid to the injured and help in reconstructing the bombed-out area. The Japanese war industry loses millions of man-months of labor that can never be replaced. For Japan's war machine is operating at full capacity and there is no labor reserve to draw upon.

We know what happened in Hamburg where for a time even the excellent and methodical German air raid precaution system was overwhelmed and social chaos resulted. To destroy one third of Germany's aircraft industry we had to pound 23 cities. In Japan we can achieve a two-thirds destruction by pounding six cities with a similar weight of bombs.

The factories are, of course, pinpoint precision targets. No other target in the world is harder to hit. The weather over Japan is the worst in the world and this includes Mount Everest. Cold polar masses which originate in Siberia move down over Japan. Here they meet and encounter the warm humid air from the trade winds over the Japanese current. The result is chaotic. Winds of 200 miles an hour are not unusual. Gushing updrafts cause air turbulence more violent than can be found anywhere else. The problems of precise bombing under these conditions are of course enormously difficult.

For example, a bomber traveling 300 miles an hour and riding a 200-

mile-an-hour tail wind is only seven seconds over a target that is one square mile. In training and practice 20 seconds is considered fast time for the bomb run. Not can this problem be solved by having the bombing plane approach the target into the wind. A plane making only 100 miles is a sitting pigeon for ground flak.

Thick cloud layers frequently blot out a target completely. We have precision instruments to bomb through such overcast — and we do — but obviously we can get more bombs into the target area when we can see what we are trying to hit. In point of fact, the weather over Japan has proved more of a handicap to our efforts to bomb out Japan's war industry than have her anti-aircraft batteries and fighter planes.

Yet bomb them out we shall. Our first B-29 operations must not be considered anything more than experimental initial attacks in a long-range program. As the number of B-29s increase we shall adhere to a plan of high priority targets that will destroy Japanese industry. As our bases move closer to Japan we can stage huge mass raids that step up our bomb-strike tonnage to the weight necessary to destroy all industry in the six key cities.

We are making war on the enemy's means of production, of which the handicraft industry is most vital — and the almost daily strikes of the B-29s are only foreshadowing what is to come. The enemy knows we shall not fail.



Strong Men of God



Condensed from The Sign

Daniel 1 Poling

Pastor of Baptist Temple Philadelphia editor in chief of Christian Herald

AT 12 55 a.m. on February 3, 1943, in the North Atlantic, a torpedo blew the heart out of the cargo transport *Dorchester*. Within 25 minutes the ship went down, and of the 904 men on board 578 were lost. Among these were four young chaplains of three faiths: a Roman Catholic, John P. Washington, a Jew, Alexander D. Goode, and two Protestants, George L. Fox and Clark V. Poling.

Clark was my younger son.

Engineer Grady Clark, perhaps the last man picked up alive, had stood on the creaking deck within a few feet of one of the young chaplains. He told me: "The four chaplains quieted panic, forced men frozen on the rail toward the boats and over the side. They helped others adjust their life jackets, and at last gave away their own. They themselves had no chance without life jackets. Yet I saw one of them force his jacket over the head of a protesting enlisted man who said, 'Damn it, I don't want your jacket!' I got over the rail and swam away from the ship. The flares now lighted everything. I watched as she slid under the sea. The last I saw of the chaplains, they were still praying for the men."

Recently, the four chaplains re-

ceived the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously. They worthily represent 8000 other young American clergymen of the three faiths who, wearing the uniform of their country and their holy emblems, share with the service men the physical ordeals of battle and give to them the spiritual strength which religion alone provides.

Almost none preaches a selfish partisan Gospel. Anyone who does should be given his ticket home. But I have been in all the war theaters, I have met personally more than 2500 chaplains of every faith, and I have found just five men who needed that ticket.

Again and again in battle stories we find the *Dorchester* note of supreme sacrifice, with chaplains risking and giving their lives for their men. Francis L. Sampson, Catholic chaplain, of the Parachute Infantry, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in December 1944. When a small force of his organization had to evacuate its position in France, on D Day, Chaplain Sampson remained behind with 14 seriously wounded men. En-

emy artillery fire demolished the house in which the wounded were lying. The chaplain administered blood plasma and first aid. As three shells scored direct hits on the building, he flung his own body across the men in an effort to protect them from splinters and flying debris. Then, in spite of a second degree burn, he continued to care for his patients. Finally a rescue party arrived and the survivors were started toward a hospital. Sampson went along, and en route gave one of the seriously wounded a liter of his own blood.

In Tunisia, Chaplain Chase, Christian Scientist, with the 26th Regiment of the First Division was cited on the field of battle. I met him at the Gela Military Cemetery where, with Chaplain McAvoy, a Catholic, and Chaplain Stone, a Jew, he was helping to bury the dead. Later Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt Jr. told me how Chase disobeyed orders. When Rommel broke through and the First Division was in danger of being outflanked, a jeep came booming down the road with two soldiers in the back. Enemy strafing planes came over. Disobeying orders to stop and take cover, the driver kept on going, Roosevelt said. The jeep slowed when the driver saw me but didn't stop. I jumped on the running board. And then I recognized Chaplain Chase. He pushed the accelerator down and shouted, "I've waited six months, son, to get this jeep and I'm not leaving it behind now!" Then he jerked his head over his shoulder, and I saw that the passengers were wounded enlisted men."

Two of my nurses, Willa A. Hook and Juanita Redmond, who were on

Bataan during the March days of terror in 1941, described the courage of Chaplain William T. Cummings when their hospital was bombed. "Suddenly the chaplain appeared in our ward. 'All right, boys,' he called, 'stay quietly in bed or lie still on the floor. I'll pray.' The screams stopped as the prayer began. Soon a bomb landed right in the middle of that ward. Beds swayed and buckled. But through it all we could hear Chaplain Cummings' clear voice in prayer. He went through to the end, then he turned to us and said quietly, 'Now you take over. Put a tourniquet on my arm.' We saw then that he had been hit."

At Salerno Chaplain Kueman volunteered his services to a unit that having no chaplain had not buried its dead. Often under machine gun and artillery fire he refused to permit anyone to accompany him because of the danger. In ten days Kueman buried 17 Allied soldiers and ten Germans digging the graves himself.

But of all of the front-line chaplains I have known, perhaps Dominic Fernan in his dying gave the perfect picture of Christlike devotion. He knelt by a wounded soldier who had asked for a prayer, shielding the man with his body. A burst of enemy fire struck him in the back, killing him instantly.

One of the most discriminating tributes to these men of the Cross and Tablet comes from Private George Scheller who writes, "Chaplain Stroup is a man's best buddy over here — no one else gets so close to you. We can open up and tell him everything because he understands and won't let us down. We would go

crazy if we couldn't talk to someone."

Generally, the senior chaplains are career men. And to them goes the credit for making the Chaplains Corps in World War II immeasurably more efficient and more highly regarded than it was in World War I. Major General William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, has spent 31 years as a priest of his church in the uniform of his country. His Deputy Chief, Brigadier General George Rixey, has been in the service 27 years.

In the Southwestern Pacific I visited 15 forward islands with Senior Chaplain (Colonel) Ivan L. Bennett. General Douglas MacArthur, in speaking of Chaplain Bennett said, "He has earned the highest honors his country could award him. Perhaps the General was thinking of Bennett's first tours of forward positions when the malodorous jungles of New Guinea had not yet been tamed. I ran into Bennett in Washington last winter. After three years he was back on duty leave—but only because he needed 147 more chaplains! He got them, too, and after using only five days of his leave was off again for the Pacific.

As to organizational morale, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur T. Sheepe of the 29th Division, speaking of his Chaplain, Eugene Patrick O'Grady who was killed in action in Normandy, said "Without exaggeration, the greatest single contribution to the morale of this battalion's personnel has been the work of Chaplain O'Grady. He landed on the beach on D Day with a rifle company, and stayed in or near the front lines until he was killed."

The latest available figures on chaplains' casualties show that 42 have been killed and 110 wounded. Chaplains have won 326 awards and decorations.

In far, strange places, under every circumstance of conflict, the chaplain remains still what he was before he left his home church—a minister of religion. He rides the invasion planes and drops with paratroops. He drives a bulldozer during an emergency in the Aleutians. He becomes a temporary cook for a hospital in the Pacific. He gives his life belt to enlisted men, and, praying still for their safety, goes down with the ship. He leaves a leg at Cassino and says, "I brought it along to give to my men and if I had it back, I would give it again. He is no superman, but he is quite a man.

A young friend, Private Joseph Engelhardt Jr. wrote me a letter from overseas. One Sunday his battalion was in the field under fire. It was impossible to answer church call. But then chaplain crawled out to the foxholes with New Testaments. He had marked the passages he thought would be helpful, and he said "Read them men, and pass them on to the next foxhole." Engelhardt's letter concluded "So when we couldn't go to the church the church came to us."

It is this deeper note of religion that you hear when you listen for it. On every front and in every branch of the service I have found religion "pure and undefiled."

Perhaps harmony is the most significant religious achievement of World War II. Will returning soldiers find this at home? Catholics, Protestants and Jews will not worship in the

THE READER'S DIGEST

same churches and synagogues, and chaplains of all faiths will not officiate before the same altars. But if we would keep in peace what we have won in war, we must continue the

equivalent of the harmony which men find in wartime, the harmony which is not uniformity but which gives us common ground and holds us together in support of a common cause.

Picturesque Speech and Patter

Worried reader's query: "After the post-war world — what?" (*Common Sense*)

The kind of house that catches memories like dust (William Scott)
The day was a thin solution of night (H. M. L. Miller)
Picture frames like doorways to other worlds (Allan Hollister)

The thin winged swallow skating on air (James L. H. Miller)
One long lurid pencil stroke along a sky of slate was all that was left of daylight (Cecil W. C. H.)

Radio commercial — the pause that preserves (D. C. H. Miller)

Too often when you tell a secret it goes in one ear and in another (D. C. H. Miller)

Caterpillar eyebrows (N. L. W. B.)
Her garments borrowed her grace (Ben Ames Williams)
Ices set as pavement (Ruth Stevens)
He was an impediment in other people's speeches

A panoramic smile (D. C. H. Miller)
Kids watching with their eyes out on stems (M. C. C. Miller)

A sergeant reports from the front: I've had so many close calls I feel like a

fugitive from the law of averages (Worried Reader's Digest)

A blue-eyed day at sea (D. C. H. Miller)
The bay buttered over with calm (Emily C. H.)
Country roads cooling themselves among the trees (D. C. H. Miller)
Lake enameled with sunset (S. C. H. Miller)

The thing most women dread about their past is its length (D. C. H. Miller)

Only we getting men's wages these days but then they always have, one way or another (*Time Journal*)

Similes: As pathetic as a line of clothes hung out by a man (Marion C. H.)
As disturbing as an afterthought (C. C. H. Miller)
As empty as a cigarette machine (William L. Stevens, Jr.)

Letter from the Philippines: The women here have a graceful carriage due to carrying their burdens on their heads instead of in them (C. C. H. Miller)

Two women were walking along the street in London when there was a row overhead. One looked up apprehensively. "It's all right," said the other. "It's just one of those old-fashioned planes with a man in it."

(*London Daily Mail*)

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ADDRESS FATHER EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.



Down to earth advice to returning service men

Before Starting Your Own Business

Condensed from *Forbes*

W R Jenkins

YOUR independence and your ambition are great. Joe. Only about one man out of 15 has the courage, foresight and the means to go into business for himself. And those are the men who have largely built industrial America, creating jobs which have enabled millions of other Americans to live. Every year in peacetime 300,000 to 400,000 men branch out for themselves. Some 16,000,000 new businesses have been started since 1900. What we know about them will be interesting and helpful to you.

The vast majority of all businesses are "small businesses," according to the U. S. Department of Commerce. Nearly 85 percent of these are in retail trade or service. Over 90 percent of all retail firms and nearly 99 percent of all service businesses have a gross annual intake of less than \$50,000. About 60 percent have an annual intake of less than \$10,000. That is annual intake, *not profit* for out of it must come all expenses,

which are usually 97 percent or more of the total intake.

If you establish a small retail service establishment — a store, restaurant or shop of some kind — you will have, let us say, gross sales around \$25,000 a year. It will be a pretty small living for you. You will have hard work, long hours, sleepless nights, few vacations and none without worry, and maybe not even much home life. Any fellow who's got the stuff knows that such sacrifices are a part of every worthwhile achievement in life. But there are three important other things which you may not be able to supply quite so readily: *capital, business know-how and a market*.

How much capital is required? Well, you can start a business on a shoestring and a prayer. You can also start with too much capital for your own good. Many a successful business has been started on a shoestring, and many a failure was heavily capitalized. Of course the GI Bill provides for easy loans to help you get started "if you have the experience and qualifications to succeed." But anyone who has studied new business enterprises shudders in his boots when he thinks about the loan provisions in the GI Bill, because debt and

W R JENKINS, formerly a business management counselor, has for years been in close contact with small and large enterprises, and knows the problems of the independent business man. He is now vice president of Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

excessive use of credit are an underlying cause of innumerable business failures. Liberal credit is not the solution of the difficulties of small business men.

The records show that a healthy business must be established and operated at least 75 percent on capital saved by the owner and not more than 25 percent on credit or borrowed money. A business which uses as much as 50 percent borrowed or credit capital has a very poor chance to succeed. So get into a business whose capital requirements are within your reach or postpone your venture until you have accumulated adequate capital.

Business know-how is a big subject. Take for example the keeping of proper accounts. Some years ago William O. Douglas, now a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, analyzed nearly 1000 bankrupt enterprises and found that less than 25 percent of them had adequate records, about 66 percent hadn't even sufficient records or none at all, and about nine percent hadn't even sufficient information to set up records.

Dun & Bradstreet's *Standard Ratios for Retailing* (1939) shows that 13,000 retailers got only 2 1/2 cents' profit out of each dollar they took in. That 2 1/2 cents is the 'target for today,' every day, when you are in a business of your own. And you can't hit so small a target often if you haven't adequate charts and records to help you navigate.

Enough know-how will sometimes overcome lack of adequate capital, but nothing will take the place of a market. Fundamentally, most businesses fail because they aren't needed

badly enough by enough people. So don't establish a business just because you *want* to be in business for yourself. Find the time and place where enough people need something you can provide.

I mentioned that about 60 percent of all retail stores or services have a gross intake of less than \$10,000 a year. When people buy only \$10,000 worth of what you offer, there aren't enough people, or they don't need what you have badly enough for you to make a living by providing it, or someone else is already providing it at reasonable cost and in a satisfactory manner.

That's what's called competition. Too many enterprises trying to provide the same thing for the same people usually result in none of them making much money.

So much for what it takes. Now what are the rewards for all the courage, hard work, sacrifice of personal life, capital ventured, debt assumed, know-how, and experience gained the hard way in an attempt to provide for people something they may not want or need? The fact is that the rewards don't always measure up to anything that looks like justice to the guy who has gone through it.

First of all, taxes are quite properly high these days. Government bureaus will add to your worries. Inevitably you'll be hounded for contributions to this and that in your community, and you'll be labeled a heel if you don't come through generously. If you employ other people, you may have a brush now and then with a union. You may have to join associations and what not, to keep up

your business prestige and contacts, else you may run the risk of becoming unpopular. But all that is part of the game.

About 30 percent of small business ventures fail in the first year, and 15 percent more in the second year. If you get that far, your chances for success are better, but at the end of ten years only one out of five fellows like you will still be in business.

Let's assume that one will be you, so we can consider the money reward of owning a small business. In 1939 Dun & Bradstreet made a survey of 13,000 average retailers, and in the average case the owners and offi-

cials together were found to have received \$2,381 as total wages for their year's work—a little under \$200 a month.

Thirty-two percent of those 13,000 made *no* profit. The average profit was just over \$600—but you can't very well add that to the \$2,381 the owners received as wages. If those owners spent their profit, they may not be in business today, for a business cannot grow unless some of its profit is put into improvements or expansion. Another part should be set aside as reserves against emergencies. So there goes that extra \$600.

The money rewards in business *can* be great, of course. Yet the chances are about 1000 to one that the money rewards over a lifetime will not be much greater than those you would

NO FEWER than 480,000 CIs plan definitely to set up for themselves in nonagricultural enterprises after the war with the aid of Government-backed loans, according to a poll taken by the Morale Division of the Army Service Forces. This figure does not take into consideration the Navy, Coast Guard or Marines. If plans of gobs and leathernecks were considered, the total number of small new businesses contemplated by men in uniform would probably reach 700,000.

The Army is determined that its men go into their postwar business ventures with their eyes open. Census Bureau data will be made available to soldiers to show them that being in business is not a bed of roses. They will be warned that self-employed persons almost invariably work longer hours than employees, and that it is one thing to open a business with borrowed money but quite another to keep it open and solvent in the hully-bully of competition.

—From *Frankly* by Litterell, Continental Bank & Trust Co., New York.

earn by working and advancing in someone else's business.

The real rewards which you must look to for are something quite different. Independence of spirit, freedom from having your life dictated to you, the zest of the long chance, the freedom from having seniority rules placed on your efforts, the realization that your money rewards will match your energy, ability and effort—these are a few of the *real* rewards. The knowledge that you can't be arbitrarily fired will give you a deeper sense of security than you can gain on a job. And above all, if your business grows and you employ others, you will gain the feeling of having made life livable for some other people, of having helped your community, state and nation to grow, and of having

served well the needs of your fellow men

Those are the real rewards, and believe it or not, Joe *they are worth all that it takes, and more*. But you see, now, what we've been driving at. Big money rewards come only to the rare success. So before you plunge into a risky adventure, be sure you answer fully to your satisfaction these questions

- 1 Am I prepared to make heavy personal sacrifices, or am I really expecting that being in business for myself will be a bed of roses?
- 2 Have I enough capital of my own, without borrowing? Or should I take a job, save every spare penny and make the try after I have saved adequate capital?
- 3 Have I the know-how or means of getting know-how quickly? Or should I first go to school or seek a

job where experience will be my teacher?

- 4 Have I an idea, a thing or service that's badly needed, am I in a place where many people need it, and have I a sound means of giving it to them at low cost and with good service? Or must I search for a better idea?

Those questions don't suggest that you should forget the idea of getting into business for yourself. *Never* give up that idea. Fight for it, work for it and eternally search for the spot which provides the right answers to these questions. *Then* take the big step. For then you will be properly aimed. And no matter what the outcome you will have the satisfaction of knowing that in peace as in war, you will be fighting the kind of fight which has made your country great.

4

Pardon, But Your Slip Is Showing

FROM the society column of the Halstead *Kan. Independent*. Mrs. E. E. Peterson was hostess to the book review group of the AAUW Monday evening. Mrs. V. E. Chesky reviewed the book *Three Little Pigs Stayed Home*. There were 19 present.

REPORTING a cruise's launching at Newport News, Va., the Superior, Wis., *Telegram* said: "Taking the bottle of champagne in both hands and swigging it like a veteran, Mrs. Hatch started the *Duluth* on its journey auspiciously."

FROM the Seattle *Times*. Miss Ansley James Newman of Pasadena, Calif., will be interested to learn of her engagement to Mr. Robert G. Thomas, Jr.

AN ITEM in an Oklahoma City paper read: "Private B—— has been transferred to Camp Black where he is receiving the supply officers' curse."

FROM the society column of the Clearwater, Florida, *Sun*. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hartwick of Tampa will entertain at open house Sunday, from three until eight."

WILD WISDOM *Selected by Alan Devoe*

Prize Winning Letters — VI

THE WISDOM of wild creatures differs from our rational intelligence by being largely intuitive, but it has long amazed outdoorsmen. The following observations are selected from hundreds sent in by readers.

Battle Stations!

HIGH in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California, we were hiking along a ridge that looked down upon a great sweep of meadow in which a herd of deer were feeding. Suddenly the whole herd tossed up their heads in alarm. Following their gaze, we made out the slinking figures of two mountain lions at the far side of the meadow. We expected the whole herd to bolt in terror. The big bucks at least could have made in easy getaway. But that would have meant leaving the fawns to the mercy of the big cats. Not a single buck bolted; instead, the herd executed a tactical maneuver that was wonderful to see.

The five biggest bucks fell into a V formation. While they did so, younger bucks raced around the sides of the meadow, driving does and fawns into a compact central mass, and then took places at the edge of the company. The herd was thus transformed into a formidable phalanx, spearheaded by the V of giant clovers. All faced the mountain cats. Then, as at a signal, they charged.

As they thundered forward, the two lions hesitated for only one panicky, bewildered instant. Then they turned and fled for their lives. The V-formation of deer stamped and milled at the meadow's edge, then broke ranks and retreated at a calse, to their own.

—Robert R. Allmond

Shell Game

I made friends with a little Yosemite squirrel which became so tame that he would run up my hunting boots and onto my lap to take the walnuts I offered him. He would scamper off with a nut dig a hole, and bury it.

One morning I delightedly watched him outwit a thieving bluejay. The bluejay would watch the squirrel bury a nut and, when the squirrel had left, fly down and dig it up. The performance was repeated several times. Then the squirrel got wise to what was happening.

When he took the next nut from my fingers, he scampered off a little way as usual, dug a hole, and then just *pretended* to bury the nut. The jay, waiting watchfully, came swooping down, dug where he had seen the squirrel digging, and found nothing. While he cocked his head and scratched and dug some more, the squirrel was off behind a tree, hastily burying the nut unseen.

Three times I watched that squirrelly hocus pocus. The bluejay never did see through it. After the third try he gave up and flew away.

—Rose Gill Barker



The Blackbirds Find a Way

WALKING one autumn morning near a western mountain town, we noticed a flock of red winged blackbirds congregated on the ice which the night frost had left on a roadside pool. They were obviously excited as they tried to puncture the ice in order to get a drink. They would peck repeatedly at one place, then try another, but the ice was too thick.

Then, to our surprise, one of the redwings abruptly lay down on the ice. We thought he had fallen, and must be injured. But no. In a moment he was up — and another blackbird took his place. Then another, and another, taking turns pressing their warm bodies against the same spot in the ice. We watched, hardly believing our eyes, until the ice had been almost thawed. Then the birds joined together to peck through the remaining film of ice, and the entire flock gathered around the hole and drank.

—Sally R. Mull



Mouse Methods

ON AN earthen ledge in the cellar I placed a small cube of cheese as lure for the mouse that had made his hole in the top of the ledge. I sneaked in the shadows, a friend and I waited with BB guns for our small quarry.

Several times the mouse came up out of his hole and started toward the cheese, and several times we fired our little pellets, kicking up the dust and sending him scurrying back to shelter. The last time he retreated to his hole, he stayed there. We decided our new misses had so frightened him that he wouldn't be coming out again for quite a while. We were about ready to call off our mouse hunt for the day, when suddenly we noticed the cheese. It was wobbling. It wobbled a minute and then vanished.

We ran and looked at the earthen ledge. Our mouse, deterred by shellfire from crossing the open no man's land to get his morsel, had proceeded to dig a tunnel up under it. Perfectly safe from harm, he had mined his subterranean way until the treasure dropped neatly down to him.

—Cliff D. Imbrie



The Way of the Translator

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. This scriptural saying has been repeated millions of times, but it is a mistranslation from the original Greek.

The idea of a camel going through the eye of a needle was striking. The Greek original of the Gospel, however, merely spoke of the difficulty a rope would have in passing through the eye of a needle. The Greek equivalent of rope is *kamilos*, but another Greek word, *kamelos*, means camel. The man who translated the Gospel into Latin confounded the two words — and from the Latin translation his mistake has passed into all the other languages of the world.

—Max Nomad in *The American Mercury*

War Workers Who Ought to Have Medals

Here's news from the home front
with stories as exciting as battle
action narratives



Condensed from *The Rotarian* + *Morton Thompson*

You don't know the right people. From newspaper stories about strikes, slowups and shutdowns, you could easily get the idea that our factories are filled with callous welders whose aim is to do as little as possible for as much as possible. But that's because the right people aren't news. Here are some stories from Army and Navy files that you don't see in the papers.

The Johnson Manufacturing Company in Seattle makes Diesel engines. In early May 1945, they'd reached peak war production—and on May 30 the plant burned to the ground. Before the ashes were cool, the company's machinists were working; at eight nearby plants where improvised machinery was made available to them in odd corners. As fast as they reconditioned a burned machine, a hut was thrown up around it, and these open air machine shops clinched away three shifts a day. The work was done as quickly as if the plant hadn't burned.

"If the bombed out workers of China, Russia and Britain can do it, so can we," the workers said, and they delivered. There are many such cases of unselfish devotion for every one of greed that makes the headlines.

Have you ever heard, for instance,

of a little outfit called the Illinois Glove Company? In peacetime it had a couple of hundred employees making men's kid gloves. A few days after Pearl Harbor the Army said, "Make us some gloves to protect the hands of the men who sting barbed-wire barbedes."

The company had never heard of them. It had no models. But 12 days later the first batch was on its way to the Pacific. Then came orders for linemen's gloves to be sent to Chungking, one finger mittens for our men in the Arctic, and mittens for submarine crews. Delivery was always made on the date specified—what a minute the Navy report says "usually months ahead of schedule."

Who did it? Waitresses, house-muds, girls without the slightest experience in this production field.

The Richmond Refinery of the Standard Oil Company has what they call a "Victory Shift." Scientists and clerks, pipe fitters, stenographers and janitors put in a full day at their regular work, after supper they come back, put on overalls and work three or four hours filling drums with fuel for the armed forces.

Not even the Army and Navy knows all the home-front battles quietly waged by solitary civilian-

soldiers Kenneth Spangenburg ran a concentricity gauge in a Buffalo war plant, measuring shell parts for the Navy. The blockading snowdrifts of last January marooned many a war worker from his job. Spangenburg usually got a share-the-ride hitch to his work. On the morning of the worst storm Spangenburg's "ride" didn't show up.

"I guess we have to walk it, Sweetie," Spangenburg told his Seeing Eye dog. Together the blind man and his dog plunged into the storm. They made it to the plant. Spangenburg was pleased. He'd never missed a day's work since the war began, and he hadn't spoiled his record.

It can be told now that French warships helped in the Normandy invasion, shelling the coast of their own beloved France. They got the shells with which to go into action because some unsung worker in an ordnance plant got the bright idea of a slight adjustment by which American shells could replace French projectiles. Navy planes bucked time and the weather to pass the ammunition to the French ships just when the fire of their guns was most needed.

About the time our men were wading ashore at Makin, the Navy was telling a builder of tank lighters in Minnesota that an impending operation against the Marshall Islands made it imperative to have an unexpected quantity of additional LCMs in New Orleans — five minutes before right now.

The engines were installed while the lighters were being placed aboard a special train. But the LCMs were far from complete. Volunteer workers stampeded aboard, and a gondola

full of electric welding equipment was coupled on. As the long train rolled south, the men worked day and night. When they reached New Orleans the last LCM had been finished. They drove them off the cars and up the ramp of a ship — and then they took the next train back to start all over again.

Then there is the story of Task Force X and a juke box company, the J. P. Seeburg Corporation of Chicago, Ill., converted to making radio devices for the imminent Marianas campaign. The Navy wanted a brand new radio gadget that would enable our planes to find their way back by night to their carriers. From Washington, an officer got a prime contractor on the phone at 4 a. m. on June 26 and the contractor burned up the wire to the Seeburg plant. He got the watchman. On the Seeburg bulletin board was this sign: "Due to the splendid efforts of our employees in completing the Navy contract ahead of time, a vacation is ordered from June 25 to July 5."

The Seeburg executives were hastily awakened. "The Navy must have 385 units of X equipment at once," the contractor told them.

"How the hell we gonna get them back?" the foreman of Seeburg's Karlov plant demanded. "It's the first vacation they've had in more than a year. They're scattered to the four winds."

But already the plant manager had the phone company chasing down the men. And the local radio station promptly started broadcasting the emergency.

They got the workers — off trains, off planes and boats, and out of bed.

A Navy lieutenant was at the factory as they streamed in. The Navy has picked a bad time to need this stuff," he told them. "We don't know what it is for. All I can say is this: A Navy plane is waiting to fly it to the Pacific the instant you're through."

There were 63 employees at Secburg's Karlov plant. Every one was at his machine when the lieutenant finished. They worked the day through. The following day the company was advised that the order must be increased to 500 units. And the whole order must be finished in eight days. They had just about recovered from the shock of this appalling decree when a message came to double the order to 1000 units — and to finish the job in five days instead of eight.

They stood there beside their machines and worked subalternally 120 hours straight through. We're on night coffee. They ate and slept by their

machines. Finally the last piece of precision mechanism passed the inspector. The lieutenant tacked a Navy card alongside the vacation notice on the bulletin board. "Well done," it said. The devices went aboard the plane; the plane roared off into the night.

When Task Force X steamed into enemy waters, all their planes were equipped with the new device. They flew 3436 sorties. They shot down 484 enemy planes, sink 32 ships and damaged 18 more. When it was over, 15 planes of all that vast armada had failed to return — and most of these were lost by enemy action.

What these workers did is going on all over the United States. This is what's back of the miracle of one country keeping Russia going and England going and China going, in addition to its own forces. These are the *real* workers of America.



Canterbury Tale

TWO American soldiers standing at the bar in an English pub noticed an elderly, benevolent looking gentleman sipping a glass of beer at a table in a corner of the room. One of the soldiers said to his pal: "Do you know who that distinguished old man is?" He's the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"You're crazy. The Archbishop of Canterbury wouldn't be in a pub."

"I'm positive it is," said the first soldier. "I've seen his picture in my times, and I know I'm right."

"I'll bet you a pound you're wrong."

The bet was accepted, and the soldiers timidly approached the table. "Excuse us, sir, for intruding, but would you mind telling us something. We were wondering if you might be —"

"Go to hell and mind your own damn business!" the old gentleman roared.

The two soldiers quickly retreated to the bar, stunned. After a moment, one said to the other: "Isn't that a shame! Now we'll never know."

— Contributed by John Durant

Amazing new uses of the light that can't be seen

Harnessing "Black Light"

Condensed from Science Illustrated

+ + + *Harland Manchester*

Author of *New World of Machines*

AT AN eastern depot of the Army Ordnance Department, a line of tanks, wet with paint from the spray guns, lumbers into a close-fitting tunnel. When the divers bring the tanks out of the far end four minutes later, the paint is completely dry. The job is done by infrared rays, streaming from screened batteries of electric bulbs.

This is only one of many new uses of a long neglected portion of the spectrum. Infrared rays are dehydrating fruits and vegetables, germinating seeds, killing weevils in wheat and fleas on dogs, easing pain for arthritis and sinus sufferers. They make it possible to take pictures in the dark or through haze to detect forgeries of paintings and manuscripts, to spot enemy camouflage. Around scores of war plants, invisible 'fences' of this so-called black light warn infallibly of the approach of thieves and saboteurs.

In 1800, Sir William Herschel passed a beam of sunlight through a prism and placed a thermometer in the various colors of the spectrum. He found that the red end of the spectrum was warmer than the violet end, and when he placed the thermometer just *beyond* the red end, the mercury shot upward. Thus he discovered there were rays too long to

be seen — heat rays, just beyond visible red.

Whether heat comes from an electric light bulb or a radiator, it is composed of infrared rays. But rays from different heat sources vary widely in their effect. Those from a radiator, gas flame or electric coil heater have little penetrating quality. The so-called near infrared rays (those barely beyond the threshold of visible light) tend to penetrate objects in their path. These rays are produced efficiently by electric bulbs with filaments of tungsten or carbon. The lamps look like ordinary electric bulbs and they do give off a dim light, but that is a mere by-product.

It is because of their penetrating quality that near infrared waves dry paint in a matter of minutes. A coat of paint, no matter how thin, is composed of a vast number of sub-microscopic layers. When the painted object is "baked" in an oven, the outside layer dries first and forms a tight film over the still-wet layers underneath, thus greatly retarding the drying time. The infrared rays penetrate all the layers of paint simultaneously.

In commercial dehydration great quantities of water must be removed from fruits, vegetables and meats,

and the shorter the time of drying, the smaller the loss of vitamin content and flavor. At Vanderbilt University, Professor I. M. Tiller and others have built dehydration ovens lined with batteries of lamps. Here carrots, sweet potatoes, turnip greens, pork and beef are thoroughly dried in five to 30 minutes instead of the many hours needed in steam heated ovens.

An infrared bread baking machine has been invented by Franklin H. Wells of Hickensick, N. J. The loaves move slowly on a conveyor through a lamp lined tunnel which saves about a third of ordinary oven time and is said to bake more uniformly.

Many of the c lamps are being used by doctors and even in private homes to replace hot water bottles and electric heating pads because the lamps give better penetration. Unlike ultraviolet rays, infrared rays do not tann and with reasonable caution there is no danger of burning.

The Philadelphia Transportation Company has found infrared rays of value in keeping bus engines warm in cold weather. Unable to build new garages for its growing fleet because of war restrictions, the company dug a row of small pits in an open parking area and installed lamps in each pit. The buses are driven over the pits, and the rays projected upward keep the motors warm between trips. Similar pits in the floors of private garages have been suggested. By the flip of a switch in the house, a man could warm up the engine of his car for an easy start on a cold morning.

Antifreeze lamps, strung from overhead wires and thermostatically controlled so as to go into operation when the temperature drops dangerously,

have been used in orchards and truck farms. Their rays shed like light, fall directly on stems and leaves and keep the sap flowing. Alfalfa and other forage crops can be dried by artificial means instead of relying on the slow and fickle sun. Here again the quick-acting infrared lamps may find a new field.

Infrared lamps are used to kill larvae in tobacco processing plants, and an endless belt method has been perfected for killing weevils in grain and cereals before packaging. Portable infrared units have been used to delouse soldiers' clothes and blankets without harm to the fabric.

Infrared rays have opened exciting new vistas in photography. Pictures are actually taken in the dark. The film used is made sensitive to the long, invisible rays. Even a fiction will emit enough rays to make a picture in a blacked out room. There is a magic quality in landscape pictures taken through a filter which screens out all other rays and captures the infrared image. Grass and leaves of trees appear white as though covered with snow, dark skies and soft, deep shadows heighten the dramatic effect. Many Hollywood moonlight effects are made in bright sunshine with infrared film.

Pictures made by infrared rays are also useful in medical diagnosis. As the rays penetrate the skin, subcutaneous networks of veins are brought out. Such red-filter photos have enabled doctors to observe the progress of healing beneath a scab.

Infrared photography has become a standard tool in scientific crime detection and in testing the genuineness of documents and paintings. Stains on

garments, invisible to the naked eye and unrevealed by ordinary photography, stand out sharply when photographed with film receptive to infrared rays. The hand of the clever faker has been shown up in many altered wills and purported first editions.

In this war infrared has permitted photo reconnaissance men to work at high levels and get phenomenally clear photographs. The long infrared rays pass freely through the atmospheric haze.

The long rays also have an uncanny knack of showing up camouflage. An ordinary photograph of a meadow or a forest may appear quite innocent. But in an infrared picture a dark geometric form may leap to the eye, betraying a camouflaged gun emplacement or supply dump. This is because the green paint used to simulate foliage comes out dark, not white, as natural foliage looks. There has been feverish search for special paints which will match surrounding terrain even under the prying eyes of the infrared camera. But this double-matching job complicates tremendously the job of the camouflager.

Invisible beams of infrared are used for the protection of scores of war

plants throughout the country. The beams can be made to turn corners by directing them at inconspicuous mirrors, so that two of the beams can completely encircle the grounds of a huge factory. If one of the rays is broken by an intruder, an alarm sounds, and guards rush to the indicated spot. One aircraft plant covering several square miles is protected by 28 cleverly concealed beams of black light which interlace at various elevations and angles.

In one test, black light from two ordinary 20-watt light bulbs transmitted a signal to an electric eye four miles away. Engineers say that the only limit to the effective length of these beams is set by the curvature of the globe, since, like visible light, they travel in straight lines.

All these amazing uses of the light that can't be seen came about because curious scientists explored a new portion of the great electromagnetic spectrum—a ribbon of vast length of which visible light is only a tiny sliver. X-ray, radio and television got their start from similar explorations. And plenty of uncharted fields await the adventurers of tomorrow.



That's the Man!

THE FBI agent in a western state was hot on the trail of a fugitive. When word came that he was heading for a small town, the G-man called the local sheriff. "You send me a pitcher of that guy and I'll git him good," the sheriff promised. That night the Government agent mailed the sheriff not one but a dozen pictures of the wanted man—profiles, fullface, standing, sitting, and in various costumes. Within 24 hours he received an electrifying telephone call.

"We got 11 of those crooks locked up already," the sheriff boasted. "And I guarantee to jug the last one before morning!"

—Contributed by Fulton Oursler

Directing traffic under fire, rounding up
ambush gangs of the enemy and keeping
order in conquered territory is no soft job



The MP's Lot Is Not a Happy One

Condensed from *True*

Frederic Sonderlin Jr

CALLING Sugar Dog's squawled
thru jeep's radio "Six Ger-
man prisoners escaped from
camp, headed for Paris on the Chate-
liaux road in stolen truck. They are
heavily armed. And Sugar Dog is
the Senior Duty Officer of U. S.
Military Police in the French capital.
Rounded off with his MPs on the
eleventh call within a few hours. It
had been a busy night already.

With drawn guns we had raided a
black market stall stacked with cans
of American gasoline and cases of
cigarettes which should have been at
the front. Then we had waded into a
Montmartre cafe to rescue some C's
attacked by Parisian hoodlums with
knives and broken bottles. Another
call had sent us to the other side of
town where a GI had been stabbed
in a holdup.

Now we were rounding a corner
on two wheels after the escaped Ger-
mans. Ahead of us an MP riot car
had intercepted them and Tommy
guns were chattering as we screeched
to a halt. The prisoners were already
coming out of doorways where they
had taken cover, with their hands up.
"A routine evening," said Sugar Dog
"but it'll give you an idea of what we

have to do — and all over the globe
too.

This world-wide police force is
managed from an office in Washing-
ton by Major General Archer I.
Litch — shrewd, soft-spoken Provost
Marshal General. Between New York,
Cologne and Chungking, from San
Francisco to Melbourne and Manila,
the 8000 officers and 200,000 enlisted
men of the Corps of Military Police
protect every American communica-
tions line and battle front.

To many C's behind the front, the
MP is an officious busybody who asks
for passes, objects to unbuttoned
blouses, interferes with amusement
and other wise burdens a soldier's life
generally. But men in the line have
a different view of him. MPs are in
the spearhead of every advance, they
locate roads over which troops move,
they direct traffic, and take over pris-
oners. They guard supply lines be-
hind the front, and have the difficult
task of making a foreign population
obey a whole set of new laws. On
them, the policing arm of our Mil-
itary Government will depend to a
large degree the success of our regime
in the American-held part of con-
quered Germany.

Divisional MPs — combat policemen — were with the first assault waves ashore on the Normandy beaches, handling the huge volume of traffic landed from the invasion fleet. They had prefabricated signposts, and maps showing routes, headquarters and dumps. There were surprisingly few snarls, even on the narrow side roads of the Cherbourg Peninsula. Since then experience has perfected their technique.

Bridges and crossroads, the main bottlenecks of an advance and therefore the principal MP traffic posts, are always priority targets for the enemy. The famous Remagen bridge across the Rhine was under German fire for days. Every five minutes a barrage of shells would crash into its approaches. But the MPs stood like statues, keeping the long line of trucks moving across the bridge with vitally important reinforcements and supplies. "Keep coming. Keep coming," they bellowed to the drivers above the din. As one MP fell another would take his place. They figured out a way of spacing the convoys moving across the 1200 foot hotspot so that they would avoid the worst of the precisely timed Nazi fire. That firm, bull-voiced and heartening "All right, come on" will be remembered by many GIs for a long time. There have been many posts like that.

Specially selected and trained, the MPs are taught to be models of soldierliness in discipline, dress and carriage — an example to the troops. There are many professional police among them. Besides basic combat training, they are given stiff courses in traffic control, riot techniques, town patrolling, street fighting and

booby traps. They frequently get into the battle itself. Near Brest last summer, 50 MPs of the Sixth Armored Division fought it out with 1200 Germans who tried to rescue a valuable prisoner — Lieutenant General Spang, commander of the 266th German Infantry Division. "All hell broke loose," as one MP understated it, but the lightly armed policemen stood firm against tanks, mortars and artillery for several hours until reinforcements could be brought up. The General was *not* rescued.

Handling German prisoners is always a dangerous assignment. A group of Nazis will approach an American in position with raised hands; then is unsuspecting, MPs leave cover to take over, the Germans fall flat and a machine gun opens up. Nazi officers wear small pistols hidden in their uniforms. They carry miniature, egg sized grenades which can be thrown at very short range. These are concealed in their hands, clasped behind their necks in surrender.

On every road leading into the Reich the MPs have posted a sign: "You are entering Germany. This is enemy country. Keep alert." The experience of our troops indicates that the signs will stay there for a long time. One of the nastiest of the Nazi innovations is the small "ambush squad," operating immediately behind our lines, sometimes in civilian clothes, often in American uniforms, with captured tanks and cars. Generally one of the squad speaks fluent English.

A favorite trap is to stall a farm cart at a point where traffic must move slowly. The unsuspecting GI driving by sees what appears to be a

harmless group of farmers wringing their hands over a spilled load of potatoes. If he stops to help a machine gun hidden in a nearby hedge starts chattering. There are dozens of variations. One is the ambushcade arranged by turning a signpost to point traffic into a lonely side road where mines are planted and guns waiting. Another trap is a wire strung across the road, if hit at any speed it can knock in the windshield of a jeep and decapitate every man in it.

The first task of the Provost Marshal in a conquered city like Aachen or Cologne is to round up all key members of the Hitler Youth, the Labor Front, and other party organizations. The MPs work with the Counter Intelligence Corps, a highly efficient outfit which combats German espionage and sabotage behind our lines. CIC men have lists of the leading local Nazis, and unless these people are able to exonerate themselves with their retreating army, they are not hard to find and arrest.

More difficult to unearth are the underground operatives which the Gestapo leaves behind. Equipped with false papers, they organize espionage, arrange for the hiding of ambush squads and escaped prisoners and spread rumors to create all possible friction between the population and our troops. They have a strong grip on the people. To strengthen this hold, Himmler has revived the terror of the *Fehmgericht*, a grim organization originating in the Middle Ages and reinstituted after the last war for the systematic assassination of German democratic leaders. The modern *Fehmgericht* is a Gestapo organization and its executioners are

Party gunmen. "Any official obeying enemy orders," announced Himmler, "is certain to be found presently slumped cold and stiff over his writing table." This is not regarded as an empty threat.

It has been hard for the MPs to make the naturally friendly GI obey the strict order against fraternizing with Heinrich Schmidt and Frau Schultz, who produce a bottle of schnapps and tell how they hated Hitler all the time. These are often the same people, however, that the MPs find nightly signaling from church steeple and scrawling Party slogans and threats on the walls of houses.

As the combat MPs roll forward with their units, the Military Police of the Communications Zone move in and set up the permanent police administration. Their officers are picked for experience and sober judgment, and they have been trained in special courses at the Provost Marshal School. Experts from leading universities have taught them German language, law, local conditions and peculiarities, the mechanics of the Nazi police system and government. They have also learned undercover police work, the tricks of observing and following suspects, wire tapping and other techniques to beat the Nazis at their own game.

The permanent Provosts and their MPs in Cologne, Frankfurt and other German cities will face probably the greatest military police job of all time. The Military Government officers, with whom the Provost Marshals work closely have directions to supplant all pro-Nazi officials. Experience has already shown that to be impossible. Capable men without Party

records are hard to find. Most of them are dead. G-5 will have to leave a large number of doubtful people in positions of considerable responsibility, and trust to the vigilance of the MPs to keep them in order.

Besides the Gestapo and its underground cells, whose future strength is yet to be gauged, they will have to deal with a hungry, bitter, turbulent population accustomed to violence and in political chaos. It will be the American military policeman, pounding his lonely and difficult beat, who will have to handle this situation.

Fortunately, a good many of the MPs who will serve in Germany had valuable experience in France. There Major General Milton A. Reckord — Provost Marshal of the European Theater of Operations — had on his hands a police job of huge proportions. With the French police system in ruins, the French underworld descended on American supply lines for gasoline, rations and cigarettes. They offered GIs 100 francs (\$2) for a package of cigarettes and 500 francs (\$10) for a five-gallon can of gas.

When this source dried up, shady Parisian characters picketed the Red Ball Highway to the front, offering the truck drivers fantastic sums and tempting entertainment for their loads. Then some criminal elements in our own army saw the chance of easy pickings and began organizing on a large scale. One gang, complete with truck, deserted its transport outfit, bought civilian clothes, and lived in style with their French friends. Twice a week they put on their uniforms, and with their truck joined a convoy loading gas. They filled up with five-gallon cans on a forged

requisition, then made deliveries to a regular circuit of customers — and netted about \$20,000 in one month. Soon whole freight cars were being cut out of U. S. Army trains in French yards. There were dozens of such gangs. Out of one convoy of 150 trucks bound for General Patton's Third Army, desperately in need of gas, only 40 arrived fully loaded.

Colonel E. G. Buhimaster, Provost Marshal of the Paris Area, a lawyer in civil life, and the chief of his Criminal Investigation Department, Captain Thomas Guedon, formerly a suburban policeman, organized their handful of MPs and agents into a typical American police system. Prowl cars and riding squad trucks were controlled from a central radio station. Systematic raiding of entertainment areas turned up the American deserters who were selling the goods. Colonel Buhimaster got over a hundred court-martial convictions, and the Paris black market in American goods was broken — within a few months of its beginning.

"It is amazing," a veteran French *sous-prefet* reluctantly told me. "But your military police have attained greater respect among our criminals than we ever had, even before the war."

The Corps of Military Police has come a long way since the last war when untrained MPs were chosen for their brawn. Despite its importance, however, it has remained a stepchild and promotions have been slow. But in France MPs have already become the symbol of American decency and enjoy enormous prestige. In Germany they will be quite a stumbling block for the enemy's plans.

New Pioneer of the Land

Cosmas Blubaugh's neighbors said he was crazy, but he restored a worn out farm to such rich productivity that its fame has spread far and wide

Condensed from St. Louis Post Dispatch + + + Louis Bromfield

FOR my money it is the most beautiful farm in America. You see it best from the top of the hill where the whole farm lies spread out in an amphitheater of plenty, with the contoured fields in semi-circular strips dyed various greens — forest on the crest, then a strip of orchard, then rows of black raspberries, and alternating strips of light-green corn and emerald-green alfalfa.

At the bottom of the bowl, in a grove of black walnut trees, sit the neat white houses, the big barn, the apple storage house and the corncrier. The big spring pond, blue as the brilliant Ohio sky above it, full of bass and bluegills, spreads its beauty in the very dooryard and near it graze fat cattle and hogs. Children play under the trees, neighbors and friends from nearby villages work in the fields and orchards.

All around is a country of abandoned or run-down farms, houses and barns fallen, the fields a wilderness of weeds. Underbrush and forest seedlings are reclaiming the once rich land. This country is the victim of bad and greedy farming. In the midst of it the Blubaugh place is like a jewel in a tarnished setting.

A big part of the beauty of this farm is Cosmas Blubaugh himself, in his blue denim pants, checked shirt and old hat — a slight, spry man with graying hair, a sunburned wrinkled face and a pair of the brightest blue eyes I have ever seen. There is a dignity in the small, wiry figure which makes him seem taller and more impressive than his size. That is because he is his own boss in the midst of a security as nearly absolute as is to be found on this earth. He has brought employment to the people working there about him. He has turned a ruin which was once a liability into a productive asset. All over Ohio he is known as one of the state's good citizens. The state university has conferred upon him the title of Master Farmer.

Blubaugh is as much a pioneer as his grandfather who, long ago, helped clear these hills. There are farms in Knox County which since Indian times have belonged only to Blubaughs. One of them, now abandoned, lies just over the hill. Sometimes Cosmas will drive you over the long, curving road to see the sick fields and the wrecked buildings. That was the way Cosmas' farm looked a little

more than 20 years ago when he left the city to return to his own county.

On the farm where Cosmas was born the buildings are in pretty good condition, but the hilly fields have been allowed to go back to grass and hay. By the time Cosmas was 20 years old it was clear to him that the home place could no longer provide a good living for a whole family. It was like that all over the county. The younger boys were going away to the towns and cities.

So Cosmas married and took his young wife to Akron. He worked for a while at making rubber tires for buggies, then went to selling insurance. He worked hard and saved his money, and there began to grow in his mind a dream of returning to the wild open beauty of the hill country.

In 1924 Cosmas found a worn-out, abandoned 140-acre farm and bought it on time with part of his savings. No one had lived on the place for 20 years. The barn needed repairs and the house had long since fallen down. During the first winter and spring the family lived in a shivering shack on a neighboring abandoned farm while Cosmas repaired the barn and laid the foundation for a new house. When winter weather came his wife rebelled. She said she would rather sleep in the barn on mattresses stuffed with fresh elm than stay longer in that wretched shack. And so while the house was being built with lumber cut from their woods, the family slept in the barn. To the children the experience was like playing "pioneers." They didn't understand until years later that they actually *were* pioneers on

the frontiers of a new wilderness.

The first years were hard going. The soil was miserably poor in minerals, and in humus—that residue of decayed and decaying organic material without which all soil is dead soil. Cosmas spent some of his precious cash on fertilizers, mostly phosphates. The crops were miserable. The water supply which, within his memory, had been excellent, both in springs and wells, no longer held up through the summer. There were always troubles.

Most discouraging of all was the mockery of neighbors. Most of them were past middle age, for the young ones had long since gone off to the city. Many of their farms were very near the end. They told Cosmas he was crazy to believe he could build back that worn-out farm and make it pay. But Cosmas was learning from his land. He said: "I was feeling my way, but I did know enough to pile on that soil every scrap of manure and trash and litter. I could get chemical fertilizer helped, but it would have done no good if there was no good rotten humus in the soil. We hauled old straw and spoiled hay and corn fodder from neighbors' farms and put it on our land. A big corn sheller in Danville gave us 5000 bushels of corn cobs. We had a big sawdust pile in the woods. Everybody said sawdust would poison the ground, but we used it to mulch the trees in our new orchard. Pretty soon all that stuff plowed into the fields began to pay dividends."

Cosmas on his own had hit on the system of conserving soil and water that has made such striking progress in the past five years—building

afresh the topsoil which nature needed hundreds of thousands of years to create, and which we have destroyed at an appalling rate. By returning the life-giving humus to the land, man can now build an inch of topsoil a year.

"But I found there still wasn't enough stuff in the soil to stop the hillsides from washing away," he said. So one day he made a trip to the U. S. Soil Conservation station some 40 miles away. There he saw hillsides planted on the contour in alternate strips of row crops and hay-sod so that even if soil and water broke away on the cultivated strips it was caught by the sod strips and the water seeped into the ground instead of running off. He saw trash burning, which chops manure and rubbish into the soil and makes it porous as blotting paper. He saw wide shallow ditches running on contour around hills to impound any run-off water.

With the help of his boys and workers Cosmides made the whole pattern of his farm. The old square fields gave way to strips and contours. There was no more run-off water carrying off each year the tons of humus and topsoil he had worked so hard to create. From then on the revolution in that worn-out farm went ahead two or three times as fast.

In a little less than ten years, corn yields leaped from 15 bushels per acre to 100 bushels, wheat from 18 to 35 bushels. Another miraculous thing happened. Springs which had nearly dried up began to flow again as they had done when the first pioneers cut down the primeval for-

est. The wells, which had dried up during his first years on the place, yielded an inexhaustible flow of water. The two ponds were full of water, even last summer during the worst drought Ohio had known in 50 years. The water trapped on the hillsides went into the ground and came out again in clear cold springs instead of running off to the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with it tons of precious topsoil.

The orchard flourished and gradually the farm began to provide a good income and a good life, not only for Cosmides Blumhugh but for two sons and their wives, a daughter and her husband, and five grandchildren. Another house was built and improvements made on the first house so that today the women on the place have every convenience of a city apartment.

Gradually the story of the reclaiming of that old farm from wilderness to productivity spread through all Ohio and neighboring states. People came to see it from long distances. Once 500 experts and notables visited it on a laboratory tour of the 16 acres of the land.* People came from neighboring farms and villages in the evening to swim and fish in the spring ponds.

This year the original investment of \$3,800 in savings, plus hard work, produced from cattle, hogs, wheat, hybrid seed corn, fruit and forage seeds a gross income of \$20,000 divided among Blumhugh and his children and grandchildren. Recently the family has acquired an adjoining farm of 160 acres. The \$20,000 is

* See *Friends of the Land*. The Reader's Digest January 44.

only part of the story, for with it has been the best of diets, good and spacious living in one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

What Cosmas Blubaugh has done is no miracle. It was accomplished by brains, hard work, and willingness to learn. He has done a great job and already has taught countless others how to do it. He stands on his own feet, secure and economically independent as every American should be. He has a great pride of achievement and that human dignity which is the greatest reward democracy can give. He is one of the New Pioneers, so badly needed to restore our agriculture and husband our precious natural resources.

There are in the armed services thousands of young men who are hungry for land and economic independence and security and the dignity which comes with all those things. There is no more free, rich virgin land to give them, and the naturally rich land, if for sale at all, commands prohibitive prices. But scattered from one end of this country to the other are thousands of farms in need of silviculture, farms like the one Blubaugh brought back to life. A score or more of agencies, state and federal, will give advice and information and even physical aid to help do the job of restoration.

What we need is a race of New Pioneers like Cosmas Blubaugh.

❁ Operatic Medley ❁

IN THE dazzling white armor of Ponghuan I must Melchior once sang his sad farewell to Elsa, moving step by step with the swarming music toward the swan boat which would carry him away. But something happened off stage and the mechanics pulled the swan into the wings before Melchior could step into it. Wishing his sons, in a *sotto voce* plainly audible in the fifth row, he asked: "What time does the next swan leave?"

Melchior in *The Swans of Lorraine*

SIXTEEN Italian conductors, among them Toscanini and Mascagni, were once asked to participate in a gaudiestival in Milan honoring the composer Verdi. Mascagni, composer of *Ca' d'Zia Rusticana*, was jealous of Toscanini's fame and agreed to direct on one condition — that he be paid more than Toscanini. He didn't care, he said, if it was only one lira more, but it had to be more. The management agreed. At the close of the festival when Mascagni received his fee, he found it was exactly one lira. Toscanini had conducted for nothing.

— Contributed by Edwin H. Schloss and Arthur Bronson

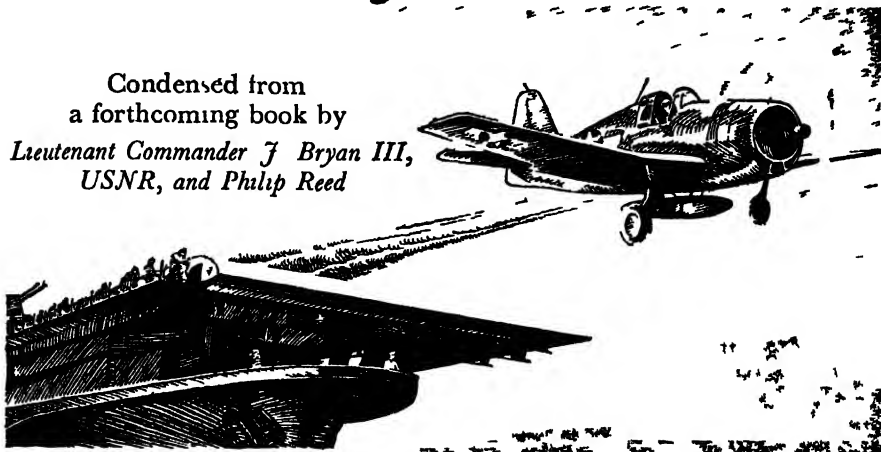
NOT ALL singing in opera is done on stage. Conductors occasionally following along in the pit. One night while conducting at the Metropolitan in New York, Sir Thomas Beecham sang more loudly than usual to the distraction of the singers. After the performance one of them rashly remarked: "You were in good voice tonight, Sir Thomas." "Well," retorted Beecham, "someone had to sing the damned opera!"

— Contributed by Edwin H. Schloss and Arthur Bronson

BOOK SECTION

Mission Beyond Darkness

Condensed from
a forthcoming book by
Lieutenant Commander J. Bryan III,
USNR, and Philip Reed



IN simple, unforgettable human detail, here is the story of a few hours in the lives of 64 brave young Americans members of the carrier *Lexington's* Air Group 16. No other book has so vividly described what it is like to be in one of those narrow lonely cockpits, winging out over the vast Pacific to strike at the Japanese, and back again through danger and darkness to that little sliver of home which is a carrier flight deck. This is a book with heroes but no heroics, a book which tells with deep honesty what these fliers felt and said, how their superb training and tough wills brought them through when they were confused and afraid and in despair and weary beyond mortal endurance.

The narrative covers part of the first Battle of the Philippines on June 19, 1944, when United States Navy planes from Task Force 58 attacked a Japanese fleet. They sank one carrier and four tankers, probably sank another carrier, another tanker and a destroyer, and damaged several other ships. Our losses were 96 planes and 49 men.

Air Group 16, based on the *USS Lexington*, was typical of the dozen or so groups that took part in the attack. Thirty-four of its planes took off that afternoon, 11 single seater Hellcat fighters, seven

Avenger torpedo planes with crews of three, 16 Dauntless dive bombers with crews of two The average age of the crews was just over 23 years

This account, say the authors, "is derived wholly from narratives by the survivors, from statements by officers and men of the *Lexington*, and from the authors' witness. No incident has been fabricated. No word or thought or action has been ascribed to anyone without his own authority.

IT was June 19, 1944, and these were the last hours of the last day of the hunt. Everyone in Task Force 58 knew it. Somewhere over the western horizon its scout planes were searching the Philippine Sea for a fugitive Japanese fleet. On the flight bridge of the USS *Lexington*, Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of the Task Force, waited for their report. Around him were his other carriers, their decks packed with planes waiting to attack. But darkness would fall in four hours. And tomorrow would be too late.

Mitscher's staff gathered about the radio, filtering its gabble for the words that would fire them into action, finally he decided it, "I see 'em!"

Mitscher quietly ordered: "Get me the whole message."

In the radio shack two decks below, monitors were typing out every word that came through their earphones. Far to the west, a scout pilot, almost at the extreme end of his search sector, had noticed strange dots and ripples in the sun's blinding path. For all his dazzled eyes could tell, the dots were only small clouds or cloud shadows. He pointed them out to his crew. Their eyes were sharper. The radioman reached for his key. "Enemy force sighted. Position —"

The transcription was taken to the *Lexington's* bridge and spread on the chart table. The navigator measured distances and then wrote a figure on a slip of paper. Mitscher asked, "Well, can we make it?"

For a moment, none of the staff officers answered. They were thinking of the same thing: the savage Japanese defense, the long flight home across an empty ocean, with exhausted pilots watching the needles on their fuel gauges sink toward the

It that meant a crash landing in the black water and the dangerous night landings, in the dark, on the carrier's decks.

"We can make it," said one, at last, "but it's going to be tight."

Mitscher gave the order firmly: "I can 'em!"

His decision went first to his superior, Admiral Raymond Spruance, commander of the Fifth Fleet, on his flagship nearby. Two minutes later teletypes began to stutter behind illuminated screens in the *Lexington's* ready rooms, in ready rooms on the *Enterprise* and *Princeton*, the *Bunker Hill* and *Hornet*, the *Wasp* and other carriers.

The pilots looked up from their magazines and acey-ducey games. Since morning their chartboards had



111
M. M. C.

been filled in with data for the flight weather information, time of sunset, recognition signals, etc. The only item missing was the one that now tripped across the screen: the enemy's position, course and speed.

In the ready room of the *Lexington's* fighter pilots, Sy Seybert found that the position fell outside the perimeter of his navigation circle. He penciled a dot on the margin of the board and stared at it incredulously. "I've got to fly out to her."

"Check, brother," they told him. "We've got to fly out to *there*."

The pilot began to buckle on the flight gear. When the squawk box hissed "Pilots, man your planes!" they picked up their helmets, chart boards and the note pads that clumped to their knees, and trooped up to the flight deck quietly. There was none of the usual jostling and kidding. Everyone knew that this mission offered nothing to joke about.

Meanwhile, the scout pilot who had spotted the enemy fleet was dodging in and out of clouds, sending additional reports of what he saw slightly south of him, another scout pilot was also reporting, and the

TBS (Talk Between Ships) phone announced:

"There are three groups of enemy ships. In one group is a *fleet carrier*, two or three heavy cruisers and eight destroyers. Ten or 15 miles southeast of this is a second group consisting mainly of tankers and their escorts. The third and largest group, we ' of the other two consists of carriers, battleships and a large number of light and heavy cruisers and destroyers. The primary objective is the carriers."

From the *Lexington's* flight control bridge came the order: "Start engines!"

The engines caught quickly and radiated to full power with hils of oil vapor streaming from the propeller tip. The air blast glued the deck crews down next to their bodies. Men in the catwalks shielded their eyes and ears. The launching signal officer took his position at the starboard wing tip of the first Hellcat fighter in line. Clustered behind the fighters were the torpedo bomber Avengers behind them the dive-bombing Dauntlesses. The wind was moving across the starboard bow. Presently it blew down the deck, and the *Lexington* steadied on her course.

The bull horn roared "Launch planes!" and the launching officer began to whirl a small checkered flag.

The first Hellcat was Henry Kosciuszko's. As the checkered flag whirled faster, he gunned his engine until the

tail quivered and the tires on the locked wheels bulged. Then the launching officer's arm dropped, pointing toward the bow, and the fighter's wing up sliced over his head. Kosciuszko gathered speed, leaped into the air and swerved to starboard, so that his slipstream would not batter the plane behind him.

Sy Seybert led the next division of fighters. As he waited for the flag to drop, his mouth seemed strangely dry. He patted his pocket for reassurance. They were both there—a silver dollar, the first he had ever earned, and a cheap, rusty lighter. They had gone over the side with him when the old *Wasp* was sunk in the Coral Sea, and he never flew without them.

When the 11 Hellcats had gone, Tom Brown took off in the first of the Avengers. Among those who followed was Kent Cushman, who carried in his pocket an English shilling—the shilling his wife had worn in her shoe when they were married.

Clint Swanson was next. As he taxied up to the line, he lined down at his ring. His uncle had carved it for him, and Swanson always made sure that it was straight on his finger before a take-off or a landing.

Norman Stennis was the seventh and last Avenger. He was Torpedo 16's skipper, the most experienced pilot in the squadron, and one of the most daring. At the Battle of the Coral Sea he had dropped his torpedo into a Japanese carrier, then turned back and made another run to divert the fire from a squadron mate. For that, they gave him a gold star to put on the Navy Cross he had already won.

Behind the torpedo planes came Ralph Weymouth in the first of the Dauntless dive bombers. As a lieutenant commander, he was senior officer present and therefore leader of the whole attack by the Lexington Air Group. The leader of the second division was Donald Kirkpatrick. On his 41 previous attacks, his plane had been shot up 18 times and shot down once.

As each plane rushed past, the crews in the catwalks cheered and gave it the thumbs up sign. Gunner Harry Kelly saw them. 'Thumbs up, hell!' he thought. 'What they mean is, So long, sucker!'

For once Admiral Mitscher had not watched the take-off. He and his staff were debating whether to launch the second strike.

The afternoon before, he had been on the Iles Bridge when the fighters returned from intercepting a Japanese attack. Flying toward the bow, each of them had pointed at him and had put up fingers to show how many enemy planes he had shot down—one, two, four, even six.

Mitscher had said then, 'You know I'm proud to be an American. Only the finest country on earth could produce boys like these.'

Now he thought of the strike he had just launched, and the night landing, the id of it—in order that he might take a heavier toll than the attack itself. He thought of the second strike, and the double toll.

No! he said. 'Hold that second strike. I can't sacrifice any more of those boys' lives, not even for the Japanese fleet. Our punch tonight ought to do the job, and we'll get the rest in the morning.'

The Bomber 16's ready room, after the take off, one of the pilots scheduled for that second strike tuned in Radio Tokyo in time to hear a news broadcast about yesterday's air battle.

Further details of our great victory west of the Marianas, Tokyo's announcer was saying, reveal that two American carriers have been sunk, along with a battleship of the *South Dakota* class, and two cruisers. Several more carriers were damaged, and at least 300 of their carrier planes were destroyed.

The listeners hooted. Not only had their fighters shot down more than 100 Japanese planes at a cost of only 17 of their own, but not a single ship in the task force had been sunk or even seriously damaged.

The Japanese fleet had been prowling north for nearly a week before that battle of yesterday, June 18, 1944. Navy patrol planes had seen it weigh anchor from Iwo Iwo in the southern Philippines, and had tracked it until a few nights before, when it had been lost. Task Force 58, Admiral Spruance and Admiral Mitscher commanded an armada powerful enough to confront almost the entire Imperial Navy. If they could engage this one fleet, they might advance Japan's surrender by many months. But on June 15, American soldiers and Marines had begun to invade Saipan, and Task Force 58's primary mission was to cover the amphibious force.

As long as the exact position of the Japanese fleet remained unknown, Spruance and Mitscher could not afford to scud off on a blind search, and thereby expose Saipan to attack

by carrier planes or bombardment by surface forces.

But since the air battle of June 18, the Japanese presumably had less than 100 planes left. Saipan no longer stood in danger of an attack, and Task Force 58's radius of search could be safely extended.

The Japanese fleet had been reported heading for a point close to the maximum combat range of the *Texington's* dive bombers and torpedo bombers, so the pilots knew that the fleet was only one of the enemies lying in wait that afternoon: the other was exhaustion of their fuel.

They were half an hour on their way when their group leader, Weymouth, heard a scout plane calling.

I've got a corrected position for you. The new Jap position was 70 miles farther than before. Weymouth altered course and started to climb gently, nursing fuel. Cooke Cleveland had been waiting for that move. He was the squadron's "cager beaver," always impatient until they reached bombing altitude. Before the take off, he told his gunner, Bill Hister, "It's our chance to show 'em what a real dive bomber can do. This is the job the Dauntless was made for—fleet action. Watch our smoke!"

Now there was something else to watch: the fuel gauge. Cleveland was flying one of the squadron's oldest planes. Its carburetor had always been greedy, today it was draining the tanks worse than ever. Cleveland didn't tell Weymouth, who would certainly order him back. He looked at the gauge and hummed "As I Was Sitting in O'Reilly's Bar" and looked at the gauge again.

The glare of the setting sun was deceptive. Twice pilots reported ships ahead, and even catalogued them — so many carriers, so many battleships, so many cruisers and destroyers — but both times they turned into small clouds low on the water. After that, the radio was silent until a voice exclaimed "Look at this oil slick!" It was a pilot from one of the groups which had taken off a few minutes ahead of Group 16. Presently another voice asked, "Is this the force to attack? My gas is half gone!"

Weymouth guessed that they had sighted the tanker force. He was sorry for those planes — half their gas already gone, the attack still to be made, and then the long flight home into a 14 knot wind. He was sorry for them but proud at the same time. *Those guys know what they're doing. A lot of 'em know they're going into the drink tonight, but still they're set to make that attack!*

Then he saw the oil slick himself — a bronze strip laid across the ocean. It wasn't the sort of jagged patch left by a sunken ship; it was a trail. Evidently the enemy warships had been refueling there when something alarmed them, and they had torn loose while the hoses still gushed. The tankers had left this trail, but it would lead Weymouth straight to the warships.

In a few minutes, a fighter pilot reported, "Ships ahead!" Weymouth glanced at his clock: 6:23. At 6:35 he saw the tankers. They made a beautiful target, and he was tempted to hit them, but his intelligence officer had said "Your primary objective is the carriers."

He pressed on. In front of him loomed a huge, anvil topped cumulus cloud. At 6:45 he altered course to

pass under its overhang. Presently a muffled voice came over the air. "Look like we found the whole damn' Jap navy!"

The Jap ships were in three groups. The main group, ten miles ahead, consisted of three carriers, two battleships, two to four heavy cruisers, and four to six light cruisers and destroyers. The second group, 12 miles to the north, consisted of a *Shokaku*-class carrier, three to four heavy cruisers and five or six destroyers.

This northern group was already under attack. Dupre, Dupree saw several bombs hit the *Shokaku* and leave her smoking. When Dauntless torpedo bombers from the *Enterprise* and *Hornet* began making runs on the heavy cruisers, Hank Moyers of Air Group 16 thought *They can't get through that fire. It's impossible!*

As Weymouth and his bombers approached it was dusk below them, and the Jap ships seemed to be ablaze so incessantly did the gun muzzle flash and twinkle. In the sunlight above the bursts formed a solid roof. Thermitic and phosphorous shells flung out streamers. The heavy cruisers were firing their main batteries, white hot particles erupted from their shells as if from a volcano. The volume was terrifying — worse than anything the Americans had ever met, but the colors were more terrifying: green, yellow and black, blue, white, pink and purple. The planes bucked under the concussions, but none went down. Weymouth pressed on. He saw his target now, the southernmost carrier, and started the slow turn to port that would bring him in from the west.

He gave the right-crossover signal - right hand up, fist clenched - and wagged his wings for 'execute'. Section leaders repeated the signal down the line. Weymouth took a last look below. The carriers had been heading north. Now they turned west, and a westerly course would cancel the easterly wind. He thought *It's a bomber's dream!* He was at 10,500 feet when he pushed over in his dive. The other Dauntlesses behind him. The time was 7:04, two hours and 28 minutes after the last plane had taken off from the *Livingston*.

Weymouth's dive began in sunlight and ended in twilight. Nine thousand feet spun off his altimeter before he dropped his bomb - another thousand before he broke his dive. All the way down a rhythm was drumming in his head. *Cotta get a hit! Cotta get a hit!* and he held his sights on the target until a hit was certain. His gunner, McElhiney, saw it - a spout of black smoke from the deck, close beside the superstructure.

As Harry Harrison pushed over, a thermite shell burst below him, spraying its white-hot putricks. Involuntarily he slunk down in his seat. He thought *If you get through this - you won't, but if you do - you're going to be the best little boy in the world!* So much smoke hung over the carrier that he could see only her outline. Three splashes were close aboard. He felt a surge of pride in *Bombing 16 - eight bombs, and only three misses!* He dropped his own bomb and pulled on the stick.

Presently he called his gunner, Ray Barrett. 'How'd we do?'

'Near miss', Barrett said. 'About 40 feet off the starboard quarter.'

Harrison's disappointment lasted

only an instant. Never mind. The five hits before us made a lot of those bastards jump over the side, and I bet I got some of 'em!

By now the anti-aircraft had the range and deflection cold. A 20-mm shell hit Cleveland's right tank. A 40-mm hit his starboard wing, ripping a two-foot hole. Another 40 tore out the floor of the after cockpit. His gunner, Bill Hister, screamed, "My God! I've got the Purple Heart and no left leg!" But he wasn't hurt. The hit had only made his leg numb. Cleveland kicked the plane back on line and planted his bomb ten feet forward of the stern.

Almost before anyone realized it the attack was over. Now they faced the long flight home - the battle against darkness and empty gas tanks.

AFTER a bombing attack it is standard doctrine for planes to rendezvous on their homeward course. Weymouth had two choices. The direct course to the rendezvous would bring his formation under the fire of at least two destroyers and two cruisers. A roundabout course would use extra gas, but it might mean the difference between getting his planes home and having their engines die. He chose the direct course and the enemy's guns.

Almost at once he regretted it. Shells of every caliber screamed toward them and burst around them, from 20-mm to the cruisers' eight-inch tracers, shrapnel, solid shot, and the thermite shells that eat up metal like a fiery cancer.

From Weymouth's rear seat, McElhiney sprayed tracers over the deck of the nearer destroyer until one of

the cruiser opened up with eight-inch incendiaries, and red-hot particles groped for his cockpit. He huddled behind his armor plate, huddering and prying. The other cruiser was firing its main battery into the water, hoping to knock down a plane with the spouts.

Cook and Conklin had hardly slid into place behind Weymouth's section when a heavy cruiser, two light cruisers, and two destroyers fired on them. Two shells burst close astern. A fragment punctured Conklin's copy and rapped against his helmet. He rubbed his fingers over his head. *Wonder if I'm dead and don't know it? Nuts! It couldn't be as easy as that!*

Don Reichel had pulled out alone between two destroyers which turned as he approached so that they could give him broadsides all the way. They had buckled him with water spouts in front and bursts behind that made the tail of his plane buck and shudder. He could hardly believe that some of the spouts reached up to his altitude, between two and three hundred feet.

Several Zeke peeled off on Shields and Sedell. Tom Sedell had roomed with Jay Shields for two and a half years, ever since they had enlisted. As a Zeke darted at Shields, Sedell saw him stiffen back in his cockpit. His goggles flew off, and he looked as if he were screaming. Then he slumped over the stick, pushing it forward, and the plane nosed down. His gunner, Leo LeMay, kept firing until the splash rose around him.

Thirty planes from Air Group 16 had reached the target area. Of these, three had been shot down. The surviving planes started their long flight home. The sun had set. Ahead of

them, the sky would soon be dark, for tropic nights fall swiftly. The crews began to hear their own thoughts, pacing a solitary cell. *Will the fuel last? Will it? Will it?*

In normal flight at economical cruising speed, a smooth-running Avenger or Dauntless could make the distance. But most of these planes had been in combat, off and on, for ten months. Their engines were old and gas greedy. Nor was it a normal flight. First there had been the climb to more than 20,000 feet with a bomb load. Then came the full-power jinking from the pull out to the rendezvous while running the gauntlet of anti-aircraft fire. Full power burns twice as much fuel as cruising speed. Now they were not only bucking a 14 knot head wind, but when they reached the task force there would be an indeterminate period of crawling — again under full power to meet the drag of lowered flaps and landing gear — before they could go aboard their ships.

Each pilot's calculations were within identical grooves: 300 miles to go, ground speed 120, that's 2½ hours, allow half an hour more, maybe 45 minutes to find the I-17 and get into the circle and take my turn coming aboard. *It's going to be close.*

It was already close for some of the pilots from other groups, lost, and their fuel dwindling. Panicky or plaintive or defiant, their voices came over the air.

'I've got ten minutes of gas left, Joe. Think I'll put her down in the water now. So long, Joe!'

'This is 46. Where am I, please? Somebody tell me where I am!'

The voices kept on. "Can't make it,

fellows! I'm going in. Look for me tomorrow if you get a chance, will you?' "

Five of them were overheard discussing their situation as matter of factly as if they were holding a business conference. Should each of them keep going to his last drop, or should they ditch together right then? They agreed to abide by majority opinion and took a formal vote. It was four to one for ditching.

"That's that!" said the chairman.

"O.K. Here we go!"

Soon a proud voice spoke from another squadron. "I've got 60 gallons!"

A cruel voice. "You expect to get home on 60 gallons?"

There was no answer. But a pilot still in the air saw three unidentified planes glide down. A moment later there were three dim splashes.

Weymouth heard a calm voice say, "I've got five gallons left. I'm getting ready for a water landing."

Another calm voice. "Well, I've got 17, but I might as well go in with you."

The first voice. "Thanks pal. Much obliged. Ready?"

Weymouth shut off his radio. He felt as if his life were being sipped away.

Now physical fatigue and nervous strain began to take toll in a form that few of the men had ever experienced: vertigo. Darkness had shut down completely. There was no visible horizon, and no moon. Low clouds occasionally obscured the stars. The only reference points were the small lights of the planes themselves, turned on to avoid collisions, and the

pattern of these was unstable. Some blinked on and off, some fell below and behind, as a pilot switched from an empty tank, some lights were missing altogether.

Kirkpatrick's tail light was gone, and his port light was the only guide his wingman Conklin had. There were moments when Conklin couldn't tell whether it was 30 yards away or 50 inches. Twice he kicked his rudder just before their wing tips swerved together. His sense of balance became numb. He began to doubt the evidence of his instruments, telling him that he was in level flight when he would have sworn that he was in a climbing turn. *I thank God for Kirk! Look at him, steady as a rock! If I lose Kirk -*

Kirkpatrick was flying by muscular memory. His artificial horizon was out of order, and vertigo rushed over him in waves. He oriented himself on a star only to find that it was a light on another. Doubtless, as filtering as his own.

The pilots and the gunners could at least look around and get some reassurance from the lights of the other planes. But the radiomen in the torpedo planes were confined in tunnels with no escape for their eyes. Not only vertigo found them there, but hypnosis, induced by the vibration. The bulkheads blurred and swayed out and in, expanding and contracting the enclosure. Sterric's radioman, Klingbeil, propped them up with his hands. He was hunched in his seat with his nerves drawn doubly taut, against the deception of his senses and against the imminence of a disaster that would strike without warning — the explosion of si-

lence that meant the last tank had run dry, or the shock of a crash into the sea.

Hypnosis rode with the pilots too, sitting alone in the darkness. Their engines beat out a rhythm, the rhythm became a drone, and the drone became a lullaby, stupefying and perilous.

Sterrie jerked back from the very edge of a trance and drove himself into a frenzy of industriousness, shutting his attention around the circuit of his cockpit purposely complicating the simplest procedures - anything to keep another trance at bay. He twisted his head from side to side so that his eyes would not be tripped by the glow of any one instrument. He touched buttons and switches, eased his straps, patted his pockets. He made an elaborate ceremony of turning out his flashlight and examining his fuel gauge.

Whatever a pilot turned his eyes and however often he always brought them back to that fuel gauge needle. Dauntless dive bombers have four tanks. By now the planes' third tanks were running dry. Some pilots did not see the needle till in time to switch over smoothly. Then engine died and their planes drifted down until fuel pumps revived them.

Adams let his engine suck the last few drops of fuel from his third tank. He switched and pumped it back to life, then called Kelly, his gunner. 'Next time you hear us run out of gas, you'll know we're going in the drink.'

Kelly answered calmly. Roger, Gunner Estrada heard their engine conk and cotten. He knew what it meant, but he didn't care any more.

He was tired out, tired of thinking about the three places he'd seen shot down.

And then they began to catch the homing signal. Sterrie caught it when he was 60 miles out. He and Weismouth had both been holding course a bit too far to the north. Now they swung to starboard and headed in on the beam, with their squadrons following.

Exactly at 6.30 they made their first visual contact with the task force on a vertical searchlight from a ship in the *Bunker Hill's* group. The pilots began telling themselves: *We're becoming easy!* *If we go down now, they'll pick us up.*

But their troubles were just beginning.

THE carriers in Task Force 38 were spaced over hundreds of square miles of ocean. Each pilot had to find one of these carriers in the dark, and having found her, he had to execute without a fault the complicated routine of landing his plane.

Even in daylight this routine is difficult. It begins with the squadron circling at a safe altitude until the carrier has turned into the wind and has signaled, 'I am ready to receive planes.' A soon as the leader of the first section gets this signal, he shakes his wings for the 'break off,' lowers his wheels and flaps, and drops down into the landing circle, with his wingmen trailing him. The other sections follow in line.

The landing 'circle' is shaped like the rim of a bathtub and its sides are called 'legs.' The first, the upwind leg, begins astern of the carrier, and leads past its starboard side. When

the pilot has gained a mile or more he turns to port, flies a crosswind leg of half a mile, and turns to port again. He is now entering his downwind leg, on a course reciprocal to the carrier's.

Opposite her stern, he begins to curve to port. If he executes this last turn correctly, he finds himself 'in the groove,' overhuling her from dead astern. The closer he approaches, however, the more of the deck is screened by the nose of his plane, and it would be almost impossible for him to complete his landing without guidance during those last critical seconds.

A guide is there — the landing signal officer, whose job is one of the most important and most delicate on the entire ship. His station is a small platform on the after port quarter of the flight deck. Behind him is a square canvas panel to shield him from the steady pressure of the wind down the deck and from the slip stream of a newly landed plane gunning its engine to taxi forward. Beside him is a narrow safety net for him to dive into if a plane veers too close. If he should spill over the after edge of the net, he would fall six feet into a gun mount over the forward edge, 50 feet into the sea.

To guide a plane in for a daylight landing, the signal officer uses a code of gestures emphasized by two bright colored paddles or flags. At night he uses fluorescent wands. His arms form a V if the plane is too high, or an inverted V if it is too low, arms horizontal if it is properly level, arms tilted if it is not. At the proper point in a correct approach, the signal officer draws his right hand across his throat. 'Cut your engine and land.'

The pilot drops his plane to the deck, his tail hook catches one of several parallel cables stretched athwartships, and he is dragged to a stop. If his hook misses all the cables, his plane will be checked by fence-like wire barriers which can be quickly raised or lowered athwart the deck.

When the approach is not satisfactory, the signal officer holds his paddles (or his wands) overhead crossing and uncrossing them, is a 'wave off,' and the pilot swerves to port and takes his turn in the landing circle again. A wave off must be obeyed. A pilot who ignores it will be grounded.

The Lexington's landing signal officers were John Shuff and Eugene Hanson, both experienced pilots. The first of the returning planes appeared over the task force at 815. Hanson looked at the sky. No moon tonight, he said. 'That ought to fix us up just proper.'

Shuff said, 'Moon or no moon it would be a rat race.'

Each type of plane has to be landed in a different way, according to its characteristics. Air Plot had already notified Shuff and Hanson that these first planes were Helldivers, a type which Air Group 16 did not include.

Shuff had landed only two of them, visitors, but Hanson had not had even this much experience. He told Shuff, 'You know those babies. You might as well start out.'

Shuff switched on his fluorescent wands, and glanced across to the opposite corner of the ramp, to see if Bud Dering was at his post. Dering had two jobs to warn Shuff when a plane was off line, too close to the island, and to put a spotlight on each approaching plane, to see if its tail

hook was properly extended. He blinked his red flashlight to show Shuff that he was ready.

The *Lexington* was steading into the wind. The bull horn sent the voice of Commander Southerland, the air officer, thundering over the flight deck: "Land planes!"

Twice during the evening Admiral Mitscher had left Flag Plot for the Flag Bridge. Both times he had stood there alone, staring at the sky. The staff knew his dilemma and knew that only he could make the choice: "Turn on the lights and risk the ships? Or leave them off and risk the pilots?"

He had brought thousands of men and a billion dollars' worth of ships into enemy waters. Five nights ago enemy planes had dropped four torpedoes at the *Lexington*, and two of them had passed within ten yards of her hull. The *Lexington* had been blacked out then. If she and the other ships were lit up now, an enemy torpedo plane, bomber, or submarine in the night could hardly miss. On the other hand, night landings were hazardous enough under full lights. Some of the pilots now aloft had never made a night landing, and even the best pilots were out of practice. The prospect of several hundred planes tumbling for those narrow decks in the dark—

Mitscher returned to Flag Plot and dropped onto the leather couch. For a minute or two he smoked in silence. Then he pushed back his cap and rubbed his forehead.

"Turn on the lights," he said.

Captain Burke sent the order over the TBS, and searchlights flashed on, some vertical as signposts to the

force, some horizontal for spotlighting the carriers in the dark.

THE first plane was dead astern. Shuff caught it with his wand, lowered it slightly, held it, then drew the right wand across his throat. The hook caught the second wire, and a big plane crunched to the deck, its wheels smoking and its tail bucking against the counterweights that dragged it to a stop. The time was 8:50.

"That's one of 'em in, anyhow," Shuff said.

The plane had hardly stopped when Mitscher asked, "Whose plane was that?"

"The *Hornet*, sir."

"*Hornet*?" She's not even in our task group. If the boys are having that much trouble finding their ships, we might as well tell them to land where ever they can. We can unscramble them tomorrow morning."

The pilots heard it at 8:52. "All planes, from Commander Task Force 58. Land on my base, you see."

Shuff brought in the second plane, a strayed Hellcat, then almost at once it was Mitscher's order: "Take effect—hold it as if he were under a straining attack. Instead of the orderly file that should have been approaching him, pairs of planes, even planes in flocks, roared up the groove together, elbowing and jockeying for his favor.

It was impossible to single out any one of them. The pilot beside it or above it might mistake the signals as meant for himself, and if two of them attempted a simultaneous landing, both planes would be wrecked, both crews killed, and the deck would be

fouled up in an hour Shuff waved them all away. He realized bitterly that among them might be planes with insufficient gas to make the circuit again, but there was no help for it.

He waved off the next bunch and the next, landed an *Enterprise* Hellcat, and waved off another bunch. The 24-inch wands, loaded with electric batteries, were dragging at his arms and still the clotted planes came on. He landed a third Hellcat, then picked up an *Avenger*. It was almost at the ramp when its engine conked, the port wing dropped, and its tip swung toward Shuff's chest like a seven-ton sledge. He dived into the net and lifted his head in time to see the plane splash into the sea. Three dim figures crawled out. They waved as they fell astern.

Only ten minutes had passed since Shuff had landed the first plane, but the pilots' anxiety had already risen to desperation. Earlier they had accepted his wave-offs at once, but now they were hovering in to the very edge of the ramp, apparently hoping that their rivals could quit at the last second. Some of them skimmed over the deck so low that time after time Shuff had to snip down the canvas screen behind him or they would never have cleared it. Others cut to starboard, almost scraping their wing tips on the five-inch turrets aft of the island.

Every man who was off duty that night had come topside to watch the show. They were clustered on the island, along the catwalks, on the bridges and searchlight platforms, even in the 40-mm gun tubs. When the first few planes were waved off,

they had called, "Never mind! You'll catch the brass ring next time!" But soon they fell quiet. Planes that landed safely were cheered all the way up the deck, but nobody joked any more, few even talked. When the *Avenger* splashed into the ocean, a bos'n's mate said, "Nobody ordered me to watch this. I'm going below." Other men followed him.

Shuff brought in a fourth Hellcat and waved away several planes at its heels. One of them plunged into the water. He thought it was a fighter and he thought he saw the pilot bob up, but he wasn't sure. Still no plane from Air Group 16 had come aboard.

Another bunch of planes was starting up the groove. As they melted away with a wave off, they revealed a plane behind them - a *Helldiver* with no lights, flying fast, straight for the ramp. Shuff waved his hands. A plane that hit the deck at such a speed would tear out the whole barrier system and the *Lexington* could not land another plane that night. The plane did not swerve or slow.

Shuff waved again, more frantically.

Up at the bow, Plane Handling Crew Number 6 was securing the *Helldiver* that had just landed. An aviation machinist's mate, William Long, stood in front of it, beckoning it forward the last few feet into its parking space. Two men stooped close to its wheels, waiting to chock them with heavy wooden cradles. Lighter men were pushing on the wings, helping to fold them.

As the rogue plane shot past Shuff, Commander Southerland spun the handle of the crash siren. Lieutenant

Verne Prather, chief of the Flight Deck Crew, yelled, 'Clear the deck!' and fell flat, an instant before a wing tip slashed at his head. Long yelled, 'Six get clear! Six get clear!' Some of his crew managed to roll into the catwalks. Some flung themselves down and wrapped their arms around their faces. The chockmen held their posts.

The rogue plane skimmed over the barriers and struck with a blinding crash. Every light on the deck went out. A bubbling scream broke through the blood in somebody's throat. Somebody shouted, 'Loose bomb!' And then there was no sound but the hissing of the fire extinguishers.

Prather was already sprinting forward. Close behind him ran Dr. Neil Baxter, the Air Group's flight surgeon, with two corpsmen and two stretcher bearers. A green spotlight flashed down from the bridge. One of the corpsmen stopped dead and whispered, 'Mum. Mother of Jesus!' then followed Prather and Baxter into the hot tangle.

The six planes that Shuff had brought aboard had been parked at the bow. Four of them in the direct line of the crash. Rearmost was the Helldiver which Shuff had just landed. Its pilot and gunner were still in their seats, waiting for the wheels to be chocked. The rogue's propeller sliced through the air cockpit and cut the gunner in half. The tail assembly was telescoped into the front end, pinioning the pilot, and the whole mass slammed into the three planes ahead, completely destroying them as well.

One of the chockmen was mashed to death. Long was unconscious with a concussion. Four other crewmen

were injured. The pinioned pilot had a crushed foot. The pilot and gunner of the rogue plane were unhurt.

Oil and gasoline from the shattered tanks had gushed across the deck and splashed into the portside catwalk and gun mounts. A single stray spark and wildfire would wipe the ready ammunition.

Baxter dragged out the injured men, bandaged them, and gave them morphine. Long, in his delirium, was moaning, 'Six get clear! Six get clear!' The acid light made the dead men's blood as black as tar.

An ensign in one of the five-inch gun mounts was wiping oil from his eyes when he felt someone tug his elbow. A crewman in earphones was mouthing at him but no words came. Finally the crewman simply pointed. A 250-pound bomb, fused, had come to rest a few feet away.

Prather stumbled and slithered around the heap of planes, estimating how long it would take to break them apart and shove them over the side. The powerful deck crane had already trundled forward. Prather gave instructions to its crew, then ran back to the island and shouted up to Southerland. Ten minutes!

Southerland shouted back, 'Do your best!'

The moment the Helldiver crashed, Southerland had pulled the master switch on the light panel, to black out the ship and warn planes that her deck was foul. None could be landed until the wreckage was removed and every minute's delay brought them nearer to the imminent exhaustion of their fuel.

Southerland glanced at the sky. Even the semblance of a landing cir-

cle had vanished. Planes were stampeding in an animal panic, blind and headlong, crowding and shoving to be the first in line when the lights went on again. They seemed to hover over the stern until the last split second before a stall, then they would spurt away and circle back into position.

Four minutes passed. The crane dipped into the junk pile and wrenched. Something came free, dangled over the side of the ship and splashed. Five minutes. A Duntless skittered along the waves only a hundred feet off the port beam, then stopped abruptly and sunk. No one got out. Another plane went in too far, stern for South Island, to identify it. Eight minutes. Nine.

The Helldiver had crashed at 9:10. At 9:20 the *Eschmoton*'s lights went on again. Shuff picked up his wounds. A lone Avenger was coming up the groove. He gestured it downward, slowed it a few knots, and brought it in. When he looked back to the groove, six planes were hurtling toward him. The stampede had resumed.

IT WAS IN FULL CHY when the planes of Air Group 16 began to show up. The fighters were the first. They had

heard Mitscher's permission to land on any base, but most of them felt as Sy Seybert did: *I want my own signal officer to bring me in to my own ship, so I can sleep in my own sack.* They had been fairly confident that once they found the task force they could find their own task group, but their confidence faded when they saw the scene below them.

Two dim red bulbs, the truck lights, showed on each ship's foremast, but whether they marked a carrier or a cruiser, a pilot could guess only by their altitude, and too often he did not know his own. Each carrier burned a glow light, a foot square, and indistinguishable in color, but it could be seen only from dead above, and although the flight decks were picked out by tiny bulbs, they were visible only from close astern.

The pilots saw them in glimpses, when they saw them at all. Between glimpses they were blinded. Searchlights flashed on and off. Flares blazed from the water main in the spot where someone had plunged. Starshells were bursting. When one of them burst near, one felt as if one were inside a gigantic electric bulb. And through the confusion flickered the lights of the planes themselves, red and green and white, and



yellow, bobbing and weaving and crisscrossing like neon confetti in a whirlwind

Fighter pilots Seybert and Wendorf split apart four times to let stray planes slip between them. They spotted a carrier, lost it, and lost another. A formation of bombers rushed at them head on, driving them almost into the water. Seybert began to talk down his rising panic. *Damn you you're been flying these things for quite a while now! You can get aboard! Just keep your head! Now get in there and pitch!*

He found another carrier and was in the groove on his first approach when a plane with no lights suddenly appeared to port. He had to pull up to starboard so quickly that his wing tip missed the island by inches. The ship was a mile astern before the knotted muscles in his belly would relax. The second time around, he was making his last turn when a searchlight beam showed him that he was only ten feet above the water. He zoomed up, overshot the groove and veered straight over the island again. *Now why did I do that?*

He was half way around on his next approach when the ship turned off all its lights. At the same time he noticed that his fuel gauge was stuck. He tried to talk down a new assault of panic. *Take it easy, Seybert! Lay low! Lay!* The ship's lights came on again, but the plane in front of him tangled itself in the barrier, fouling the deck, and he was waved off. *Lay, Seybert! Lay now!*

He braced himself against the back of his seat and started his fifth approach. The signal officer gave him a cut. He saw two familiar turrets and knew it was the *Lexington*. He didn't

want to taxi forward, he wanted to jump right out of his cockpit and kiss the deck.

Someone called, "Here's old Seybert! Hey, Sy!" and pounded his shoulders. He couldn't understand it until they told him that he was the only fighter who had landed aboard.

"Where's Wendy?" he asked. "He ought to have been here long ago! Where is he?"

No one could tell him.

When Seybert had started in, Wendorf waited until he had enough interval, then lowered his wheels and began his turn into the downwind leg. Suddenly he saw two pale blue flames streaming toward his starboard wing — exhaust flames from a plane with no lights. He shoved his stick forward, saw the blind plane's wheels sweep four feet over his canopy and hauled the stick back again. It was too late. His left wheel struck the water, then his left wing tip. The Hellcat leaped forward wing over wing, in a series of giant cut wheels.

INTO THE *Lexington's* ready room. DI BAKER brought the pilot of the Helldiver that had crashed on the deck. Baker's khaki shirt was streaked with blood. The pilot's shirt was torn across the shoulders and the torso was bloodstained.

Baker pointed to it. "Shrapnel," he said. "This kid's had a rugged time. I want him to tell you about it. Sit down, son. It'll do you good to get it off your chest."

The Helldiver pilot looked like a man in a nightmare. He kept his eyes on his shoes. When he finally spoke, the words came in a spate, but so low that they could hardly be heard.

'We caught a hell of a burst over the Jap fleet—thermite. I guess it was. It ripped this hole in my port wing, and the edges turned red hot and started to eat away. I kept watching it melt. I was hit in the back, here. I didn't know how bad it was, but I could feel the blood running down my back. This hole in the wing got larger and larger, and she fell off on that side and we started to spin. I figured I'd better make a water landing, because the whole wing was eaten away, but pretty soon I saw the edges weren't red any more, so I decided to try to make it home. We got back, but I don't know how. I found the carrier, but the landing circle was jammed. I didn't have but a handful of gas left and no lights. I couldn't have made it around again. I knew I couldn't. I pushed my way into the circle. I saw the wave off, but I couldn't make myself take it, I just couldn't. I wish to God I had now. I'd give my things, those men I killed.

He got up and walked out.

SWANSON made two passes at one of the big carriers. He couldn't tell which—and was about to land when a plane cut inside of him so suddenly that he had to pull out to starboard. The carrier's huge looming island blotted out the sky as he brushed past it. His gas gauge reported 15 gallons. He told his crew to get set for a water landing.

Just then he spotted another carrier, with a landing circle that seemed empty. The signal officer waved him in. Swanson had already straightened his lucky ring. He settled down to the best landing he'd ever made in his

life. The carrier was the *Princeton*. His was the first plane aboard.

They took him to the officer of the deck, but all he could say was 'Take care of my crew, please.' He repeated it in a daze, 'Take care of my crew.'

Another officer led him away and helped him get to bed. Presently the officer came back. 'We're going to gas and run your plane tonight. Will you be ready to fly in the morning?'

Swanson couldn't believe what he was hearing. 'No!' he cried. 'No! Not me!'

He turned his face to the pillow. It was next morning before his nerves let him sleep for half an hour.

When Tom Bronn located the *Lexington*, she was blotted out with a foul deck. His gas was low, and he considered pulling away to find another carrier, but decided to gamble on the lights coming back on in time. After two swings around the landing circle, he had gas enough for only one more. When he made it, the *Lexington* was still blotted out, and the needle of his fuel gauge was on 1.

Bronn had already heard Buzz Thomas say, 'I'm going in the water. Now he felt like replying, 'Hello, Buzz, this is Tom Bronn. I'm joining you.'

Just the id and to port Bronn spied a destroyer. He curved toward it, blinking his running lights to attract attention, and let the plane settle. His exhaust flames gleamed back from the water, brighter and brighter. The plane hit and crushed to a stop. Luckily it had been seen and the crew were soon picked up.

MEANWHILE, the Dauntless dive bombers were coming in many of them with only five or ten minutes of gas in their tanks. Weymouth took them across the destroyer screen and down in in S turn. He had brought them home, and now his responsibility was finished. Every pilot would have to take care of himself from here to the groove.

Cookie Cleland started down Slip streams from straggling planes tipped his wings and knocked him off balance and off course. He felt as if his brain were turning to dust. He made mistakes in judgment knowing that he was making them. He tried two landings on the *Princeton*, two on the *Lexington*, one on a destroyer, and two on the *Enterprise*. He had no recollection of finally landing aboard the *Enterprise*. He didn't come to his senses until he was tramping up the deck and his engine died. He wanted to jump on it right then and put old 39's cowling, *She did it with her last gasp. God bless her!*

A deck handling crew shoved him the rest of the way to the bow, shouting at one another to look at the jagged hole under the gunner's cockpit, the long rip in the starboard flap, the 20 mm hole under the starboard tank. They were all distraught. A few minutes before something had happened which no one had believed possible. The signal officer was waving in a fighter when a Dauntless without lights dropped almost on top of it. The men in the catwalks ducked. The firemen grabbed their extinguishers and rushed in. There was no crash, no explosion. The fighter's tail hook caught the second cable. The Dauntless, the fifth. Both planes came to smooth stops, unharmed.

The *Enterprise* deck crews were still nervous from their escape. A plane captain dashed up and tried to pull Cleland and his gunner, Hisler, out of their seats. "Get out!" he yelled. "Step on it! We've got to push this damn thing overboard!"

Cleland remembered the attack on Palau. Old 39 had been crippled there too, and he'd landed on the *Enterprise* then too and then, too, they had wanted to push her over the side. He had talked them out of it, and he started talking now.

Can't help it, the plane captain said. "The old crate is busted to hell and we haven't got room for her. Get clean!"

Cleland reached for his pistol. "Damn you," he said, "that plane stays aboard!"

The *Enterprise* plane captain said, "O.K., sir. If that's the way you feel about it."

THE next plane to appear in the *Lexington's* groove had something strange about it, something in its vague silhouette was different, wrong. At the same moment, the signal officer saw something else wrong: the tail hook was not extended. He threw a flashlight beam on it to warn the pilot. The beam lit up the fuselage and a large red circle. The plane was a Jill, one of the newest Japanese torpedo planes.

The signal officer snatched up his wand and waved them over his head. The plane veered away, toward another carrier where it was given an other frantic wave off. Then it appeared close by the *Bunker Hill*, who shouted her alarm over the air. "All planes on this frequency get clear of

our landing circle! There's an enemy plane in it, and we're going to open fire!" But before the *Bunker Hill* could fire, the Jill was gone, ranging toward fourth carrier. Every ship in the task force snapped off her lights. Gun crews were ordered to be ready. The night's hysteria was now complete.

The Japanese pilot may have been lost, and as desperate for a deck as any American pilot in the air that night. His obedience to the wave offs suggests it. But no one dared assume that he came in peace, and now no one will ever know. A cruiser caught him with her searchlight and saw him zigzag and pin into the sea.

Extracts from the *Lexington's* log for the hour after the Helldiver crashed on her deck tell part of what happened that night.

2124 (9:21 p.m.) Plane ditched on port beam.

2131 Message from a destroyer: *One in the water off our starboard quarter. Do you see him?*

'2136 Plane ditched on port beam.

'2144 From a destroyer: *We are going to pick up plane that crashed on our starboard beam.*

2146 Avenger in water on port beam.

2154 From a battleship: *We hear a cry for help on our port quarter.*

"2157 Plane in water on starboard beam.

2158 From a carrier: *A plane just went in the water about 500 yards astern of us.*

"2159 From a destroyer: *I am in line to pick up that man.*

'2214 From a cruiser to a destroyer: *Pick up a man on my port quarter."*

Shuff had given up hope of landing planes smoothly. All he wanted was

to get them aboard, right side up, and if they were within falling distance of the deck when they crossed the ramp, he cut them down. He dived into his safety net five times. After a while, Hinson took over the winds. He had to pry them loose from Shuff's stiff fingers.

MEANWHILE pilots already landed on the *Enterprise* were in the ready room waiting anxiously for the missing Pinky Adams had been the first Dauntless aboard. They gave him a stiff brandy, but he couldn't finish it. 'I've got a bellyful of war,' he said, 'and no room in it for drinks.'

When Cookie Cleland, the Squadron's eager beaver, entered, Pinky pushed him into a corner and demanded, 'Cookie, have you had enough?'

Well, it was pretty grim out there, Cleland told him.

That isn't what I asked you. Have you had enough?

'It was pretty hot, all right.

Adam persisted, 'That still isn't what I asked you. Have you had enough?'

Cleland said soberly, 'Yes, Pinky. I've had enough.'

When Hank Meyers and his gunner, Lee Van Litten, shuffled into the room, Van Litten threw his canteen into a chair. 'Take the damn' thing!' he cried. 'I'll never use it again! I'll never fly again! Never!'

The last two Dauntlesses in the formation were Kirkpatrick's and Conklin's. They found a carrier and passed her on her starboard side. Conklin caught a glimpse of the silhouette and told himself happily, *That's her! That's our little home from home!*

Kirkpatrick circled twice and started in when the tail hook caught, his earphones seemed to explode. It was his gunner yelling, 'Yippe!' Kirkpatrick smiled and rubbed his stomach. *Good old safety belt! Good old tug in the guts it gives you!*

In the ready room, he saw that the other pilots were staring at him quickly. He didn't understand until they told him that his forehead was bleeding. He knew that he had kept his seat high and shoulder straps loose so that he could watch for stray planes, and he had probably lurched forward into the instrument panel when he landed. He didn't remember.

When the squadron intelligence officer asked him for his story, Kirkpatrick said:

'Well, I've been jumped worse by Zeks, and there've been missions when I've had to be on the ball more, and I've landed with less gas, but I've never had all that trouble to-

gether until now. It was the Hop Supreme.'

NINE of the 34 planes Air Group 16 sent out were lost. McClellan, Bronn, Wendorf and most of the others who made water landings were picked up by destroyers or rescue planes, but four gallant young Americans did not come back. Lieutenant (jg) James A. Shields, Houston, Texas; Ensign William J. Seyffert, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ensign Homer W. Brockmeyer, Fairville, Iowa; Aviation Radio Mechanist, 2nd class, 1st O-1c May, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Two weeks later the survivors were presented with a citation for a medal (Distinguished Flying Cross, Navy Cross or Air Medal). You, the reader of this account, are probably familiar with the ribbon that represents these medals. In case you did not know what the medals themselves represent, you know it now.

The Helping Hand

At a busy intersection in Buffalo, an old man hurried timidly, at swiftly moving traffic, then approached a young soldier whose left sleeve was empty. 'Son, would you be kind enough to help me across the street?' he asked. 'My eyes have been bothering me lately.'

'Sure, dad,' grinned the young fellow. Taking the old man's arm, he steered him expertly across the street.

'I hurried to catch up with the old gentleman. You find, I said, you've been crossing that intersection daily for years!'

He took his pipe from his mouth and spoke deliberately. 'Well, I'll tell you how it is,' he said. 'I've seen that young fellow around, and I know he's pretty sensitive about that empty sleeve. Sorta lost his confidence. He got it back for a spell there when he helped me across the street, and I figure it'll be harder to lose it next time. I just edged him along toward the time he'll have it back for keeps!'

—Contributed by Inez Miller



The READER'S DIGEST

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

June 1915



Letters from a Hospital

Condensed from The Catholic World

Doris Schantz

Lieutenant, A.N.C.

These letters were written by Lieutenant Schantz to a friend whose son had been a transportation killed in Europe. Lieutenant Schantz was on duty at the Army Hospital at Mitchell Field, Long Island, where wounded men came from Europe by transatlantic plane.

THE other day a new group of youngsters came in. One of them, a nice-looking kid of 19, sitting into spics, quite unaware of the dinner tray in front of him. I told him if he didn't feel like eating, I'd send him out with a scout. "I ut? Oh, no!" I guess I was too busy looking out of the window at the United States. From his bed, all he could see was a patch of lead-colored sky and one dead tree. But it didn't matter — it was home!

Most of the boys in this group are not seriously injured but they have to stay in bed, and I help me they tickle us to death. They toss books, apples, chewing gum, from bed to bed, and you almost have to crawl down the ward on your hands and knees to escape the onslaught.

During his month of front-line combat, one of these boys picked up a German camera containing a roll of film which had been half used. He and his buddies shot the rest of the film, and it was developed here. There were four prints of our patient and his pals, grimy and bearded, and four prints of a blond German of perhaps 25, with a wife gazing at him adoringly and a towheaded baby in his lap. The boys looked at them a long time without speaking. It was almost too ironic. A few weeks ago our whole war effort had been out to exterminate these German opponents, and now here they were wishing quietly that their wife had some how got her picture.

The boy who owned the camera shuffled the pictures again. I never saw my friend smile so softly. "He was born when I went over, and he died a couple months later. Slowly he tore up the prints. And somebody turned on the radio very loud."

I couldn't help hearing one patient's phone call home today. This boy who had a leg off, was unusually fearful of letting his young wife know

He called first and said his leg was broken. Later he called again. I walked down the ward just in time to hear him say nervously, "Hey, honey, I was kidding ya before. Y'know that leg? Well I haven't got it any more."

"Ya thought so! Ya don't *care*?" Gee, honey, you're takin' it swell. Naw, I don't mind. It's just *you* I was worryin' about. I can get another one awright. Golly, honey, I can't get over how good you take it. Naw, I'm not cryin' about *that* — I'm just cryin' 'cause *you* like you are."

He rubbed his eyes roughly with a pajama sleeve. I noticed some of the other boys doing the same thing.

AN AWFULLY cute youngster, whose brain injury had left him totally unable to speak, has been here this week. Bright and alert, he got a kick out of the way I tried to make him speak, but it just wouldn't come.

During the afternoon he fell asleep and one of the other boys came tearing out to my desk to tell me that he was talking — swearing, in fact! — in his sleep. When I woke him up and told him, he was incredulous, but the others convinced him. I held up a glass of water. He looked at it, frowned mightily, and finally said, clearly and distinctly, "Glass." That was his first speech in more than two months.

The whole ward applauded. He laughed like a baby with a new trick and managed one after another several sing'e-syllable words. A gang of 44 eager instructors kept at it, coaching him until bedtime. By then he

was handling long words, to the delight of the whole ward.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we had a boy here who had lost both hands. Though he will be able to manage pretty well for himself a year from now, his next six or eight months are no fun to look forward to.

"Wish I could write a letter," he mumbled disgustedly one day.

"Can't you write with a pencil between your teeth?" I asked, in the tone of one who always wrote that way — though the idea had just occurred to me.

"No — can you?" he asked.

"Sure," I lied gallantly. "All you need is practice."

The next day, after some mighty hard private practicing, I gave a pretty sorry demonstration. However, it was legible and he looked encouraged.

He was transferred to a Michigan hospital. Today I had a letter from him — primitive to be sure, but precious beyond words. He told how well he was coming along and what a good time he was having in the hospital. And every word, though like the writing of a child, was perfectly easy to read.

You feel so darn proud of kids like that. Sometimes I think awards for heroism should go not only for battlefield courage but for the endless months of struggle to achieve a semblance of normal life again.

Louis was an uncommonly apprehensive soul, even for a boy with a diagnosis of "combat fatigue." One night about 2 a.m. he appeared at the office looking sleepy but worried.

"Lieutenant," he said politely.

though in uncertain tones, 'could you do something about the goat under my bed?'" "I he *what*?" I asked

Please," he repeated, "I think there s a goat under my bed "

None of my suggestions about shadows or dreams shook his certainty

Would you feel better, Louis, if we flashed the light under your bed so you could see for yourself that nothing is there?" I said He thought that would be fine So I took my flashlight and we crept softly into the ward without waking the others Whispering a heartening, 'See, Louis," I flashed the light under the bed

Two large eyes, peering out from beneath two long and well formed horns, looked up at us with interest, and there was a distinctly goatish odor As I stared, spellbound, the goat stretched out his neck and with a great show of nonchalance sampled my shoe laces

Louis, with a faint sigh of relief, mumbled that he ' hadn't thought he could go crazy that quick," and immediately went back to bed and sleep, leaving me with the goat We never found out how the animal got into the hospital, though we suspected he had been collected by some young officers returning from a gay party

LAST EVENING I was sitting at my desk when the door opened and a perfectly beautiful little colored child of about three walked in and looked at me appraisingly "It's George," he announced quietly I inquired about more specific details "George," he repeated firmly, wriggling up into a chair and surveying the top of the desk He had no wish to be entertained, he was quite self sufficient

I called the information desk, which reported that one of the patients had lost his visiting youngster and would be right over Shortly thereafter a big soldier, one leg amputated, arrived on crutches, followed by a plump wife and a raft of the cutest, most polite cherubs you ever saw

We were talking pleasantly when a great giggling broke out among the small fry They had discovered a new amusement flapping the empty trouser leg of their father's pajamas Mischievously they tried it again and again, laughing with delight One of them looked up at the soldier, her gun almost reaching from ear to ear, and announced triumphantly, 'It sho is gone "

There was a moment's awful silence The mother looked at her husband and I groped for something to say that would distract him, but in the pause you could feel him accept the inevitable for the first time He grinned at the youngster and put a gentle hand on her head "Yep," he agreed cheerfully, 'it sho' is "

THE BOYS usually come in from overseas dirty, in need of a shave, and with a thin protective air of toughness to cover their pain and the emotion of being back home again But our latest batch is different They are a lovable lot, but oh, so very young The usual clamor for razor blades is absent, the familiar banter is missing, too, no whistling or howling when a pretty Red Cross gal or Nurse's Aide scurries through

These are frightened, homesick children, startled by the suddenness of it all, facing pain for the first time and failing miserably in their pathetic

attempts to do it nonchalantly. These are the boys who only a year or two ago were playing at "soldiers," who went to the movies on Saturday afternoons, and loved war pictures and westerns and comic books.

They are the boys who delighted the Army in basic training — eager, alert, taking it all as their first adventure away from home. You've seen them dozens of times on their furlough before going across — important for perhaps the first time in their lives.

We start to make our rounds, rolling the dressing cart from bed to bed. The surgeon questions each boy

so very kindly. Agun and agun he asks, "How old are you, son?" "Nineteen, sir." "Nineteen." "Nineteen."

"How long were you in combat?" "One day, sir." "Just a week."

A boy from Georgia, forcing a matter of fact expression as he indicates his shattered foot, says, "Reckon they'll have to come off, don't you, sir?" The surgeon doesn't answer for a moment and then puts his arm gently around the boy's shoulders.

"You knew that, didn't you?" he asks, and the boy nods violently and turns and smothered his sobs with a pillow.

TONIGHT the boys all got gift packages from a nearby war plant and they opened them with the eagerness of puppies digging for a bone. Pete, both of whose legs have been amputated, unwrapped his box beamingly, and brought forth a pair of bedroom slippers! The outside visitors looked horrified, but Pete, followed by all the others on the ward, shouted with laughter. He rewrapped the

slippers separately, and tore over in his wheel chair to present the left slipper to a boy who had lost a right foot, and the right slipper to a boy whose left foot was in a plaster cast.

But that girl never thought *there* of us would be getting her packages, he grinned cheerfully.

How can you help loving kids like that or look forward to doing anything else as long as they need care?

"WHY?" "Why?" "WHY?" Must every visiting family expect you to explain *why* it had to happen to *their* boy? They look at you pleadingly — as though you could change the facts. They seem to hope against hope that you've mixed him with somebody else on the ward. You want to scream that it doesn't matter if you *do* mix them up — they are all equally tragic. But you say what wonderful work the doctors are doing, and you give Muna some aromatic spirits, and tell her to be sure and tease her son about that GI haircut.

She clutches eagerly at the idea for she wants to help make the next couple of minutes go smoothly. And you yell down the ward, "What a lucky guy you are, Johnny. Your folks are here." The other kids knew it is a hard moment and they all help out. "Get, Mom, you look just like your picture." "I know, you're kind like my Mom, too." "Bet Johnny gave those gray hairs to you — he sure gave 'em to our CO."

And suddenly they're all laughing and talking at once, and you give a sigh of relief for they don't need help any more. You think what sweet people they are. All of them.

America's World Chance



President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

THE last half of this century can and should be the most resplendent economic era in human history — the era of the industrialization and modernization of backward peoples.

The profit to the United States would be prodigious. Industrialized countries are by far our best customers. Britain has a population of only 47,000,000. In the last year of world peacetime prosperity — 1929 — our exports to Britain were \$841,000,000. China has a population of 450,000,000. In 1929 our exports to China were only \$124,000,000. Main reason: Britain is industrialized and has a relatively high income per person. China is unindustrialized and has a wretchedly low income per person.

More than half of the world's population — more than 1,000,000,000 human beings — live in a state of miserable industrial backwardness and poverty. That is an immense challenging new frontier for modern economic audacity and development.

At the outset, let me point to some of the tremendous possibilities for vastly expanded world trade. If these seem fantastic, remember that I am not blueprinting the proximate future. I am looking beyond that, to a world inhabited by the generations which will follow us. To them, the limitations of the 1940's will seem as unreal

as the of colonial America seem to us today.

For instance, if people everywhere used as much cotton per person as we use in the United States, the world's production of cotton would have to be trebled. If people everywhere used as much soap per person as we use, production would have to be quadrupled.

The United States has some 27,000,000 telephones. It would be necessary to manufacture 350,000,000 telephones to bring the rest of the world up to the American standard of telephone use. The United States has some 57,000,000 radios. It would be necessary to manufacture 600,000,000 to equip the rest of the world equivalently.

One of America's greatest opportunities for its own pocketbook lies in the promotion of world wide wealth and welfare.

Almost every backward country wants to rise up out of its backwardness. Our fellow American William D. Pawley of the Intercontinental Corporation recently built India's first airplane plant. A committee of inquiry had reported that Indians were not yet able to do such work. Mr. Pawley said he would train them to do it. He got together some 400 educated Indians, many of whom held degrees from universities in Britain,

the United States, Germany, France. "They took to aeronautical engineering," says Mr Pawley, 'like ducks to water'."

The American members of the staff numbered only 38. The Indian employes (engineers and workmen) were ultimately 14,000. They established India's first real assembly line, and came to rival American records of production per man hour. At present the plant—Hindustan Aircraft—is used by the U. S. Army Air Force for the repair and maintenance of its aircraft in India.

"My experience in India," says Mr Pawley, 'has convinced me that India is destined to a tremendous industrial development'."

There is no doubt that almost all backward peoples are mentally and physically capable of doing higher work and more remunerative work than they are doing now. What they need first is *capital*. They all have some, but not enough. And where is capital most plentiful? In the United States.

IN THE United States we have *surplus* capital. One of the basic criticisms of our economic situation during the last two decades has been that we have surplus capital that remains idle. The backward countries are calling for it.

I'm not talking about *gifts*. Nor am I talking about *loans*. In loans the money gets spent by the foreign borrower with little or no control over it by the American lender. I am speaking of what is called *direct investment*. I am speaking of American money that goes into a foreign country and builds a plant which re-

mains substantially under American direction and is operated with American skills of engineering and management. This is better for us because then we can watch our money. It is better for a backward country because then it gets the productive benefit not only of American capital but of American know-how.

At the outbreak of the war we Americans had almost \$10,000,000,000 in such direct investment abroad. I am convinced that this sum can be multiplied advantageously many times in the near future.

Every Latin-American country has a "Commission of Inter-American Development" preparing projects devised to be attractive to capital from the United States. The Joint Mexican American Commission for Economic Cooperation has approved projects which in Mexico alone would require a capital expenditure of some \$400,000,000.

On behalf of China the Chief Engineer of the U. S. Foreign Economic Administration, Alexander H. Leach has compiled a list of some 1000 projects—in mining and manufacturing and other fields—offering an investment in China of approximately \$1,000,000,000. The Chinese Government itself has projects which it believes could profitably use an investment of \$1,000,000,000 *in each of the ten years after the war*. That sum seems huge, but it would have to be multiplied many times to give the Chinese as much industrial equipment as we Americans have.

If China had been thus industrialized in 1929, our exports to China in that year, instead of being \$124,000,000, might have been over \$8,000,

000,000 I see profit in that thar hill, even if it should rise only to one half or one quarter of that height, profit for the dividends of American investors and profit for the wages of American workingmen

But all this can happen only on one condition. No longer can surplus capital countries, whether Britain, France or Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden or the United States invest in undeveloped countries and then suck out all the dividends. That kind of "economic imperialism" is everywhere either dying or already dead. The industrially backward countries reject it and will no longer tolerate it. What they want now — and what they should have — is a partnership of their local capital with foreign capital in the risks and *profits* of new enterprises on their soils.

The change thus indicated is one of the most momentous in all the world's long political and economic history. The age of the mere "exploitation" of backward countries is closed. We move into the age of *cooperative effort* by advanced countries and undeveloped countries together for *mutual profit*. I am happy and proud to say that this principle is already recognized as cardinal in the future economic development of the Americas. It is a principle which is already in broad action. For instance, the W. R. Grace Company of New York, famous for its pioneering work in transportation and trade along the west coast of South America, now has textile mills in Colombia, Peru and Chile, vegetable-oil and paint and sugar plants in Chile, and flour and cement mills in Bolivia. But these enterprises are not simply

United States enterprises. They are also Colombian, Peruvian, Chilean, Bolivian enterprises. In all of them there are substantial stockholdings by local investors. In some of them, though the Grace Company provides the managerial direction, the local investors own a stock majority. These enterprises are not just transients from abroad. They are rooted in the local earth.

In Chile the America Cyanamid Company has a joint enterprise with the local Chile in chemical company, Sinitas. In Mexico, Pan American Airways is operating through a local company in which the manager is from the United States. Mexicans hold 43 percent of the stock and occupy eight out of 11 seats on the board of directors.

In Argentina there is a large glass company owned jointly by the Corning Glass Works, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company and Argentine citizens. Dividends therefore go to citizens of both countries. But the big point I want to make here is not dividends but wages. The glass company's 3800 employes, with the benefit of North American machinery and management are earning roughly *60 percent higher wages than they ever earned before*.

What then? Then they can buy more Argentine goods, *and then they can also buy more imported United States goods*.

Is this a matter of "profit seeking" American business? It is. Is it a matter of "profit-seeking American labor"? It is. American labor leaders are interested in expanding American exports because our export industries tend to be our most developed in-

dustries, and tend to pay the highest wages. Outstanding illustrations are motorcars and rubber tires and machine tools. Labor leaders know that when we expand our export trade we increase the number of our best paid workers.

The investment of our surplus capital abroad enlarges our exports in two ways. First is what are called "producers' goods" — machinery and equipment. This wave of exports to undeveloped countries could go on for many decades. But it is the second wave that brings real human welfare with it for the peoples of these regions.

This second wave almost instantly overlaps the first. As soon as the people of an undeveloped region begin to get the higher incomes that industrialization generates, they begin to buy more consumers' goods — clothing, furniture, kitchen appliances, automobiles, radios and all the "gadgets" of modern living.

We Americans are good at manufacturing both producers' tools and consumers' gadgets. We shall therefore profit handsomely on both waves of exports. Let us constantly remember we are the country that stands to win most out of energetic industrialization of the total world.

So much for exports. Now for imports. They are essential. The foreign world cannot get the dollars with which to buy our exports unless we pay dollars to the foreign world for imports. I then make two points.

The first is that world-wide industrialization will increasingly diminish our lack of imports. What makes that fear? 'Cheap foreign labor.' But industrialization abroad, as we have

seen, raises wages. As foreign wages are raised step by step toward the American level, we shall move up step by step out of our fear of imports.

The second point is that we need numerous raw materials from abroad to go into the products we manufacture for export. We shall export more telephones. In every American phone there are 18 materials from foreign countries. We shall export more automobiles. In every American car there are 300 materials from 56 foreign lands.

We lack certain raw materials. Others, which we have had in abundance, are rapidly becoming less abundant. We have been one of the world's greatest non-ore countries. Now, though we are building the world's biggest and fastest iron ore carrying ships to fetch us iron ore all the way from Chile. Our export of manufactured products will compel us to import larger and larger quantities of copper, lead, zinc, petroleum and many other materials.

I make no idealistic approach to the problem of imports. I think that in the coming decades we shall take more and more imports not at all because we *ought* to but because we shall *need* to and *want* to in order to promote our own prosperity.

This policy ultimately will move the millions of backward people forward. And in the process let us not forget that we are helping ourselves, not only in the matter of profits and jobs and wages but in the matter of international good will and cooperation. Americans are going to be more genuinely and realistically interested in international affairs when they have more international interests.

BUT the road ahead is not a clear highway. It is mined and moated. I am referring to the inclination of many contemporary governments, including our own, to intrude themselves unnecessarily and excessively into international investments of capital and exchanges of goods. This inclination, if unchecked, would turn every government into a bitter economic competitor of every other government. It would change all the private trade contests of the world into contests between nations. It would change them into contests not of intelligence but of *force*.

World development, if it is to be peaceful, must be accomplished by private effort. The capital of the investing countries should go abroad *simply as personal private capital*, not as an arm of nationalized economic aggression. A private risk is personal but a government risk involves a whole people and their national honor.

Behind every diplomat stands the soldier, the sailor, the flag. Negotiations between governments are negotiations between rival arrays of national pride, prestige, power. The world has suffered enough from power *politics*. It could not possibly survive power *economics*. That road is the road to unending wars.

Let's have an utter abolishment of

all "spheres of economic influence." American capital should be welcome in Burma, even if over Burma float the Union Jack. British capital should be welcome in all the American Republics, even if over them float the Monroe Doctrine. In world development for human happiness let us operate not as nations of this or that country but as human beings.

Thomas Jefferson is reported to have said: 'The less intercourse we have between *governments*, and the more between *peoples*, the better.' As usual, he used extreme language. As usual, he reached through it toward a great truth. Peace must spring from the state of mind of *peoples*. All the things that I propose in this article are for and for *peoples*.

These proposals are economic steps toward world prosperity. Without them I am convinced, no political steps can ever lead us to assured world peace. Peace can come only when peoples walk the ways of work and wealth together.

The future is ours. We can go into it with our faces toward the past, reluctantly, stumblingly, backs first. Or we can go into it chests first, with our eyes on the golden sunrise of a new day. I contend that the most intelligent and most manly and most profitable way is chests first and eyes forward.



HE was very, very old, the farmer with whom I fell to talking, but his eyes still sparkled with an inward happiness. Finally I said, 'I wish you'd tell me how you've kept the twinkle in your eyes.'

At once he replied, 'I make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes.'

—Centennially Fish Killers

Transfer to the East

Why it may take ten months after V E Day to get our veterans from Germany ready to fight the Japs in Asia

Condensed from Collicers + *Quentin Reynolds*

V E Day brings singing on the streets and joy in our hearts. It's all over in Europe we shout now mopping up the Japs will be easy. And say what about a new car, a new radio?

But, such optimism is founded only on a dream. The boys who beat Germany will have to join in the war against Japan. There'll be no homecoming for them, no cars or electric ice boxes for civilians, for a long time to come.

I've talked with General Brehon Somervell commander of the Army Service Forces, who with his staff has been working for more than a year on the gigantic problem of moving troops from Europe to the Pacific. The first step will be to release permanently 1,500,000 of our men, on the basis of total service overseas service, combat service and number of dependents. They'll come from both European and Pacific war theaters. It is quite possible that men in the Pacific theater will reach home first as ships returning from Europe will be heavily laden with material. Top priority, however, has been allotted to the wounded.

But the bulk of the Army will not be released, for, to defeat Japan, we shall need 5,000,000 men in the Pacific. Suppose we take a division

in Germany on V E Day and try to follow it through to the time when it finds itself in combat against the Japs. The men will be combat weary, tired of mud and Army rations. General Eisenhower has already picked several spots to send such divisions to rest. He is, for instance, taking over the Riviera and our division will find itself basking for a spell in that lovely part of the world. The men will live as they haven't lived since they entered the Army. If you find it impossible to buy golf balls or tennis balls don't feel too bad. They're earmarked for men who need them more than you do.

The USO will send units to each of these recreation centers, and there will be entertainment and new motion pictures every night. There will be lectures and libraries. And plenty of other means of relaxation.

After its rest, our division will go to a mobilization center. It will be surprised to find that its equipment is there, every bit of it reprocessed, repaired and as good as new. Worn out material has been replaced. We are not leaving in Europe any equipment that can be used. General Somervell hopes to save 75 percent of it.

Our division is now regrouped to bring it up to its combat strength of about 19,000 men. It heads then, let

us say, for Antwerp. There time is required to crate and load the equipment. Everything is boxed. Why? Well, you can't pile three uncrated jeeps on top of one another. Then, too, this material is going to face a long sea voyage and must be protected against the corroding influence of sea air and salt water.

Nearly three months will have elapsed since V-E Day. That is about as fast as a division can be rested, regrouped, re-equipped and loaded. It will take about 30 large ships to carry our division and its material. That seems a lot? Well, a combat division has to bring along (hold your breath) seven and a half tons of material per man! The necessary items include liaison aircraft, ambulances, carbines, rifles, machine guns, antitank guns, mortars, howitzers, field kitchens and 1700 vehicles (everything from jeeps to four ton wreckers).

Certain divisions, luckier than ours, will be routed through the United States. These happy lads will be given 30 days' leave at home. Then they will go to concentration areas for 45 days of training for combat in the Pacific. They will sail then from West Coast ports.

But our division will have to bypass this country. We'll go from Antwerp to Panama and, perhaps, to Manila or Okinawa. It's a long trip — 14,000 miles to Manila — and we're not a fast convoy. That trip is going to take around seven weeks. So, by the time we land and our equipment is unloaded, some five months will have elapsed since V-E Day. Those months are going to be rather trying for the folk at home.

They may get impatient at the lack of invasion news.

Our division, however, is one of the very first out of Europe and has only just arrived at Manila. We unpack our equipment and carefully go over every bit of it. Then we get the additional equipment we need for Pacific operations — things we never needed in Europe.

We get new radios, for instance, radios that have been moisture-proofed. Practically none of the radios we used in Germany can withstand the damp tropical weather of the Pacific. We get new cotton uniforms, light underwear, mosquito nets, special boots to protect our legs from insect bites, special jungle camouflage raincoats.

After that we are put into training. We'll grumble about this at first. We've fought for three years all over Europe. Why train now? Then we find out. For one thing, the terrain is a lot different. Here we'll have to plow through rice fields and swamps. How can we ever drive jeeps through such stuff? Then we see our old equipment being refashioned. We see tractors and caterpillars taking the place of the wheel.

They show us motion pictures of Jap troops on maneuvers, and we see how they handle the movement of heavy guns and supply convoys. We see pictures of the ground over which we are going to fight. And we listen to men who landed on Guadalcanal and Leyte and Iwo. Yeah, we reluctantly admit, we do need 45 days of additional training.

Dozens and dozens of other divisions arrive at this and other staging areas and go through the same

THE READER'S DIGEST

process. And LCIs and LSTs and all sorts of troop- and material-carrying craft have been gathering.

Then we hear rumors. We are going "up forward." Where? Nobody knows. Perhaps straight for Tokyo. Maybe it'll be Shikoku or Kyushu, or Taihoku on Formosa, or Nagasaki, or Saishu. These names are as familiar to us now as the names of Cologne and Aachen were nine months ago when our division was fighting in the Rhineland. Nine months? That's right. It's nine months after V E Day, and our division hasn't fired a shot.

People at home are grumbling. Why don't they do something? Our military leaders are still crying for more production. Some workers and industrialists are bound to ask, 'For what?' Our army is just sitting around those Pacific islands taking it easy."

But our division won't know about that. They only know that the rumors they've heard about moving forward have become actual orders. The weapons of war are loaded, not 'convoy loaded' but "combat loaded." The vehicles aren't crated this time. And one day our division boards these craft and we're off to Tokyo or on the road that leads to Tokyo. It's ten months now since the war with Germany ended.

Yes, some ten long weary months will elapse before we can invade the three big islands that make up Japan proper. And the invasion won't be a soft touch.

Let's take a look at Japan's strength. So far, we haven't met her first line troops, but only men placed on islands to delay a delaying action. They did so, and you know how costly they made our victories.

When we go into Japan, and possibly China, we'll find some 6,000,000 Japanese troops spoiling for a fight. Right now they have 4,000,000 men but, in addition, they have one million Manchurian and Chinese puppets organized as auxiliary military units. And during the past few months the Japanese have accelerated conscription and are training an additional one million young men. They'll be ready for us. And if you doubt the courage and aggressiveness of the Japanese soldier, ask any Marine who was at Tarawa or Iwo.

In Japan there is severe rationing and virtually no production of consumer goods. That means that all Japanese industry is geared for war production. And during her two and a half years of exploitation of East Asia, Japan has accumulated a huge stock pile of strategic materials.

The job in Asia will be infinitely harder than the job in Europe. Our European base was Britain, a few hours from Normandy by ship. In the Pacific it will be different. It's 6200 nautical miles from San Francisco to Manila, 1650 more to Tokyo. We'll have to bring every weapon, every bit of blood plasma, every can of C-rations along that route or routes of similar distances.

All of this adds up to why we can't move immediately against Japan when victory was won in Europe. We are going to have to overwhelm Japan with superior force and it will take ten months to get those superior forces ready to attack. Any attack on a smaller scale would be suicidal.

We'd be fools if we didn't face the realities of the picture and lock up our dreams for a while.

The Fate of the World

By Max Eastman
and J B Powell

Is at Stake in China

Periodicals in Allied countries do not hesitate to publish blunt opinions when their national interest is at stake. Criticism of American policy and of individual Americans by official Russian journals, for instance, has been extreme. We can hardly expect to keep the respect of the other United Nations if our press — supposed to be the freest in the world — does not speak up just as boldly. Especially in relation to our friendly neighbor China, a plain spoken report of the facts and a frank discussion of American policy are imperative.

— The Author

CHINA is a giant among nations. Larger than all Europe, its population is one fourth of the human race. And this giant is waking up. Following the example of Japan and Russia, it is entering the industrial age.

Therefore, the question whether China goes democratic or totalitarian is the biggest political question of today. In war or peace the weight of this giant of manpower may well be decisive in settling the fate of the world.

China at present is split into three parts. Manchuria and the eastern half, including most of the seaboard, are occupied by Japan. A northwestern region not far from the Soviet border is held by the Chinese Communist Party. The rest of China is still under the Chiang Kai shek government, which commands the loyalty of an immense majority of Chinese everywhere.

Chiang Kai shek is the successor of Sun Yat Sen, father of the Chinese Revolution and founder of the Kuomintang (People's Party), which is

dedicated to these three aims: national independence, political democracy, and the people's welfare. From 1927 to 1937 Chiang defeated the war lords, crushed the attempt of the Communists, Moscow-led, to seize power, and united under the Kuomintang practically all China except the small northwest region into which his armies drove the Communists. Though popular and powerful enough to make himself permanent dictator, Chiang set a date, November 12, 1937, for a Constitutional Convention. Japan attacked in July of that year, and the Convention had to be postponed. With victory now in sight, he has set the date again — November 12, 1945 — Sun Yat Sen's birthday.

Just before Japan's aggression in 1937 the Communists formed a united front with the Kuomintang and promised to fight under Chiang Kai shek. But they cooled off after the Stalin-Hitler pact, and finally renounced their promise. Explaining that they were "revolutionaries not reformers," they declared themselves

J B POWELL, born not far from Hannibal Mo graduated from the University of Missouri and taught four years in the School of Journalism there. He was in China throughout the period between the two world wars as editor of the *China Weekly Review* a liberal journal known all over the world. He was at the same time correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers and edited for several months the daily *China Press* in Shanghai. (He says he worked about 20 hours a day.)

Mr Powell was taken prisoner by the Japanese in December 1941. The story of the inhuman treatment he received which resulted in the loss of the greater part of both feet, appeared in *The Reader's Digest*, November 1942. Mr Powell has just finished a new book which will be published soon by Macmillan under the title *My 25 Years in China*.

MAX EASTMAN is an outstanding American authority on Marxism and the Communist Movement. He edited the Communist weeklies *The Masses* and *The Liberator* from 1913 to 1922 and thereafter lived for two years in Soviet Russia — where he became thoroughly disillusioned with Communism in action. Speaking Russian and reading the Russian press, he has continued to follow closely the development of the Soviet regime and the Comintern.

and their Red Army independent. They now have their own government, coin their own money, run their own Party-controlled newspapers and suppress all others. They recently declared a boycott against Chiang's effort to produce a democratic republic, denouncing his Constitutional Convention, six months before its delegates are elected, as a "slaves congress."

Such is the present state of China's hope for democracy. Japan, we are now sure, will be driven out, but whether Manchuria and North China, which hold the principal makings of great industry, will fall to the Communists and thus ultimately swing the whole gigantic nation down the totalitarian road, is undetermined. We Americans cannot evade our responsibility in this, for the question which social system prevails in China is identical with the question whose leadership prevails — that of democratic America or of totalitarian Russia.

American modes of influence are cultural persuasion, the example of

prosperity, skilled technical assistance, capital investment, and above all military and economic supplies. Russia's weapons are conspiratorial organization and Party-controlled propaganda, leading to seizure of power and a liquidation of all democrats, and if necessity arises, military invasion in the name of "liberation." Russia cannot furnish capital, an example of prosperity, technical assistance, or supplies on a scale comparable to ours. This gives us the trump cards if we play our hand with clear understanding of the forces involved.

The Communists know this, and are doing their best to cloud our understanding of these forces. A flood of books, articles, reviews, news dispatches, lectures and radio broadcasts is pouring across our country, dedicated to the sole purpose of confusing American public opinion about the situation in China. There are four main points in this deception now being practiced upon us — all equally false and all aimed at persuading us to abandon another 450 million peo-

ple to the totalitarian infection spreading from Russia

Deception 1 *That Russia is a 'democracy' and that China can therefore safely be left to Russian "influence."*

OWEN LATTIMORE is perhaps the most subtle evangelist of this erroneous conception. Mr. Lattimore approved the net result of the Moscow Trials and the blood-purge by which Stalin secured his dictatorship in 1936-37 as "a triumph for democracy." He now urges our government, in a book called *Solution in Asia*, to accept cheerfully the spread of 'the Soviet form of democracy' in Central Asia. His publisher thus indicates the drift of his book on its jacket:

He [Mr. Lattimore] shows that all the Asiatic peoples are more interested in actual democratic practices such as the ones they can see in action across the Russian border than they are in the fine theories of the Western democracies which come coupled with ruthless imperialism.

This deception was set going in Moscow in 1936, when a new constitution was filled with jizzed-up phrases from our Bill of Rights so that it could be advertised as more democratic than ours. In stead of establishing popular government, however, it legitimized the dictatorship of the Russian Communist Party (Article 126). Stalin himself, addressing the Congress which ratified the draft of the constitution, frankly stated this fact:

I must admit that the draft of the new constitution actually leaves in force the regime of the Dictatorship of the Working Class and preserves unchanged the present lead-

ing position of the Communist Party. In the Soviet Union only one party can exist, the party of Communists (*Pravda*, November 26, 1936).

In the 'elections' held under this constitution in 1937 and 1938, only one candidate's name appeared on each ballot. He had been endorsed by the Party, and the "voting" consisted of assenting to the Party's choice. The ceremony has not been repeated, and would make no difference if it had. The constitution is merely a facade for dictatorship, and anyone who protests the fact is shot or sent to a concentration camp. In Siberia whole regions are given up to these concentration camps where from 15 to 20 millions* of Russian citizens are dying a slow death at hard labor. That is the kind of "democratic practices" the Chinese would see "across the Russian border" if they could look. But looking is not permitted by totalitarian states.

First of all then, if our policy in China is to be wise, we must hold in steady view the fact, frankly admitted by Stalin and once vigorously stated by President Roosevelt as follows: 'The Soviet Union is a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world.'

* Alexander Barmine, former brigadier general in the Red Army, estimates that the number is about 12,000,000. Boris Souverain, French historian of Bolshevism, estimates 15,000,000. Victor Kravchenko, recently resigned from the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington, who has visited many camps and had official relations with their managements, says these estimates are low, and puts the figure at 20,000,000.

If this dictatorship spreads its tentacles across China, the cause of democracy in Asia is lost. As is well known, these tentacles need not include invading Soviet troops, but only the native Communist parties now giving allegiance to the Soviet Union, and taking their directives from Moscow. When these Communist parties get control of a neighboring state, the Moscow dictatorship and its fellow travelers call that a "friendly government." It is by means of these Communist-controlled "friendly governments" — *not by overt military conquest* — that Russian power and totalitarian tyranny is spreading from the Soviet Union, in Asia is in Europe.

Hence, for those who cannot swallow Deception No. 1, there is another. We shall quote it from a recent book, *Report from Red China*, by Harrison Forman:

Deception No. 2 "The Chinese Communists are not Communists — not according to the Russian definition of the term. I saw not the slightest tangible connection with Russia."

FORMAN is backed up by Edgar Snow, the best-known popularizer of the pro-Communist view, with the remark that the Chinese Communists and their leader, Mao Tse-Tung, "happen to have renounced, years ago now, any intention of establishing Communism in China in the near future."

To unmask this deception, you need only go to the *Daily Worker's* bookshop on 13th Street, New York City, for 25 cents for Mao Tse-Tung's book, *China's New Democracy* (1941), published with an introduc-

tion by Earl Browder (1945), and read the book. You will find that the "Lenin of China" is a devout, orthodox and obedient disciple of "Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism," and gives unqualified allegiance both to Soviet Russia and the Communist world revolution.

Here are a few quotations from Mao's book:

The world now depends on Communism for its salvation, and so does China.

We cannot separate ourselves from the assistance of the Soviet Union or from the victory of the anticapitalist struggles of the proletariat of Japan, Great Britain, the United States, France and Germany.

No matter whom you follow, so long as you are a Communist you are traitors.

Mao explains learnedly that Communism in China has two stages: first, the present stage of "New Democracy," which is but a preparation for the second stage, i.e., "proletarian revolution" and the establishment of collectivism on the Soviet model. Mao excoriates those who do not understand this, and insists that "the second stage must follow the first closely, not permitting a capitalist dictatorship to be inserted between them." ("Capitalist dictatorship" is Mao's term for democracy as we understand it.)

How different this is from Edgar Snow's dulcet assurance that the Chinese Communists "happen to have renounced, years ago now, any intention of establishing Communism in China in the near future!"

Mr. Snow also says, "Long before it became defunct, the Comintern ceased to have much direct contact

with the Chinese Communist Party." The fact is that Mao Tse-tung was one of three Chinese members of the Executive Committee of the Comintern from 1935 to its dissolution in 1943. At the last congress of the Russian Communist Party the growth of the Chinese Party was enthusiastically reported and the Party congratulated on becoming "tempered in the fires of civil war and national war," and on building a Soviet regime." Mao sent the congress a "flaming Bolshevik greeting" lauding the Russian Soviet system and concluding with "Long live Comrade Stalin!"

The Chinese Communist Party is the darling of Moscow and of Communists all over the world. Its national congress has actually met in Moscow. All its maneuvers, even the most "reformist," have been executed under orders from the Kremlin. A glance in the Moscow Party press is enough to prove that there has been no letup of this intense concern with the Chinese Communist Party. Obviously, the success of the Chinese Communists in building a Red Army and establishing an independent nation just over their border — a nation whose leader declares "We cannot be separated from the Soviet Union — would only intensify the interest of the heads of the Soviet Union.

To complete the record of this deception. In the translation of Mao's book, Earl Browder omitted words and passages which would, if printed in America, expose his own game of playing democratic patriot in order to get his henchmen into positions of power. In the Chinese edition Mao is outspoken in advocating the dictatorship of the proletariat," and

explaining that democracies like England and the United States are "capitalist dictatorships," which "have become, or are about to become, blood stinking military dictatorships of the capitalist class." "On the point of death," they have become "imperialist" and will soon be replaced by "the newest Soviet-style socialist republic, a dictatorship of the proletariat." He explains that in this respect there is no difference between the "Eastern (i.e., Japanese) imperialists" and "the so-called imperialists of the West." (The Chinese epithet is fouler, but so he will do.) *All this, which is of the essence of Mao's orthodox Communist position, is omitted from the American edition.*

The Chinese Communist Party is more honest. Late in 1944 it passed a resolution "accepting American demands to establish military bases in the Northwest" but adding "We are heir to the orthodoxy of Marx and Engels which calls for a class revolution of the workers and peasants."

The cooperation of the Chinese Communist Party with the United States is a temporary strategy.

That disposes of the popular mythology that the Chinese Communists are not Communists.

Deception No. 3 That the Chinese Communists are fighting the Japs and that the Chinese National Army is not

THE TRUTH is that the Chinese Communists are fighting the Japs enough to hold their border, but not enough to make it worth while for the Japs to move in and clean them out. This can be seen by a glance at the map. The front east of Yenan, where

the Communists claim they have in army of 450,000 soldiers heroically fighting the Japs, is *stationary*. It hasn't moved since Japan came up to the Yellow River in 1938. Although the Japanese have attacked in some areas, there have been no real battles. American military observers agree that a virtual truce has existed in several front sectors, *especially along the railways supplying Japanese forces fighting American and Chungking troops in the south*.

Where Chiang Kai-shek's National Army fights, the record of bloody and heroic battles has been spread on the pages of the world press for years. We all know of the great struggles in 1937 and 1938 in which the flower of Chiang Kai-shek's armies was lost together with such modern armaments as China possessed. China has received only a trickle of aid as against the flood of lend-lease sent to Russia, but Chiang's armies have fought on. There were at least 100,000 casualties in the battles they fought last year on Chinese soil, and certainly 85,000 in the furious Burma campaign which has broken the blockade by reopening the Stilwell Road.

Casualties among Chiang's troops run to over four times the total number of soldiers the Communists claim to have.

The tragic fact is that while fighting the Japs a little, but never enough to menace Japanese communication lines to the war against Chiang in the south, the Communists are also waging 'revolutionary war' against the Chinese National Army. When the war began, the Chinese Communist Central Committee declared 'In Chinese politics the decisive factor is

military power. We must *in the course of the war of resistance*, expand as far as possible the military power of the Party as the basis for capturing the revolutionary leadership in the future.' Since Pearl Harbor Mao naturally has been willing to let the 'so-called Western imperialists' finish the Japs while he concentrates on "capturing the revolutionary leadership."

This makes less astounding the statement of Lin Yutang: 'For every Japanese the Communists claim to have killed they have killed at least five Chinese, for every town they have captured from the Japanese they have captured 50 towns from other Chinese.' It explains Congressman Walter Judd's statement that when last summer, the Japanese army moved down from the north through four to six hundred miles of country the Communists claim to control they got free passage. Not a single one of the hundreds of trains carrying Japanese soldiers and supplies was delayed. (Congressman Judd of Minnesota served ten years as a medical missionary in China, and saw Communism firsthand. He revisited the country last September and October.)

While this process of Communist revolution is going forward *according to a published schedule*, such fables as the following are related by Harrison Forman and solemnly quoted in a review of his book by Edgar Snow.

"In the seven years of war the Communists have fought over 92,000 battles. They have killed and wounded 1,100,000 and captured 150,000 of the enemy. For the same period the Communists suffered over 400,000 casualties."

Ninety-two thousand battles in seven years is 36 battles a day, or *one battle every 40 minutes*. In these battles the Communists, although a good number of them were armed only with "old blunderbusses, mines, or any weapon at hand," are alleged to have knocked off enemy troops at the rate of 20 per hour, or *one every three minutes* — this without allowing for mealtime or rest hours, night or day, for seven years running. Beside these astronomical achievements, the deeds of our Marines at Tarawa or Guadalcanal are, of course, mere child's play.

It is doubtful if a more fantastic tale was ever told with a straight face to the American people. And we repeat: To expose it, you have only to look up the documents and use your brains.

Deception No. 4 That Chiang Kai-shek is a fascist, and that his totalitarian regime is preventing the Communists from establishing democracy.

WHAT KIND of "democracy" the Communists aim to establish we have heard from their leader: a "Soviet-style dictatorship of the proletariat." Not only Chiang Kai-shek but everyone in the world who intelligently opposes this kind of dictatorship is denounced as a "fascist." This has been the Communist smear-technique ever since Hitler broke his pact with Stalin.

Chiang's regime is *not* democratic. When he assumed power in 1926, it was the opinion of the leaders of the Kuomintang that only a military dictatorship could achieve the unity and independence of China. Until that should be achieved China, thanks as

much to the Communists as to foreign intruders and war lords, could not create a democratic republic. Whether they were right or wrong, it is certain that, except for the Communists and their subservience to Moscow, Chiang has achieved both the unity and independence of China, and he is moving toward a democratic republic.

He once remarked to Ambassador Hurley: "If I become a dictator I will be forgotten, like all dictators in our history, within 48 hours of my death. But if I sincerely work to return power to the people, I will be remembered as the George Washington of China. Can there be any doubt of my choice?"

Chiang's speech of 1st March, in which he set the date for a constitutional convention, is sensible and convincing. It concludes:

Upon the inauguration of constitutional government, all political parties will have legal status and enjoy equality. The Government has offered to give legal recognition to the Communist Party as soon as the latter agrees to incorporate its army and local administration in the National Army and Government. The offer still stands.

I am optimistic of national unification and the future of democratic government in our country.

No one, comparing Chiang's speech with the schedule of steps toward proletarian dictatorship drawn up by Mao Tse-Tung, could fail to see which of the two is on the road to democracy. Chiang has permitted the publication of a Communist daily in his capital throughout the war while Mao will not even admit a corre-

spondent of any Kuomintang, or non-Party, newspaper in his capital. There is a maddening press censorship under Chiang, but under Mao *there is no free press to censor*. That is a rough indication of how things stand.

The Chinese Communist regime is a ruthless party dictatorship, camouflaged like Russia's with ceremonial elections, but ruled with executions, purges, concentration camps. The Chinese National Government has tabulated, with name, place, date and circumstance, the persons known to have been officially murdered by the Communists as "traitors and Trotskyites" from April 1939 to October 1944. They total 34,758, of whom 126,834 were military personnel, 3069 government officials, 1387 Kuomintang Party workers, and the rest civilians. This does not include the unnumbered Chinese soldiers killed by the Communists in combat action against Chiang's troops.

The fact that China under Chiang is *not* yet democratic is the very thing that makes the Communist danger so great. If the Chinese knew freedom and possessed it, they would be less ready victims of the totalitarian infection. Having known little but the arbitrary rule of rival war lords, and then the equally arbitrary enforcement of national unity by the Kuomintang, they are as open to this infection as the Russian peasants were who had known only the regime of the Czar. They are poised at a crossroad, ready to go either way — the way of the Russian totalitarian state toward which Mao and the Chinese Communist Party are pointing, or the way of American democracy toward which Chiang and the Kuomintang

are pointing. That is why the Chinese liberals, as even pro-Soviet reporters admit, while fighting for more freedom under Chiang, are not for the Communists.

What Chiang needs is our political understanding, technical assistance, loans, investments, munitions and supplies in support of his plan to introduce constitutional government and make China democratic. The two most important items on this list at the moment are supplies and understanding. Supplies: our State Department has recently, to the relief of all wise men, decided to give to Chiang and not to the Communists. But we must give understanding too.

It shows no understanding to demand of an anti-Communist government that it "unite" with Communists. An American foreign policy based on this mistake may very soon prove fatal, not only from the standpoint of democracy but of every American interest in Asia. Put yourself in the place of Chiang Kai-shek and you will see why Chiang has fought the Communists in bloody war and desperate intrigue for 20 years. He gained his power by saving China from a Communist revolution in 1927. He *knows* the Communists. He *knows* that one word from Stalin — and no word from anywhere else in the world — could produce the "unity" some critics are so irritatingly urging him to pull out of his hat.

Chinese courtesy will survive a lot of irritation. But Chinese patriotism has a limit beyond which it will not go. And there lies behind our pressure upon Chiang for a "unity" he cannot achieve, an implication that can only infuriate Chinese patriots. The mil-

plication is that the Roosevelt-Churchill pledge at Cairo to return Manchuria to China at the end of the war may, if unity fails, be interpreted to mean *turn over Manchuria to the Stalin-dominated Communist government of Yenan*

Washington rumor, reported in the *New York Times*, even says that Stalin was promised a free hand in Manchuria for his help in the war against Japan. But Stalin may never have asked for Manchuria. *That is not his method of expansion*. All Stalin needs in order to establish his power in Manchuria is a "friendly government" — a quick march in there by Mao's Red Army, followed by the usual ruse to order puppet state. Our acquiescence in that operation will be sufficient to sell out Chiang — sell out the hope of democracy in China, and the hope of a strong independent American ally in Asia.

Chiang's loyalty to the Western democracies, and to America in particular, throughout the long war for Manchuria has been inflexible. It survived our unlimited export of war materials to Japan, it survived our 'defeat Hitler first' policy and the loss of Burma and Malaya, which enabled the Japanese to blockade China, and prolonged her sufferings interminably, it survived the Stilwell incident, it has survived the recent, Communist-kindled flare of anti-Chinese slander in the American press, it has even survived, so far, our insane demand for 'unity' with armed revolutionists who are waging war against him. But *it will not survive* the knowledge that we propose to turn over to Stalin, through the agency of these revolutionists, the richest lands

of China about which essentially, the whole war with Japan has been fought.

Chiang, because of his belief in Western institutions, has stood like a rock against those in his party who advocate a rapprochement with Russia as against his close friendship with the United States. But should it become apparent that we intend to bargain away all North China for the sake of Russia's help in the war, will Chiang be able to resist this pressure? With what arguments can he answer those Chinese patriots who will suggest that China do her own bargaining with Russia, and renounce the policy of special trust in the United States? Only the smoke-screen of deception laid down by the Communists and their fellow travelers blinds us to this momentous question, and all it entails — for us and for world democracy.

These pro-Communists are playing the same game in Asia that succeeded so brilliantly in Eastern Europe. In Yugoslavia, for instance, on his principle of "arming anybody who will kill a Hun," Churchill sent munitions and supplies to the rebel Tito, veteran Comintern organizer and agent of Moscow, enabling him besides killing Huns to wage a civil war against our ally, the legitimate government, whose troops were commanded by General Mikhailovitch Mikhailovitch was also killing Huns, but he had not the backing of Moscow, and he had no propaganda machine with which to counter this same four-sided lie. Russia is a democracy, Tito is not a Communist, Tito is fighting the enemy and Mikhailovitch is not, and Mikhailovitch is a 'fascist'.

Except for Chiang's loftier position

THE READER'S DIGEST

as head of his government for 18 years the situation in China is ominously similar. And the choice for us is inescapable. *Either we face the facts and side with the growth of democracy, or we swallow the lies and endorse the totalitarian strangulation.* There was never a plainer or more simple issue before a United States Government.

But there is one big difference — that is the size of China. To sell out Chiang Kai-shek to the Chinese "Lito" will not add a paltry 13 million to the totalitarian Colossus. It will bring under totalitarian regimentation 450 million people. This vast population, united in their policy with the Soviet totalitarian empire of some 200 million, would certainly threaten the hope for a democratic world. When Iran and India fol-

lowed China, as they almost certainly would, that would mean a solid block of one billion people under a totalitarian regime.

Facing such a prospect, it seems obvious that as intelligent democrats we must abandon the whole policy of meek appeasement toward Communist propaganda and power in China. Even Russia will have greater respect for us if we make unmistakably clear our loyalty to those free institutions which have enabled our American nation to arm, equip, feed and rescue from destruction a half of the planet. If we really believe in democracy, let us implement that belief with a peaceable but clear-headed, informed and resolute campaign to promote the democratic way of life throughout the earth.

Snipping the Quip

FRANK SINATRA, whose income tax comes to half a million dollars, told me that when he writes his autobiography soon his dedication will read: "All I am or ever hope to be, I owe

— Earl Wilson



SCOTTISH playwright Sir James M. Barrie held probably the shortest interview on record. An enterprising newspaperman, using entrance somehow to the author's flat, began, "Sir James Barrie, I presume?"

You do, replied Barrie, closing the door instantly.

— I. I. F. L. R.



MOSS HART, the playwright, at 40 is a confirmed bachelor. Seeing him enter a restaurant with a Miss Jones, Oscar Levant once remarked: "Here comes Moss Hart and the future Miss Jones."

— Earl Wilson



ARTHUR being released from a Jap prison camp in Manila, NBC Correspondent Bert Selen began his first broadcast: "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted three years and a month ago."

— Time



An ermine bedecked show girl entered a New York night club. When someone commented upon her wrap, she replied, "Oh, this, I got it for a song."

To which Joan Davis cracked: "It looks more like an overture to me."

— Mitch Woodbury in *Colorado Blade*

"Case Dismissed"

Authorities predict a crime wave after the war. Can our courts protect the community if they continue their present trend toward unreasonable leniency for the criminal?

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Virgil W. Peterson

Operating Director, Chicago Crime Commission, former special agent of the FBI in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Boston

CRIME waves have followed almost every war, and we have had sufficient warning that after the present conflict we can expect unprecedented lawlessness. Yet few communities have heeded the warnings. In many cities the law enforcement agencies are helpless to function efficiently because of alliances between politicians and criminals. And there is another aspect of law enforcement which has received too little attention. Even strong enforcement agencies cannot fulfill their responsibility to the public unless they have the backing of the courts. There must be a more realistic attitude toward the Constitutional rights of criminals. The Constitution was never intended as a refuge for the guilty.

Two years ago, in Chicago, Edward Damiani, a criminal with a record of prior conviction for armed robbery, was again found guilty of the same crime. He was sentenced to the penitentiary. As often happens, while an appeal was pending his bond was reduced by the court and he was released. Nine days later, armed with poison gas as well as guns, he and his associates held up a

currency exchange in Chicago. The cashier, Agnes Olson, a woman of 52, did not comply with the demands of the robbers quickly enough. Poison gas was released and she died.

It is time to give some thought to the rights of the Agnes Olsens, as well as the Damianis. Damiani had his alleged rights preserved. But it cost the life of an innocent victim. Surely law-abiding people must be protected, too. The strained reasoning by which courts have sometimes freed lawbreakers would be humorous if the results were not so tragic to society.

In Illinois officers received information that on a passenger train in Cook County there were men who were illegally in possession of hen pheasants. The officers boarded the train. They saw pheasant feathers protruding from the pockets of Sigmund De Luca. The officers searched him and found that he had four hen pheasants. De Luca confessed to the

officers that he had killed the birds

Here was a perfect case — to everyone that is, except the Illinois Supreme Court. The court held that, when the officers saw the pheasant feathers sticking out of De Luca's pockets, they could not tell whether they were the feathers of hen pheasants or cock pheasants. Consequently, the officers had no *reasonable* ground for believing De Luca was implicated in a crime. The search was, therefore, unreasonable and illegal. Evidence of guilt thus found was inadmissible. The conviction was reversed.

This case is unimportant. But such decisions pave the way for the immunity enjoyed by the hoodlums and thugs who endanger the security of the citizens in many communities. The pheasant-hen case can easily serve as a precedent to turn murderers loose.

Having progressed from the situation in colonial times, where criminals had few rights, we are approaching the equally untenable position that criminals are entitled to a good measure of predatory privileges. Social protection is the principal function of penal law, but the trend has been to place more and more emphasis on the rights of the individual criminal.

We pride ourselves on the strides we have made in the science of criminology. We have behavior clinics, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, biologists and social workers to give expert aid and treatment to the individual after he is convicted of a crime. But only a small minority of criminals reach the experts for treatment. Because of legal technicalities

that frequently benefit only the law violator, the odds are that the professional criminal, if arrested, will never go to trial, let alone be convicted.

Several weeks ago two Chicago police officers observed an automobile loaded with merchandise. The conduct of the occupants of the car aroused their suspicion. The police men stopped the car and questioned the occupants. It developed that these men had just perpetrated a burglary, and that the car was loaded with several hundred dollars' worth of stolen goods. When the case was heard in court, a motion to suppress the evidence was sustained on the ground that the arrest, search and seizure were illegal. The burglars were set free. The judge who discharged them was not responsible for this ridiculous protection of the criminals' alleged rights. He was merely following decisions that have been handed down by higher courts.

Neither the U. S. Constitution nor the state constitutions prohibit *all* arrests, searches and seizures without a warrant. Only *unreasonable* searches and seizures are prohibited. Nevertheless, the courts have been constantly placing limitations on the definition of "reasonable."

One of the most notorious gangsters in Chicago was Two Gun Louis Altiere. After the gang slaying of his pal, Dion O'Banion, Altiere frequented various night spots, flourishing guns and challenging the killers of O'Banion to shoot it out. The police arrested him one night, with his gun cocked, ready for action. When he was brought into court, the judge castigated the officers. Disregarding

the reputation of this gangster, the judge stated that citizens had to carry guns to protect their homes from robbers. Such judicial attitudes, besides immunizing the professional criminal, thoroughly demoralize the honest and efficient officer of the law.

We sometimes hear protestations of illogical jurisprudence of this kind is necessary to protect individual rights. We feel impelled to inquire, as did Judge John F. Perkins of the Boston Juvenile Court, "Which individual? The individual who breaks the law in reckless disregard of other people's safety, or the individual who is behaving himself as he should and is entitled to protection?"

A confession freely given affords highly credible testimony, the truth of which may be easily verified. On many occasions a culprit will fully confess upon the arrival of the arresting officer. Later he may deny it. But his confession was voluntary. It is ironical that courts frequently give his denial more credence than the officer's assertion. Mr. Justice Jackson of the U. S. Supreme Court recently spoke out against this unwarranted yet commonplace tendency. He said, "We know that police standards often leave much to be desired, but we are not ready to believe that the democratic process brings to office men generally less reliable than the average of those accused of crime."

Apparently any device used to free

a person accused of a crime is considered part of the criminal's natural rights. Witnesses against the accused are intimidated or mysteriously disappear. Dilatory tactics are pursued until the witnesses are worn out, disgusted, and made hostile. Defense counsel frequently look upon phony alibis as part of their stock in trade. If any of the numerous devices succeeds in defeating justice, the state is through. It has no right of appeal. With the defendant, the conviction is just the first phase of the proceeding.

There must be a distinction between the rights of an accused person and license. He does *not* have a right to have the people's witnesses intimidated or bribed. He has a right to a fair and impartial jury, *not* to a jury fixed in his behalf. The defendant has the right to have the truth brought out at a trial. He does *not* have a right to the exclusion of relevant and competent evidence. And he does *not* have a right to have all witnesses who testify against him harassed, humiliated and confused.

The Constitution prohibits unreasonable searches and seizures. The accused is *not* entitled to have a reasonable search declared unreasonable through absurd legal theorizing.

The person on trial is entitled to a fair administration of criminal justice. But that does not mean the one-sided system of criminal jurisprudence which we are gradually approaching.

ANYONE can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success. — Oscar Wilde

ONE OF MANY

By Eleanor Roosevelt

AFTER the death of President Roosevelt, these words — deeply moving in their quiet restraint, and eloquent in their message — appeared in Mrs. Roosevelt's syndicated column

WHEN you have lived for a long time in close contact with the loss and grief which today pervade the world, any personal sorrow seems to be lost in the general sadness of humanity. For a long time all hearts have been heavy for every service man sacrificed in the war. There is only one way in which those of us who live can repay the dead who have given their utmost for the cause of liberty and justice. They died in the hope that, through their sacrifice, an enduring peace would be built and a more just world would emerge for humanity.

While my husband was in Albany and for some years after coming to Washington, his chief interest was in seeing that the average human being was given a fairer chance for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." That was what made him always interested in the problems of minority groups and of any group which was at a disadvantage.

As the war clouds gathered and the inevitable involvement of this country became more evident, his objective was always to deal with the problems of the war, political and military, so that eventually an organization might be built to prevent future wars.

Any man in public life is bound, in the course of years, to create certain enemies. But when he is gone his main objectives stand out clearly and one may hope that a spirit of unity may arouse the people and their leaders to a complete understanding of his objectives and a determination to achieve those objectives themselves.

Abraham Lincoln was taken from us before he had achieved unity within the nation, and his people failed him. This divided us a nation for many years.

Woodrow Wilson was also stricken and, in that instance, the peoples of the world failed to carry out his vision.

Perhaps, in His wisdom, the Almighty is trying to show us that a leader may chart the way, may point out the road to lasting peace, but that many leaders and many peoples must do the building. It cannot be the work of one man, nor can the responsibility be laid upon his shoulders, and so, when the time comes for peoples to assume the burden more fully, he is given rest.

God grant that we may have the wisdom and courage to build a peaceful world with justice and opportunity for all peoples the world over.

— A United Features Syndicate release



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

How the Rhine Battle Was Planned

Behind the scenes with Eisenhower and his staff

By Edwin Muller, Roving Editor The Reader's Digest now in Europe

ON MARCH 7 General Eisenhower was dining at Advance Headquarters with a group of his generals. They were putting the finishing touches on plans for crossing the Rhine two weeks later. Just before dessert, the General was called to the phone. As he listened, the famous Eisenhower grin spread over his face.

"They did? Wonderful, wonderful! Throw everything you can across, as quick as you can. Divert it!" and in the discussion that followed divisions were reshuffled, air routes shifted, supply lines rerouted. The General returned to his desk. "That was Bradley," he said. "They've done it! They got a bridge home at Remagen —"

Most Americans at home thought the Remagen crossing was a stroke of sheer luck that changed the course of the war. In reality, the possibility of such a break had been fully prepared.

The General was ready to take advantage of it.

Two weeks later the curtain was about to rise on the second act. Up north Montgomery was poised on the river's edge with an immense concentration of artillery and armored force.

Down south the situation was different. There, Patton had just reached the Rhine. There had not been time to prepare either an artillery or air

barrage. Nevertheless General Eisenhower, talking to Patton on the phone, said "Yes, get over now. Any way you can. Get a bridge if you can, or use boats. Swim, if you have to!"

And so, while the Germans watched and waited for Montgomery's much heralded crossing in the north, Patton slipped across surreptitiously. There wasn't even an artillery barrage. At the signal of a low whistle, little boats slid out from the dark bank into the moonlit river. They were paddled to avoid the sound of engines, and reached the other side without a shot being fired. Within 24 hours Patton's bridgehead was ten miles long and four deep.

Again the crossing was called a lucky break. It had an air of bold and risky improvisation. One British correspondent wrote of the contrast between Montgomery's full-scale smash and the impromptu enterprise of the American Third Army's crossing.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Patton's crossing was in fact no more impromptu than Montgomery's. Both were directed from the same source, part of the same plan. And so was Remagen.

For there was a plan, a plan as carefully calculated as any in our military history. From February 23, a month before the principal cross-

ings of the Rhine, the whole thing was in the bag.

We're likely to think of this sort of calculation as a prerogative of the German General Staff — those cold-eyed, nonhuman faces that stare arrogantly at us from the pictures. But this plan, which beat the best that the Germans could contrive, had as its directing genius a very human guy from a small town in Kansas.

There has been a tendency to underestimate General Eisenhower as a strategist. But not among the men who are in the best position to know. His field commanders and chiefs of staff, British and American, say without reserve that it is Eisenhower who has run the show, that the battle of the Rhine was his concept and that it was he who carried it out, that, if he isn't a military genius, they don't know who is in this war.

His concept of the Rhine battle goes back to December 1941 — when the hulks of our warships were still smoldering in Pearl Harbor. It was then that the fundamentals of our strategy were decided: that Germany should be the first enemy to be attacked in force, that the principal attack should be across the Channel into France, that the objective should be to crush the German armies west of the Rhine.

Eisenhower was in on the plan from the start. As early as 1935 he had begun an intensive study of the German Army. In the summer of 1942, as Chief of the War Plans Division of the War Department, he worked out the design of crossing the Channel and driving to the Rhine, there to fight the decisive battle. He

took it to General Marshall. The latter, who was all for it, catechized him on it for hours, trying to break it down. Then, convinced, Marshall took it to the President and subsequently to the British.

But in the summer of 1943 there was a serious crisis in our strategic planning. Something of it can at last be told.

Eisenhower, now Supreme Commander, still planned to break through from beachheads in Normandy and push on to the Rhine while another force was to land in the South of France and drive up the Rhone Valley. The two forces were to join along the whole length of the Rhine, and there engage the enemy in an effort to destroy him there as an effective fighting force. However, an alternative was put forward. Instead of landing in the south of France, we should attack Germany through the Balkans and Austria. Our main force, striking through France from the west, should not deploy on the Rhine but should thrust across at one point and drive toward Berlin.

Great pressure was put on Eisenhower to adopt this alternative.

But Eisenhower stood firm. There would be too much danger to our exposed flanks if we drove across the Rhine at only one point. And the chief objective was not to reach Berlin but to destroy the German Army. That could be done more easily west of the Rhine than east of it.

His view prevailed.

There was one big if. Would the Germans stand west of the river? From a purely military point of view it seemed logical for him to withdraw and take up positions east of that

obstacle. But the Nazi doesn't decide things from a purely military point of view, and Eisenhower has always been exceedingly skillful at reading his opponent's mind. Again and again he had watched the Germans do what he calls "fantastic" things. They had stood in hopeless positions and lost thousands of men in vain attempts to hold a few square miles for reasons of prestige. Would they repeat the same mistake in front of the Rhine? Eisenhower figured that they would.

And they did. After our landings and break-through in Normandy, they fought in front of the Seine instead of retiring behind it. Likewise, with his back to the Rhine, von Rundstedt dug into the Siegfried Line. Then came the grinding, wearing period of the war. Progress was by inches. Through November and December of 1944 it rained dismally, day after day. Mud was knee deep, foxholes half full of slush and icy water. For weeks at a time the men's clothes were wet or frozen, day and night. Millions of words have been written about this war but not yet has an adequate picture been given of what the GIs suffered in those days.

Eisenhower suffered with them. For a while nearly half his time was spent visiting troops, talking to this group and that of dripping, shivering privates. They say that he really comes to think of himself as a GI. The GIs reciprocate his feeling. They mean no disrespect when they shout "Hiya, Ike!" as his car drives by.

The battle of attrition dragged on through December. Casualties were heavier than the public realized at the time. But they were a price we had to pay. They had a bearing on the final

battle of the Rhine, for the German casualties were far higher than ours, and that steady attrition finally wore von Rundstedt down. It forced him to commit himself to the desperate gamble of the Ardennes attack.

General Eisenhower foresaw the possibility of that attack two months before it happened. He could have limited its scope by reinforcing his thinly held line in the Ardennes. But he didn't have men enough to hold the Ardennes securely and at the same time to attack in force where the plan for the Battle of the Rhine called for attack. So he took the risk, a 'calculated risk'.

It was calculated very precisely. Six weeks before von Rundstedt's attack, Eisenhower and Bradley sat down together and drew a line on a map. It marked what they thought would be the German's maximum penetration. As it turned out, the line they drew differed by only three or four miles from the actual contour of the "bulge."

When the attack started on December 16 there were three anxious days. On the 19th there was an historic conference at 12th Army Group Headquarters. The field commanders and the Chiefs of Staff were there. There was some gloomy talk. Eisenhower looked around the group and said, "I want only cheerful faces here. We'll deal with this attack and make capital of it."

Patton was in great form. "Let him get through! All the way to Paris if he wants. Then we'll saw him off at the base!"

The counteroffensive was mapped. Montgomery to thrust down from the north, Bradley up from the south.

The General went back to Supreme Headquarters easy in mind. He says he never got scared of the Ardennes attack until he read the headlines in American newspapers, two weeks later.

Our counter attack was successful. Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg and his Ninth Air Force smashed the tips of the German spearheads. Montgomery and Bradley squeezed the flanks. When the battle was over the Germans had lost two to one in casualties. His last chance of stalemating the war had vanished.

The plan moved to its final stage. The attack was one, two, three, from north to south.

One was Montgomery. On February 8 he struck between the Meuse and the Rhine. His task — the hardest of the three — was to break the Siegfried Line on a narrow front.

Two was the American Ninth Army under General Simpson, together with part of Hodges' First Army. Their objective was to cross the Roer River and drive toward the Rhine. The attack was set for February 10. But there were heavy rains, and the Germans were able to manipulate two dams so that the Roer became a swirling, impassable torrent. It was a time of anxiety for Eisenhower. But his anxiety was modified by a piece of luck. In January we had captured from the Germans a map and a plan of the dams. From them our engineers had figured it would take 14 days for the river to become passable. Actually it took 13. On February 23 Simpson thrust across and drove the Germans toward the Rhine.

Three was Patton's Third and Patch's Seventh armies in the south. Patton

pushed the enemy back along the north bank of the Moselle. But before he reached the Rhine he stopped. Suddenly he swung south, crossed the Moselle, and lashed into the Germans' exposed flank. He drove them against Patch's army driving up from the south. Between the two the German formations melted away. The retreating columns were strafed by our fighter bombers until whole battalions would halt and start waving white flags. A quarter of a million prisoners were taken.

The German armies facing Patton and Patch had ceased to exist as a coordinated fighting machine. That was why Eisenhower knew that when Patton came to the Rhine he would need no artillery or air barrage to cross it. He could swim across if he wanted to.

Meanwhile, vast preparations were being made for the crossings farther north. On one army sector alone a million reconnaissance photos were taken. On the service of supply, already burdened with the moving of immense quantities of material, a new task was imposed, the transport of bridge-building equipment and boats. Along the coast of France and Belgium there was one of the strangest sights of the war, long columns of landing craft of all kinds, moving overland, hundreds of miles from the sea. For months the U.S. Navy crews had been practicing with them, some on the rivers of England, others as far away as the Columbia. The Rhine was crossed first in Oregon.

While the battle on the ground continued west of the Rhine, another great battle was fought in the air to the east — to seal off the enemy ap-

proaches Eisenhower had considered knocking out the bridges over the Rhine itself. But there were more than 40 of these difficult targets in the battle area. To destroy them all would have taken more air power than he could spare from other tasks.

The job could be done in another way. A detailed study had been made of the rail and road approaches from the east, and it was found that the whole network could be paralyzed by destroying 16 of its key bridges behind the Rhine. The Americans got every one of them, then tackled railways and marshaling yards, then the artillery and anti-aircraft that might hinder the crossings.

So the plan, all its myriad threads, drew together to its calculated climax.

The crossings had been planned for the third and fourth weeks in March. Then on March 7 came the lucky break at Remagen, thanks to that alert and audacious handful of men of the Ninth Armored Division.

It was a magnificent achievement. But from a Staff point of view it was a headache. The plan had been working so smoothly. Should it be pulled to pieces now? One general, who was on the scene at Remagen, advised against exploitation of the crossing there—especially as there was difficult, hilly terrain on the other side. That was why Bradley phoned Eisenhower.

One of the latter's qualities is his power to readjust quickly to a new situation. At that dinner at Headquarters he had readjusted to Remagen before his dessert got cold. The Staff had his headache, but Remagen was exploited to the utmost. The bridgehead there made doubly sure

the success of the main crossings that were to follow.

Those crossings went "according to plan." Nothing impromptu about them. In the south, Patton slipped across silently, while in the north, where the Germans were massed, expecting assault, Montgomery pounded his way over with big guns, Buffalo amphibious tanks, a great fleet of small boats. Next day, the greatest airborne army of all time took the Germans in their rear. 101 miles in transports and gliders filled the sky flying layer upon layer as far as the eye could see. The parachutes came down like drifting leaves.

After this, German resistance disintegrated. The decisive phase of the war in the west was over.

General Eisenhower took a moment of relaxation. With Britain's Prime Minister and Montgomery he had a picnic lunch on the bank of the Rhine, green with spring. Then while Churchill went sailing on the river, he went back to Headquarters to review with his staff the final phases of the war.

Those men on the staff are the ones who can best appraise Eisenhower. Their feeling for him is twofold: a profound respect for his strategic genius and an unbounded affection for him as a man.

The Deputy Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Morgan, put it in words for me. He is the reserved type of Englishman, the last man in the world from whom you would expect emotional praise.

As I left his office he called me back. "Do you know what I believe?" he said. "There was a man sent from God and his name was Ike."



HARRY S TRUMAN

The Man from Missouri

Condensed from a forthcoming book, "Inside America"

John Gunther

Author of *Inside Europe* *Inside Latin America* etc

TWO SENATORS who disagree on practically everything on earth — except their respect for Harry S. Truman — told me early this year that, if he became President, he would (a) choose as able a cabinet as any in our history, and (b) let it alone. Harry S. Truman's single most valuable quality is his knack of picking good men — and then backing them up. His greatest asset is that he knows what he doesn't know, and his highest virtue is his humility.

Like General Eisenhower, whom he strongly resembles in some respects, Mr. Truman is a perfect "chairman of a committee." He listens and takes advice, he correlates divergent points of view, he gives everybody an even break or better, he encourages those who need encouragement, and he can, if necessary, be plenty tough in making decisions.

One of Harry Truman's best friends, Barnett Novak, the distinguished foreign affairs editor of the *Washington Post*, gave a dinner party last March and, since the then-Vice-President of the United States was coming, our hostess had place-cards at each table arranged with proper regard to protocol. First to arrive, the Vice-President paid not the slightest attention

to this formality. He circulated around in as comfortable, unpretentious and agreeable a manner as could be. He was lively and animated, he was simply a guest among other guests.

I watched him with growing interest. An impression of what you might call bright grayness. The clothes and hair neat and gray. The gray-framed spectacles enormously magnifying the gray hazel eyes. But no grayness in the mind. He talked a lot. Good talk, too. His manner held a combination of contented humor, alertness, a wide and fluid range of interests, playfulness — and above all, a deep human interest in everything that went on.

His voice is reasonable, very reassuring, and without much Missouri twang. His conversational manner is alert and poised. He talks very swiftly, yet with concision. You have to listen hard to get it all.

I asked him when he had first met Mr. Roosevelt.

"In 1929, when I was a county judge in Missouri. Roosevelt was then Governor of New York, and I thought he was the greatest man I ever met. Pause. 'And I still think so.'"

Later there was a contrary note. The Vice-President happened to mention an eminent politico. "He's

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THE MAN FROM MISSOURI

in ass. You understand me? You know the word 'An ass'."

Mr. Truman evidenced not the slightest sense of the importance he might feel as Vice-President. They elevated me to this job, that's all, and here I am."

MR. TRUMAN served in the Senate from 1934 to 1944 and of all 96 Senators he became probably the most popular. One anecdote tells the story. On the day he took over as Vice-President, no fewer than 40 of his colleagues dropped into his office. It was like old-home week. It is no derogation of Henry Wallace, Truman's predecessor, to say that, in all his four years, he had not similarly been greeted. Mr. Wallace had never been a Senator; he never quite got to be a member of the club."

Here are some of the judgments on Mr. Truman Senators gave me, before he became President:

Hatch of New Mexico: "He has the most valuable asset a man can have — courage. He wants to be *right*, and when he decides what is right, nothing can deflect him."

Thomas of Utah: "He knows the kind of men to pick. His internationalist ideas are splendid. And he has the proper concept of morality in government."

Bill of Minnesota: "A swell captain of a team."

Kilgore of West Virginia: "The secret of Harry Truman is his ability to delegate authority, to organize committee work, and to back up his own men."

Pepper of Florida: "His humanity is his biggest asset. And he gets things done."

One of the new President's closest associates said: "Whatever he undertakes to do, he does well. And you can be sure there's absolutely no difference between him now and when he was a county judge. He hates stuffed shirts."

Another comment was the following: "If you busted the door in and said, 'Hi, what the hell, you're nuts!' he'd quietly ask you to come in and explain exactly why." This same friend added, after a serious pause, "If you bounced him in the nose, hard, he might blink, but you'd never see him *leave!*"

Let it not be forgotten that, while he was Senator, a poll of Washington correspondents by *Look Magazine* named Harry Truman as one of the ten most valuable men in Washington. He was the only member of either branch of Congress to make the first ten.

The new President's chief relaxation — if he has any time to relax nowadays — is music. He learned to play the piano as a boy, and he plays quite well, though he calls it "messing around at the keyboard." His tastes are Chopinesque and classical. What he likes most is to play the piano while his 21-year-old daughter, Mary Margaret, sings.

Mr. Truman is also fond of reading. When he was a boy he read straight through the public library of his home town, Independence, Mo. For years he read the Congressional Record every night before going to bed. Now, of course, his time is taken up with official reports and so on.

His mother — who is still alive, a staunch old lady of 92 — taught him

to read Mr Truman told me A book she gave him when he was 12, *Great Men and Famous Women*, had enormous influence on him It taught him something of the relationships of men to government and how political leaders were shaped and made, though he had absolutely no idea of ever becoming one

The President was born on a Missouri farm in 1884 He is of Scotch-Irish descent, with a little French mixed in His grandparents had come west in about 1840, out of Kentucky He met his wife Bess Wallace, in Sunday school, when she was five, and says he has been in love with her ever since

It is an extraordinary thing that, in this day of universal education, the President of the United States should not have gone to college The reason is of the best, his family was too poor, and he had to earn a living For ten years, after high school Harry worked on a 600-acre farm that 'grew everything', these years, he says, were the best of his life After that came jobs in a drugstore and a small bank and command of a field artillery battery in France during World War I

The President has never had much money When he arrived in Washington he was in debt, he has since paid off every cent, while living on his salary

Mr Truman didn't engage in sports as a boy, because of defective eyesight "So they made me an umpire," is the way he laughs it off One eyeball is flat But with glasses, the Chief Executive sees perfectly His health is, in general, excellent

Mr Truman has been accustomed

to getting to work very early His executive secretary, Matthew J Connelly, told me that in years he had 'beaten the boss to the office only once' Mr Connelly added "And he always took the day home with him too Always Mr Truman's brief case was full of things it was imperative to read at night, so that he could meet adequately each new day

Before Pearl Harbor Mr Truman went to General Marshall and asked how he could be of service Truman hoped to get into uniform again But Marshall told him in effect, while appreciating his gesture 'Senator you're 55 This is a young man's war We can't use you

Truman respected Marshall's point of view, but he was hurt He hated to think that he was too old to be of use In the winter of 1940, he made a tour of Army camps then being built throughout the country He traveled in his own car at his own expense he covered about 30,000 miles As a county commissioner in Missouri he had spent some \$60,000,000 on roads -- the best darned roads in the United States" He knew a lot about contracts and construction And what he saw being built didn't please him

So Mr Truman made one of his rare Senate speeches He introduced a resolution calling for an investigating committee This was approved and in April 1941 the committee got to work It has been estimated that the Truman Committee probably saved the country between two and three billion dollars, and a good many thousand lives, by its insistence on strict standards in war contracts and the like

MR. TRUMAN did not want the job of Vice-President. He went to the 1944 convention in Chicago with a speech nominating James I. Byrnes in his pocket. He still had it in his pocket when, trying to think fast, he had to make a speech of acceptance on getting the job himself. Not till after his nomination did he see the letter from Mr. Roosevelt suggesting him for the post.

He hated to leave the Senate. "I liked being a Senator. I wanted to stay in the Senate all my life. But when I get a job, I try to work it."

A month before the convention, Truman chatted with a newspaper friend about the impending nominations. Truman said, "I wouldn't be President of the United States for a million dollars."

Mr. Roosevelt wanted Truman to be Vice-President for a simple supreme reason. He was concerned that the peace treaty should get through the Senate, that the United States should join a new world order with teeth so that the threat of war could never be repeated. Truman, Roosevelt felt, was the most effective person he could find to this end if anybody could put the treaty through, in the event of a stiff fight. Truman could insist much as he was extremely popular with Senators of every breed.

Mr. Truman has been solidly in favor of world cooperation from the time he entered public life. He looks back to his historical reading as one chief source of his internationalist ideas. The greatest political experiment in the history of all government was, Mr. Truman thinks, the American Constitutional Convention of 1787. He hopes -- though he didn't

say so in so many words -- that the work of this convention can, in our times, be somehow projected on an international scale in full maturity.

President Truman had a good deal to do with the B.H. resolution in 1943, pledging the Senate to international cooperation. Burton, Bill and Hatch were all members of his own committee, all were close friends and it was easy for all to meet under his patron. And it was Truman who in the earliest negotiations, suggested that if anything at all was to come of the effort, it must be bipartisan. True to character, he remained out of the limelight.

Immediately after his inauguration as Vice-President, Mr. Truman held a lunch for the freshmen Senators. At the lunch Truman was careful to invite all the B.H. boys, and also John Connally, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. The idea was to let Bill and Hatch and Hatch talk to the newcomers about Durbin-Oaks. Then Truman, mostly by personal persuasion, got all 16 freshmen (including Charles McNary of Indiana and Hickenlooper of Iowa strong midwest Republicans) to sign a round robin to the President pledging support of the Administration's foreign policy.

Not always did the Roosevelt Administration smile on Truman. For instance he got no support when running for reelection as Senator in 1930, though his record was completely loyal. The reason was the impending prosecution for income tax evasion of Boss Thomas J. Pendergast in Kansas City. Truman was in no way implicated in any Pendergast scandal, but

he had been a Pendergast man. Truman's friends explain the Pendergast association more or less as follows. The machine, though certainly corrupt, usually sought to pick candidates who wouldn't get them into trouble, as front men it had to have people of unimpeachable integrity. Since World War I days, Truman had been a friend of Jim Pendergast, the boss's nephew. And, besides that, you couldn't be a dogcatcher in Missouri without Pendergast support.

Truman's friends are careful to say that, when he went to Washington in 1934, he told Pendergast frankly, "From this time on, I'm a Senator."

Once Pendergast's friends put extreme pressure on him to change his point of view on a forthcoming vote, Truman refused. He said, "Tell the boss I'm not budging."

ONE DAY last March I dropped in at the Senate Office Building for an appointment with the then-Vice-President. His receptionist said that, having had to go to the dentist, he was a bit "off schedule." At 9:38 he smiled in "Late, late," he muttered, whizzing through the outer office. He called me in, and talked till a little after 12. Once a secretary interrupted. He twinkled at her, "Want to see if I'm really working?" Once Mr. Connelly dropped in. "His son of a gun," Mr. Truman pointed to me, "is trying to find out what kind of a son of a gun I am!"

I asked Mr. Truman what he believed in most. He said right away, "The Sermon on the Mount — and that isn't just a religious answer." He went on to assert that no individuals, communities or countries ever got

anywhere that didn't observe the Golden Rule, that didn't maintain "a sense of decency" about other individuals, communities and countries. "Look at Hitler. His word wasn't good, so he got nowhere finally." He added somewhat ruefully that, human nature being what it is, a lot of folks just can't help being "pirates at heart." But let's try to help 'em get over it."

I asked him what he liked most. He answered without any hesitation:

"People — and to do things for people." Then (with a laugh): "Without expecting anything much by way of reward either!"

Mr. Truman's political philosophy seemed to run like this: The art of science, of government depends on the art, or science, of politics; and politics depends first, last and all the time on human relationships which in turn depend in essence on doing things which will benefit the people and which they believe to be right.

But what Mr. Truman talked about most was Missouri, and he talked of it with loving pride. He stood for a quarter of an hour before a large map of Missouri, demonstrating point in its geography, history and agriculture with zealous conviction. Missouri is, according to its most eminent historian, the only state in the Union which could get along self-content if you built a fence around it. And Missourians are, he laughed, "outlaw folks, against everybody." What are they for? I asked. "Missouri!" Mr. Truman was delighted to reply.

It was easy to see that Missouri the crossroads of the nation, the heart of America, is also the center of Harry Truman's heart.



The Woman with a Broom

Condensed from

The New York Times + Ann O'Hare McCormick

IN A DEVASTATED town behind the fighting line a correspondent saw a woman emerge from a cellar and, though her house was a ruin, proceed to sweep away the rubble on the doorstep.

In every war-ravaged country the woman with a broom is a familiar sight as ruin itself. In one flattened Dutch village after another dazed old men stood in the shell-pocked fields, but the women were working in the dooryards that a few hours before had led to houses. Several were sitting on chairs under the eaves, talking to the poles — trying to weave one whole thing out of the twisted and broken of the other.

In Eindhoven, battered so many times by the bombs, one morning a woman was mending a broom stuck at right angles upon the crumpled stones that lay over a tiny patch of garden. Someone asked her what she thought she was doing with a broom in the wake of 2000-pound bombs. "Who stops the cabbage and onion in London?" They're all that's left of all the work of all my life," she said fiercely. "And somebody has to begin clearing away this mess."

Then there was the old woman sweeping out a cowshed. The house was gone. In a 50 mile radius not an animal was left. The farmer looked at us with hopeless eyes, but the

woman kept on clearing a little space in the wreckage to begin life anew.

It's pretty futile to start attacking the ruins of great cities with a kitchen broom. Yet everywhere before the monster bulldozers arrive to clear paths for the armies through the debris left by war, women instinctively seize their brooms in this age-old gesture of cleaning up the mess the men have made.

There's no assurance that they can clean it up this time, but today there are more women than men in Europe — widows of soldiers and hostesses, widows of the last war, and they are bound to try. In Paris an association of widows of men executed by the Germans is headed by a lovely girl. "We are the trustees of the future," she says. "We can't leave it to the next generation because they won't have seen what we have seen."

It isn't chance that women have been named for the first time to a conference called to set up the framework of international order. There should be more of them for they are in the wars now, and millions of them have nothing much left but a broom. Whether they can do better than the men is a question, but they are somehow angrier over destruction, and at least there's not much danger of doing worse.

TAILOR-MADE LIVESTOCK

2 2 2 2 2 2 2
A sensational feeding discovery by which
animals can be made more productive
or slowed down and fattened — at will

3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Condensed from Farm Journal
(with additions by the author)

Carroll P. Streeter

UNTIL NOW our livestock experimenters have relied principally on two main tools: breeding and feeding, to increase production of milk, butterfat, meat, eggs and wool. Today, with an entirely new approach, they may be able to step up production by ten to 50 percent, depending on the product and the animal. They have found out how to put their finger on one of the body controls — on the throttle of the engine itself.

The control is the thyroid gland, which in a dairy cow is no larger than a good sized plum. But it controls growth. It determines the rate at which the body burns food and turns it into energy, milk or other livestock products, and it influences breeding ability.

The experimenters have found how to regulate thyroid action by two drugs. One gives the same effect as though the gland were speeded up. The other slows it down.

Let's look first at the speed-up process.

In 1934 Dr. W. R. Graham, Jr., a Canac scientist, discovered that by feeding dried ground up thyroid gland to dairy cows he could cause

sensational increases in both milk and butterfat. Scientists at the University of Missouri, led by Drs. C. W. Turner and I. P. Reinert, were excited by the possibilities and tried it on the university herd. They got the same results. The trouble was that the "roid powder" cost \$10 to \$15 a pound. No farmer could feed it and get his money back at the milk price. So Turner and Reinert set out in search of a cheaper drug.

They finally hit upon a special method of adding iodine to skim milk and got a brownish powder, something like brown sugar, which they called thyrioprotein. It contains the roine — the identical hormone the thyroid gland secretes, but 20 times more powerful. It doesn't actually speed up the gland, but it has the same effect on the body.

The first commercial thyrioprotein is now in the pilot plant stage at Cerophyl Laboratories in Kansas City. Dr. Turner estimates that the cost of feeding may run about three cents a day per cow, within the means of every farmer. Fifteen state agricultural colleges are now testing dosages and observing effects. Their results agree roughly with Turner's.

Here are some things thyrioprotein does:

1. In three out of four dairy cows, it increases milk production ten to 20 percent. Butterfat shoots up 3%

to 50 percent. Within a week after thyroprotein feeding is started, many a Holstein that normally gives milk containing three and a half percent butterfat will boost it to four. Jerseys that were giving five percent milk often enrich it to six. All this was demonstrated over four years of constant testing with the University of Missouri dairy cows and on several ordinary farm herds.

Suppose a fourth of the cows in the United States were fed thyroprotein. The minimum gain would be a billion quarts of milk and a quarter-billion pounds of butterfat a year over the production for 1944.

2 Thyroprotein increases egg production in chickens ten percent largely by preventing the usual hot weather slump. It also hastens feather growth, which is important because it is related to early laying. If a fourth of our present number of hens were to get thyroprotein they would lay nearly two billion more eggs than last year.

3 Thyroprotein speeds up growth of young animals by at least ten percent, bringing them into production earlier or getting them to market sooner.

4 It improves the breeding ability of any male animal. Turner has done it with beef and dairy bulls, rams, jacks and buck goats. Less experimenting has been done with females but thyroprotein may be just as effective for them.

These experiments may change the sheep business. From time immemorial shepherds have bled only in the fall or early winter. Should tests with ewes be successful, we may soon be producing lambs the year around.

The Food and Drug Administration has given thyroprotein only limited approval so far. Recently it has allowed its use in poultry feed but before approving the drug for cattle it wants to be sure that cows will not secrete thyroxine in milk. If they did, people drinking the milk would be speeded up just as the cows were.

Dr. Turner and his daughter have repeatedly drunk milk from thyroprotein fed cows and have run metabolism tests on themselves without finding any effect. He has tried the drug extensively on guinea pigs. A three-months test has just been completed on 20 babies in the New York Post-Graduate Hospital with milk specially produced at the New Jersey State College of Agriculture. While results of the test are still being analyzed, the doctors have discovered no effect on the babies so far.

But you may ask, won't all this burn up the cow? Won't it wear out a hen?

"No," says Turner, "not if given in the right dose. Any good herdsmen can tell now much to give each cow by watching her weight, her coat, and her nervousness. And we have fed thyroprotein to hens for two and a half years without ill effect. They laid more eggs the third year than they did the second."

Just as astonishing as thyroprotein is thouracil, the drug that slows the thyroid. Eventually it may make most toxic-goiter operations in humans unnecessary. Dr. Turner finds that in livestock it stops growth and hastens fattening. By adding as little as one tenth of one percent of the drug to poultry feed he has found that he can fatten Leghorn broilers

as much in two weeks as he used to in ten. Fantastic as it seems, a farmer can feed thyroprotein to a steer calf to speed his early growth, then substitute thiouracil to stop this growth and fatten him in a hurry. Thus he can tailor his livestock to meet market demands.

More research will be needed, both

on farm animals and human beings before widespread use can be made of either thyroprotein or thiouracil. And the Food and Drug Administration must first fully approve them. But it looks as if the researchers in animal physiology are hot on the trail of one of the biggest finds since the discovery of vitamins.



Guardian Angels

AMONG the guests at an Arizona dude ranch was an advertising executive who, while relaxing in the Arizona sunshine, kept in touch with his business through the pages of nine large daily newspapers. These dailies came regularly for about a week, then each day several were missing. Considerably annoyed, the man rode by the Post Office one day to discover what caused the irregularity.

The postmistress was a stern little old lady who distributed justice along with the mail. When she had heard his complaint, she eyed him sternly for a moment, then said, "Young man, certainly I know what has happened to them. Nobody in the world has time to read nine big daily papers. I've been putting some of them into Max Brown's box. He gets no papers at all!"

—Contributed by D. G. Gardner



A YOUNG matron in a Birmingham, Ala., suburb was attempting to mow the family lawn. Her most interested spectator was the bus driver whose run ended exactly in front of her house. Here he stopped for ten minutes, then began another trip. "Can't you get anybody to cut that for you any more?" he asked.

"No, all the men are either in war plants or the service," she replied.

"Looks like your lawn mower is pretty hefty for a mite of a person like you. Let me have a try at it!"

He cut a wide swath, then went back on his run. The housewife, hearing her baby cry, went into the house. When she returned, 40 minutes later, the bus had made another round trip and there was a wider swath. This continued all morning. By three that afternoon the lawn was completely cut.

—I. I. in *The Christian Science Monitor*



ABOUT 20 years ago Alfred Lunt living in Centreville, Wis., received a telegram from George Tyler asking how much he would take to play the lead in *Clarence*. Realizing the role's importance, Lunt decided to ask for \$200 a week.

Tyler's response was immediate but puzzling. When Lunt received the wire at the railroad station, he read it over a second time. "One hundred fifty okay. The part is yours."

The chuckle of the stationmaster, who was also the telegraph operator, put an end to his perplexity. "Waal," drawled the old timer, "I see you got your job. I thought you was plain daft to ask for so much, so I just changed it for you cause I was scairt you'd lose it."

—Russell Crouse in *Coronet*

Life in These United States

*MY BUDDY and I were bound overseas and somehow we were feeling a bit low as we boarded the train in Jacksonville. All the seats were filled and the Pullmans sold out. Several hours later we were standing wearily in a darkened coach when a porter appeared and motioned us to follow him. He led us to a Pullman and pointed out two vacant berths that he said we might as well use.

The next morning, more cheerful, thanks to a good night's sleep, we were at breakfast in the diner when we overheard a conversation between two white-haired ladies who sat with their backs to us.

"Well, Martha," said one, "that was the first time I ever slept sitting up in a ladies' room."

But it really wasn't bad," said the other. "I wonder how long it will be before those boys sleep between American sheets again!"

If either of those gracious ladies should happen to read this It has already been a long time, Martha, and one of us is sleeping now beneath a cross in France. But, thanks to you, both of us left our wonderful country with a warm glow in our hearts.

—PIC HERBERT W. MCGILL (410 New York)

*SETTLED at last in a San Francisco apartment, the young service wife began looking for a maid. Finally a prospect appeared — a neatly dressed woman weighing about 250 pounds.

Seventy-five cents an hour is what I get," announced this Amazon, "unless she sits in and stoops. Then I get \$1 an hour."

Obviously some leaning and stooping was required, so \$1 an hour was agreed upon. Next morning the nonleaning maid appeared, and introduced a tall, slim girl

in her teens. "This is Bessie, my oldest daughter. When there's leanin' and stoopin' to do I always takes Bessie along 'cause she does the leanin' and stoopin'."

—H. WARD McLELLAN (San Francisco, Calif.)

*IT WAS a blizzard bound night in the prairie era. I sat drinking coffee in a basement lunchroom when in blew a tough character followed by a shivering mongrel dog. As the man shut the door against the wind, he discovered the frightened half-frozen stray, and bent down to pat it. The dog gave his paw.

"Didcha see that?" the man enthused. "Shakin' hands! He wants to be my partner." He ordered two steaks, one for himself and one for his new partner. Then he counted out his money — \$1.11 in all — showed it across the counter and asked for a meal ticket.

"For the pup," he explained, "if I don't come back. But if I do I'll buy that dog a steak every night."

Two weeks later I happened by to find the dog gulping down a plateful of scraps. I asked about the man.

Stormy Joe had a theory that in blizzards cops hole up, but I guess it wasn't stormy enough that other night. He won't be back. The lunchman explained laconically.

"Then it's no more steaks for the dog?"

The proprietor shook his head, pulled a meal ticket out of the cash register and cravily punched a hole in it. "Nope. But I only charge the mutt ten cents for the scraps. I figure he can eat a whole lot longer that way."

—CHARLES F. PERRY (Washington, D. C.)

*"WHAT kind of man was Uncle George?" I asked my old neighbor.

"Listen," he answered, "I'll tell you what kind of man your Uncle George was.

"In the early days, your Uncle George had got on the morning train — there was only one coach left then — to go to Bennington. It'd rained hard the night before, and some of the rails on the curve just beyond the crossing were washed loose. Sam Windham and his boy stopped their wagon at the crossing to let the train go by. They said there was the most god-awful crash when the car plunged off the track and turned over — crash! shashety bang on its side. Then for just an instant, before the people that were hurt could let their breath to scream, there wasn't a sound.

And in that Judgment Day instant, your Uncle George's voice rang up in a loud roar. *Where's my HAT?* sez he.

Now you know what kind of man he was. — DOROTHY CANTFIELD FISHER (*Irvington, N.Y.*)

I was walking through a Philadelphia railroad station lugging a heavy suitcase. A sailor approached, touching his hat politely, he asked: "White cap lady?"

— I. M. KIRBY (*Philadelphia, Pa.*)

As I TRUDGED up the hill to college one winter dawn, I overtook a youngster delivering papers. We stopped to survey the twinkling lights of the village at our feet. "Which of those houses do you live in?" I asked.

Without turning his eyes from the scene, he answered, "It isn't a house. It's a home."

And what is the difference?

He stood gazing down at the town over which the first rays of the sun were casting a web of light. "I guess that the sun will shine on a house," he said. "But it shines in a home." — L. L. HILL CLAY (*Illand, Mich.*)

WARTIME shortages of motor parts lead to curious situations. In a small Kansas town recently, we were passing the fire station when the siren shrilled. We pulled hastily to the curb, and waited for the fire truck to dash out. Nothing happened,

however, until a small rattletrap wrecking car clattered up. It backed fitfully through the station doors and in a few moments emerged triumphantly toward the gleaming fire engine.

— J. E. LALOR (*Montreal, Can.*)

While waiting for a bus in a midwestern town my eye was caught by a couple strolling hand in hand down the main street. He was in uniform, with Air Corps patch, pilot's wings, and two rows of decorations. She was young — maybe 25 — and pretty and as they came closer I could see a deep pride shining in her eyes. And I could recognize some of his decorations — the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Silver Star and above them the unmistakable blue ribbon with the five white stars representing the Congressional Medal of Honor. Beside it was the Purple Heart, with Oak Leaf Clusters.

As he passed me, his hand rose in a rather unsteady salute. My heels clicked together and I returned his salute smiling — never had I responded with such enthusiasm. Maybe it was the proud, pretty girl. Maybe it was the Medal of Honor ribbon. Or maybe it was the fact that he was young, on four years' old.

— E. B. BARTLETT (*Durham, N.C.*)

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Jump-In to Adventure



A tale to see of story from the Burma Jungles

By Ralph I. Henderson

The American Jungles have made an immense and valuable contribution to the success of the campaign in South China. Operating entirely behind the lines, this secret knowledge of the jungle has enabled them to disrupt Japanese communication and have the Japanese too. They have won the day in spite even where they should feel the safest. Their operations form one of the most colorful chapters of the war in the Far East.

THE BURMA JUNGLES
THE AMERICAN JUNGLES

“WHEN we volunteered for hazardous service in the Far East, the young captain told me in Burma, we didn't know we were coming out here, and we certainly had never heard of a tribe called Kachins. Well, we know plenty about them now. The best damn jungle fighters in the world. It's lucky they happen to like Americans.”

The American-Kachin* Rangers do their fighting *behind* the Japanese

* Kachin is accented on the last syllable, rather like a sneeze

lines. For that reason they have necessarily been protected by a cloak of military secrecy. But I hardly knew something of their amazing record.

They had been ahead of General Wingate in February 1944, in advance screen when he led his ‘Chindits’ in the first spectacular strike deep into Burma. Ahead of General Merrill in July 1944 guiding his ‘Marauders’ on their 750 mile jungle march to seize the Mvrit Lyma air strip. Ahead of the Ledo (now the Stilwell) Road, as its engineers came crashing through the mountains to build a land route through to China. Ahead of General Willet's Main Force this year in the operation which shook loose the last Japanese grip on the North Burma mountains.

Action enough, perhaps, and yet that is only a small part of the story of the Americans who went behind the Japanese lines to make contact with wild tribesmen, and of the strange results of that fighting partnership.

“The first signing up,” continued the captain, “was rather like getting

a bid to join a fraternity. Officers from this outfit were looking for candidates in the training camps back home. They would tap you for a little talk. 'Would you like to see some quick action — hazardous, of course? 'Are you pretty good at taking care of yourself?' And then a question that made you think twice. 'Are you willing to make a parachute jump behind enemy lines — alone?'

'I got my first hint as to where I might be sent when I was called into a room in Washington and asked to make a list of things I would want if I should find myself *alone in the jungle*. Knowing that the Army usually gives you about half what you ask for, I made a real list: three revolvers, two knives, two flashlights, tommy gun, grenades, camouflaged clothes, and so on for half a page. They produced every item on the spot, and said 'Take it away!' I had to load it all on, and go back to my hotel looking like a one man task force. When I went through the lobby women screamed, strong men turned pale and I felt like a fool. But I learned then and there that this outfit is prepared to let you make a damn fool of yourself in your own way. They give you what you ask for.

RALPH F. HENDERSON has traveled extensively in the Far East and was familiar with the Burma hill country before the war. Returning in 1944 as a war correspondent he rode with the first truck convoy to go through from Assam into China over the newly opened Stilwell Road. With a Kachin guide he followed some of the trails described in this article to visit advance Ranger bases and American officers who had parachuted into the jungle. His guide, significantly, knew only two words of English: *carbure* and *k. ra'tion*.

"A few days later I was on a boat, and an officer told me where I was bound for."

The Burma hill country bordering Assam is one of the wildest areas on earth. From a plane it looks like a gigantic green plush carpet flung over a rock pile. From the ground there is usually no view at all, only a sense of sunless, choking vegetation. The few trails used by the hill folk seem to emphasize, rather than relieve, the impenetrability of the endless surrounding jungle.

Along these trails, early in 1942 the beaten Allied forces had made their escape from Burma into Assam. Along them, after their retreat, crouched the Japines, denying any hope of a return. Every path became the entrance to some little green hell, some secret and well named Japanese strong point.

The Japanese conquest of Burma had, moreover, isolated China by choking off the Burma Road. Unless a new way could be found to send supplies, China was doomed. The task of digging the Japs from the North Burma mountains and securing a route for a supply road nearly a thousand miles long was assigned to General Joseph W. Stilwell. As one of the units under his command, the American Kachin Rangers were to play their spectacular part.

On July 4, 1942, a small group had gone ahead to set up the Rangers headquarters in Assam. There had been only 20 of them at first, a curious little army of 11 officers and nine men. A hand-picked group of specialists, including not only experienced Army officers but others whose at trainments seemed peaceful enough.

geographers, linguists, lawyers, even a jeweler (his skill with precision instruments was to prove invaluable in designing tiny, durable radios).

The plan of operations was simple, crazy, some conventional military minds called it. A warlike hill tribe called the Kachins back there in the Jap-held mountains, was known to dislike the Japanese. The plan was for American volunteers to organize the Kachins in fighting units, and supply them with weapons and leadership from a plane flying at night deep into Jap territory, an American volunteer would parachute down near a jungle village. A second chute would carry food, weapons, drugs, a few presents for the natives, and a small radio sending set.

From the moment he leaped (often his first parachute jump) the volunteer would be on his own. He must make friends with natives whose language and customs were totally unfamiliar to him. He must make himself their leader, trust them not to betray him for a high reward. Once he was securely established, the night flying planes would bring him more food, weapons, supplies. And then he could begin his own little war, a campaign of raids and ambushes, against the Japanese.

The plan certainly lacked nothing in audacity. It might have been regarded as foolhardy but for two important facts. First, the country was so wild and densely jungled that there were many remote villages to which not even Jap patrols had ever penetrated. Second, Kachin refugees had reported that men of their race liked Americans as much as they hated Japs.

THE Kachin warrior, as many American boys were later to discover with something of a shock, does not fit the romantic picture of the noble savage. He is usually no more than five feet tall, with stringy hair, crooked teeth, and a retreating manner easily mistaken for stupidity. His clothes look like something given to him, a long time ago, by destitute relatives, and he wisely refrains from washing them lest they disintegrate altogether. There is nothing in his appearance to contradict his history of blood feuding within the tribe and robbery beyond its borders. Dr. Gordon Seagrave, the Burma Surgeon, acknowledged his debt to the Kachins as the first willing candidates for his surgery, then their general fondness for knives made them welcome in experiments in cutting even upon their own persons. The Kachins' taste for bloodletting is hereditary and natural; his fondness for Americans was acquired. It grew out of a bit of history.

In 1878, when Burma was ruled by King Thibaw, an American missionary named William Henry Roberts sought an audience at the palace in Mandalay. Into the Presence he crept on hands and knees, and bowing his forehead to the floor before the Peacock Throne, as was required, made his plea.

Far away to the north lived a backward, warlike race known to the Burmese as 'Kachins' - 'robbers'. No traveler was considered safe among them. The American missionary sought permission to enter this country. King Thibaw consented. It was no concern of his if a

foreigner wished to devote his life, which promised to be extremely short, to his own brand of religious lunacy.

Roberts' labors among the Kachins produced two notable results which were to play a surprising part in the future. First, he won the gratitude of a large number of tribesmen. Then, first unselfish friend, the first foreigner willing to teach them and live among them, was from a distant land called America. With a simple and primitive logic, these hillmen extended that friendship to other Americans who followed Roberts, and gradually transferred it wholesale to a great country they had never seen. Second, Roberts gave the Kachins a written language. They had no alphabet of their own, and so he captured the sound of the native words, as nearly as possible, in our own letters, and set up village schools to teach the ABCs. Many Kachins, therefore, learned to read their language in our alphabet. That fact of itself made the training of Kachin radio operators very easy.

The first American volunteers to take the dark leap into the unknown were scared. They admit it. Scared of being hopelessly lost in the jungle, scared of injury or snakes or sickness, scared most of all of being caught and tortured by the Japs.

My first jump—one of them told me—went off all right. I climbed safely near a Kachin village, and they found me next day. They were perfectly friendly and gave me boiled rice and eggs. But I knew a Jap force was nearby and I was about ready to croak off my life. I sure was a lost ball

in the high weeds. You see I didn't know, then, that you could just hook your hand in the nearest Kachin's belt, and he would take you to some place where no Jap could ever find you. Perhaps he couldn't understand a word of the few phrases you had tried to learn—it didn't matter. He would hide you, and feed you, and stay with you till it was safe to move again.

The volunteers, at first, were not at all concerned with fighting. They had enough to do in learning to exist in the jungle, in setting up radio communications with their home base, in getting acquainted with the language and customs of their hosts. They familiarized themselves with all the jungle trails in their areas, the roads used by the Japanese, the tiny paths and game tracks which only the Kachins knew. The Japs were aware of their presence by now, of course, sometimes of their precise position. Jap patrols were often able to chase them from place to place. But the Japs could never catch them.

The Kachins were joyfully willing to enlist as fighters. Gradually each American organized his own band of tough little warriors, and began to equip a force. The radios reported positions called for supplies, and the transport planes dropped the pick-up gear on mountain rice fields, elephants or into secret forest glades. The standard supply was one third of what would be required for usual army units, Rangers were expected to live two thirds off the country.

To the Kachins, stripped of nearly all necessities by the years of war, the bounty from the skies was miraculous. Rice salt (unobtainable in the

hills, and valued like silver), medicines, tobacco, lamp oil, machine guns, rifles and fine jungle knives.

Before long these forces were beginning to make contact with one another, and to infiltrate deep in Jap territory. They cleared small, hidden landing strips in the jungle, where tiny liaison planes could slip in to take out sick or wounded men. They began to repay their debt to the Air Force by sending back, alive and well pilots whose planes had crashed in enemy territory. They caught a Jap pilot who bailed out almost over his own airfield, and sent him to his quarters; he was a valuable prisoner, the first Japanese officer captured in Burma since the British retreat.

The American boys who had leaped into the unknown were now veteran campaigners; they had learned a lot about living in the jungle, and about Kachins. Let us take as an example more or less typical, the experience of our young captain who had made the one man invasion of the Washington hotel lobby.

About two months after his jump-in, he had been given the word, over the radio, to "start fighting."

"I had a platoon or so of Kachin fighters at my back by that time," he says, "and had picked up a pretty sound idea of the surrounding roads and trails. We began to ambush trails, dynamite bridges, blow up Jap ammunition dumps.

In a jungle ambush, the Kachins can do terrible things with sharpened bamboo. They fill the bushes on both sides with needle sharp stakes, cleverly hidden. When a Jap patrol

was fired upon, and dived for the timber — well I hardly like to talk about it. After a few ambushes like that, the Japs never took cover when we fired on them.

"Of course the Japs tried reverse operations on us, and my life wouldn't have been worth a nickel if my men hadn't been about ten times as alert as any Jap in the jungle. They just seemed to *know* when Japs were around. I have no idea how they did it, when I myself couldn't see, hear, or smell a thing.

"Only once, in months of hide-and-seek fighting, were we ever surprised by Japs. We were going to blow a bridge and perhaps we were too busy with our own idea. Anyhow a volley of rifle shots came at us from very close range. How they missed us I'll never know, except that shooting in the jungle is tricky. And what saved us in the next few moments was even queerer.

The Kachin is a born jungle hunter, and he has never had anything to hunt with but crude home-made muzzle loaders. He always shoots at the closest possible range, and then *runs forward* to finish the wounded animal with his knife. So now, like hunters, every Kachin around me sprinted forward. The Jap ambushers got confused and jumped on their feet to meet a charge. And then the Kachins dropped down and murdered them with their tommy guns.

Even so, it wasn't only luck that saved us. The Japs had rifles but every Rancor carried a quick shooting automatic, so that by comparison the fire power of our small group was overwhelming. We have always tried

to give our Kachins the most modern weapons and they go for them the way little Johnny goes for Superman stuff. They learn to assemble a machine gun so fast it makes your head spin.

'What about all that equipment I chose for my one man war? Well, I left most of it at base, of course. But a good knife is always very handy. When the leeches are really thick in monsoon time, you can sort of peel them off your legs, like shaving, once they get their heads in deep, you have to use the knife point to dig them out. Rations couldn't always reach us in the jungle, and the Kachins taught me to eat some things not served in the best restaurants. Unfamiliar roots, berries and fruits, of course, but also monkey, tiger and elephant meat. I tried termites and young white billy bees are a bit crunchy, but not so bad. Rats — a nice delicacy in paddy fields — are very good indeed.

'In exchange I taught the Kachins a trick I could never master myself — to like K rations. We got Whittman's candy, once, in a tin printed with the New York skyline. They loved the candy and talked for days about the big American pigade is shown in that picture. One day two of them brought me something they had just finished, and asked when we could get more of this good new ration. I jumped when I saw the red can marked 'Poison.' It was solidified alcohol, 'canned heat.' I was terribly worried for a few hours but they showed no ill effects, just got happy. I began to see that Kachins are not only friendly, but very durable.'

Add a few variations to the Crip train's adventures, and multiply them

by several score, and you begin to have a notion of the extent of the operations which were chewing up the Japanese rear areas. It was grim destruction, on a wide scale behind the whole 600-mile-long Japanese front.

In February of 1944, when Merrill's Marauders, a force of specially trained American jungle fighters, struck toward the Japanese base at Myitkyn, the Rangers supplied an advance screen for the column. Three months later, when the Marauders closed in on their objective after a magnificent march, it was a Kachin guide who led them in. The Kachin had been bitten by a poisonous snake that morning, but he refused to get sick until he had taken the American by one of those jungle trails which only a Kachin could follow, to surprise and seize the airfield. The desperate battle that followed, the agony of mud and blood in which the Rangers shined, was a turning point in the campaign. But Myitkyn fell, at last, because the airfield had been captured, and was never relinquished.

Fires at headquarters give other glimpses of individual Rangers in action. Here is a southern boy who had been in the jungle alone for months. He now speaks Kachin perfectly. Among other activities, he has captured ten elephants from the Japs. An elephant is extremely valuable because it takes the place of truck and tractor combined in the jungle.

Here is an American sergeant who has become a specialist in blowing up bridges and even has a troop train to his credit. He has walked more than 1500 miles, mostly over the steepest trails, and has lived for long periods on rice stolen from Jap food dumps.

Here, strangely, is a Navy surgeon, who went in like any other volunteer, to give medical aid. Four Navy pharmacist's mates went in with him. Between cases — and much of their work would have been difficult even in a modern hospital — they hid or ran as occasion demanded. Many a tough fighter, American and Kachin, owes his life to that gallant Navy team.

One of the most heartening details of this whole amazing adventure is the excellence of the medical care, and the fact that Americans and Kachins have always been treated exactly alike. There is a first class hospital in Assam now staffed in part by former nurses of Colonel Gordon Setters's famous unit. Many of these fine nurses are Christian Kachin girls. The pilots of the unit's tiny aircraft risk their lives as readily to bring out Kachin casualties as they do for Americans.

NO ONE outside the organization would deny that the American Kachin Rangers take high honors for gallantry, no one inside it would deny that individually, they are strictly and wonderfully out of this world.

At the adquaters I happened to fall into conversation with a tall, blue-eyed officer, fresh from the jungle. He wore a battered hat, unrelated to any uniform ever seen, with a long silver-plumbeous feather in it, Robin Hood style. His fine red beard glinted in the sun.

"That's a handsome feather," I said. "There seems to be something about this organization that makes the boys wear feathers in their caps. Feathers and odd uniforms."

"Yes," he said, "some of these guys wear any damn thing" (He evidently considered himself a model of conventionality). "Some of them go along with nothing much but boots."

"It's a lonely life, I suggested. 'Bound to develop eccentricities'."

"Lord yes!" he agreed. "Of all the screwball bunches you ever saw! I sometimes think I'm the only man in it who keeps both feet on the ground."

"Wasn't someone telling me that you have become rather interested in Kachin superstitions?" I asked. "Evil spirits, and divination with chicken bones, and that sort of thing?"

"Certainly," he said. "Anyone who has had any real experience with divination is bound to see that it makes a lot of sense. The Kachins use chicken bones to choose a safe trail. For instance, if I had disregarded them, we would have walked into a Jap ambush more than once. I don't go for all their evil spirits, but it's reasonable to throw a few coins into a river before crossing it."

Uh, huh? I said. "But some of the boys really are a bit eccentric."

"Some of them," he said, "are definitely juggle-happy. Why, I know a guy who claims he was bitten by Kachin evil spirits. The sores on his legs wouldn't cure up until he began to wear little elephant hair bands below the knee, the way the Kachins told him to. What do you think of that?"

"Very odd," I said.

"You ought to talk to some of these guys. You know we've got one who says he's a member of the Confederate Cavalry."

I knew the officer he referred to — a young Virginian who states flatly

that he is on "detached service from the Confederate Cavalry." He always wears crossed sabers on his collar, and rolls up his hat brim, cavalry style. But he never cares whether the damn yankies believe him or not. His present job is jungle fighting, and they all agree he knows about that.

"Certainly we're a bunch of screwballs," said the young commander of the American Kachin Rangers. "We have one officer — he came over from a British unit — who always wears his monocle on parachute jumps. And another who can't shave, even in the jungle, without a valet to lather his face and hand him the razor. And there is a boy who specializes in frightening prisoners into talking. He has an enormous bushy black beard and a scar from eye to chin like a pirate, and he shaves his head bare — really the most horrible sight in the jungle. Any Jap he grabs begins to babble like a public relations officer."

"But remember, the outfit was hand-picked, for this kind of job we had to have men who would try anything, men who could stand on their own feet and handle things their own way. Original ideas never hurt anyone, they just make life more interesting."

"What I have to watch out for and worry over, is something entirely different. Lonely men can crack up in the jungle. The trees close in till you seem to be fighting for space, for light and air. You are in a prison, you are breaking your heart to get out, but you'll never escape —"

"All this gets worse in the monsoon months. You are wet most of the time, the leeches, mosquitoes, and a million other biting and crawling

things get to work on you. Fog seems to pull the trees and mountains ever tighter about you, and the sun never shines to break the gloom. You get sores on your legs, and perhaps fever chills, and you bleach out till you are an awful pure white. You can't tell anybody your troubles (remember that these men haven't been able to write even their wives a word about what they have been doing) and it grows on you that nobody ever went through such hell before —

"The tension becomes unbearable. You are on the wrong end of an eternal man hunt. The Japs are after you; you can't get free. Sleeplessness — nightmares —"

When things like that begin to happen you can detect it in his radio messages. Then it's time to get him out fast. With a little rest, he'll be ready to go back, more sure of himself than ever."

THE Japs have now been dislodged from their mountain strong points, driven south to the plains of Burma. In January of this year the truck convoys began rolling over the completed Sulwell Road on the long pull to China. Many heroic workers and fighters contributed to that victory, indispensable among them and hitherto unheralded, were the American Kachin Rangers, prodding the enemy from his hidden lair, filling his own secret trails with terror and sudden death.

"And one of the most wonderful things about the whole operation," said the Commander, "is the amazingly low record of American casualties. Of all the boys who have gone behind the lines — and it makes

long roster — only seven have been killed

"There is just one explanation for it — Kachin loyalty, and Kachin jungle-craft. Why, they just wouldn't allow our boys to get hurt, and they spotted every Jap ambush. People ask how they do it, I have never found out. But I do know that we tried out war dogs, specially trained for patrol work. The dogs were wonderful, but the Kachins were keener."

"The Kachins deserve a special medal," I said.

"They have one, the 'CMA' award. But that's another cockeyed story."

The medal was created, I learned, because an officer in the jungle misread a radio message. The message said that his Kachins, for a particularly gallant action, could be rewarded with food and new clothing. After the word "food" in the message appeared the letters CMA, the radio abbreviation for COMMA. So — the officer forgot that was just punctuation, and joyfully held a little ceremony to decorate some of his leaders with the "CMA Award." The actual medal, he said, was on its way.

When Headquarters heard about all this, they were in a quandary. They couldn't break an American officer's promise to his soldiers, and they couldn't invent decorations — or could they? Well, maybe they could. Let's see, what could "CMA" stand for? When someone appropriately suggested "Citation for Military Assistance" the thing was practically done. So now there is actually a handsome silver medal,



bearing those words, and worn from a green ribbon embroidered with white peacocks, a special American award for Kachins only. Irregular perhaps, but very highly prized.

The Kachin homeland is free of Japs now. The hillmen are again planting the rice and the giant cucumbers in their highland garden patches. Along those dim trails they are following the wild boar and the sambar.

"When I was a boy," an old Kachin headman told me, "I saw the first Americans come to our country. They came on foot or riding little ponies and they carried books. This was good. We are jungle dwellers and our need for learning is very great."

"Again when our country was in bitter trouble, the Americans came. They leaped from the skies and they carried weapons. This also was good. Our knives were of no use against the Japanese. Our friendship for the Americans is very strong."

The regard is mutual. Many a young American found among his jungle hosts not only wonderful fighters but steadfast friends. Several are determined to take Kachin boys to America for schooling and technical training after the war. When those bright young Kachins get their first look at America they may feel lost, bewildered, frightened. But no more so than the Americans who dropped into their own land. I hope they will be treated as kindly. That would make the fine conclusion to one of the most remarkable episodes of the war.

The Ultimate Security

By David Lynnet

Short story writer and playwright

WHEN a New York business man - whom I shall call Stanley Baker - lost everything in the crash that preceded the depression, he was completely knocked out. A group of his friends, men who had been able to weather the storm, offered to back him in a new business venture, but he refused. He told his friends that he was physically ill, and indeed he looked it.

His wife, Alice, a charming and devoted woman, had a few hundred dollars in her savings account, and with it she took him to Oriental Springs, a quiet resort in central Florida, where she found a small cottage in the pine woods overlooking a lovely lake.

The region was comparatively primitive and rich in beauty and birds sang in the tops of the straight-barked, lofty pines. The road that ran past their door was a winding ribbon marked by twin ruts in the sandy soil. Their nearest neighbor was Frank Searles, manager of the local celery packing plant. Their other neighbors were typical backwoods Florida "crackers."

In this remote and apparently peaceful environment, Stanley Baker's

health improved, at least his body responded to the simple life he was leading. But his trouble lay deep in his mind. He'd known failure, he had lost all feeling of security, fear walked with him by day, and lay with him at night.

He spent many of his waking hours in a cypress grove at the edge of the lake, where the bank dropped straight down and the water was deep. He would sit there for long periods, in a kind of trance, staring down into the water.

One noon, walking home from the grove, he saw two boys fighting in the road. The smaller boy he recognized as the son of his neighbor, Frank Searles. The bigger boy, a stranger, was giving the younger one a bad beating. Baker, stepping in to stop the fight, gave the bully a shove that sent him sprawling. The boy fell, bumping his forehead on the root of a tree. Blood spurted from his nose, he jumped up with a howl and as he backed away he shouted at Baker, "My papa'll fix you fer this! You see if he don't, you damn Yankee nigger!"

The Searles boy had streaked for home, and Stanley Baker walked on

alone. The young cracker's threat seemed only another straw added to the burden of his own somber thoughts. That afternoon, while Alice was shopping in the village, the bully appeared at the Baker's cottage.

"What do you want?" Stanley asked.

"My papa says to tell you to git out o' town 'by 'undown tomorrow evenin' or he's goin' to shoot you," the boy blurted out. "Says ain't ary man goin' to lay han's on his youngun an' bloody him without he'll draw blood to pay fer it. My papa s'ed Colby, an' he sure kin shoot *straight*." Then the boy ran down the road and vanished into the pine woods.

Baker laughed. The thing was ridiculous. Then he thought of Alice. Suppose his wife should hear of this absurd ultimatum! He knew enough about the community to realize that in a few hours Jed Colby's threat would be a matter of common gossip.

Curiously, in his first reaction, he did not think about himself at all, but he did later that evening when Frank Searles and his wife came to call. Mrs. Searles went directly into the kitchen to help Alice Baker with her dinner dishes. Frank gestured toward the porch. "Let's go out there. I want to talk to you alone." Stanley followed him in silence.

"Mr. Baker," Frank Searles said, "I'm obliged to you for rescuing my kid this noon, but I'm mighty sorry you interfered, because Jed Colby has been down to the village, and he's making his brag about you. He says that when you touched his boy you insulted him, and he's going to run you out of town or shoot you."

Stanley said, "Yes, I know. He sent

that warning to me. But I just can't believe he means it. I didn't hurt his boy, but I think he's just talking."

"I've lived here 20 years," replied Searles, "and I know these crackers. They're as hotheaded as they are ignorant."

"But what he's threatening is murder! Isn't there any law in this town?"

"Yes, there's law here," Frank Searles said gravely. "But it don't always cover what these people consider a question of honor."

"Well, what do you advise me to do?" Baker asked listlessly.

Searles turned and looked at him. "I can't advise you, Mr. Baker. There are some things a man has got to decide for himself."

All that night Stanley lay awake, trying to find a way out of his dilemma. The vague terrors that had haunted his mind for months now took on a new and concrete form. His fear of life had become the fear of death. Lying there motionless so that he would not wake Alice sleeping beside him, he pondered. Should he save himself by running away?

Then, in a surge of despair that was also relief, he came to a decision. The cracker's bullet would be the best solution of his problem, and just before dawn he got up quietly, dressed without disturbing Alice, and left the house.

Soon a glorious sunrise was flooding the pine woods, the birds were striking silver from the morning stillness—and as he walked the sandy road Baker made a startling discovery. Life was still sweet to him; he did not want to die. Yet he went on.

He found the cracker's house, mounted the single step of the sagging

porch and knocked on the door. After an interminable wait Jed Colby, a lank, bearded man in undershirt and faded blue jeans, opened it.

"I'm Mr. Baker," Stanley said, "the man you've threatened to kill."

Swift as a snake striking, Jed Colby reached for a rifle standing just inside the door, and held it against his hip with its muzzle almost touching Baker's chest.

"I'm not armed," Stanley said quickly.

The cracker stared at him. "You came here to see me, with no gun? You must be a brave man, stranger!"

"I don't know whether I am or not," Stanley said. "I guess I came here to find out." Then he added, out of the strange serenity that now filled him, "Mr. Colby, I came because I couldn't do anything else and go on living with myself. I'm sure you can understand that."

Colby looked down at the rifle in his hands. "Hell, I can't shoot a man while he's standin' on my doorstep. Come in and let's talk this trouble over. I got to admire your guts for comin' here to face me."

It was still very early when Stanley Baker got home. He tried not to in the any noise, for he expected that Alice would still be asleep. But when he opened the door he saw her standing, fully dressed, in the living room, waiting for him.

"I thank God," she said softly, as he

stepped into the room. The next moment she was in his arms and they were clinging to each other as they had not done in a long, bitter time.

"How did you know?" he asked finally.

"Mrs. Charles told me last night Frank didn't want her to, but she thought I ought to know." There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him. "I was awake when you got up before daylight. I watched you leave the house and I knew where you were going."

"But you didn't try to stop me," Stanley said in wonder.

"No. I prayed instead."

His arms tightened around her. "You asked God to give me courage."

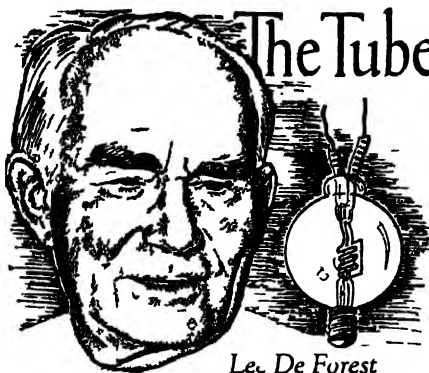
"I did not," she said. "I knew you didn't need that. I only asked Him to look after you."

He laughed and kissed her. When he spoke, his voice was exultant. "Dadline," he said, "I made a friend of Jed Colby this morning, but better still, *I made friends with myself again.* Your worries are over. I'm all right now, and I'm going to stay all right."

In a few weeks the Bakers returned to New York. In a few years Stanley Baker was again a successful man, the head of his own business, prosperous and respected. But better than that, he has a new set of values, the most important of which is that a man's ultimate security will always be *his faith in himself*.



A NEW YORK CITY tailor shop specializing in Wac and Wave uniforms has this sign: "We fill out government forms" — *Parade*



Lee De Forest

How the vast new electronics industry came to be born

THIRTY years ago in New York a district attorney confronted a lean shabby inventor who had been haled into court on charges of using the mails to defraud. The prosecutor held up before the jury a glass gadget which looked like a small electric light bulb with wires protruding from the top. He accused the defendant, Lee De Forest of claiming that this "worthless" device might some day transmit the human voice across the Atlantic Ocean, and stated that gullible investors had been persuaded by such preposterous claims to buy shares in De Forest's company. He urged prison sentences for this man and his partners. Two of De Forest's associates were convicted, but he got off with a severe lecture from the judge.

That "worthless glass bulb" was the audion tube, the greatest single invention of the 20th century. It is the foundation of today's four billion-dollar electronics industry. Less than

The Tube That Changed the World

Condensed from Argosy

Harland Manchester

Author of *New World of Machines*

two years after the trial, De Forest's scorned audion tube did carry the hum in voice across the Atlantic Ocean, and with its aid the first regular telephone service from New York to San Francisco was opened. Not even its inventor had a proper appreciation of the tremendous magnitude of his discovery. It was a key to colossal wealth and undying fame, but De Forest could never quite make it fit that particular door. He knew a good deal more about electricity than about finance or business relations.

Since early childhood, Lee De Forest had been absorbed in invention. He built batteries, compasses, electric motors, even a blast furnace that worked. He built an electroplating outfit, and earned his first dollar replating a neighbor's silver.

At Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, he was a moody, brilliant student. Poor and socially awkward, he made few friends, lived in unheated rooms, and ate 15 cent meals. He graduated from college after only three years of work, then enrolled for further work in electrical engineering. Inspired by a lecture on Hertzian waves, he developed an almost fanatical interest in the phenomenon now labeled "electronics." His endless experiments irritated a number of people. He was always blowing out fuses, and one night an auditorium

went dark during a lecture. He was dismissed from the laboratory.

The war with Sprün had just begun, so De Forest enlisted, but when peace came he returned to Yale and resumed study for his Ph.D. Yale's mathematical genius, J. Willard Gibbs — whose lectures were so profound that after 30 years of teaching he said that perhaps six students had profited by them — volunteered to conduct a special course for De Forest alone.

Leaving Yale, De Forest plunged into the long grind which led to his harnessing the elusive electron.

When dot-and-dash wireless became the sensation of the day, the best device known for picking messages out of the air was a clumsy tube full of metal filings, which stuck together to form a circuit when a signal came in, and then had to be tapped loose with a hammer before another signal could be detected. De Forest set out to invent a better detector.

He was subsisting in Chicago on various small daytime jobs, but his real work began when he came home to a hall bedroom cluttered with apparatus.

One winter he lived on \$10 a week earned by translating French technical papers. He went barefoot in his room to save his shoes, and penned in his diary a thoughtful note that if he stood up as much as possible his trousers might last until spring. "Oh the loneliness, the difficulties," he wrote gloomily. "I am dwelling in a new realm. No precedents. No apparatus. No co-workers. All things to be tried out and tested."

The tide turned at last. De Forest went to the Armour Institute and

arranged to teach three hours a week in return for the use of the Institute's electrical laboratory. With the help of Edwin Smythe, a young telephone engineer, De Forest finally completed his "responder" — an automatic detector of wireless signals which was a distinct advance over the tube of metal filings.

Lipton's *Shamrock II* was soon to race the yacht *Columbia* off Sandy Hook. De Forest proposed to the Associated Press that he report the race by wireless from a tug. Informed that the AP had signed a contract with the Marconi Company, he turned up with the Publishers' Press Association. In the few weeks before the race he had to rent a shop, buy materials and build his equipment, and he was broke as usual. A businessman advanced him \$1000, so he founded the American Wireless Telegraph Company and began a day and night grind to beat Marconi.

The result was a fiasco. It didn't occur to either pioneer that it was necessary to use different wave lengths. So they jammed each other's signals. No wireless reports came through at all, and the papers got their news by wigwag.

De Forest plunged into a promotion scheme to finance his new firm with a grandiloquent promoter named White. In 1903 the Providence *Journal* engaged De Forest to set up a wireless station on Block Island to give the paper up to the minute news. This was so successful that the Navy got him to report maneuvers by wireless. Then he was called to England, where he pioneered in establishing wireless service between Wales and Ireland. He set up

a station at Shantung, China, from which the Russo-Japanese naval war was reported. His demonstration at the World's Fair at St. Louis captured the imagination of the country. Then came a great triumph when the U. S. Navy awarded the De Forest company contracts to build five stations in Florida and the Caribbean area. But before the work was done, his company got into a serious financial jam. Its plans were too ambitious. De Forest got out. His wireless-telegraph period was over. He took with him only \$1000 in cash and the rights to an incomplete invention, the audion tube, a gadget which his partners considered worthless.

For years he had been fumbling with an elusive idea. It began with the curious behavior of a gas flame one night in 1900, back in Chicago. Working over one of his early wireless signal detectors, De Forest was operating the transmitter when he noticed that the gas light in the room brightened and dimmed in response to the sparking of the coil. Here, it seemed, was the clue to a marvelous new device for receiving air waves. Tests eventually proved it was the sound of the transmitter, not the wireless waves, which had disturbed the flame within the gas mantle. Yet De Forest clung to the notion that heated gases could be used to detect electric waves.

He mounted a gas flame between two electrical terminals. He went on to a gas-filled bulb with a flame beneath it. Soon he abandoned the flame for a filament bulb with the addition of a metal plate separated from the hot filament by a narrow gap. Years before, Edison had devised

such a bulb, and had found that when the plate was positively charged a tiny stream of energy (transmitted as we now know, by electrons) leaped across the gap and set up a fruitful circuit. J. A. Fleming of England built this "Edison effect" into a bulb which would detect wireless waves but would not amplify them.

By adding a little piece of bent wire to the two elements in the bulb, Lee De Forest changed the world. After trying bits of tin foil and strips of metal in various positions, he finally twisted a piece of platinum wire into a design roughly resembling a kitchen grid, and inserted it in the bulb between the filament and the plate. That did the trick.

This grid has been compared to a Venetian blind. By manipulating the cords of such a blind in your window you can alter the sunlight pattern on the floor and might even work out a clumsy communication code. De Forest's electronic blind works a million times as fast and is far more accurate. The lead from your radio aerial is connected to the grid, and the tiny amount of energy which comes through the air from the radio station pulls the cords of this "Venetian blind" to increase or diminish the flow of electrons through the tube. Thus the feeble radio signals impress their pattern upon the much greater current which flows through the tube from your baseboard light socket — a current powerful enough to operate your loud-speaker. By hooking up several audion tubes in a series, so that the increased output of the first tube operates the grid of the second tube and so on, any amount of amplification can be obtained.

De Forest's genius provided the missing link which gifted research men the world over had been seeking. Many improvements have since been made and the principle of the little tube has been used to construct a vast array of glass and metal giants which are doing new jobs every day.

As if radio, long-distance and wireless telephony, telephoto, facsimile transmission, talking movies, television and radar were not enough, these tubes are entering industry on many fronts.

Pieces of laminated plastic plywood, used in making gliders and trainer and cargo planes, once had to be baked in an oven for many hours to secure a firm bond. Now the photon, descendant of De Forest's audion, shoots a stream of heat producing, high frequency radio waves through the material and heating time is cut to a fraction.

The same type of tube is used to 'stitch' the Army's synthetic treated raincoats by fusing the seams with radio waves, to vulcanize tires, and even to bake hams!

The most widely used "electric eye" which opens doors, guards warehouses and sorts packaged goods, could not see without De Forest's invention. And when secret wartime inventions are applied to the arts of peace, electronic eyes will pierce fog

at sea, planes will land surely in storm or darkness, and trains will not collide. Wireless telephones may be installed in automobiles. Power may be broadcast by radio.

Lee De Forest has been notably absent from the electronic band wagon. When the radio boom came in the '20's others reaped most of the fame and profit. He missed out on the exploitation of talking pictures and television. He received several lump sums through the sale of various rights to the audion tube, and with prudent investment would now be a millionaire. But he has been involved in long and expensive lawsuits, and when he had money he eagerly splurged on the luxuries so long denied him. In 1936 he filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing debts of more than \$100,000 against \$390 in assets.

Yet Lee De Forest at 71 is hearty and optimistic. He runs a prosperous small plant near Hollywood where he makes diathermy machines, and he is as full of new ideas as ever. His fame is secure at last. Rich with medals and honorary degrees, he is recognized as the "father of radio" and the pioneer genius of electronics. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that his audion tube made possible the machines which form the backbone of our technical civilization.



DURING a recent war bond drive on our destroyer escort somewhere in the Pacific, the ship's paper asked, "Why are you buying war bonds?" One of our more alert seamen answered, "Freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom from oppression and freedom from the Navy."

—Contributed by Lt. (jg) Frederick W. Reichardt



Close-Ups of War in the Pacific

By Francis Vivian Drake

Francis Vivian Drake, one of The Reader's Digest roving editors, has recently returned from a trip to Pearl Harbor, Kwajalein, Guam, Saipan and many points. His impressions of the vast Pacific war theater are high lighted in these vignettes

Tale Off from San Francisco

THE ROAR of the engines warming up is shattering drilling into spine, scalp, fingernails, banging against the fillings in your teeth. Inside the great double decker hull, figures are sprawled, prone or curled up in its on the floor. Average age is about the same as college. Destination Luzon, Guam, Kwajalein, Saipan, New Guinea.

Men for MacArthur, for Nimitz, for Towers. The engines idle now. A few hoarse shouts. Doors slamming. *Here we go!* Forty tons of metal, gas and oil, of men, material, storming out across the Bay like an enraged cornered animal, straining like mad for flight. *You made it—atta gull!* Up, up, up. Miles of tiny glares from the war plants recede, vanish. There's a bracing memory to take out to the fighting men. Remember that—America working under the arcs, America working under the clock around.

The Arsenal

HAWAII, languorous isles of grass skirts, ukuleles and surf rides, now converted totally into the mighty powerhouse of War. Here is not just Everything but fifty, a hundred, a thousand of Everything. Here is the answer to your worn out car, the second rate leather on your shoes, the lack of meat and butter on your table. *You name it, we have it!* Guns, tanks, bulldozers, medical supplies, flame throwers, refrigerators, parachutes, plane blanket underprints. Scores of miles of warehouses, mountains of packing cases, avenues of supplies, banded along roads disappearing on either side into the distance. Millions of gallons of gasoline, millions of cigarettes, acres of canned orange juice. Hundreds of thousands of people at work.

Honolulu, a fluctuating blur of white clad sailors, crowded off sidewalks by more sailors, crowded back on again by honks from trucks and jeeps. Push, shove, jostle, step on, step off, step on again. Stores, movies, poolhalls, jigg packed, 20 minutes in line for a beer. Every square mile is filled—barracks, training camps, repair shops, hospitals, forests of tents, and airfields, airfields, airfields. Ships stacked

six abreast against every square foot of dockside, every deck swarming with men, 700 ships in one navy yard

All day the island roars with noise, all night the noise roars on under the glare of floodlights. No time to fool with blackouts — four thousand miles away the Battle Fleet is readying an operation soon to flame into headlines, but Pearl Harbor has already finished preparations for the next Strike, is hard at work on the one after that.

No hula hula for Hawaii now, no ukuleles. Just work, sweat, work.

From Hawaii West

The grizzled Negro sergeant motions at the plane's port window with his free hand as his lips form a word. This is the first time his huge impressive bulk has shifted since sundown, since the sailor beside him let his sleeping towhead slide onto the Negro's shoulder. The sergeant's left arm is still around him, the towhead snoring placidly against the sergeant's ribbons. Eleven hours, since Pearl Harbor, of engine roar, of good weather and brood of stilled muscles of endless darkening sea. The floor is littered with strange lumpy shapes, 25 or 30 of them corpse-like in gray Navy blankets. The sergeant's face, heavy with fatigue, breaks out a grin. He points again.

"*U olje*, his lips form "*Japs*."

Island spotting in the dark — that's a knack that comes only with practice. Now you see it — not a glow, not a blur exactly, something in between under the port wing and maybe 30 miles away. *U olje* — real estate attached to the Rising Sun — subjects of Hirohito — grinning little apes down there, scurrying around

their isolated nest, cut off, but still alive and venomous. Suppose they spot us? Suppose already their fighter planes

"Ain't got a plane left," the sergeant remarks tactfully. "We just leave 'em stew."

The towhead opens his eyes, drowsily, and mumbles. He's still back on the farm with Maw and Paw, 6000 miles away. The sergeant grins again and tightens his numb left arm around the youngster. His deep, musical voice rumbles again.

"S'wright, bud — go 'n back to sleep. Won't be long now."

Way Station

Four years ago they scarcely thought of death — or if they did it was idly and without concern the way one considers problems still 50 years away. Death was for the old the ruling. But then death abruptly overtook them — right here, on Guam. So here they lie, hundreds and hundreds of American youngsters wrapped in blanket burial in coral graves, only a few yards from the beachheads on which they fell.

Above them, on a tall mast flies Old Glory, and over them are planted row upon row of little crosses that crowd a far perspective. *Name, rank, number*. But sometimes there is no name or number, only that empty word. *Unidentified*. Scarcely a sound is heard beyond the slapping, of the halcyard on the flagpole, the rumble of the sea which forever separates these men from everything they loved. Here on this narrow little beach was one of our costliest thrusts against the enemies of freedom, and, right beside it, the price we paid for victory.

Almost every day, Marines en route for combat, or returning from the new triumph into theater 1500 miles further along, come here to visit for a while. Cap in hand, they walk among the graves in silence, looking for a familiar name, or they remain standing expressionless, beside an unmarked grave.

After a while they turn and walk off by themselves along the beach, staring at the sea. Their heads are still uncovered. No one but a fool would try to talk to a Marine just then.

Membership Limited

The Officers Club at Saipan — a single room perhaps 20 by 10. The thing you notice right away is the atmosphere. No pin up girls, no booze, no woomie. Very discreetly, a photograph plays *The Blue Danube*. For men who must endure endless hours of noise, a prime requirement is quiet. In one corner a midshipman, behind a desk, in enlisted man's uniform, his face solemn with responsibility, although no drinks are costlier than a nickel and his whole stock is beer, cokes, cigarettes and gum. Fortunately, the Members aren't too kind to worry about vintage wines.

To these very clean, very tanned young men, sitting around in white shirts and khaki shorts, their club has everything. There is the Writing Room — those two rough planks on trestles and pen and ink for letters home. The Library — over there on the wall, that two shelf supercharger case stuffed with magazines, all old, all discarded, all beyond price. The Club Shower — rain barrel and perforated piping. And notice *The Armchairs* — not Fifth Avenue specimens,

perhaps, but the best you can make out of picking crates. And even *The Club Ashtrays* out here in the middle of nowhere — sets of discarded porcelain, fired smooth and shallow and uniform.

Rating in the Social Register isn't one of the membership requirements for this Club. To get in, all anyone has to do is to gamble regularly with death in the air over Tokyo over shoreless wastes of water, any day, any night, in any weather, at a moment's notice. To stay in, all that is necessary is to keep surviving those 16 pitiless hours to Japan and back, to keep reappearing through a cloud hole over Saipan.

All in all, you might call this Club pretty damned exclusive.

Light House

What should be strange about it, after all, is a small American chapel on Kwajalein, amid one of the bloodiest Pacific battlegrounds? More than three centuries ago the Pilgrims first concern was for a place to worship, and here, on this distant atoll, after the Japanese had been removed, Americans still wanted the same thing. With their own hands, with lumber brought from home, they too — Protestant, Catholic, Jew, white men and colored — put up a house of worship.

Architecturally it is simple, but there is nothing rough or jury-built about it. The pews are finished expertly and stuned by hand. Some engineering wizard has even contributed retractible footrests that swing out and make a ledge on which to kneel.

Surrounding it, a sea of tents, planes, jeeps, tanks, trucks, bulldozers,

shattered pillboxes, still black from battle fire, the endless bustle of men at war. And yet, incredibly, inside the little chapel there is a sense of peace, of home. Here is comfort for every troubled spirit, surcease for every heart made heavy by the strain of war.

This morning a special service is in progress for the dedication of a tablet that is to hang here permanently. The chapel is crowded to overflowing. The tablet is one which these men have conceived themselves, and on which they themselves have carved these words:

THIS CHAPEL

IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
GALANT OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN

THE CAPTURE OF KWAJALEIN

FEBRUARY FIRST TO FEBRUARY THIRTEEN

ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND

FORTY-FOUR

REST IN PEACE

Preacher, priest and rabbi, khaki-clad, are assisting at the Service. The spoken words are honest, simple, deeply moving. These men who have buried comrades, who know the courage, the pain and bitterness of battle, need thoughts a man can get his teeth into. The words flow out over the bowed heads, over men kneeling in the coral dust, over huts, and trucks and planes, over the impassive sea.

*Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his
friends*

Nonstop to Tokyo

The General eyes his wrist watch. He is standing in the high control

tower on Saipan, while a technicolor dawn, in crimson, purple and gold, puts in a bid for his attention. But right now the General's mind is on one thing only, and it has nothing to do with art appreciation. Below him, spread over miles of recently bulldozed ground, the grim Superfortresses are assembling for a raid against Japan. Shimmering in the early light, threading along their taxi strips toward center runway, like rivers flowing to the sea, their size seems fantastic. Hundreds of idling propellers merge and interlace in queer skidograph patterns against the horizontal rays of the sun. The noise is appalling.

The General looks at his watch again. Still a minute to go—30 seconds. The scene is like a movie film caught in its track. *Hold everything—ten seconds.*

The General's eyes lift. A mile away the signalman drops his flag. A deepening roar, a flash of propellers, and the first Superfort comes thundering down the runway. Faster, faster, faster. Can those snirling engines, laboring under 60 tons of plane, gas gun, bombs and crew ever hoist that monster off the ground? A blown tire, an engine filter, and—*curtains.* The Superfort races past the control tower, shaking the wooden structure to its base. On down the track it speeds, wheels spitting out crescents of coral dust higher than the wing tips. Abruptly, near the end of the runway, the crescents fall away—the wheels are clear. Almost inch by inch the overloaded plane lifts it to the air. Before the tension can slacken on the control tower, a second bomber is already dashing down the wake.

Behind that, propellers gleaming, comes No. 3. On and on they come, one after another.

An ugly oath breaks from the General. Over on nearby Tinian Island, one of the racing monsters, almost in the clear, is swerving sickeningly. It plunges off the runway. The whole sky trembles with the violence of the explosion. Bombs, incendiaries, ammunition, gasoline — great belches of fire and smoke shoot skyward, a thousand, two thousand feet, as though in some grisly continuity of purpose. There can be no hope behind such flames. Eleven lives.

Telegrams with stars for 11 American families, whose hearts, hopes, happiness are also due for death.

The runway is clear again. Along thunders the next Superfort, streaks past the flaming wreck, gains altitude, is clear. More and more and more.

Another hour before the whole procession is over, before the final bomber is out of sight. The wreck on Tinian is still smoking. The sun is up. There is overpowering silence broken only by the sound of feet clomping slowly down the wooden ladders of the control tower.

The Old Man

Admiral Nimz sits at the head of his luncheon table at Guam. He wears his khaki shirt, with its little circle of five stars, open at the neck. His skin is so tanned that the eyes seem unnaturally blue, the hair unnaturally white. The lines on his face support his universal reputation for kindness for all that, it isn't the sort of face to trifle with. It's kind, but it isn't soft. He speaks economically, without gesture, in a voice that is level and slow.

Most of the guests are wearing two or three stars, top men of the CINCPAC staff. Everyone is aware of the day, the probable hour, at which the man at the head of the table will give the signal, and the Fleet will start on one of its boldest undertakings of the war. The atmosphere might well be tense, but it isn't. The Old Man keeps the luncheon conversation revolving around little things. His guests have to work on the war, think of the war from dawn to night. Even now Marine sentries passing and re-passing outside the windows have their fingers on the triggers of their carbines, their eyes on the jungle below the hill from whence a Jap was flushed only yesterday.

Looking at the Old Man, it would be hard to guess that on him rests the ultimate responsibility for the impending Strike, for its thousands of vital details, for its success or its failure. In a lesser man the strain might give itself away in edginess, irascibility, impatience, but the Old Man joins in the conversation imperturbably, and his wrist lies relaxed on the edge of the table, the cigarette motionless in his hand.

Only rarely do the kindly blue eyes seem to withdraw for a moment. Very briefly a look comes into them, and it is a dangerous look, tough, bold, challenging, the look of a man gauging the last fraction of an opponent's hand at poker — before he raises him yet again.

Chie Sahe Surrender

Jap soldiers still roam some of the larger islands, mon his after our conquest. They used to snipe, and now starving, find that surrender to our

quick-shooting Marines, Seabees and GIs has become a problem

But one Jap recently succeeded in giving up safely. He had evidently spent several days peering out of the jungle, studying the habits of a certain officer. Now, at the correct moment, he dashed with hands up into a familiar little structure and caught the officer in that classical situation. Marines are not supposed to be caught in. The officer was alarmed and furious, but the bowing, hissing Jap was delighted, he'd made it!

Curtain Going Up

The atmosphere at the secret anchorage is electric. Over miles of sea, expectancy is reaching such a boil that, whatever men are doing, their eyes keep traveling stealthily toward the Flagship. Grapevine and scuttle butt have made no mistake. *Target Japan!*

The panorama is so breathtaking that even veteran seamen gaze at it wordlessly. *The United States Fleet!* Here it is, 40 miles of closely anchored warships, 40 miles of steel-clad might. Here at last is the accounting for all that has gone before — the toiling inland factories, the sleepless arsenal at Pearl Harbor, the costly islands, the rows of small white crosses, the endless patient planning, the devotion of millions of men and women.

This is the blinding symbol of American power, mystery over 30,000,000 square miles of the Pacific. If only all the people who helped build it, who supply it, feed it, support

it, who have sent their sons to it, could see it now, what a pride would be theirs! Not a state, not a city, perhaps not a village in the Union, whose men are not aboard these ships whose name plates are not riveted somewhere on these millions of tons of equipment.

How can anyone convey an idea of its size? From the Flagship's high bridge, the distant ships are hull down, only masthead and superstructure visible above the curvature of the earth. Every kind of warship is present, squadron upon squadron of the most powerful combat ships afloat — battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers by the hundred. Hardly a ship in these endless lines was afloat three years ago, not one man in five had ever been to sea. Yet the Task Force in this anchorage today is mightier than any the world has ever seen before. And it is only part of the vast panorama of American power in the Pacific — the Army blasting through the Philippines, the Marines immortalizing Iwo, the submarines lying in wait around Japan, the Superforts pounding Tokyo, the endless convoys steaming from America.

The eyes of the Fleet are glued to the Flagship, awaiting the signal that will mark a famous moment in history.

It last! A string of flags snaps to herald armadas. The mighty armada begins to move. The great ships file out, spray whips along the decks as they gather speed, and they head toward Japan, toward the thunderous doom of an Empire.



Secret Weapon

Condensed from Look

Lt Col Beirne Lay, Jr

I DON'T KNOW the pilot in this picture. Yet there was something about him that rocked me back on my heels.

His helmet and goggles are those of a fighter pilot. The back of his hand has the brief reference data for an early-morning mission, from S E 0611 (start engines at 6 11 a.m.) to the course home (330 degrees). His skin is grimy from dust and sweat, and darkened by the sun. In his fingers is a half-smoked cigarette—the cigarette that refreshes a man after a long and tough mission like a dish of ice water in the face.

He's a youngster, probably in his middle 20's, because he wears a lieutenant's bar on his collar. Yet his face could be any age. Those steely eyes remained open under tensions that tried to close them from sights never seen in previous wars. Those cheeks bear lines that didn't come from calendar-measured years.

It is the face of a boy who has absorbed more in his year of flight training than his peacetime predecessors absorbed in many years. He graduated into a complex fighter plane that would have awed the best pilots in America five years ago. He was thrust into combat in the toughest



war of all time against a veteran enemy, and shot him out of the sky. He has pitched alone in his cockpit, acting as his own pilot, gunner, engineer, and navigator, maintaining formation, ceaselessly dodging the hemisphere of sky for the enemy.

He has drawn on a bottomless well of fortitude to overcome the anesthesia of enormous fatigue while supporting doughboys in combat.

He is more than a match for any weapon that an enemy can bring against us. Like the Norden bombsight, even if he is captured intact by the Germans or the Japanese, they cannot reproduce him.

He is our secret weapon, an American boy.



INDIA'S Insoluble Hunger

Behind India's economic might lies a single ominous fact: there are too many Indians

Condensed from Haper's

John Fischer

Former representative of the U. S. for 15 years
Economic Administration in India

LATE ONE night in August 1941, during India's most recent great famine, I stepped off a train at Howrah Station, Calcutta, and saw that the floor was covered with huddled bodies, most of them naked. They were crowded hip to hip and as I picked my way toward the street I couldn't help stepping on many of them. Only a few groined or whimpered. Even the babies — and there were hundreds of them — lay limp and quiet, apparently too weak to cry. It was plain that some of those people were dead.

That week the newly formed Municipal Corpse Disposal Squad removed 112 bodies from the streets. More — nobody knows how many — were taken away by charitable organizations and private citizens. Still others lay for days on the sidewalks and in gutters, no one can tell the caste or religion of a naked cadaver, and few Hindus or Moslems cared to risk spiritual defilement by touching the body of a possible infidel or outcaste.

For many weeks starving families continued to pour into Calcutta. The stronger ones fought for garbage, the weak begged silently by slapping their bellies every time an Englishman or American passed. The famine was still worse in the country districts. An official of the Friends' Ambulance Unit reported from Calcutta that "a fight between vultures and dogs over a corpse is no rare sight there are not enough able-bodied men to burn the dead, which often are just pushed into the nearest canal."

Through all these months hundreds of white Brahmin cattle wandered through the streets, as they always have, stepping placidly over the bodies of the dead and near-dead. No one ever ate a cow, I never heard of a Bengali Hindu who would not perish with all his family rather than taste meat. Nor was there any violence. No warehouse or restaurant ever was threatened by a hungry mob. The Bengalis just died with that bottomless docility which, to Americans, is the most shocking thing about India.

How many died? No one really knows. After comparing many different estimates, my own guess is

that the 1943 famine, plus the epidemics which followed it, probably wiped out about 3,000,000 people.

The Indian Nationalists blamed the famine on the British. Many of the British blamed the corruption and bickering of the native provincial politicians. Everybody blamed 1943's hurricane and floods, and the Japanese who had cut off rice imports from Burma. Yet beneath these explanations lay another fact more ominous, more difficult to cure. It is simply this: there are too many Indians.

There are some 400,000,000 of them, crowded into a land which cannot at the moment support half that number on the barest level of decency. For every square mile of farmland there are 423 Indians, and eight out of ten depend for their living on farming. Moreover, the Indian peasant is one of the worst farmers in the world. His methods are incredibly primitive; his plow is a crooked stick dragged by a water buffalo; his soil has been drained of fertility; his home is a one-room mud hut, which is quite likely to wash away every rainy season. Normally he is up to his ears in debt, on which he may pay up to 100 percent interest, and he could not afford better equipment if he wanted it.

The result is that more than half the people in India are always underfed. Probably 80,000,000 of them never once get a full belly from birth until death. Yet every year there are 5,000,000 more mouths to be fed, somehow, from India's weary, eroded land. Since World War II began, the increase in India's population has nearly equaled the total population of England. And if present trends

continue until 1960, India's growth will reach the neighborhood of 12,000,000 every year.

Under these circumstances, famines are inevitable — and are likely to increase both in frequency and in severity. One Indian summed it up in these terms:

From a strictly economic point of view the 1943 famine was a failure. It killed only three or four million people, which means that it still lagged far behind the birth rate. And that means a few handfuls less rice for everybody next year.

This relentless fertility, with all the economic consequences it entails, is the basic problem of India. The political problem, which is absorbing nearly all the attention of educated Indians and their British rulers alike, is almost trivial in comparison.

Is there any answer?

Not from the British. I questioned scores of officials, from the Viceroy's staff down to local tax collectors, without finding one who thought he could see a way out.

It is true that in the past the British have made strenuous efforts (in certain limited fields) to fight off the constant threat of starvation. They have carried through the greatest system of irrigation projects in the world; they have built a rail network capable of shuttling food supplies from surplus to shortage areas, thus eliminating minor, local famines; and have started a rudimentary public health program, which already has had a notable effect on the death rate. The net result has been merely a spurt in the rate of population growth. Consequently, the British economic program has not meant a better life for

the average Indian, it has just meant more Indians.

The Indian Nationalists have an answer, or think they have industrialization, plus a tremendous increase in agricultural production. The objective of the "Bombay Plan" is to double farm output and to triple industrial production in 1950 within 15 years after the war. Allowing for a constant population growth during this period of 5,000,000 a year, the plan calculates that the *per capita* income would be doubled.

Unquestionably India has many of the raw materials for building a modern industrial state. Moreover, at least a few Indians have demonstrated a genuine capacity for industrial operations. The Iron steel mills, for example, are the best in the British Empire, and some of them most modern departments operate more efficiently than any in the United States. Good machine tools are being made in India already, and the country has produced competent engineers, chemists and mechanics.

Yet I do not think the plan is likely to achieve its basic purpose: to create a higher standard of living by showing production well ahead of the rise in population *and keeping it ahead*. Indian Nationalists are fond of pointing to the Russian example, and in many respects the Bombay Plan is modeled frankly after the Soviet Five Year Plans. The Indians, however, are likely to gloss over the methods Russia had to use. A Free India government is likely to find it cannot follow the Russian example, for four reasons.

1 India lacks a sufficient supply of some of the key raw materials —

notably petroleum and coking coal — on which Russia (and every other modern industrial state) has built its economy.

2 In Russia even after the devastation of World War I and the Revolution, the people as a whole had a standard of living considerably above the subsistence level. The Soviets carried through the Five Year Plans by sharply cutting the consumption of the people and throwing the resources thus saved into a rapid building up of industrial plants. In India there is no such margin.

3 There is little prospect that a Free India would have a government strong enough to impose great sacrifices on its people, even if they had anything much to sacrifice. At best, any independent Indian government is likely to be an uneasy coalition, constantly preoccupied with balancing and compromising the conflicting demands of scores of different racial, religious and political groups. Such a government could not afford to act ruthlessly; if it did, it would be tossed out of office overnight.

4 Finally, the Russians stated their great experiment with an energetic people, braced by a rigorous climate. In contrast, the great mass of Indians have been enervated for generations by hunger, tropical diseases (at least 25 percent have malaria), and a climate which will almost wait a bulldozer. No one who has not lived in India can quite imagine the effect of that climate — a smothering bone-melting heat in which every movement requires a strenuous effort of the will.

Lets assume, however, that by some miracle the Bombay Plan could

carried out on schedule. Would the resulting rise in living standards actually slow an automatic brake on the rate of population growth, as its supporters believe? The answer almost certainly is no. The Bombay Plan is intended to lift the average income to 135 rupees or \$45 a year. It is hard to believe that such an income would be large enough to set in motion those sweeping changes in living standards, habits and education which have been responsible for a declining birth rate in the Western World. Moreover, no matter how large a rise in income there might be, India's culture and religions favor a high birth rate.

The great emphasis which both Mohammedanism and Hinduism place on the family and on sexual relationships would probably rule out any widespread practice of birth control. The creation of a son is the first duty of every Hindu; the sexual act itself is a religious rite. With many Indians sex seems to have become almost an obsession.

Doctors, missionaries, public health workers, sociologists — Indian, British and American — all told me the same story: any attempt to change the Indians' breeding habits can show results only after generations of persistent and tactful education. For these cultural patterns are more rigidly fixed, more resistant to change than those of any other major people.

Consequently, it seems likely that a successful Bombay Plan might well lead to a rising birth rate, rather than the expected decline. At the same time the death rate presumably would slump, since the plan calls for a great expansion in sanitation and public

health facilities. If this should prove true, the Bombay Plan would arrive at the same result as the British-sponsored migration scheme — a still faster population growth, a still sharper pressure on the means of subsistence, continuing poverty for the average Indian.

Does this mean that there is no solution for India's economic problem?

It probably does — at least for the predictable future. I arrived at this hopeless conclusion reluctantly over a period of many months, and the process was one of the most painful experiences I have ever undergone.

When I went to India, I believed that there *must* be some solution for every problem. I think nearly all Americans feel the same way — we've never yet been up against anything we couldn't lick, somehow. It was a considerable shock therefore to run into a situation to which I could not find even a *theoretical* answer. Nor am I one who believed with real confidence that *he* had the answer. (Even the most enthusiastic of the Bombay Plan's proponents have a few private doubts.)

There is always a hope, of course, that some new kind of solution may yet turn up. Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the left wing of the Indian National Congress, demands a revolution. He proposes nationalization of heavy industry, collective farms to replace the present tiny peasant holdings, and — by implication — a frontal assault on the whole archaic social structure of India, with its incrustations of caste and superstition. But there is no prospect that his program will get a trial within the foreseeable future be-

cause the big industrialists who dominate the Congress Party are implacably opposed. And during his present term of political imprisonment Nehru apparently has lost much of his miss following.

The essential thing, which Nehru's program (like all the others) lacks is the injection *from outside India* of a tremendous stream of equipment and capital and technical skill. Incalculable amounts of money and energy would have to be poured out first of all on a campaign of education and public health in the thousands of Indian villages. Such a campaign in the very long run might bring the birth rate under control, clean up the malaria and cholera and typhoid and prepare the Indian people physically and mentally to remake their own destiny. On top of that, more billions would be needed to get a modern industry under way on a scale capable of filling the needs of 400,000,000 people.

The mere statement of these needs indicates how little chance there is of meeting them. No nation or group of nations would be willing to make such an investment, because much of it — certainly that part spent on education and health — could never be repaid. Furthermore, India would not be willing to accept really large-scale investment from abroad because both business and political lead-

ers are profoundly suspicious of foreign economic penetration (They are especially wary of American "dollar imperialism").

So it appears probable that India will have to tackle her reconstruction largely on her own steam — and it also seems evident that there just isn't enough steam there.

This dismal account may at least cast some light on the peculiar behavior of many Americans handling war jobs in India. When they arrive they generally are eager to engage in the time-honored American pastime of British bating, particularly after they get their first good look at the lackluster performance of British bureaucracy. About six months later, however, the gibes tend to fade to a whisper, and sometimes stop altogether. For sooner or later, nearly every American begins to wonder what *he* would do if he had to run India — and lapses into a thoughtful and chastened silence.

One morning during the worst of the hot weather, an American general sat down at my breakfast table looking uncommonly haggard and worn. He said he hadn't slept well, and added I've been having a perfectly horrible nightmare. I dreamt that all the Englishmen quietly slipped out of this country during the night and left us Americans holding the bag. Can you imagine anything worse?



"Request five day extension of leave. Just met an angel," a sailor on leave wired the Personnel Officer of a West Coast Naval Air Station. The officer wired back, "Two-day extension granted for you to come down to earth."

— Contributed by Virginia E. Beineke

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By Wilfred Funk

WHEN we speak of the importance of building a large vocabulary, this doesn't mean that we should use only big words. Abraham Lincoln knew the strength of short words and he used them with immortal effect in his Gettysburg speech. Winston Churchill learned the efficacy of the small word, too. But when we read the speeches of these two men, we are stopped now and then by an adjective of grace and distinction or by a dynamic verb that has an almost physical impact upon us. All leaders who command men know the power of important words.

Here is a test of your word power based on words chosen from *The Reader's Digest*. Underline the word or phrase lettered a, b, c or d that you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Check your results against the answers on page 72 and find your vocabulary rating. A leading dictionary is authority for the pronunciations.

(1) hirsute (her' suht) — a hateful b hairy
c homely d horrible

(2) sardonic (sar' don ik) — a morose
b angry c sarcastic d tragic

(3) phonetics (fo' net iks) — a speech sounds
b science of grammar c literal marks
d study of rhetoric

(4) malingering (ma' lin ger ing) —
a feigning sickness b lazily c wishing
evil d being habitually lazy

(5) fulminate (fal' mi nit) — a to worry
excessively b to foam c to fill to overflowing d to
denounce in thundering tones

(6) sycophantic (sik' of in' til) — a ser-
vile b rhythmic c have the power to dupe by
sycamore leaves d having great wealth

(7) hiatus (hy a tu) — a a gasp b a
wasting disease c vain pride d a space or gap

(8) mero (uh roy oh) — a a Spanish scarf
b a diminutive pony c a Mexican plantation
d a dry bed of a stream

(9) hegemony (hej' uh mon y also huh
jem' oh ny) — a government by the many
b supreme command or authority c government
by the few d sovereign right of a nation

(10) wasters (was' trah) — a vagabonds
b wandering singers c a Mediterranean wind
d itinerant musicians

(11) prescient (pree' shi ent also pri'sh' i
en) — a prophetic b patient c pure d peaceful

(12) savants (sav' vants) — a a serving
clerk b men of exceptional learning c a church
order d rulers

(13) intransigent (in tran si jent) — a in-
comprehensible b temporary c unconcili-
able d undecidable

(14) optometrist (op tom e trist) — a a
specialist who fits eyeglasses b a
doctor who examines your eye c a physician who
treats your eyes for diseases d a scientist who
studies the stars

(15) cacophonic (kik uh fon ik) — a angry
b discordant c homely d electronic

(16) Gauguin (C' thr gin tiu uh) —
a huge b a native of a certain Creek island
c awkward d certain types of gorillas

(17) musupils (mih su pi uhls) —
a tropical rains b swampland c a low order of
mammals d a low order of plant life

(18) cortege (kar' te zh) — a a carriage b a
procession c a bouquet of flowers d a part of
women's attire

(19) fetish (fet' ish or fet' ih) — a any
thing decayed b an Arab dancer c an object of
blind devotion d pettiness

(20) collating (oh lit' ing) — a verifying the
order of manuscript pages b dining at a banquet
c measuring carefully d putting in a file

How Good a Speller Are You? ^{By} Wilfred Funk

First 24 words as spelled below all end in *able*. But 12 of them should end in *ible*. Check the ones that you believe should be spelled *ible*.

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1 imperceptible | 9 flexible | 17 reproducible |
| 2 convertible | 10 divisible | 18 inconsolable |
| 3 unpredictable | 11 reputable | 19 pervertible |
| 4 dependable | 12 digestible | 20 insurtable |
| 5 contemptible | 13 detestable | 21 compatible |
| 6 findable | 14 suggestible | 22 deplorable |
| 7 inexpressible | 15 inconceivable | 23 attachable |
| 8 definable | 16 detectable | 24 transmittable |

★

Answers to 'It Pays to Increase Your Word Power'

- | | | | | |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|-----------------------|
| 1 - b | 6 - i | 11 - i | 16 - i | 1 - irregular katings |
| 2 - c | 7 - d | 12 - b | 17 - c | 20 correct |
| 3 - a | 8 - d | 13 - c | 18 - b | 19 1 correct |
| 4 - a | 9 - b | 14 - a | 19 - c | 14-11 correct |
| 5 - d | 10 - i | 15 - b | 20 - a | 10 8 correct |
- exceptional
very good
fair
average

★

Answers to 'How Good a Speller Are You?'

Don't be discouraged if you find you haven't done too well. Many a good speller has fumbled miserably. The following words should end in *ible*:

1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 17, 18, 21, 24



The Last Word

AN AM captain returning from Burma arrived in Florida and met his first WAC officer, a major. He told her a snappy salute and proceeded on his way. He was stopped short by the major's sharp "Captain!"

"That's scarcely the proper uniform for an officer in the Army Air Forces to be wearing!" she declared, eyeing his short sleeves and turned-down collar with distaste. "Don't you follow regulations?"

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied politely. "I just got back from Burma, and I don't have any other clothes."

"You didn't satisfy the lady, so she continued to reprimand him. When she finished, he saluted again and started on his way. A few steps off, he turned and called, "Major! Your slip is showing!"

—Contributed by Pfc. Marian F. Hermance



Four years in the United States wrought some disconcerting changes in the British child exiles — but created the best of good will ambassadors

Home from America

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens* + + + *Patricia Strauss*

DURING the German air assault on Britain in 1940 and 1941, the parents of some 5000 British children sent them to the bomb-free safety of friendly American homes. Recently several hundred of the youngsters returned to their families — and there were many surprises on both sides.

The years' and American clothing styles had changed the children's appearance — so much so that when a batch of 200 of them arrived at a London railway station some parents failed to recognize their offspring. When Eleanor Fry, 15, stepped down from the train, a woman told her to her bosom. Eleanor responded with equal fervor. Then, bleakly, they realized they were kissing strangers. A young man from the Admiralty came to meet his little sisters, 11 and 13, when he last saw them. While waiting he noticed two alluring girls in gay outfits and gave them an approving glance. They grinned, and suddenly he realized that these snappy numbers were his kid sisters. Too surprised even to greet them, he

stood gaping, exclaiming over and over, "Good Lord!"

There had been a fear in some British homes that the children might come back talking like Damon Runyon characters. The fear was unfounded. Most of the parents find the rhythm and intonation of the American accent pleasant, but a few phrases — such as 'how come' for 'why' — required explanation. When Ann Watts's mother asked her if she preferred pie or tart, Ann replied, "I don't care, Mummy." In England that is a discourteous answer, carrying the suggestion that either alternative is unpleasant. But Mrs. Watts is now accustomed to the idea that "I don't care" is only American for "I don't mind."

In England girls remain in the inky-fingered, parent-ridden stage until they are 18 or more. No wonder parents whose daughters were 12 or 13 when they left are astonished at the return of self-possessed young women of 17, using make-up, wearing becoming hair styles, and possessing a social ease and grace not usually attained in England until the early 20's. Some of them are uneasy about this, but Mr. de Longh, discussing his daughter Rachel, 16, voiced a widely held opinion. "She

PATRICIA STRAUSS is the wife of a member of Parliament and author of several books and many magazine articles. She writes a weekly column from London for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

has far more style and poise than girls of her age here," he said. "She is never tongue-tied or ill at ease. It's true she looks like a girl of 20 in our eyes, but her self-confidence gives me confidence in her."

Oddly these girls, who appear so grown-up for their age, find English boys more adult than American boys. "English boys are intellectually more mature," one girl told me. "More serious and therefore more stimulating." I suggested that this might be the result of five years of war. "Only partly," she said. "I think it's because this is a man's country, and America is a woman's country, and naturally the young people reflect that difference."

The children loved their American schools. They talk with enthusiasm of the fine buildings, the easy class-work, the freedom and the full social life. But the standard of scholarship here is so much higher that the returnees are far behind their contemporaries. Many of them have had to have three or four months' tutoring to catch up.

All the children miss the American drugstore. Mention Coca-Cola or a banana split or a milk shake, and their eyes shine. For them the drugstore symbolizes the ease of companionship, the friendliness, the openness of American life.

In the States they all had such a good time — parties, dances, groups of friends, dates, freedom of movement — that they find life in England a bit flat. As Bernard Harris put it: "Only grownups have a good time here. In the States young people have their own life and adults aren't allowed to interfere."

The absence in Britain of group activities for young people is partially a manifestation of total war. But it probably also arises out of a different family attitude. Here in England the family functions as a group within the home rather than dividing up in groups outside.

The returnees also find life more formal. Owen Scholte, 17, said ruefully, "You can't drop in on a friend. You have to wait for an invitation. And you can't chat with people you don't know." Actually, the dangers and discomforts of war have melted English reserve noticeably, but the English are still not so outgoing as Americans. With more than 700 people to the square mile (compared with 44 in the United States) they must exercise some social restraint, or life in their crowded island would be unbearable.

While in the States, many children found part-time jobs. When the parents first heard that their sons and daughters were working as baby-sitters, newsboys, truck drivers or soda jerkers, a tremor of apprehension ran through many respectable professional-class homes. Having recovered from the first shock, however, parents express pride in the variety of their children's jobs, and hope that we'll do the same thing here after the war.

Returnees are appalled by the drudgery of housework. The English have always depended more on employing domestic help than on using labor-saving devices. Now domestic servants have virtually disappeared. Both boys and girls are impatient at the lack of mechanical aids. Mothers are hearing of the joys of central

heating, refrigerators, toasters and, above all, washing machines

For children to leave their parents and live with strangers in another country is a bewildering and challenging experience. It is a great tribute to the people of the United States that the children have come back enthusiastic admirers of America. I have listened to dozens of them telling me of the wonders of life in the U.S.A. When I've asked, 'What *didn't* you like about the States?' they have frowned and thought hard, but found no answer.

Last year several of the returnees took part in an exhibition called 'Young America,' sponsored by the British service organization, Toc H. They worked in shifts from ten in the morning until nine at night, explaining the photographic and other exhibits, and every afternoon for two hours they served as quiz experts answering their contemporaries' questions about American life. After the exhibition went on a three months' tour and was seen by 80,000 British children.

Few of the parents have ever been to the States, but they feel a deep kinship with the country which harbored

their children. The intimate link of gratitude and friendship widens into a warm feeling toward the U.S. forces in England. In the many clubs run by the Kinsmen, an organization formed by the parents in 1940, hangs the notice: 'This is a Thank You service offered to members of the U.S. forces by parents and friends of children evacuated to the U.S.A.'

In 1942 the Kinsmen Education Trust was formed to give children from the U.S.A. and the British Commonwealth the opportunity of scholarships and hospitality in England after the war. Scholarships have already been awarded at many schools.

Treaties and trade agreements are all to the good, but real friendship between peoples can come only through direct personal contact. The generosity of the American families who opened their homes to English children in 1940 has given the United States a vast store of invisible wealth in Britain — the wealth of good will. The children, who have returned enthusiastic and sincere ambassadors, are an important and permanent tributary of 'the broad river of Anglo-American friendship.'

✧ Where There's a Wind There's a Wish ✧

WHEN a good wind hits Kwajalein scores of windmills begin to whirl noisily among the tents and Quonset huts. But they do not pump water; instead, they force plungers to churn busily in soapy tubfuls of muddy socks and oil splattered coveralls. Throughout American held islands in the Central Pacific, the wind is laundryman for every service man who can take a claim on wood or metal for blades, a broomstick for a shaft, and a funnel for a plunger. Among GIs to whom washing is a chore to be put off until the last sock is hopelessly dirty, the unknown Yank who built the first washmill outranks Edison.

—Idyllic Journal in *The Atlantic Monthly*

The spotlight moves from the spectacular achievements of wartime medicine and surgery to —

New Triumphs of Disease Prevention

Condensed from Hygiene + Lois Mattox Miller

THE greatest wartime achievement of medical science, overshadowing in its long range possibilities even the development of such miracle drugs as penicillin, and new wonders of surgery, has been the triumphant progress in *prevention* of disease.

Your blood donations to the American Red Cross have opened the way for the practical conquest of that scourge of childhood, measles. Under the direction of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, Dr. Edwin J. Cohn of Harvard began a search for useful by-products of blood plasma production. One of the most important of these turned out to be a substance called gamma globulin. A full dose of this blood fraction will prevent measles in any child who has been exposed to the disease, a smaller dose will cause a subsequent attack to be milder. At present doctors favor the second procedure, because the light case of measles, which leaves the child only slightly ill for a day or two, builds up an immunity to future attacks.

This new substance prevents measles for the simple reason that nine out of ten blood donors have had the disease. Globulin is being processed and distributed to local health departments by the American Red

Cross for free distribution to children everywhere. It is estimated that the present supply from wartime donated blood will last for the next five years, after which the globulin will be manufactured commercially.

Whooping cough has long been recognized as a harsh, dangerous disease in young children. About 8, percent of all children develop it before the age of seven, nearly 50 percent get it before the age of two. Every year 5000 children die of it, and countless others are left handicapped by complications that follow.

Last September the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association announced that, after years of discouraging research, a vaccine is now available which prevents whooping cough in many cases and reduces the severity of those it does not prevent.

The effectiveness of the vaccine was demonstrated not long ago in Iceland, where conditions are peculiarly adapted to such a trial. In determining the value of any vaccine the chief problem is to ascertain whether the vaccinated person is susceptible to the disease or, if so, is ever actually exposed to it. In Iceland an epidemic of whooping cough occurs about every seven years. Between these outbreaks not a single case of

the disease is to be found. Thus when an epidemic comes, no child under seven has any natural immunity to the disease, and all of them are exposed and susceptible to it.

Before the last epidemic outbreak, Dr. Neils Dungal of the University of Iceland vaccinated about 5000 children in Reykjavik. Almost 30 percent of them escaped the disease, nearly 50 percent developed very mild cases, there was a minimum of severe and fatal attacks. In a group of children not vaccinated, less than five percent escaped the disease and there were many severe cases.

Whooping cough is particularly dangerous to infants under six months old, who cannot be given the vaccine direct. Drs. Samuel Sension and Philip Cohen of New York recently announced that by giving six vaccine shots to an expectant mother beginning three months prior to childbirth, they can protect the baby against whooping cough for the first six months of his life. In a five-year study the doctors failed to find a single case of the disease in any baby whose mother had been so vaccinated.

Practically all children today escape diphtheria because inoculation against the dread disease is nearly universal. Now Dr. Louis Sauer of the Northwestern University Medical School has introduced a combined vaccine, equally effective against whooping cough and diphtheria, which may soon afford simultaneous protection against both.

The long-hoped-for protection against influenza emerged from the laboratory stage last year and was amply vindicated by full-scale trials

conducted by the U. S. Army's Commission on Influenza. During an influenza epidemic, 12,350 men from 13 different training units in New York City were vaccinated, half of them with an influenza vaccine, the other half with a sterile solution.

When the epidemic was over, tabulation of the results showed that in some units there were six times as many flu cases among the nonvaccinated men as among those vaccinated; the overall figure was about two to one. Those vaccinated who did have the flu had it in mild form and had no complications.

The Army's experience indicates that influenza vaccination may be held in reserve and applied only when an epidemic threatens. Recently the office of the Surgeon General announced that "influenza watches" have been set up in all Army installations. At the first sign of influenza all personnel is vaccinated with the new vaccine, now available to the armed forces in large quantities.

After the war, public health authorities may set similar watches for whole communities and supply vaccines through schools, business firms and local health departments.

Malaria, once the most dreaded of epidemic diseases in large areas of the United States, has been reduced to a minor and controllable problem here at home. Malaria incidence in domestic Army encampments was cut down last year to a new low of only two cases per 10,000 troops. In addition to the customary measures for wiping out the malarial mosquito, the Army used the sensational new insecticide, DDT. DDT has also

been used successfully in the insect-ridden islands of the Pacific,* and in combatting typhus in Italy.

Greatly improved techniques using ultraviolet irradiation and glycol vapor to kill air-borne germs are bringing fine results. They tremendously reduce and sometimes completely eliminate from a room the germs of mumps, pneumonia, chicken pox, measles and general respiratory infections including colds. A six-year test at the Germantown Friends' School and a three-year test in two schools at Swarthmore, by Dr. W. F. Wells of the University of Pennsylvania demonstrate conclusively that properly irradiated schoolrooms will prevent two thirds of the usual cases of childhood diseases.

Dr. Max B. Lurie of the University of Pennsylvania placed healthy rabbits in cages next to those containing tuberculous rabbits, so that the air of the two cages was constantly mixed. Eleven of 15 healthy rabbits con-

tracted the disease. Then repeating the experiment, Dr. Lurie submitted the air of the cages to ultraviolet rays. Not one of the healthy rabbits required tuberculosis. Says Dr. Lurie: "It is probable that ultraviolet irradiation may control the air-borne contagion of human tuberculosis."

All these measures point hopefully to disease control and prevention in a better postwar world. The wartime marshaling of scientific resources, the free exchange of new ideas, and the close collaboration of medical field forces and laboratory workers have produced results.

Brigadier General James Stevens Simmons disclosed recently that since Pearl Harbor, almost 30,000 Army officers and enlisted men have been trained in special phases of public health work which they can turn to the service of their communities when peace comes. "The nation," he remarked, "faces a great opportunity to place the public health on a broader and firmer basis than has ever yet been achieved by any nation in history."

* See "Conquest of Our Worst Pacific Foe—Disease," *The Reader's Digest*, April, 47.

❖ ❖ ❖ Pride Without Prejudice ❖ ❖ ❖

There was a dignity in Mrs. Allen's gaunt, weathered New England face that you never forgot. Ever since her husband's death left her with two boys to raise, she had run Allen's General Store on Main Street. With the help of her older son, a conscientious, hardworking boy, she built up such a good business that the younger one was able to go through college. He became a famous Chicago surgeon.

A few years ago a summer visitor arrived who "had no idea that the mother of the great Dr. Allen was right here in town." The moment she found out she hurried down to the General Store, where Mrs. Allen was waiting on customers. After purchasing some sun glasses and chatting with Mrs. Allen for several minutes, the customer, assuming her most ingratiating smile, said, "And of course you must be so proud of your son—"

Which one? asked Mrs. Allen.

—Contributed by Bill Timmer

A project for those who like to think and talk!
Watch for examples of reactionary practice in
whatever pursuit and express yourself! You
have a stake in an ever progressive America

The Real Division Among Us

Condensed from The Memphis Press-Scimitar

Edward J. Meenan

Editor The Press Scimitar

THE real division in this country is not between capital and labor, between employer and labor union, as the illiberal businessman and the illiberal labor writers say it is.

The real division is between *liberal* businessmen and *liberal* labor union men on the one hand, and *illiberal* businessmen and *illiberal* labor union men on the other.

In the development of capitalism there have been two kinds of businessmen — the liberal and the illiberal.

The illiberal businessmen went out to crush competitors by unfair competition. They ground down labor by low wages and long hours, beat down labor unions by espionage and oppression. They sought high tariffs and monopoly. They cheated the consumer by inferior, mislabeled, overpriced products. They hoodwinked the investor by misrepresentation and froze him out by chicanery. They bribed and bulldozed politicians, and used Government to obtain special privileges.

The liberal businessmen were not afraid of competition. They said 'Let that business win which serves the public best.' They said "Certainly labor has the right to organize

to protect the interests of workers, just as we businessmen organize." They saw that workingmen with high wages would be good customers. They made an honest, full value product, and priced it as low as possible, saying 'We will make our profit through volume of sales.' They told the truth about their business in their labels and in their advertising and gave investor an honest statement. They would not seek or accept favors from Government, believing that Government should be one of laws which apply equally to all. Moreover, they thought that Government should be kept as simple and economical as possible lest it become an oppressor of the people and a burden to the taxpayers. They favored free trade so that other nations could prosper, so that nations would regard each other as customers and friends rather than rivals and enemies.

In recent years there has risen a strange misconception of what liberalism is. Many writers and speakers have come to apply that term to anything connected with the labor movement, and the term 'illiberal' to any criticism of any measure favored by any labor union or labor leader.

The truth is that the growing labor movement has the same division into liberal and illiberal which has characterized business men and capitalists.

The illiberal labor union man wants to free the worker from domination and oppression by the employer only to put him under domination and oppression by the labor union or its leaders. He wants to free the worker from fear of the employer only to put him in fear of offending a labor boss. He wants to make a man so dependent on the union that it will be difficult or impossible for him to change jobs if he wants to. He wants to abuse the power of the labor union by indulging in unnecessary strikes and slowdowns. He wants to use political power for the selfish advantage of labor instead of for what is fair to everybody. He wants to get favors and special privilege for labor from Government. He wants to get the Government into so many things that the workingman will be dependent on the Government as he is in this country under the WPA, and as he is in Russia all the time.

So we see that *the illiberal union man is very similar to the illiberal businessman*.

The liberal union man fights hard to get more money and better conditions for the worker, but he never hurts the business he works for because he knows it's the cow that gives the milk. He does everything he can to make the business more prosperous for he knows that the more it prospers the more money he will have the right to ask for. He works as hard as he can and does the best job he can, and he expects the employer, in the same spirit, to pay him all he can afford to pay him.

He doesn't want to destroy capitalism, for he knows that if there were not private capital to employ people, then everybody would have to work

for Government — and wouldn't that be hell! He wants wage workers well paid so they can save and buy stock in the company they work for, and in other companies, and become capitalists, too. He thinks it would be fine if every worker were a capitalist and every capitalist a worker. He thinks it would be good to have some extra private income in old age so as not to have to depend entirely on a Government or company pension. He thinks labor unions should have justice, not special privileges, from Government.

He doesn't think that all union men should be in one political party for he knows that it's the two party system that has made America great and kept her free. He doesn't want Communism or Socialism and he learns to spot those guys who say they're not Reds but who want the Government to run business just as the Communists do.

Thus the liberal union man is very much like the liberal businessman. Let the liberal businessmen and the liberal labor union men get together in a firm and friendly understanding. When they do, they will render the reactionary businessmen and the trouble making labor men harmless. For the reactionaries and trouble makers are really only a small minority of us.

If the liberal businessmen and the liberal labor men get together, that will be a mighty big union. United they will be able to give this grand "Union" of American states — in which the word "liberal" will have found its true definition — greater freedom and prosperity for all than it has ever enjoyed.

The War from Inside a Tank

By Ira Wolfert



BEFORE we were sent on tank maneuvers in America, the Lieutenant said they gave us written field orders that told us what we were supposed and not supposed to do, where to go and how to get there, what to take with us and where to place it and not to please knockdown my telephone poles along the way. But when we came to doing business on a live battlefield nobody had time to write anything down. The battalion commander Lieutenant Colonel F. I. McConnell, just drove up to my tank in his jeep and said to me, 'I want your platoon to be the point today. Take off and keep in touch with me.'

This was early last August near Avanches in western France at the time General Patton was beginning his drive toward Germany.

The Lieutenant is 26-year-old George Hook of Middletown, Ohio, son of Charles R. Hook, head of the American Rolling Mill Company from the day on which General Patton's sweep began until it ended outside Metz. Lieutenant Hook more often than not rode in the lead tank. The day a German shell broke two vertebrae in Lieutenant Hook's neck was the day the whole Third Army ground to a halt, before German positions too strong for it.

Except for the fact that Lieutenant Hook was at the very front of Pat-

The vivid personal story of a tank officer who rode in the point of one of Patton's great drives through and behind enemy lines

+ + + + +

ton's forces, his story is not unusual. It is in fact typical of the fighting done on all continents — the Russians who went from Stalingrad to Kues-trin, the British who pushed Rommel across Africa, the Americans and British who finally broke out beyond the Rhine.

When we started, the Lieutenant said, 'we were just told what to do to take and to keep going until ordered to stop. The tank went tearing. The Germans ran after us and our army ran after the Germans. This kind of war seems confusing to the people back home, but it's easy enough to follow if you look at it this way. A defending army puts its strength into a thick belt in front of itself. That's 'the line.' But they can't be equally strong everywhere and somewhere your infantry makes a breakthrough and shakes the tanks loose. In the area behind the line are headquarters, supply dumps, reserves, communications. When tanks get into that kind of stuff, everybody starts chasing everybody else.'

An army advance now is a terrifying sight, immense with power, filling the fields, choking the roads, striding across rivers, a glacial crust inching across a nation. But in the forward areas it thins out until finally it is just a few men or one man fumbling along in a worried way. That is the point, short for 'point of fire' — a probe thrust into the enemy to stimulate him to react and reveal his position and strength.

We took off into flat, wooded country, said the Lieutenant. 'The woods could have hidden anything. The standard solution for such a problem is to use two tanks for the point, follow them with a platoon of infantry in half tracks, and then close with the three other tanks. On a road there is always a rise of ground or a curve or something to hide behind and the first two tanks play leapfrog with each other while one stays behind cover, ready to shoot whatever shows. The second tank dashes on down the road for the next bit of cover. And so on, until a battle starts and you have to commit your infantry.'

We played leapfrog quite a while, until there was no use in doing it any longer because we were in woods where a tank that stood still was just as vulnerable as the one making a dash. So we threw the schoolbook away and everybody stepped on the gas. Every time we got down to 18 miles an hour the Colonel was on the radio wanting to know why. Our job was to keep going and steamroller path for anybody coming behind.

'When we got up behind Argenteau, word came that the air force was

going to bomb the German ammunition dump there but we were not to wait for the air, we were to keep going. I saw about ten Thunderbolts diving down on the dump far ahead and then six bicycles turned into the road a mile ahead of us. The cyclists saw us and really started pedaling.

'I was traveling with the turret open — unbuttoned we call it. Nearly every tank commander travels that way. When you button up your turret, you have to depend for vision on a periscope. Your vision starts 20 feet from the tank; you are blind to anything closer. If you overlooked a German in a hole or behind a window, all he'd have to do is look onto his nerve and wait until you were within 20 feet of him and you'd never know what hit you. Besides from the turret periscope all you can see is ground sloping toward you; there is nothing to orient it with and tell whether you're going backward, forward or sideways. That made me even more nervous than thinking of possible Germans.

'We closed on the cyclists to about 300 yards. Just as I gave the order to fire they threw down their bicycles and leaped to the woods. We got one Jerry in mid-air. The others disappeared.

'I jumped up on the turret seat and yelled 'James' to the infantry back of us and pointed to the woods. They got the idea. The half tracks stopped, the men piled out and began working into the woods, low and crouched over.

'About 1000 yards from where the town began some 50 James jumped out of a ditch and ran across the road and toward a rise of ground. We

opened up on them. They were crews of two 88's that had taken shelter from our planes. We got some on the run and some while they were trying to load their guns.

'When you're the point, the question isn't who will fire the first shot (that's almost always the enemy) but who will hit his target first. Soon after we passed the Germans in the ditch, there was the terrible *z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z* of an antitank shell going past my ears. I was looking at the spot where I would have set up an antitank gun if I'd had the job of protecting that road, so I caught the flash of the 76 mm gun. Corporal Robert Matthews, the gunner of our tank, the 'Anxious Annie' had time for one shot before the Germans could try another. There was a loud burst and I saw black pieces—d-bits of the gun or the men firing it—striking through the flash.

We stopped then. It was plain that the town was defended and it seemed logical to have the infantry clean it up before the tanks went through. I told the Colonel my idea.

Pretty soon our infantry began coming up in the ditches alongside the road. I could see artillery shells come into them. Then Sergeant Griffen came running up along the ditch to say that our No. 4 tank had been hit. I grabbed a fire extinguisher and ran 150 yards to it, so excited I didn't drop when the shells hit close but just in through the blast of them. Four of the five men in the tank had got out. I tried to pull the driver out, but found he was dead. His body looked as if it had been put through a chopper and then burned.

"Awful things can happen to a

man in a tank. It's always heavy shells that get through and if one of them hits him it's like a hydraulic hammer smashing him. And when a shell goes into a tank it always sets your own ammunition off.

"A German panther tank was firing at us now and had got our 'priest' (a tank with a 105 mm howitzer), so I started toward him. I told the No. 2 tank commanded by Sergeant William Wickham, to move off the road to the left and I went straight down the road.

"There was a high brick wall on the left that might hide something and we stopped just ahead of it and waited. Finally we heard the squeaking of tank tracks. It's funny how far that squeaking carries. Even if tins motors are going and then guns blasting the sound you hear first is the squeaking of the tracks. A combat command of tanks advancing sounds like a million mice squeaking.

When the Jerry tank took its nose out cautiously beyond the wall Wickham was waiting for him, and with very fine shooting opened his whole side up.

'Then things got quieter. Our orders were to keep going so I told all the tanks within sound to follow me. I had lost my maps while running to our No. 4 tank, so I went on memory. It is really black night now. I went under a railroad trestle and saw near the road a German half track that had been started by our planes and was burning. By the light of the flames I saw a column of German trucks and two half tracks parked there and we shot them to pieces.

'We came to a square in the town, and went across it shooting. A Ger-

man command car scuttled into the street ahead of us and we threw a shell into its hind end. It rolled over, burning. We went crunching over it because there was no room to go around it. Finally we got outside the town.

Now one after another our tank commanders started calling to me that they were out of gas. We pulled into a field and I got Captain Malcolm O. Allen, our company commander, on the radio.

Withdraw, he said. 'We'll take the town in the morning with infantry.'

Hell, I told him, 'it's done been taken already!'

COMBAT COMMAND A of the Seventh Armored Division of the Third Army now lay across the eastern approaches to Argentan. In the Argentan Falaise area the bulk of the German army of the west was trapped. When the Germans lost this army they lost the Battle of France and Belgium, though this was not clear at the time to those on the ground there. The next line along which the Germans could make a fight was the Seine River.

'We breached the line there,' Lieutenant Hook said. 'At a place called Port Seine. The Germans held the east bank, our job was to hold the west bank and cover our infantry when they crossed.'

'There was a high ridge with a lot of trees on it. We sneaked in among the trees, took our axes and cleared fields of fire for ourselves.'

'At two o'clock I hundred bolts strafed and dive-bombed the Germans. We cut loose with our 75s

and machine guns, and the infantry assault boats paddled across the river. Then a German machine gun hidden in a clump of trees caught the infantry in the back. We cut loose on it and put it out of action.'

'Some of the infantry started working up the east bank of the river. We knew there were still Jerries there and Major John Brown and I screamed to warn our men. Of course they couldn't hear us. A tall, thin boy was in the lead. He saw a Jerry in a foxhole, and turned around and started marching him back. Another Jerry popped out of a hole and scrambled after them as if to say, 'What for me?' Then the doughfoot began looking in foxholes for souvenirs. I couldn't believe my eyes. He kept throwing this away and keeping that and looking for places to put things in his stuffed pockets while his two prisoners waited patiently.'

'Well, Major Brown said, 'he's cool. You've got to say that for him.'

With the infantry safely across the Seine we crawled under our tanks and slept until the engineers could throw a pontoon bridge across for us. We went over the next morning. Mortars and machine guns began popping at us from all directions. I went up the road into a hail of machine gun fire. It turned out to be from our own infantry. 'What the hell are you shooting at?' I asked one. 'Somebody fired at me,' he said. 'But don't you know your own troops are down this road?' 'Listen to,' he told me, 'if somebody fires at me, I fire at them. That's the way to live.'

We went up to Pölvins from there, clearing the east bank of the

river for further crossings and turned east. Then Captain William Powers said to me, 'I've got a job you'll like. There was a company of German infantry coming into Provins that night and he wanted me to sit outside the town and greet them. So I sent Wickham and Jimmy to bring the trucks along with mine and we had a platoon of infantry. The infantry had been working over German positions all day and was well supplied with champagne and cognac. We waited in fields alongside the road. Every once in a while the crowd would start singing. I'd go down and explain to the sergeant in command of the doughfoots, 'Shut the boys up. You can't hunt birds this way.'

Then we heard singing coming from down the road, and for a crazy minute I thought some of our boys in town were coming to join our party. But it was from the other direction and I knew these people must be Germans. Orders were for nobody to fire until I fired. I could make out a mass of forms 200 yards away, dense packed and singing with a roar. I waited until they got within 50 yards, then opened up with my Tommy gun, and all our machine guns followed. It was a massacre.

The Germans hadn't known that the Americans had crossed the Seine. They didn't even know where their own troops were, and as our tanks lanced and trampled their rear, their chances of finding out grew less and less.

'I was next told to take off for Chateau Thierry and to cross the Marne and secure a bridgehead. And do they want me to bring back Hit-

ler's mustache, too?' I thought. It seemed crazy to expect a tank platoon to ride in there without getting its block knocked off.

'We kept running head on into German command cars and trucks all day. The trucks were full of troops feeding toward the Seine. They'd see us and try to turn, and we'd get them by the side. Mathis was having a wonderful time that day.

'At one place, a road came out of the woods to the right and merged into ours. A German mechanized column was moving down the road, slanting across our front porch, you might say. I told the No. 2 tank to get the rear-most vehicle and I took the lead vehicle. Then we had the road blocked fore and aft, and I brought my platoon up abreast and we kept pumping until we had every vehicle in the column burning.

'There was a lot of stuff behind the rear vehicle that had kicked off into the woods. I decided to ask if I should go after it. 'Keep going,' they said. General Bradley was sitting on General Patton's back, I guess, hollering 'Keep going,' and Patton was sitting on corps' back, hollering 'Keep going,' and corps was sitting on division division on combat command, combat command on battalion, battalion on company, and company was prodding the point — which was us — all hollering 'Keep going.' So I kept going.

'Some French resistance men jumped on my tank and led us to where the Germans had been mining the road. It looked so obvious that I suspected the thing was a plant. I got out and dug with my penknife into the refilled holes in the road but

there were no mines. We found that the mines were all on the shoulders of the road. The Germans had expected us to come bating along see the refilled holes, swerve off to the shoulders, and blow up. I radioed the news back, left the Frenchmen there to warn those coming up to stick to the road, and kept going.

"About four o'clock a motorcycle tore down the road toward us and threw itself into a ditch about 50 yards away. I told Mathias to keep the Jerry from slipping a beehive on us as we passed. Our 75 boomed and we saw pieces of the German and his equipment fly over a tree.

A motorcycle usually has some time behind it and we kept on the alert. Soon we saw a mile away a Fletcher howitzer 76's all murderous stuff, being pulled onto the road. There were also supply and ammunition vehicles. I spread my platoon of tanks across the field in echelon formation and we opened fire at 600 yards shooting first and carefully. We couldn't afford to miss, so we didn't miss.

"We got a lot of prisoners there. We rounded them up in a field and I thought I'd get myself a souvenir which I had always wanted—a Luger pistol. Our colonel came running up. 'Why the hell are you sitting here?' he shouted. 'It's been quite a battle here.' I explained 'and we've got all these prisoners and don't know what to do with them.' The hell with the prisoners, he said. 'You keep going!'

"Du came on. Then there was a sign on the road *Chateau Thierry, 112 Kilometres*. 'We're winning the whole damned war,' I said over the radio.

"*'Keep on moving!'*" yelled the Colonel.

"A half mile outside the city was a column of German supply trucks—ammunition, clothing, food. It was eight o'clock then, and deep twilight. We came up shooting and the Germans jumped out of their vehicle.

"and running *Kamrad* or *My still* or held their hands up to us imploringly. We barked on past the side of the column running over whatever was there—debris or men, and shoot in around to the side.

"Ahead was a bridge over what I thought was the Meuse but there was no time to look at a map. A 76 mm antitank gun was shooting down the road at us from a corner of the bridge. We were in a alley the end of the hell were going back and forth like bowling balls but Mathias got the gun before it got us. We got across that bridge and on to another one. It was when a 20 mm cannon opened up on us. There was a crack that was like a lick in the heart and a spurt of flame that took my eyelashes off. The shell had knocked the driver's periscope off and he had veered and we hung on the bridge by one track. When the driver Sergeant Brodie Butler got the riming out of his head he pulled the wheel so it hit down, put a new plastic head on it, braked onto the bridge and got us going again—all this very calmly and efficiently while the shells were whipping around us like sparks off a grindstone.

"Finally we came to a big bridge. There was an ammunition truck on it and we started it burning and edged past it. On the other side I shifted the tanks around the command and the roads leading to the bridge and

ran back to find the Colonel. Keep going," he yelled. "And get that damn truck off there before she burns a hole through the bridge." I held my arm in front of my face and managed to throw a cable over the truck's bumper and one of our tanks towed it off the bridge.

Now we were over the Meuse at last. But we were cut off in the town the rest of that night. We had rushed past a whole choke of German traffic, and the rest of the command behind us couldn't get through it. All we had in the town was a battalion of tanks, a company of infantry and the headquarters. The Germans started pounding us with artillery, and the French resistance people and local gendarmes led infantry squads to the buildings where the Germans were hiding. The town was a madhouse all night with guns screaming everywhere and big shells whizzing down. But by eight in the morning the rest of the outfit had punched through and we took off for Rheims.

The war went altogether crazy after that. Every day was like the harry ride from Provins to Chateau Thierry, with retreating Germans blundering into us and advancing Germans and cut-off Germans and wandering Germans and Gestapo guys and SS fellows in black uniforms driving cars, trucks, horses and on motorcycles and bicycles. We poked the chaos up and made it burn.

"At Fort Brumont near Rheims, the Germans in a factory making airplane parts kept on working until our infantry walked in on them."

"In one town, Jerry riflemen potted at us from the houses. I told gunner Doc McFarland to work

over the second story windows and the tools with his machine gun while Mike O'Casey pounded the ground floors with our 75. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion a few feet in front of us and smoke and flame vomited over us. A Nazi was rolling teller mines at us from around the corner of a building. We got him just before the second mine went off ahead of us.

"We got out of that nightmare of a town and into an apple orchard and waited for somebody to catch up with us. Then I heard the Colonel asking what road we had taken."

"You'll see some German trucks burning. I told him 'You go straight past them and a motorcycle burning, and after that an armored car burning and you'll see an apple orchard. We're in the orchard.'"

"Take off," he said. "We'll follow you." I told my platoon, "Let's go, boys. They want us to win the war tonight."

We went through the Argonne it 30 miles in four hours. We came to a place called Neville. Suddenly our tank lifted up. It felt as if I had been taken by the scruff of the neck and shaken so hard that my legs nearly broke off at the hip. Butler said he couldn't back up, we were stuck. Then some 88's cut loose at us from somewhere close by. We started hitting back but our tiredness and that first wallop had done something to our shooting—we couldn't drive one home.

"I kept looking at the muzzle flashes. One shell hit our right side and another went through the tank and through a gunner and the loader and blew up in the turret. The next thing I knew I was in the middle of

the road I dragged myself to a ditch. I could see big flames coming out of our turret. A man was lying beside the tank 'Lieutenant' he kept calling 'Lieutenant!'

"I ran over to him. It was Mike O'Casio. I told him to roll over on his stomach and put his hands around my neck. The Germans were still trying to kill us, but we were low down to the road and not very good targets. I crawled on my hands and knees to the ditch, Mike holding onto my neck, and to about 50 yards away. The other tanks were nearby, waiting for our priests to come up with their 105 howitzers which could shoot over the curve and drop down on the 88's.

"When the daze wore off I found there was nothing wrong with me except that my ankle was clipped and I was flecked all over with bits of fragment. I went to sleep under a tank and the next morning we fought into Verdun and seized the bridges there. Then we waited for supplies to catch up with us.

"No matter how fast we had come on our wild ride, or how far, every morning the familiar five gallon cans of gasoline and new ammunition and rations had been waiting for us. How those fellows in the rear managed to move their dumps forward so fast, and fight the stuff up to us through the Germans that we left behind everywhere, was a mystery to me. But finally there came a point when they couldn't do it any more. We were just too far ahead for our outfit that point was reached just outside Verdun.

"In the five days rest there we all got brand-new 76 mm tanks, a shave and fresh meat to eat. Then we

headed for Metz, going fast until we got to St. Privat. The Germans had built up a strong new line there, but we didn't know it. We went breezing right into it in the manner to which we had become accustomed. The Jerries let us have it with everything in the book. There was so much noise that I didn't hear the shells falling, I just heard tank commanders holler. I looked around and there were some fellows crawling toward me from Sergeant Wickham's tank. I yelled, 'Find cover,' and put my head over the turret to see if I could spot the guns in the woods. That was my last act as a platoon leader of Company A.

"I never felt anything when that shell hit our turret and broke my neck. There was no noise or flash or fear or burn. I had my head out looking at the woods, and suddenly I was lying on the bottom of the turret looking up. I couldn't move my arms or legs. 'Lieutenant Hook is dead,' I heard the man in the turret say over the radio. I made a desperate effort and nudged him. He looked down startled. I forced my eyes open, made a final desperate effort and winked at him. Then I passed out." *

The wild ride was over. Hook had ridden it out for 37 days, a life time as far as points go. It was two months before the Third Army progressed beyond St. Privat, but this spring it went on another such ride — across Germany.

* Lt. Hook was hospitalized in England and later sent to the United States with his neck in a cast. He has been told by Army medical authorities that he will be discharged from the hospital fully recovered, probably in early summer. He hopes to get back into combat — in a tank.

LOST SLUMBER?

WHICH SIDE TO SLEEP ON?

HARD OR SOFT MATTRESS?

HOW TO MAKE UP FOR LOST SLUMBER?

WHICH SIDE TO SLEEP ON?

HARD OR SOFT MATTRESS?

HOW TO MAKE UP

What Do You Know About Sleep?

Condensed from Woman's Home Companion + + Gretta Palmer

BETWEEN the ages of 25 and 70 the average person spends 15 years sleeping. Lack of sleep has made generals lose battles, nervous patients lose their minds, wives lose their husbands. Obviously an understanding of sleep is important to us all, but how many of us know the scientifically established facts about it? What's your score on the following statements, some true, some false?

Healthy sleepers never toss and turn

False Everyone changes his position many times because the muscular arrangement of the body is such that we cannot relax all over at once. Thirty-five shifts a night is average.

The most refreshing sleep comes early

True Studies at Colgate University show that many of the benefits of sleep have been fully obtained by the end of the first few hours.

If you sleep six hours instead of eight, you must expend more energy the next day to accomplish the same work

True Laboratory tests show that we use up to 25 percent more calories to compensate for lost sleep.

To make up lost sleep we must sleep a few hours longer for several nights in succession

False One normal night's sleep will give us all the recovery that extra sleeping can bring.

Sleeping with someone makes restful sleep more difficult

True The slight motions of the other person keep us from sinking into the deepest and most refreshing sleep.

Men who are able to get along with very little sleep are among the most energetic

False Napoleon and Edison went with only a few hours' sleep a night, but they took cat naps during the day. In any 24-hour period they apparently slept a normal length of time.

Lack of sleep alone may lead to really serious illness

True Animals die more quickly from lack of sleep than from lack of food.

We fall completely asleep and also wake up in one split second

False When we are half asleep, either at the beginning or the end of

the night, we pass through a period when we cannot speak but can clearly hear sounds. Our power to move is then asleep, but our hearing faculties are awake.

Sleeping on the left side strains the heart.

False. It makes no difference whether the average person sleeps on his back or on either side.

Drinking hot liquids before going to bed is one of the best ways of insuring good sleep.

False. Pressure of liquids on the bladder causes restlessness. Only small amounts of liquids should be drunk during the evening if you want to pass a restful night.

It is unhealthy to sleep in summer with an electric fan in the room.

False. If the fan is turned to the wall to avoid drafts and placed on heavy felt to absorb sound, it will improve your chances of a restful night.

Physical fatigue can make it difficult to get to sleep.

True. A warm bath is probably the best way of reducing the tension that comes from too much unaccustomed exercise before going to bed.

The worst thing about insomnia is worrying about its effects on the next day's work.

True. Dr. Donald A. Furd, who studied sleep habits at Colgate University, suggests that when sleep is difficult you decide to get up later the next day. Knowing that you have plenty of time in which to rest, you will doze off easily.

Mattress and springs should be of medium softness to insure the most restful sleep.

True. A soft bed is the worst enemy of sound sleep, a hard bed almost as bad.

A nap after lunch is sheer self-indulgence and cuts down a person's efficiency.

False. Studies at Stephens College, Missouri, show that when students slept for an hour after lunch their scholastic records were higher than when they used the time for studying.

Mental effort is the worst possible preparation for getting to sleep.

True. A dull evening ending with a walk to tire your muscles, is the best preparation for sleeping.

The Young in Heart

CLEVELAND radio columnist Sidney Andorn shared a cab one night with a sweet little old lady who told him that she was 83. The taxi stopped at her house first, and Andorn said, "I'm going to see you safely to your door."

"You are *NOT*," said the little lady crisply. "My husband might be looking."

— Helen & Clarence in Cleveland *Deal*

Stagecoach Stickups



The saga of the roving
30's when highwaymen
flourished

Condensed from

Index Dooney

LITCANE the Concord coaches were called. And so they were called curlicues or mounted the scarlet body doors were adorned by vixens and hind seeps. Wheel of toutish bright yellow shined like the old dust in the express box in the coach's forward boot. But those handsome pictures on the door were liable to be muddled with Indian arrows or splattered by buckshot. For the Concord was the chief transportation of the mining camps in gold-rush days and probably the most comfortable vehicle that ever rolled in time of peace.

Made by Abbot Downing & Co. of Concord, N.H., a Concord weighed 400 pounds and cost a dollar a pound. It could take the terrific jolts of the wilderness road and even a fall over a canyon rim. It never broke down, only wore out. Stagecoaches with properly paced relays of six horse teams made 100 miles or more a day.

Enthroned on box seat, the driver held lead, swing and wheel spins steady with multiple rein. With his whip lish he could flick a fly off a leader's ear or whisk a stranger out of a bandit's grasp.

Inside the driver sat the guard, called a hotgun messenger, hired by the express company. Bert Harte, who once killed the post, celebrated him in lay. Over his faces and his double-barreled hotgun favored for the murderous work of it, buckshot had; he was also handy with a rifle and his revolver.

Express for mail and baggage were loaded into the forward and rear box, the cargo holds of the Concord. A passenger expelled the breakfast or tea of a shorter at the door. Drivers bawled out the names of stops they would make. Hometown, Angels, Cape Rattle Spines, Rough and Ready, Short Tail Canyon, Poker Flat, Piety Hill. Whips cracked and the stages whirled away.

On runs back from the mines, express boxes crammed with gold dust, the Concord was attractive prey for mailwaymen. In a lonely spot just short of the brow of a hill the road agent waited.

Halt! and the driver pulled up. Into the road stepped a masked figure, gun leveled. It might be Rattlesnake Dick Butler and his gang.

It might be Tom Bell, Mexican War veteran surgeon, who deftly dressed the wounds of victims he winged. Or it might be some young fellow whose luck had been bad at the mines.

Throw down that box! the road agent commanded. Either the driver hurried the express chest from the boot, heaved it to the ground and was motioned to drive on, or the shotgun messenger blazed away, and the battle was on.

If the bandits bothered to rob the passengers, they did so with a courtesy that permitted the plundered to retain keepsakes and spared anyone with a plausible hard luck story.

For the first few years after the discovery of gold in California in 1848, victims of the lure got through scot-free. No stagecoach robbery of consequence occurred until 1852, when road agents garnered in express boxes yielding \$7500. In 1855 Rattlesnake Dick Butler's gang attacked a Wells Fargo mule train and made off with \$80,000 in gold dust.

After the Civil War, the ranks of lawless characters from the camps were reinforced by never-do-wells who drifted mustered out of the armies. Holdups took place with such frequency on certain roads that stagecoach teams were said to stop automatically at the customary spot. One discouraged gold-dust buyer is said to have kept live rattlesnakes in his dust box. A much-robbed shipper of silver insured himself by sheer weight. He ran his bullion in cannonballs weighing 750 pounds each, whereupon baffled bandits sent him word they considered his method unsportsmanlike.

Stage robbery came to a pass

where even women took a hand. One hard character called Dutch Kate held up a California stage to recoup a gambling loss of \$2000. The driver threw down the box in her command, but it held little in she passed up a passenger with \$1,000 in a satchel. In Arizona a female road agent was acquitted by a grand jury of the charge of highway robbery, though caught in the act. However, she was sent to prison for having disarmed the driver, which was going too far for a lady.

Few bandits lasted long. Tom Bell — the surgeon gone wrong — did well until that day in 1856 when one of his scouts reported that the Marysville California stage was carrying \$100,000 in gold. Abroad were John Gentry, the driver, Bill Dobson, the express messenger, and nine passengers, including a Negro woman and four Chinese.

Bell and six of his henchmen swung into saddles. They planned to swoop down on the coach, one to the team's head and three to each flank. But it chanced that a gold dust buyer, who owned a line put out of the express shipment, was preceding the coach on horseback because its swaying made him seasick. Three of the gang stopped to disarm him, and were delayed in their part of the attack when Bell and the others thundered down on the stage.

The odds looked hopeless, but Dobson blazed away with his two shotguns and a brace of revolvers. His first shot knocked Tom Bell off his horse.

The gang's wild fusillade thudded into the coach. A door popped open, the four Chinese and one of the

white men erupted and vanished. Now Bell, only slightly wounded, was mounted and firing again. The remaining passengers opened fire, wounding another bandit. As the gang reeled back out of the road, Dolson bowled another off his horse and shouted to Gear, "Drive on!"

Although wounded in one arm the driver cracked his whip. The Concord rolled into Marysville with one passenger shot through both legs, another's forehead furrowed, and the Negro woman in dead.

Aroused citizens tracked down and wiped out most of the gang a few weeks later. Then a posse caught Bell, gave him time to write a few letters, and swung him from a tree.

Without effective help from local authorities or the Government the express companies took measures to make the risk of the highwayman harder. Boxes were strengthened and bolted in. Cash rewards of \$2,500 a head were offered for the capture of bandits. A tenacious skuth, J. B. Hume, finally ticked down the redoubtable Black Bart.

In eight years Black Bart committed more than 25 successful holdups, always singlehanded. Not once did he fire a shot—he subsequently claimed his shotgun was never loaded—and only on one occasion did anyone get a shot at him. After a holdup he would vanish completely. Nobody saw anything banditlike in the gentle man in of kindly manners who dropped in at rumhouses for a drink. Nobody suspected that his bag held a ho-ho, a shotgun broken down, and a store of stolen gold. In intervals between holdups he lived quietly in San Francisco as a mining man.

Painstakingly Detective Hume pieced clues together: a laundry mark on a handkerchief, a description by an observant waitress, a glimpse caught by a hunter of the bandit unmasked, breaking open an express box. Hume arrested Black Bart in San Francisco and identified him as Charles F. Boles. He served a prison term and after his release disappeared. A flurry of holdups on his old stamping grounds was attributed to him but never proved.

Increasingly rich bullion shipments, running as high as \$200,000, forced express companies to hire messengers who would take on any odds. An eight-man guard was organized for the coach which made the run from Deadwood to Sidney in the Black Hills of South Dakota, with treasure from the fabulous Homestake Mine. Two horsemen rode in advance, two as rear guard, and four manned the coach. The coach itself, a veritable rolling fortress with armor plating and loopholes, was dubbed Old Ironsides.

A determined gang of desperados tackled Old Ironsides one September day in 1878. They lay in ambush at the Canyon Springs relay station, having locked up the station's tenders.

Somehow without its outriders that day, though it was carrying \$45,000 in gold bullion, the coach was protected by only three messengers: young Gail Hill on top and Scott Davis and Bill Smith inside. Gene Burnett was driving.

The drivers' "Yip-yip," signal for the station tender, echoed as the Concord rolled to a stop. As Gail Hill lowered himself from the box seat,

a shotgun muzzle was thrust through a loophole in the building's wall and buckshot plowed into Hill's back, inflicting wounds from which he later died. But there was still fight in the plucky young fellow. He had whirled and was raising his own gun when a second charge of shot sent him reeling to collapse in a heap by the roadside.

Smith, who had been struck by a splinter from the woodwork, believed he had been seriously injured and lay on the floor of the coach taking no part in the fight. The remaining messenger, Scott Davis, escaped from the fire door and took cover behind a tree. He waited for Burnett to drive on. As the nervy driver was gathering his team for a dash, a bandit rushed from the house to the heads of the lead pair. Davis drilled him through the middle.

Plainly Davis had to be disposed of or the holdup was a fizzle. A robber circled around to take him from

the flank. Young Gail Hill, sorely wounded and semiconscious, saw him. In the best tradition of the shotgun messenger, he mustered his last strength and shot the man dead.

But now the bandit leader had ordered Burnett down from the box and was approaching Davis's tree, using the driver as a shield. Davis, unable to fire, ran off through the woods to get help. Before it could arrive the gang had made a clean getaway with the treasure.

Sundry tokens of those times remain. Stolen gold, buried by bandits who did not live to retrieve it, lies hidden in the hills. Rewards range from \$40,000 (reputed to be buried on Trinity Mountain, California) to \$150,000 (believed to be cached in the Jackson Hole area of Wyoming). You may still see a Concord on exhibition in the railroad station of its home town and in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Dried and True

The War's Last Strange Story

IT WAS D DAY. From I Corps our troops were swarming ashore. In the brisk fight a fire soon pinned down our men. Although observers noticed that through it all one American invasion buoy remained on shore running in circles. His role asked to investigate, reported that under the American new secret weapon only to be used if the situation became critical.

At 10:15, when things looked desperate, the mysterious ICI headed at full speed for the beach. To everyone's amazement 200 tiny men about a foot high dashed ashore. Armed with guns, bayonets and hand grenades, they tore headlong into the fray. In an incredibly short time the enemy was dispersed and the beachhead secured. The observer said with astonishment to an American colleague: "You Americans are certainly amazing. Where did this mid-air army come from?"

"Oh," replied the American, "those are our dehydrated Marines."

—Contributed by Captain D. Wilcox

Lest We Forget vi JAP SLAVE CAMP

A documented example of Japanese savagery — the treatment of American prisoners during 29 months at Nichols Field work camp near Manila

Condensed from
Kansas City Star

+

Clark Lee

Author and war correspondent one of the last Americans to leave Irian and among the first to return with General MacArthur



Let me introduce you to the White Angel. This is Moto Sun to The Wolf whose real name is Isakaki Sun to Pistol Pete Saki Sun and Cherry Blossom.

I'll guarantee you're not going to like them.

They are all gentlemen of Japan — products of a cultured civilization 2,000 years old. They're also one of the cruelest collections of sadistic murderers the world has ever known. They were the commandants or the sentries at Nichols Field work project outside Manila where for two and one half years 600 American prisoners were held.

The work of rebuilding Nichols Field started in June 1942, with prisoners taken at Cavite, Manila and some harbor forts. Later, survivors of the Bataan Death March were sent there. The first commandant was Moto — a lieutenant in the Imperial

Navy, young, well built, with short clipped black hair. He was called White Angel by the Americans because he always dressed in an immaculate white uniform.

One day an American private whom we'll call Martin collapsed on the runway.

Get up and work, 'Moto-Sun' ordered Martin, 'or you'll be shot.'

Martin, suffering from dysentery, couldn't stand up. White Angel barked orders to

the sentries. They jabbed four nearby Americans with rifle butts and made them pick up Martin and carry him to the Pasty school barracks. Then the White Angel told the assembled prisoners that Martin was to be shot as an example to those who wouldn't work for the Japanese Empire. Holding a pistol to Martin's head, he marched him behind the barracks taking an American captain as witness.

The men heard a shot, a pause, and then another shot. The captain came back and told them what had happened. White Angel's first bullet hadn't killed Martin. As he went down, he called out:

'Captain, tell them Martin went down smiling.'

Then White Angel shot him again, in the head.

For his second murder, Moto used a sword. An American Marine who

had endured daily beatings for months, one day made a break to escape. Five hours later the Japs found him. He was forced to kneel outside the prisoners' barracks. Unwaveringly he looked at White Angel as the Jap officer drew his sword and stepped forward.

It wasn't quick, or neat, it was a brutal hacking to death.

After Moto had changed to a clean uniform he placed a cross and flowers on the Marine's grave. A photographer took pictures of him standing in military pose beside the cross. That was to show the world how well the Japanese treated Americans who 'died of illness' in prison camps.

The prisoners were divided into groups of ten and told that if one escaped, and was not recaptured, the nine others would be shot. Four men who tried to run away were retaken and beaten until nearly dead. One man did get away. The remaining nine of his group were executed. Among them was the escaped man's brother. Thereafter the Americans agreed among themselves to try no more escapes.

One of Moto's favorite tricks was to force prisoners to double time for three quarters of an hour running barefooted on the gravel until their feet were lashed and bleeding.

Running drunk after a revel in Manila's red light district, Moto would force the prisoners to line up. Then he would sit and drink from a bottle while they did calisthenics for a half hour or longer.

Moto left late in 1943 for active duty. Later news came of his death in action. The prisoners were sorry. They had hoped some day to kill him with their own hands.

The prisoners' day started at 6 a. m., when a Japanese sentry shouted 'Bango!'

That meant get up from the floor where each man slept in a space 36 inches wide. Then all, including the sick, did calisthenics for 15 minutes. After that they were forced to count off in Japanese. Mispronunciation brought a blow.

The food was fish eyes and guts, a soup made from the entire fish, or watery gruel, along with about an inch of boiled rice in a canteen cup.

After breakfast came sick call. Only 50 men daily were allowed off. Those too sick to walk had to be carried or dragged by their comrades when on duty.

At 7 a. m. the daily torture march started to Nichols Field. Through the main street of Paoay paraded the ragged skeleton. They had lost up to 70 pounds per man. At first the Filipinos lined the route and tried to give the Americans food and shoes and cigarettes. But the Japs shot several Filipinos and broke it up.

En route Jap sentries would suddenly attack the prisoners without provocation. They would hit men in the small of the back with rifle butts. Some sentries carried iron clubs with which they brutally broke arms and legs. Those killed had to be picked up and buried along by their comrades.

A sentry called Pistol Pete broke the arms of at least five men with an iron bar. Siki Sim, a Jap marine who was always drunk, used a similar weapon to beat those who whistled. At last the Japanese relieved him because as the result of his brutality the work on the airfield was falling behind.

Under a starvation diet, with beat

ings and without medicines, more and more Americans collapsed. An American doctor went to the camp commandant The Wolf, who had relieved White Angel — and said: "Unless the men get more food they will die."

In a rage, The Wolf ordered a sentry to club the doctor. Another doctor, a major, intervened. As a result he was slugged with a pistol. Four teeth were knocked out and his jaw was broken. The Wolf then addressed the bleeding men: "I don't care if you all die. There's a hundred million more like you in America. Soon they'll all be our slaves."

Many American prisoners tried to escape by taking their own lives. Some succeeded. At least five men went insane there from June 1943 to September 1944, and one of them tried to commit suicide by repeatedly butting his head against a wall.

Can you imagine deliberately crushing your arm or leg under a two-ton railway car? Americans did that. Their goal was to be sent to the Bilibid Hospital, where treatment was relatively decent although the food was bad.

Like his predecessor, The Wolf personally murdered Americans in front of other prisoners. A boy from New Mexico collapsed from malaria. The Wolf saw the still unconscious soldier that evening. He banged the boy's

head on the concrete floor and kicked him. Then he carried him into the shower and held the boy's head under water with his foot until he drowned. At least 50 Americans saw that. And the prisoners also saw one of them straining to get hung up by his thumbs outside the doorway while a bottle of beer and a meat sandwich were placed in front of him. By evening he was dead. The Japs forced an American doctor to sign a certificate saying death was due to heart disease. It was so reported through Geneva.

When a man was almost certain to die, they sent him to Bilibid Hospital — because on international records it looks better to have prisoners die there.

After our Iwte findings, the attitude of the Japs changed amazingly. The guards now tipped their hats, grinned and said "please" and "thank you." They became more polite with the findings on Mindoro and Luzon. If you'd been there in the final three weeks you would have thought the camps were excellently run and the conditions ideal.

That's what we can expect from Tokyo shortly. A group of suave Harvard educated businessmen diplomats who have many old friends in America will come forward with hugs in hand, bowing with that unexcelled Japanese politeness and saying "So sorry, please. All very bad mistake."



G CARE NOT if God is on my side. My constant hope and prayer is that I may be found upon God's side. Abr ham Lincoln

The Five Fitzgeralds and the Five-Cent Ride

A traction empire built
on friendly service



Condensed from *Lorber's* + William F. McDermott

THE five Fitzgerald brothers of Chicago began hauling passengers with a hobsled and a team of horses back in 1912. This year they will carry some two billion passengers. The greatest traction magnates of this generation, they operate the transportation systems of St. Louis, Baltimore, Los Angeles and 31 smaller cities in 14 states — 7500 buses and streetcars in all.

The brothers' specialty is to take over dilapidated, bankrupt transportation systems and turn them into profitable enterprises by fast service, good-looking, comfortable buses, courteous and careful drivers — and, wherever possible, nickel fares. Their latest acquisition is the traction system of Los Angeles, where 41 streetcar companies have gone broke in the past 70 years. The Fitzgeralds were confident enough to put \$1,500,000 into the deal.

The five brothers learned teamwork at home. Life was hard in the Nebraska ranch house, but their parents knew how to season work with play. Dad was a fiddler, and they danced in the kitchen. He was also a ball player, they rooted for him, and played themselves. Was there a picnic, a circus or a church social — all seven Fitzgeralds were sure to show up.

Mom Fitzgerald was the spark

plug. "You're going places, my boys," she kept telling them, "but while you're doing it, give the other fellow a bit more than an even break. You will find it pays."

The boys struck out early for themselves, working as ranchers, mechanics, salesmen, cooks. In 1912 three of the boys found jobs in a railroad construction camp at Fort Frances, Ontario — Ed as cook, Ralph as waiter, and Roy running a hobsled for carrying mail, supplies and mailers. He also shopped for the housewives, delivered messages and did all kinds of errands — "the most obliging kid anywhere," it was said.

Roy next worked as a garage mechanic in the iron-range town of Eveleth, Minn. He bought a cumbly, old "gas buggy" and hauled miners to and from work. If anybody needed to go anywhere, day or night, Roy would accommodate him. When Roy needed help, Ralph came. They bought another dilapidated crate, fixed it up and were the proud owners of a two-bus "fleet."

Business skyrocketed, and an urgent call went out for Ed and Kent and John. The Fitzgerald boys were together again. Soon they launched what they considered a daring venture — a bus line to Virginia, Minn., five miles away. It succeeded. When

road to Duluth was paved, they started another line.

Their network of bus lines spread through Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. Once they sold their entire business to Greyhound, and the five boys moved to Chicago, all taking jobs with the company. But the urge to "roll their own" was too strong. In 1928 they set up a new corporation to organize and operate cross-country bus lines.

One of their field men suggested that the traction business within cities, although notoriously a losing proposition, could be made to pay. In Galesburg, Ill., they bought a run down, profitless traction system. They put in new buses, introduced speed, courtesy and good service. Still the business didn't pay. The fare was ten cents. The Fitzgeralds cut the fare to a nickel, and went after new business by advertising that it was cheaper to ride than to drive. They sent smartly uniformed girls out to get suggestions for improving service. Traffic trebled, and in three months the business began to show a profit.

Next came the purchase and rehabilitation of the street railway and bus system in Joliet, Ill. Two companies were operating the transit system at the time the Fitzgerald brothers took over, starting with 24 coaches. Today the company operates 50 buses, and the business has grown from 2,500,000 to 10,000,000 passengers a year. A large part of the increase is attributed to the introduction of the five-cent fare. In 1936 the brothers took over two bankrupt transit systems in Tulsa, Okla. They improved the service and slashed the

fare from a dime to a nickel — now the "oil capital" of America is proud of its service and the bus company is making money.

The Fitzgeralds have cut the fare to five cents in 25 of their cities and hope eventually to have it every where they operate. They have found that in cities where the average bus line is not more than eight miles long they can pay good wages, run speedy and comfortable buses at frequent intervals, and still make a profit on a five cent fare.

In 1936 the brothers formed the National City Lines, and within two years they had bought 16 transportation systems in cities scattered from Michigan to Alabama and Texas. They limited their operations to smaller cities until 1941, when they moved into St. Louis. Last year they acquired the lines in Baltimore and Los Angeles. At the war's end they plan to banish most of the street cars in these metropolitan centers. They rate one bus as worth three street cars because of the bus's speed and maneuverability.

The National City Lines took over in Lincoln, Neb., in 1942. The city council was planning to slap an added tax on the traction system. The Fitzgeralds made an offer. If the city would drop the added tax, they would provide a city wide nickel fare. By the end of the first year, the passengers had been saved \$300,000 in fares while the city was deprived of only \$50,000 in tax revenue. Yet the traction system shifted from the red to the black in 1944.

The Fitzgeralds insist not only on safety but neatness and courtesy. Their drivers are not forbidden to

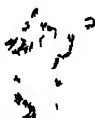
talk to passengers, they are expected to avoid splashing pedestrians on rainy days, to hold a bus for a running passenger, and to do little 'extras' that passengers won't forget. Sometimes these favors are amusing. In Tulsa recently, a driver saw a druggist putting up a sign 'Cigarettes Today.' He pulled up at the door and told the passengers he would wait while they bought their smokes. In Danville, Ill., a woman getting on a bus dropped her wrist watch through a grating in the pavement. The driver jumped out, enlisted the aid of a male passenger, took up the grating and recovered the watch.

Practically every executive of the corporation has risen from the driv-

ers' ranks. Eight former drivers are now superintendents, one is manager of operations for 12 cities.

Of the five Fitzgeralds, Roy, 51, president of National City Lines, is the high-pressure go-getter, the developer of new business. When a run-down system has been bought, it is dumped into the lap of Ralph, 49, the persistent get-the-thing-done man, superintendent of operations and maintenance. John, 54, and Kent, 41, both vigorous, exuberant men, are bus line administrators. In the home office, Ed, 60, cool and conservative, sits on the lid as treasurer.

Paraphrasing Tom Marshall's famous remark, the Fitzgeralds' slogan is 'What this country really needs is a good live-cent ride.'



Files on Parade

A CASKET manufacturer, in Washington on business with the WPB division chief in charge of caskets, asked a receptionist for a name and room number of the man he should see. Thumbing through book after book, the receptionist found nothing to indicate who handled caskets. Suddenly she brightened and exclaimed: 'Why, of course, that would be in the Container Division!'

— Ann Franc Wilson in *Philadelphia Record*

AFTER a WAC major complained of the nondelivery of 15,000 brassieres, the Quartermaster Corps found them stored among crockery supplies in its Camp Lee, Va., warehouse. The warehouse staff had taken literally the size labels on the boxes: 'Cup One, Cup Two, Cup Three.'

— *New York Times*

FROM the inner recesses of a large filing cabinet, the colonel's indignant voice boomed: 'Sergeant, where did you file that new list of discharges? They are not under D!'

'Oh, no,' exclaimed the colonel's assistant. 'I filed them under C' — for congratulations!'

— Tom Gooté in *Coronet*

PSYCHO-SCREENING

The AAF's Trump in Air Warfare

Psychologists working with the Air Forces have found ways to determine the kind of work each individual can do best

+

BACK of the amazing performance of American airmen against the enemy is an important technique called psycho screening — a wonderfully accurate procedure for selecting air crew members and fitting them to their exacting jobs. Thanks to a series of electrically scored tests, developed by a group of the country's outstanding psychologists, the AAF training Command knows before a cadet dons a flying helmet whether or not he will stand up under the strain of combat flying, whether he should be trained as fighter pilot, bomber pilot, bombardier, navigator, flight engineer, radar operator or aerial gunner.

Even more significant, psycho-screening is now working in reverse, is a scientific guide for returning discharged airmen to civilian life. Soon after war ends, the psychological know-how accumulated from the AAF's test of three quarters of a million young men will be available to schools and colleges to pin point the training of students, and to industry for fitting the right jobs to the right people.

Major General David N. W. Grant, Air Surgeon of the AAF, has made

Condensed from Air News

Frank J. Taylor

aviation psychology his baby since July 1941, when the President called upon the aircraft industry to build 50,000 planes within a year. To the Air Surgeon's staff, that meant hand-picking the men to fly those planes.

In the preceding decade the Air Force had picked 5765 cadets for flying training, selecting young men with college background through rigorous physical examination and personal interview. Now the flight surgeons had to select ten times that many in a single year.

"We didn't have the flight surgeons to do the job," explained General Grant. Calling in Dr. John C. Flanagan, then associate director of a New York psychological service for colleges, he asked if applied psychology could sort out the young Americans who would make fliers.

Dr. Flanagan was sure of it. But because the idea was so revolutionary, he and a number of other prominent psychologists spent several months studying the qualities most essential to pilot, navigator, bombardier.

The AAF School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, had already made a start on "psycho-motor testing," with machines designed to measure equilibrium and coordination. General Grant's psy-

chologists designed other machines and added new pencil and paper tests. Soon they could record electrically almost everything the AAF Training Command wanted to know about a cadet before spending \$30,000 and ten months training him.

For several months, the psycho-screeners merely tested cadets and rated them for their aptitudes. Many of the flight surgeons could not understand why a promising man should be eliminated because a couple of silly-looking gadgets resembling pinball games gave him a bad score.

Candidates who rated low in the psycho-screening tests were sent to the flying schools along with those who rated high, neither cadets nor instructors knew which were which. When these classes were graduated the results satisfied even the most skeptical critics. Nine out of ten cadets rated tops by the psycho-screening scores passed with flying colors, in the group given lowest ratings, six out of ten washed out. The accidents per 100 graduates among the top group were one third those in the lowest classification. Among fighter pilots in the gunnery schools, the top group scored one third more hits.

Came Pearl Harbor, and General H. H. Arnold called for 90,000 finished flying officers a year. There was no longer time to train a hundred cadets to get 50 finished pilots. The AAF had to screen 400,000 youngsters a year. Psychological units were established at Nashville, Ft. Worth, San Antonio, and Santa Ana, Calif. Dr. Flanagan, now Colonel, raided university faculties for 90 psychology professors. Soon they had 300 assist-

ants who had majored in psychology.

At the huge Santa Ana classification center I watched Aviation Student Johnny Brown go through his tests. First, with 200 other cadets, he sweated through a dozen written tests, a great many questions to be answered in a hurry by check marks. On a picture of pulleys and weights, Johnny had to indicate which weight was going up and which down. He guessed which of two waterfalls was greater in volume. He matched a small photograph with a corresponding site on a large aerial map. Problems checked his aptitude for calculation, reasoning, accuracy. By the end of the day Johnny's head whirled. He felt that he had made a terrible showing.

But these tests were a cinch compared to the psycho-motor testing next day. Johnny and three other boys entered a small room and confronted a battery of four identical machines, weird apparatus carefully designed to test men's nervous reactions under strain. At his machine Johnny sat with his feet on pedals and his right hand on a stick, while he faced a board sprinkled with a pattern of red and green lights. The sergeant in charge explained carefully how to bring the red and green lights into straight lines by coordinating the movements of his feet and his hand. After a few practice tries, he said, "Let's go — everything you do now is being scored." In a somewhat similar test, the sergeant flashed red and green lights on, while Johnny tried to cut them off by flicking the right one of four switches. Meters recorded the speed of Johnny's reactions, measuring his coordination of mind and muscle.

Another psycho motor test known as the "rotary pursuit with divided attention" utilized a revolving disk resembling a phonograph record. On the disk was a brass target. To one side were two distracting lights. The trick which taxed Johnny's powers of coordination was to hold a pointer on the revolving target and simultaneously switch off the irregularly flashing lights.

The psycho screening test scores every potential flight officer in three categories: pilot, bombardier and navigator. Johnny had intended to be a bombardier, but his rating showed that he was prime pilot material, that he was in the fifth group from the top as a potential bombardier, third from the top as a possible navigator. There were nine groups, of which the five lowest were eliminated as potential flying officers and reclassified for duties such as flight engineers, radio operators or gunners, or for ground service jobs.

"On the basis of what we have learned," says Colonel Hagan, "we could devise tests to screen out almost anything we wanted: future doctors, engineers, plant foremen, salesmen."

The AAF kept records of 162,000 cadets as they advanced through training to the real battlefields of the globe. As the first squadrons of tested fliers reached the combat zones, the records added up to some challenging data. Under the old system of selection, the AAF started three cadets for every flier who finally got his wings. Among the cadets processed by psycho screening, 96 out of every 100 in the top classification were commissioned.

Checking the psycho screening ratings of fliers with their combat performance abroad has been even more of an eye opener. There have been fewer "missing in action" returns from those who rated highest in the tests. Photographs reveal that bombardiers making high test scores hit their target on the nose oftener. Air commanders reported that the quality of officer leadership improved with each new class, whereas in foreign air forces quality deteriorated as the war drained human resources. In 1944 the RAF and the Royal Navy both adopted the AAF's psycho screening technique.

Since the training command records revealed that aptitude for flying bears little relation to formal education, college requirements were abandoned early in 1942, thus tapping a reservoir of thousands of boys who had never gone to college, but who had the ability to learn quickly and the emotional stability for air fighting.

The AAF's psychologist staff now has eight units assigned to special combat problems. Five other units concentrate on redistribution of personnel, screening out leaders for new combat groups, spotting potential instructors, technicians, executive officers. Still others specialize in tests at convalescent hospitals to direct rehabilitated airmen into new jobs, either in the Army or civilian life.

The cost of the AAF's testing was less than \$5 per candidate. "It is impossible," says General Grant, "to estimate the time, money and lives aviation psychology has saved."



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . .

A silver plane pinned on the lapel of
a cloud (Ardys Arons) White caps
shingling the bay (Walter Pinton)
Waves leap frogged toward the shore
(Alice B Hart) Endless acres of after
noon (Stephen Vincent Benét) Slender
drumsticks of rain beating on the roof
(Gene I wler) Night hobnailed with
stars (I rince Frost) A dismal stretch
of country which seemed especially cre-
ated merely to be on the way to some
other place (Margaret Carpenter)

A visitor to the Income Tax Bureau
in Washington explained his mission
I just wanted to see the people I'm
working for (The 'etnan Magazine)

She's a pretty good photograph of her
father and a perfect photograph of her
mother (Bel De Haven) She listened
with rapt inattention (Sarah J. Butler)
His wife is the power behind the drone
(John Harlan)

Pilot's description of handling a B 29
'It's like sitting on the front porch and
flying a house'

Signs In a Los Angeles furniture
store, Unpainted Furniture — See It
in the Nude" In bakery shop win-
dow, Pies like mother used to make,
25¢ — like mother thought she made,
75¢ Saks 34th Street department
store, New York, Bring your furs to our
Motholium (N Y Herald Tribune)

Many a married man gets into diffi-
culties through a miss understanding

A young lady after a broken engage-
ment returned all the gent's letters,
marked, "Fourth Class Male"
(Willie D. Herbert)

Children are a great comfort in your
old age — and they help you reach it
faster, too (Lionel M. Kaufman)

Father was a patient boulder in the
stream of mother's chatter (Bess Streeter
Aldrich) Grandma came up slowly
but steadily, pressing each stair firmly
into its place (A. J. Cronin) Family
dinner with its constant boomerang of
passing plates (John Robert Quinn) A
little girl finger shopping on the show
case (Samuel R. Braden)

The type of woman whose eyes
not only sweep a room, but dust it
(Ruth Hickman) A girl definitely
pinupious One look at her
took a 24 hour option on a man's
mind (Douglas C. Moore) She's always
watching her weight — a regular hip
pochondriac (Lat O'Brien) Of a stat-
uesque showgirl, 'She's an Lyleful
Tower'

Definitions Navy AWOL, a bolt from
the blue (Eleanor R. Merrill) Time,
the stuff between paydays (Scott Field
Bracegaster) Youth, the first 50 years
of your life the first 20 of anyone else's
Divorcée, a woman who gets richer
by decrees (The Houghton Lane) A split
second, the interval of time between the
change of a stop light to green and the
fellow behind you tooting his horn

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR BOX 605 PLEASANTVILLE N J

When the Comet Struck America



Thousands of years ago, many scientists believe a giant fireball hit this continent, changing the face of some 40 000 square miles. It could happen again.

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post + Herbert Ravenel Sass

THERE are some who deny the comet altogether. They try to explain in other ways the strange scars on the earth's surface along the Atlantic coastal plain. But many geologists, astronomers and astro-physicists believe that a comet came.

It came, they say, from the northwest, thousands of years ago. A fireball with a flaming tail, it swept over Alberta and Saskatchewan. Over North Dakota and Minnesota it was bigger than the moon, and over Illinois it had become a blazing terror in the sky, while already the hot compressed air ahead of it was lighting forests like matchsticks.

On over Kentucky it sped, shivering the high-grass prairies, over Tennessee and the Great Smokies, melting the rocks of the mountains. As it shot onward at 144,000 miles an hour, the increasing gravitational lure of the earth pulled it lower and lower until finally it struck in the region between Virginia and mid-Georgia and buried itself, perhaps miles deep, in the shocked earth.

The thing was not a solid mass of metal and rock, but rather a swarm of meteors, some of them three or four times the size of a city block, the whole swarm roughly spherical in shape and covering an area at least 100 miles wide. If all the bombings

and bombardments ever achieved by man could be combined into one, the result would not be comparable with the inferno it created. The comet destroyed all life within a wide area. In what are now the Carolinas, Georgia, eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, and southern Virginia few living things survived. Throughout a much larger region extending as far north as Quebec and as far west as Kansas, the effects of the cataclysm must have been severe.

To a man witnessing those titanic collisions it would have seemed, in the infinitesimal fraction of a second while he remained alive, that the universe was ending. Only in imagination can we see and hear that deafening, blinding chaos: the silvos of shattering sound, the incredible explosions, the towering spouts and fountains of flame, the curtains of smoke and debris hurled upward, then, as the monstrous cannonading ceased and the dust pill lifted slowly, the scarred, seared face of the shuddering earth, where nothing lived and nothing moved except coils of smoke and steam rising from the thousand-foot pits where the huge fragments of the dying star lay smoldering.

If the signs have been read correctly, this was the most spectacular

catastrophe to which the surface of the earth bears witness. What are those signs?

The evidence is the existence of thousands of earth scars—strangely regular, oval depressions—in a belt about 80 miles wide extending from Virginia into Georgia and roughly paralleling the coastline 20 to 40 miles inland. These shallow depressions, called bays, remained little known until one day an official of an aerial survey company showed two scientists some photographs which had been taken from the air. The pictures had been taken primarily to show the distribution of timber. But they revealed the fact that the crater-like depressions were so arranged that the long axes of the ovals were parallel with one another, all of them being oriented northwest-southeast. And they were bordered by sand rims around their southeastern ends. The pictures looked exactly like photographs of a district which had been subjected to a rain of bombs striking the ground at an angle in a northwest-southeasterly direction, with ejected sand binked up around the farther ends.

The thing was so striking that the two scientists, Dr. F. A. Melton and Dr. William Schriever, of the University of Oklahoma, explored the region at the earliest possible moment. After careful study they proposed the comet theory in 1933. Their dignified paper, published in the *Journal of Geology*, started one of the liveliest scientific scimmages of the century. The anticomet people argued that the bays might have been caused by the action of wind or water, or were really dried-up lakes.

Some things are too big for the

mind, and for that reason the average reader is likely to dismiss as incredible the idea that a comet roared in from the outer void and blasted out the bays. But consider the case of Farmer Semenov and Herdsman Luchetkan.

At seven o'clock in the morning of June 30, 1908, Farmer Semenov was sitting on the porch of his house in north-central Siberia. Suddenly he saw in the north a fiery bluish body, larger than the sun, rolling across the sky. It fell in the wild country between the Yenisei and Lena rivers and where it fell a column of light rose skyward. Actually this light was 50 miles from Semenov's house, yet the heat was so intense that he thought his clothes would catch fire. After an interval there came a gigantic explosion, and an air wave hurled Semenov from his porch, knocking him senseless, and leveled his house.

In the direction of the mysterious light, Herdsman Luchetkan's drove of 1,000 reindeer had been grazing. A fraction of a second before the air wave struck Semenov, it struck Luchetkan's reindeer and they ceased to exist, vanishing so completely that of them all only a few charred carcasses were found.

Fully 400 miles away on the Trans-Siberia railway the crew of a train saw a sudden blaze in the northeast and then felt the train rock so violently that they stopped it, fearing it would be derailed. In the city of Irkutsk, more than 500 miles distant, a seismograph recorded the concussion of heavy bodies striking the earth, and a barograph recorded an air wave. At the New Observatory in

England, 4000 miles away the microbarograph recorded pressure waves

Years passed and the incident was nearly forgotten. Then, in 1927, Professor L. A. Kulik headed an expedition to the remote spot where the column of light had shot upward. He found a shallow depression about two miles wide where the ground showed signs of having been pushed violently sideways, as when a stone is dropped into thick mud, so that concentric ridges were still visible. Inside this large depression were 200 craters varying in diameter from one to 50 yards. Within the depression every tree had been destroyed, and for 1, or 20 miles around, the ground was covered with thousands of fallen trees spread out in fanlike fashion from the center. Plainly that center some vast terrific thing had struck.

What had struck there, Kulik discovered, was a swarm of meteors. One of the swarm, compressed by it as by a gigantic piston, a hot air wave had blasted out the larger depression and, spreading outward, had leveled the forests as though a giant hand had slipped the lid down. It was this air wave which had annihilated Luchek's reindeer drove, together with all other life in the area.

Plainly luck was on the side of humanity that day in 1908. If, instead of an almost uninhabited region, the comet's target had been New York or Paris, one of the major disasters of history would have occurred. That it was the work of a comet admits of little doubt. On June 30, 1908, the earth was very close to the orbit of Pons-Winnecke's comet. Apparently the great Siberian meteor was a detached fragment

The Hopi Indians have a legend that once upon a time the Great Spirit came down from his high seat with fire and thunder and entered the earth. They can show you the hole. It is a tremendous crater in the Arizona desert, nearly a mile wide and 1300 feet deep (if one discounts the detritus fallen in from the sides) with a rim rising 125 to 160 feet above the surrounding plain. There, something less than 5000 years ago, another comet even bigger than the Siberian meteor struck the earth. This comet was a mass of nickel-iron probably weighing more than a million tons. It was, perhaps 40 miles a second, it slanted down across Utah and struck Arizona near where the town of Winslow now stands. The noise and the shock of its impact cannot be described, but so terrific was its power that it bored through 2400 feet of solid rock, grinding it to rock flour.

Many other falls of smaller bodies might be mentioned such as the 36-ton Cape York meteorite which Admiral Peary brought back from Greenland and which millions have seen in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. One can understand and accept these events, and even the falls in Siberia and Arizona. But the mind again starts wobbling when it tries to comprehend the cataclysm which shook America if the Carolina boys are what they seem to be—craters dug by the huge fragments of a broken star.

The Arizona comet dug a crater nearly a mile wide; the Siberian comet swarm dug 200 craters, some 50 yards wide. But the boys of the Atlantic coastal plain, some of them two and a half miles wide and three

or four miles long are numbered not in hundreds but in thousands. And they are sprinkled throughout a region of probably 40,000 square miles. If they were caused by a comet's collision with the earth, that was a catastrophe compared with which the Siberian and Arizonan episodes were as puffs of a peashooter.

One day I was studying certain boys in a region which bombers of the Myrtle Beach Army Air Field were

using as a bombing range. The 40-foot craters made by the large-caliber bombs were mere dimples in the 10,000-foot craters which already scarred the earth. In that almost absurd disparity a grim suggestion lurked. Out there beyond the stars where the comet came there may be Powers which even now grow impatient at man's latest effort to destroy himself. Some day perhaps They'll say, "Here, little fellow, let us show you how."

❧ IN MEMORIAM ❧ *Frederick C. Painton* ❧

FREDERICK C. PAINTON was correspondent for *The Reader's Digest*, was standing on an air strip at Guam at 3:30 a.m. last March 31. He had spent the day with the crew of a B-29 taking off to bomb the Japs, the pilot was waving good-bye. As Painton raised his arm to wave back, he fell dead of a sudden heart attack.

Fred Painton was a war casualty, his heart the victim of the strain of what he had been through and what he had seen. He was working to the last. Two of his stories appeared in the May *Reader's Digest*, which was on the presses at the time of his death. He had just returned from a grueling trip to the Philippines. Nearing 50, and himself a veteran of World War I, he had a deep affection for the fighting men whose rough life he chose to share. It drove him through dangers and hardships which would have stopped many a younger man. At the beginning of the North African campaign, his ship was torpedoed. As he was flying to Casablanca, his plane was fired on, his seatmate killed. Narrow escapes never deterred him. He went always where the fighting was hottest — at Kasserine Pass, in Sicily, Italy and France, and finally into the hell of Iwo (where another correspondent was shot standing beside him).

In a message tragically timed Ernie Pyle cabled: "Fred Painton and I have traveled through lots of war together. He was one of my dear friends and I'm glad he didn't have to go through the unnatural terror of dying on the battlefield." The next day Ernie himself was killed.

Tributes to Fred Painton's honest and courageous reporting of the war have come from General Eisenhower, General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, General Omar Bradley, General Mark Clark. Typical was the message from Admiral Nimitz: "Fred Painton was one of the most thoroughly liked war correspondents accredited to us. He died in the service of his country just as surely as those who have given their lives on the field of battle."

SAILOR, SOLDIER, *Beware!* CIVILIAN,

The wartime plague of
gyps with knockout drops,
preying on service men
in our crowded ports

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun + + + *Helen Worden*

For many years a feature writer for Scripps Howard Newspapers

THE GYP is on for Uncle Sam's service men. Old rackets with new come-ons and new rackets with old setups are boldly separating the unwary from their bank rolls.

Port cities are the main targets. Every month more than one million service men and civilian travelers pass through New York, Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Norfolk and Boston — each has its hundreds of thousands of transients, all juicy prey for racketeers. As more millions are brought back from Europe, and many of them shifted to the Pacific, the rackets will take even heavier tolls.

To see this gyp underworld in action, I have been riding in prowlers with police chiefs, and stalking crooks with detectives. And I am convinced that the best way to remedy the situation is to tell precisely what the traps are. Our service men aren't on the watch for such sharpers. Many of them come from small towns where a hearty greeting from a stranger means only friendliness.

Let's start with the goof-ball operators, who take the heaviest rake-off. Goof-balls, small white knockout pills, are bought through bootleg drug connections or from shady pharmacies. Slipped into a drink, they

dope the prospect within an hour, and he usually stays doped from six to 36 hours. This technique is particularly favored by women, since it is easy to lift the bank roll of an unconscious man. They work in water-front dives, cabarets, cheap restaurants and juke-box bars.

These pirates not only have a brazen indifference to the men who are fighting for us but are saboteurs of the war effort as well. Because of their operations, sailors miss their boats, soldiers oversay their leaves, and civilian war workers are incapacitated for duty. An Army Emergency Command major told me that most of his men had been doped and rolled at one time or another. Thousands of men hit the ports with \$100 to \$200 in their pockets and lose every nickel of it. A familiar water-front chant is, "I end me care — I've been rolled!"

How do goof-ball operators work? On New York's South Street I watched runners from water-front dives stalk the docks when liberty parties came ashore. They are plausible, friendly fellows. "Hev, sailor, what about a drink in the best joint in town?" The prospects are first piloted to legitimate bars. But after

these bars close they are led to side-street speakeasies either by the sharpers who have plucked them off the docks or by the runners' girl partners.

I went to three of these cellar hideaways, all operating at full blast. In such dumps the victim is almost sure to meet up with a harpy who either administers the knockout drops herself or has doped drinks served by prior arrangement. Sometimes she short-cuts the speakeasy by luring the victim to her dingy room, where she dopes and robs him. "Don't worry about the curfew," she says. "Come up to my room and have a drink."

There are more than 100 dance-and-dance emporiums in New York's Times Square section. Some are a constant concern to police and service patrols. In these spots there are several different ways of separating the victim from his money. A detective walked me to a vacant lot in New York's West Forties where a man had been rolled the night before. A dance-hall girl, suggesting a stroll, had led him into a dark street. Opposite the vacant lot she gave some waiting hold-up boys the high sign. Police found the man at dawn — unconscious.

Another method is for the girl to propose going to the victim's hotel room, where she may more easily escape detection. Once she gets the man's address she slips it to the hold-up boys, who show up after the man has succumbed to dope she slips into his liquor. Two girls recently confessed to 12 such crimes.

Harlem is ablaze with black-and-tan bars, one-room cafes and cellar dance dives. Gangs lurk outside, waiting for a "lush" or "square" —

their language for a newcomer with money, looking for adventure. A girl signals them when the victim leaves the bar, and he is trailed, mugged, robbed. The girl shares the loot with her confederates.

Mugging is common. A man passes a dark hallway. Two figures dart out. One throws an arm around the victim's throat from behind and keeps him throttled while the other loots his pockets. Street noises, the roar of an elevated train, muffle his cries. By the time the police arrive the muggers have vanished.

"Strip" bandits haunt various New York districts. Women decoys lure the "lush" from cheap cafes and penny arcades to apartments or dimly lit hallways, where his roll is extracted to the accompaniment of a drawn gun. To stall pursuit, the victim is then forced to strip. So prevalent is this method in one district that emergency suits and blankets are kept handy in the police station, and as many as ten victims, stripped to the skin, have been brought in on a single Saturday night.

Crooked taxicab drivers have also joined the gold rush by collecting commissions as brokers for gyp joints. In New York, for instance, a war worker was found in a hall apparently sleeping off a drunk. He told the police that he had landed in town the day before and had asked a taxi driver to take him to a shoe store. The driver suggested a drink, and at a nearby bar turned him over to accomplices. They had one drink in a back room. That was all the war worker remembered. He was minus his wallet and \$160.

In Norfolk taxi drivers sell bootleg liquor at \$5 a pint and cruise the streets with girl partners who suggest a joy ride to a tourist camp or roadhouse. When the victim is ready to return to town, the driver blackmailed him for an exorbitant fare. If the man protests, he may be knocked unconscious and his roll stolen. I paid \$9 in fare for a four-mile ride to one of these roadhouses and there were two other passengers in the cab, each of whom also paid the same fare.

The Forty-second Street area of New York is a magnet for kid gangsters. They stalk barroom exits, pleading, 'Say, mister, I haven't got anywhere to stay tonight. Please let me sleep on the floor of your room.' The answer usually is, 'Okay, kid. Come along.' When the kind host awakes, he finds he has been robbed.

Check cashing also takes its toll. Sailors are paid partly by check and partly in cash. (In Norfolk alone an average of more than \$4,000,000 in pay checks is cashed monthly.) Check-cashing saloons charge 50 cents for cashing these checks, but this is only a small part of the gyp. So hit of the bank roll is a come-on for the familiar short-changing, overcharging, doping and rolling. To break up this racket the USO and YMCA have opened service banks.

Merchandising friends are so thick that Better Business Bureaus have issued warnings and opened drives against racketeers. On Boston Common, for example, a petty grifter stopped a sailor and asked him if he wanted a free photograph of himself

to send his folks. After posing, he gave his mother's address. The picture arrived with an exorbitant bill and a letter stating that the last thing the boy had done before sailing was to have this photograph taken.

I asked the police and the service patrols how unsuspecting service men and civilians could protect themselves from these rackets. Here are some of their answers:

'Rely only on the local police, military authorities and established canteens for information about lodgings, restaurant and place of entertainment. — Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City.

'Avoid pick-ups. Confine your feminine companionship to girls introduced by friends or those you meet at service clubs and canteens. — Lt. Col. James Bunn, USMC Ret., Commanding Officer, Shore Patrol, Norfolk, Va.

'Shop at established stores if you are buying watches, photographs, cameras and similar things. Don't purchase articles offered by strangers at bargain prices. — Kenneth Bickman, Manager, Boston Better Business Bureau.

'Don't carry more money than you need or display the money you have.' — Lt. Col. J. A. McNulty, Provost Marshal, New York City.

'Look for entertainment in legitimate spots. If you must look for adventure, take along a buddy for a witness.' — Lt. Commander Martin Dillon, Senior Shore Patrol Officer, New York's Manhattan Area.



Be Your Own Boss!

More ideas for new small enterprises in the *Digest's* \$25,000 contest



Vacation Advisers

Two former university teachers, Gertrude Bilhuber and Isabelle Post, who spent their vacations in visiting places of interest all over this country, found that their friends valued their advice on vacation spots. Resigning their positions, they devoted months to building up a personal acquaintance with owners of resorts, and in 1935 opened an office in New York City as "Vacation Advisers." They plan trips and make reservations. An unusual advantage of their service is that they can give specific advice because they have visited every place they recommend.

Hotels, dude ranches, and so on pay Vacation Advisers a commission on the room and board bills of patrons thus sent to them. Clients pay only the regular rates for accommodations, and pay no fee to Vacation Advisers. The business served about 3000 vacationists last year.



Hotel for Children

A graduate nurse, Miss M. E. Wheeler of El Paso, Texas, provides home care for children whose parents are suddenly called out of town, stricken by illness, or need a vacation. At the Wheeler Children's Cottage, which is licensed under the State Department of Public Welfare, the guests vary in age

from infancy to high school age. They stay for a few hours at 25 cents an hour or days or months at \$2 a day, which includes laundry and other services. The children sleep in dormitories. Meals, naps and play are supervised.

When registering, parents file complete information on the child's health, and payment is made in advance. Patronage averages 25 regular guests and up to 20 transients cared for by a staff which includes a caretaker for every ten children, a cook, two to four laundresses, four cleaning maids.



On the Floor Rug Cleaning

In the Bethesda Chevy Chase area (suburbs of Washington, D. C.) Robert M. Burklin started a business in cleaning rugs *on the floor*, by the ether-based foam shampoo method. Rugs dry in six to 12 hours. Customers are pleased at being saved the bother of moving their furniture, rolling up rugs to be sent out, and waiting days or weeks, with bare floors for the rugs to be returned. Burklin and a helper handle all the work they can handle. Burklin charges five and six cents per square foot for cleaning domestic rugs, seven and eight cents per square foot for oriental rugs, and contracts large jobs at lower prices. He clears about \$125 per week.

Two weeks of canvassing furniture stores, clubs, churches, offices, boarding houses would prove whether there is an opportunity for a service of this kind in a community.

An electric machine with extra fine cleaning brush, minor equipment, soap concentrates and supplies can be purchased for \$300 to \$400. Such an enterprise might ultimately be expanded to include mending rugs, mothproofing upholstered furniture, rugs, blankets, clothing, and various other similar services, based on knowledge of fabrics and cleaning techniques.



Casserole Kitchen

Many cities might support a food service similar to the Casserole Kitchen on Madison Avenue, New York. In premises formerly used as a retail shop are prepared dinners to be delivered to customers' homes. The food is cooked in casseroles in which it is to be reheated before serving, hence keeping the food hot is not a problem.

A menu consists of a choice of a meat or fowl dish (Fridays, fowl or fish), one green and one starchy vegetable, homemade rolls, a salad, a dessert. Salads are wrapped in cellophane, with the dressing in a small bottle. Desserts are on paper plates. Initiation to two main dishes permits quantity buying, efficiency in cooking, and speed in handling.

Orders, taken as late as 5 p.m., are delivered between four and eight o'clock by boys and by horse and buggy. Deliveries are confined to a radius of a half mile from the kitchen. Dinners are \$1.65. Dessert

is extra. Deposit of \$1 per dinner is required for the equipment, which the customer must return.

The business was started in 1944 by Ann Honeycutt with an investment of \$3000. Original equipment consisted of a stove, an icebox, cooking utensils, 12 dozen casserole dishes, and baskets. The kitchen now grosses between \$800 and \$1000 a week. It gives employment to a chef and two assistants, several delivery boys, a part-time bookkeeper, and a girl who takes the orders.

Miss Honeycutt limits the business to 125 dinners a day. In this kind of business, don't be afraid to say you're sold out," she says. "Never cut portions to make them stretch, or whip up something in a hurry to make a few extra sales. The quality of our cooking, generous portions and attractive packaging of dinners have put our shop over."



Fix-It Shop A P Chamberlain, a former New York stock broker work-

ing in the basement of his home in Greenwich, Conn., started in 1936 a complete maintenance service for homes. He had \$100 in cash about \$200 worth of tools, what he had learned by making and fixing things as a hobby — plus an idea. If for example you have a broken window, a door that sticks, a roof that leaks, and a drain from the kitchen sink that's stopped up, you can get them all taken care of by making one telephone call, and pay only one bill.

By the end of his first year he had to buy a truck and seek larger quarters. Today the "Fix-It Shop" em-

employs five mechanics, and the owner is clearing \$50 to \$60 a week. If Chamberlain or his employees can't fix a thing, he searches until he finds a specialist who can. The shop has received emergency calls to exterminate wasps and ants, to retrieve jewelry and false teeth out of drains, to free a child locked in his nursery, to pump out a flooded cellar. It has rebuilt baby carriages, repaired luggage, fixed a leaky roof, thawed frozen plumbing. The Fix-It Shop is one of many similar and successful services of its kind throughout the country.



Outdoor Play Equipment

Starting in 1939 on an after hours basis, M. L. Hill and his wife built a profitable business in sturdy outdoor play equipment for youngsters — wooden swings, slides, sawsaws, sandboxes, 'uncle-gyms,' etc.

At first Hill, then a Chicagoan employed at a job with a salary insufficient for his needs, worked all day at the office and then spent many hours each night in his makeshift home workshop. He had no power equipment and no capital, materials

for the first models were bought on credit, to be paid for when sold. Gradually tools were purchased out of earnings, and the business was moved to a building with a drive-in lot where an outdoor display developed many orders.

In 1941 Hill resigned his position and took the plunge on a full-time basis. Deciding that the Chicago area was too expensive, he moved in 1942 to Granger, Texas, where Hill's Playground Equipment Co. started all over again. Today it employs 15 people and does business locally and through department stores as far away as Boston.

The sales appeal of his products lies in the fact that they are larger, sturdier and safer than most equipment of this kind. Every piece is guaranteed. One time Hill had to make good on \$3000 worth that proved unsatisfactory because the lumber had not been fully seasoned, but he saved the company's reputation. His plant now has 24 pieces of power equipment.

A list of prize winners in The Reader's Digest \$25,000 New Enterprise Contest could not be completed as this issue goes to press but it will be available next month.



Broken Record

IN A small New England secondary school, the dynamic young headmaster faced with the task of selecting a department head ignored seniority. After the announcement of the appointment, a disgruntled member of the department came to him, demanding to know why his 20 years' experience had been overlooked.

"My friend," said the headmaster, "in reality you haven't had 20 years' experience." Before the teacher could expostulate, he added, "You have had one year's experience 20 times."

— Contributed by David N. Beach III

The Moral Conquest of Germany

Condensed from the book by
EMIL LUDWIG



*P*ERHAPS the thorniest of all postwar problems — how to handle the German people — is here discussed by a German author of international reputation. Emil Ludwig was born in Breslau, and educated at Heidelberg. He studied law but early took up writing. In the spring of 1914 he went to London as correspondent for a daily paper. After World War I broke out he continued his journalistic activities in countries allied to Germany. Since 1918 he has published a steady stream of books on world figures and political and historical subjects. Showing a deep understanding of the German character, he has written biographies of Goethe, Beethoven, Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm, Hindenburg, and a book on the German people. In this new work he carries the latter study a step further, presenting fresh and thought provoking proposals for eradicating German militarism and bringing the people of his native land back into civilized society. He is at present residing in the United States.

THE NAME "Prussia" means more than a geographical territory — it means a philosophy, a way of life. A knowledge of this philosophy and its influence on German character is necessary in deciding how Germany should be treated after defeat.

Prussia's will to conquest began about 300 years ago, when the Elector of the province of Brandenburg built up with an iron fist the first exemplary German army. Already at that time Prussia had a warrior caste which through robbery and inherit-

ance had come into possession of wide stretches of eastern land whose people talked Polish and Slav dialects. Those "200 families" promised their sovereign to protect him from foreign aggression, if he would secure their own estates and privileges. Thus Elector Frederick William formed an officers' corps out of his landed Junkers, while the Junkers pressed their peasants into military service. The peasants lived as armed slaves all their lives. For three or four months each year they were sent

home to till their soil and sire new soldiers. Schoolteachers and pastors were mere servants of the Junkers, who also held the local judicial offices and thus were masters over all civic life.

This is how Germany bred her army. When kings and Junkers used that army to subdue foreign regions, they spoke of carrying German culture to the barbarians. Sword and whip were the paraphernalia of that *Kultur*.

To increase the size of their armies, the Prussian kings used slave methods. Foreign subjects were kidnaped or bought like cattle, sometimes they were hired out again as mercenaries for foreign wars. Such methods were unique among civilized nations, by way of contrast, the United States and France had long since adopted the Rights of Man. At the time of Washington's Presidency, Prussia had a "military budget" instead of a constitution. All members of the cabinet were called "war ministers," all tax collectors "war commissars."

In 1871, when Bismarck imposed the domination of Prussia over the other German principalities, and the Prussian king became German emperor, the Junkers took over in the whole of Germany. Up to 1918, Junker families filled all the ministries and governorships—even though these professional warriors had not the slightest training for such jobs. Most of the scions of Junker families limited their education to the general staff academy (*Kriegsschule*) and an occasional university term, usually spent in beer drinking and dueling.

Only in Germany was a man of action who was also a scholar looked

at askance. The first President of the United States left 37 volumes of his writings. Jefferson, Franklin, Wilson and others were scholars. But Prussia and later Germany, was for 300 years ruled largely by ignorant noblemen. Through the years the men whom Prussia regarded as spiritual leaders voiced such thoughts as these:

The chemist Ostwald, Nobel prize (1894) "I cannot acknowledge any source of Right except Force."

The historian Treitschke (1896) "Whoever preaches the nonsense about perennial peace has not the slightest concept of national life. Our army is a glorious form of German idealism."

General Beinhart, classical militarist "War calls forth the highest powers of human nature. Individual atrocities fade before the idealism of the whole enterprise."

Adolf Hitler "Humaneness is but a mixture of stupidity and cowardice."

AT LEAST once in every generation the Prussian General Staff has issued that fateful piece of paper, the Order of Mobilization, and each time the nation has accepted with enthusiasm. For centuries public life to the Germans has meant giving and taking orders, no more. This attitude—which is not necessarily unalterable—must be changed if there is to be peace in Europe and the world.

The American looks upon society as a plane on which all live on more or less the same social and political level, although the ablest may surpass others in prestige, money or artistic accomplishments. To the German, society looks like a pyramid. He himself is but one of its bricks,

supporting another one and in turn pressing down upon the brick below. He is quite happy in his cringing and clicking of heels before those in a relatively higher stratum, he is equally happy when bellowing commands to those below him.

In America the State is a union of people who have entrusted some of their fellow citizens with the administration of government. In Germany the State is a deity, enthroned above the clouds. Every civil servant is the superior of any ordinary citizen, and as a token of superiority wears a uniform. The American never tires of criticizing his President, his Senator, his military commander, to Germans such criticism is instinctively repellent.

THE German people have had exactly the kind of leadership they never wanted. When Hitler rose to power nothing baffled the outside world so much as the jubilation of German university professors over this dawn of a new epoch of force and lawlessness. In 1914-93 outstanding German intellectuals had in a pronouncement approved the invasion of Belgium, in 1914 no less than 1,000 German professors hailed the advent of Hitlerian barbarism.

Thus the German people in great crises were left without the support of their potential spiritual leaders. They believed in the wisdom of their rulers because they saw their rulers' decisions backed by German intellectual leadership. If in the decisive moments of 1914, 1933 and 1939 German professors had risen to protest, surely at least a part of the population would have felt embar-

rassed to join in the outrages of their rulers. But the professors did exactly the opposite.

GERMANY is the only country which lacks both a hero to liberty and a monument to liberty. Men who have risen against their tyrannical princes, the kind who live both in the history and the hearts of other countries exist neither in German history nor in German letter. Order has always been preferable to revolution in Germany, and obedience better than liberty.

Furthermore Hitler is the only modern dictator who came to power by legal means. The other all used armed force to take over the government. The Germans, in 1932, in their last free elections, having choice among eight principal parties, cast 12,000,000 votes for the Nazis, against 7,000,000 for the Socialists. Hitler had openly displayed his political program and these 12,000,000 clearly expressed their wish to see him in power. Indeed, no American President ever rode to Capitol Hill with more legal right than Hitler on his way to the Wilhelmstrasse on January 30, 1933. Hindenburg had appointed him chancellor on the ground of the numerical strength of his party in parliament.

Upon the heads of the German people — and not just the fanatical Nazis — lies the agonizing blame for this war. For Hitler was more than the legal chief of the Germans, he was also their moral head. They never had a more suitable leader.

The Fuhrer gave them what they had so sorely missed in the colorless days of the republic — uniforms, pi-

rades and military music. And above all he re-established authority — which they prefer to responsibility. Here was a man after the people's heart: he did all thinking — and voting — for them, as kings and Junkers had done from time immemorial.

On May 1, 1933, I listened on the radio to Hitler's speech before an audience of many thousands. As he yelled "Obedience!" and repeated that word twice, the masses were audibly swept by a frenzy of enthusiasm. As other nations hail freedom, the Germans hailed obedience, the new leader had found the key to their hearts. But nothing impressed them more than the wholesale killings of June 30, 1934, in which he did away with 1100 of his own followers, now at last the Germans beheld the great man of action who knew how to carry a thing through with an iron hand.

All Germans knew of, and sanctioned, secret rearmament. Even before Hitler, classrooms all over the country displayed maps which contrasted the German 1918 frontiers to what they would be again. Of all appropriations asked for in the Reichstag only the army appropriation escaped interference by the opposition during 14 years.

In the 12 years of the Hitler regime not a single political party, club or university faculty protested against what was going on. No groups raised their voices against the obvious preparations for war, against the Nazis' brutal treatment of the Jews, or again, the regime's complete domination of economic and social life. Catholic bishops and the Protestant church protested against State interference with ecclesiastical matters,

not against the criminal regime as such.

Again the German war crimes have been committed not by 1,000,000 SS men but by 15,000,000 German soldiers. Who are the soldiers who had their picture taken, cigarettes between their grinning lips, some where in Poland riding a car drawn by ten bearded old Jews? Who are the pilots who strafed refugee women and children on French roads in 1940? Who burned Lidice to ashes, killing the whole population? Who suffocated tens of thousands of Jews in sealed freight cars, and massed tens of thousands in front of graves they had to dig for themselves? Who, indeed, if not the German people in arms? They are the same people who 20 odd years earlier destroyed French cities on their final retreat and burned French forests only to enjoy the last moments of power. They are the same men, or their sons.

In perpetrating such crimes the German individual feels himself as an organ of the State. To be an efficient State organ means much more to the German than to be an upright, humane individual. For the glory of the fatherland, the German kills any neighbor he feels superior to. He has done so not only since Hitler but since the days of his medieval emperors.

The German has come to believe that life consists of his rulers' enthusiasm for world domination, and his own passion to obey. Defeat temporarily upsets the God-given order of things, but defeat, after all, merely means an armistice, a truce. His son, so he comforts himself, will try it again in some 20 years.

Any change for the better in Germany depends on the hope that the nation may at last give up this faith in its own invincibility.

Most plans advanced by American writers on the treatment of post-war Germany take one of two extreme directions, and both, to my mind, are erroneous.

One advocates complete destruction of the German nation — forced labor of the males in other countries, razing of all industrial plants, partition into a dozen or so small states. The other advocates reconstruction of Germany through its 'best elements,' support of the 'decent minority,' democratic elections, and self government.

A third plan, which in my opinion is the only possible solution, lies between these two extremes. Its aim is not only to make the Germans realize that they have lost the war, they must also realize that they deserved to lose it.

To begin with, those guilty of fomenting this war, and of committing atrocities during it, must really be punished this time — and it should be remembered that the war criminals include banking magnates, industrialists and intellectual leaders, as well as the Nazi chiefs and the military. The trials should be held publicly, and brought by radio and newsreels to as large a German audience as possible. Listening to the whining of their one-time leaders, reading truth and life from their faces in a newsreel, will lead the Germans to reconsider their opinion of the idols of yesterday.

The wretched spectacle of Ger-

many's mock disarmament after the first World War must not be repeated. Total disarmament is the only possible solution to the problem of the German military spirit, for the ultimate task is to break the German of the habit of wearing a uniform physically and mentally. On the other hand, Germans must be taught to accept foreign uniforms in their midst. Since a uniform is still the only formal expression of authority in Germany, nothing short of foreign uniforms will hammer home to the Germans the fact of their defeat. Then perhaps Karl will say to his friend 'Fritz' 'This time it seems we lost the war.'

All this calls, of course, for an army of occupation. Besides the Big Three, all formerly Nazi occupied countries should be represented in this army. The Germans must be made to see with their own eyes what kind of people their nation has tortured, and what kind of men got the better of them in the end. This is I submit, the only way of commanding the respect of the German populace — *and their respect will be the decisive factor*.

One point is of paramount importance: the death penalty must be imposed on anyone secretly possessing arms. Only if it is thus driven home to the Germans that armament is the one thing the world denies them, can they be expected to turn their talents in the direction of peace.

I do not believe that the length of military occupation should be specified in advance. The world situation as a whole and the attitude of the Germans themselves will decide the matter. Not until the world is convinced of a thorough change in German attitude, whether after 20

years or 30 can the army of occupation be withdrawn

GERMANS should not be permitted to travel outside of Germany for about ten years. Let us remember what happened last time.

The German republic sent to America some 600 university professors — few of them of any distinction except as propagandists for a greater Germany. Six hundred propagandists climbed out of a giant Trojan horse and began to disseminate the myths of Germany's innocence in starting the war, and to plead for amelioration of the peace terms. Duplication of this sad spectacle must be prevented, lest German scholars and manufacturers again make use of trips to Paris or New York to spread propaganda for the poor, suffering German people.

If Germans feel this restriction to be an offense, all the better. Not until they realize that the world esteems them less than other nations will they begin to search their hearts and try to change. That is part of the moral conquest.

THE partition of Germany into many small states will not guarantee a stable peace, indeed, world peace can without question be more easily achieved without such a partition. Suppose the United States were divided into a half dozen different countries by a victorious Japan. Present sectional antagonisms would vanish overnight, and the whole country would feel a renewed national consciousness, the common history, the common language and customs would suddenly seem of enormous

importance. And from that moment on people would never cease to struggle for political reunion.

There is, however, widespread hatred of Prussia among the rest of the Germans, caused by the Prussian subjugation of all the other provinces during the last century. This points to a simple and effective solution of the problem: a partition of Germany into a "German Federation" (with the Elbe River as eastern frontier) and a "Prussian Republic." Everything which has made the Germans so violently disliked has its origin in Prussia. By isolating Prussia from the rest of the country, the brains and limbs of the German lust for war would be paralyzed.

The Prussian Junkers still own those large estates which have formed the basis of their power. By dissolving these holdings and parceling them out to peasants (some hundred thousand of whom live like cattle) two birds would be killed with one stone.

A separation of Prussia from the rest of the country would serve the same purpose as a breakup into a number of independent countries, without at the same time causing nationalistic repercussions. There can be no doubt that, given a plebiscite, the overwhelming majority of non-Prussian Germans will choose to belong to the "German Federation" rather than to Prussia.

My plan foresees three German-speaking countries living side by side (as a number of different French-speaking or Spanish-speaking countries live side by side). Prussia, the "German Federation" and Austria. The advantages of this solution are (1) the improbability of a nationalis-

tic movement, (2) the elimination of Junker influence, and (3) the impossibility of a future Prussian king or Fuhrer again raising an army from the whole of Germany.

This time no reparation payments (which were never collected last time) should be imposed upon Germany. The essential thing is to educate the Germans by doing away with their megalomania. Success here is of greater value than any amount of reparations.

Moreover, to enforce reparations, German plants would have to be left intact or rebuilt. And with their industrial apparatus fully restored, no power on earth could prevent the Germans from rearming again.

The very sight of blast furnaces and running power motors would give the Germans a feeling of new strength. They would again talk ever louder about their indignation that so efficient a nation as theirs should be "enslaved."

It is sheer propaganda to declare that Europe's economy would collapse without German exports. For five years the world has produced what it needed without German industry, why should it not go on doing so? Germany does not grow, mine or produce anything which cannot be grown, mined or produced elsewhere. Germany should be allowed to export enough to pay for certain essential imports, such as cotton and wool, but that is all.

If Germany should be left intact as an economic power, it would make her the strongest European nation in industrial potential. This strength, together with her longer working hours and well known dumping

methods, would be the direct cause of large-scale unemployment in the United States. Germany would thus be in an excellent position, through economic pressure, to prepare for the next bid for world conquest.

There is no fear that the Germans will starve. In fact, while decreasing their industrial production they can increase their crops. In the 1930's Germany's 70,000,000 people produced 90 percent of their own food. Experts maintain that a more intensive agriculture and a breaking up of the Junker estates would enable a population of even 80,000,000 to live off the country.

Another demand is paramount in the economic field: the temporary export of German labor to work at rebuilding the damage Germans have done in other countries. Not all German males should be exported, a few million could do the job, leaving the rest to work at home. But it is just and moral to force a nation guilty of a crime that has no equal in history to repair with its own hands at least part of the ruin inflicted on others.

Yet hope must be left to the Germans. The Allies should promise them full liberty and self-government once they have restored what they have destroyed. Considering modern production methods, 20 years seems a fair estimate for that task. After its accomplishment, foreign rule, though not foreign supervision, should be relaxed.

THE task of re-educating the Germans should begin with the five year-olds. No one can save the Hitler youth of today, the boys of 14. But starting with the five year olds an ed-

education period of 15 years should be sufficient

Foreigners should not be instilled as teachers, their accent would make youngsters laugh — quite apart from such subtle knowledge of the German character as is necessary in this job. In my opinion, the needed teachers — given strict control by an Allied commission — can still be found in Germany.

The military tone of the German classroom must be abolished. There must be no uniforms, no martial songs, and nothing in the curricula about German 'might'.

Schoolboy sports, which in the past 50 years have grown continually more military in Germany, should be imbued with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of fair play. As it is, the Germans have neither an adequate word for 'fair' nor for 'gentleman'.

The spirit of play must be restored to German games. Above all, German youths must learn to respect those they have beaten in a game and keep in mind that they may themselves be beaten in their turn.

History should take a major place in Germany's new education, and the dark pages of German history, as well as the light, must be presented. After the first defeat German children were taught to look upon yesterday's king and generals as heroes who fell victims to a treacherous, materially superior world, this time they must be made to realize that their fathers challenged the world, enslaved the Continent, and defamed the German name by unheard-of crimes. Germany's shame must be humiliated home to them.

In schools and universities, on the

stage and screen, German atrocities of both world wars should be shown to the rising generation of Germans, they should see with their own eyes the causes of their national disaster. Thus they may come to wonder whether blind obedience to the powers that be pays in the end.

A NATION which for a century or more has been brought up in arrogance and the worship of power can not be subjugated by soft methods. The Germans must not be enslaved, but moral restrictions are indispensable in dealing with them.

Only by meeting the Germans as their masters can the Allies hope to influence them and bring about the changes of attitude. The atmosphere of foreign rule with one hard hand and the teaching of tolerance and liberalism with one gentle hand will sooner or later prompt several million German young people to inquire about their own peculiar role in the society of nations. They will begin to wonder how they could find a more comfortable way of life. Then these young men and women must be informed that both self-government and moral equality with other nations will be restored to Germany once they themselves have rebuilt the Continent their fathers wantonly destroyed.

The spirit of any community follows the spirit of its younger generation. The Germans who are five years old today may live to see, as young men and women, their nation's free return to the world — with all the historical virtues and capabilities of the German people.

But — this time — unarmed.

Index to THE READER'S DIGEST

January to June, 1945

Volume Forty-Six

Numbers 273-278

Italicized articles are of unusual length

ADVERTISING

<i>Copywriters on the Loose</i>	Mar	60
<i>Man's Crossbar</i>	Feb	86
Medicine Men of the Air	Jan	104

AGRICULTURE

Doc Smith's Apple Blossom Club	May	45
Farm Plan for City Workers	Apr	125
Kudzu — Another Miracle	Jun	94
Man with Bull Tongue Scooter	Mar	83
New Pioneer of the Land	May	105
Now Farmers Grow Fish	Feb	84
Wooler Made Livestock	June	38

AIR CONDITIONING

Climate a Little	Jun	66
------------------	-----	----

ANIMALS

Bull Facts About Duluth	Jun	81
Miskrat Mushind	Mar	77
Strange Animal Friendships	Apr	123
Wild Wisdom	Feb 93 May	93

ARCHAEOLOGY

Mystery of the Stone Towers	May	86
-----------------------------	-----	----

ARGENTINA Report

Poison from Europe	May Feb	4 72
--------------------	---------	------

ATROCITIES

Jap Slave Camp	June	95
Japanese Hell Ship	Apr	57
Slaughter of the Prisoners	Mar	45
We Shall Come Back	Jan	69

AVIATION

Air Did It The	Feb	43
Confusion Is Their Business	Jan	23
Ghost Ship	Jun	3
Ice in the Moscow Pipe Line	Apr	41
Mission Beyond Darkness	May	109
Our Secret Weapon	June	65
Psycho Screening	June	101
Suits That Save Fliers' Lives	May	41

Terrible B 29	Mar	80
Travel Time of a 60 Hour World Trip	Feb	87
Babies' Black Market	May	61
BANKER with Immigration!	Feb	19
Tell Them We're Rising!	Apr	53
Bull Facts About Duluth	Jun	81
Feard of Joseph Palmer	Apr	32
BILICUM		
We Shall Come Back	Jun	69
BIOGRAPHY		
(But Corne) Not Chantry Lut		
a Chance	Jun	89
Beechum Sir Thomas	Apr	101
(Blubmich Cosmas) New World		
ner of the Land	May	105
(Pinks) It Baron Russell Un		
forgettable Character	Jan	45
(De Forest Lee) Tube That		
Changed the World	June	53
De Caullie the Prophet	Jun	7
(Dir, Dorothy) This Is My		
Problem	Feb	39
Fitzgeralds and the Five Cent		
Ride	June	98
(Culmore Pit) Super Salesman		
of Music	Mar	97
(Cowder Mack) Man with a		
Bull Tongue Scooter	May	83
(Gruu Di Ramon) Cub's		
Masterpiece of Vice Versa	Jun	57
(Lincoln Sarah) He Loved		
Me Truly	Feb	27
(Mandl, Fritz) Poison from Lu		
rope	Feb	72
Morse The Genius of Samuel	Jun	73
(Nicoll Russ) Bonanza by the		
Roadside	May	91
Nimitz and His Admirals	Apr	70
Palmer, The Beard of Joseph	Apr	32

(Rashkis Lillian L.) Bud Boys Can Be Made Over	Apr	91	CHAPLAINS		
(Roosevelt, Franklin D.) One of Many	Jun	26	Strong Men of God	May	85
(Roth, Arthur T.) Banker with Imagination	Feb	19	CHILDREN Can Be Taught Lift	Mar	75
(Simon Waldo) Man Who Made Warming Kibbitz	Nov	119	Get the Children Out of Jails	Feb	12
Señor's Kesar's Father	May	53	Home from America	June	75
(Sinatra Link) Voice and the Kids	Jan	12	Now I Lay Me	Apr	105
Stettin's State Department Dynuno	Mar	11	Pinnacle of Fame	Mar	91
(Sturges Preston) Census with a Slipstick	Mar	51	We Teach Our Children to Pray	Feb	90
Toyman's Consider	Jan	97	China Fate of the World Is at Stake in	June	13
Truman Henry S.	June	32	CIVICS		
(Trumbull Link H.) Cuckoo	Apr	92	Linker with Imagination	Feb	19
(Von Rundstedt Kurt) First Russian	Mar	32	Doc Smith and the Apple Blossom Club	May	45
(Wright Richard R.) Mister Tell the World Rise	Apr	53	Get the Children Out of Jails	Feb	12
(Zhukov General) Russian's Number One Soldier	May	71	It Isn't School — It's Fun	Feb	100
Bread Out Duly	May	49	Keep Ghosts Out of Town	Jan	53
BRITAIN			Koinoke's Volunteer Lifesavers	Feb	69
Home from America	June	73	Comet Struck America When the	June	105
India's Incredible Hunger	June	66	Comes Fifty Years of	Mar	72
Verdict on India	Feb	115	COMMUNISM		
Building Blockade in Week the	Apr	38	Fate of the World Is at Stake in China	June	13
BURMA			Congress, We Must Modernize	Feb	35
Jump Into Adventure	June	43	CRIME		
BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY			Case Dismissed	June	23
Before Starting Your Own Business	May	89	Case of the Murdered Consul	Apr	83
Bonanza by the Roadside	Mar	91	Miracle on the Cillows	Jan	84
Chesapeake Snell Came	Apr	111	That's the Man	Mar	101
Cracker Barrel Comeback	Apr	99	CUBA'S Masterpiece of Vice Versa	Jan	57
Five Fitzgalds	June	98	Dead Shall Hear, And the	Feb	47
Hell's a Poppin' in Kansas	Apr	55	DEATH		
Indians' Muskiet Marshland	Mar	77	In Memoriam	June	108
Nazis Buy Their Victories	Apr	28	One of Many	June	26
Not Charity But a Chance	Jan	89	Self Comfort and Epitaphs	Mar	96
Planning for Freedom	May	1	DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY		
Rail Division Among Us	June	79	Footprints on the Sands of Time	Jan	97
Small Business Contest Per Your Own Loss	Feb	104	DOCS		
War Workers Who Ought to Have	May	95	Man's Best Friend	Mar	59
What About Cents?	Mar	22	Where to Buy a Dog	Feb	92
World's Most Famous Optimists	May	59	DRAMA IN EVERYDAY LIFE		
			Bottle of Jordan Water	Apr	85
			Ultimate Security	June	52
			Dumbarton Oaks Peace Plan	Feb	1
			ECONOMICS		
			America's World Chance	June	5
			Before Starting Your Business	May	89
			Guarantee Full Employment?	May	14
			How We Blockaded Germany	Feb	22

Planning for Freedom	May	1	GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS		
Road to Serfdom	Apr	1	Government's Waste of Man-		
What About Cartels?	Mar	22	power	May	67
What Is Being Planned for You	Apr	21	Guarantee Full Employment?	May	14
World's Most Famous Clutimists	May	59	Planning for Freedom	May	1
EDUCATION			Road to Serfdom	Apr	1
Bad Boys Can Be Made Over	Apr	91	Stettinius State Department		
Ex Marine Returns to High			Dynamo	Mar	11
School	Feb	32	Truman — Man from Missouri	June	32
CI Joe Goes to School	Jan	61	We Must Modernize Congress	Feb	35
It Isn't School — It's Fun!	Feb	100	What Is Being Planned for You	Apr	21
Unforgettable Character (Ic			HANDICAPPED		
Baron Russell Briggs)	Jan	45	Not Charity But a Chance	Jan	89
Will Europe's Educators Lose			HIGH LIFE		
the Peace?	Jan	101	Discuses from Air Born Comics		
EMPLOYMENT			Checked at Last	Jan	27
Guarantee Full Employment?	May	14	Medicine Men of the Air	Jan	104
Household Servants Are Gone			New Triumphs of Disease Pre		
Forever	Apr	76	vention	June	76
Keep Ghosts Out of Town	Jan	53	Our Daily Bread	May	49
Waste of Manpower	May	67	Sleeping Pills Aren't Candy	May	11
ENTERTAINMENT			What About Sleep?	June	89
How to Swallow a Sword	Mar	66	HISTORY		
EVOLUTION			Father Science Knows	May	53
How We Are Coming to Look	May	27	He Loved Me Truly	Feb	27
Farm Plan for City Workers	Apr	125	Mystery of the Stone Towers	Mar	86
FICION			Our Postwar Problem of 1947	Feb	107
Melon Patch Killing	May	75	Perfect Memorial	Feb	95
Mother Buys Her Pearls	Feb	60	Stagecoach Stickups	June	91
Pinnacle of Fame	Mar	94	Horses My Brother Who I'll Get		
FISH Now Farmers Grow	Feb	84	with		91
Chesapeake Shell Game	Apr	111	HUMAN RELATIONS		
Where Big Slims Come From	Jan	50	Bottle of Jordan Water	Apr	85
FOOD			Hello Mom! I'm Home!	Feb	51
Our Daily Bread	May	49	Man Who Wouldn't Die	Apr	62
Twenty Who Fed a Nation	May	36	Soldiers Say Don't Do It!	Mar	15
FRANCE'S Secret Army	Apr	95	Ultimate Security	June	52
De Caille the Prophet	Jan	7	Unforgettable Character by		
How the French Fought Starva			Jules Romains	May	79
tion	Mar	55	HUMOR The Lowest Form of		
Shepherds of the Underround	Apr	79	Cartoon Quips	Jan	39
Twenty Who Fed a Nation	May	36	Dear Uncle Sam	Mar	47
GERMANY, What We Will Do			Definitions	Jan	96
with	Jan	30	Fifty Years of Comics	Jan	76
Crimin Prisoner Muddle	Jan	42	From the Lyons Den	Mar	72
Last Prussian	Mar	32	Imprisoned at the Elevator	Apr	61
Moral Conquest of Germany	June	115	Spotlight on Today	Jan	71
Nazis Bury Their Factions	Apr	28	Time Brings All Things	May	13
Poison from Europe	Feb	72	Try and Stop Me	Jan	88
The End	May	19	War-time Newsreel	Feb	97
Glass What Won't They Do with	Feb	53	Your Ship Is Showing	Apr	31
				May	92
			INDIA Verdict on	Feb	115
			India's Insoluble Hun	June	66

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Can We Break the Building Blockade?	Apr	38
Let's Stop Plowing Under in Our Factories	Jun	15
Real Division Among Us	June	79
Why Is Labor Unrest at the Danger Point?	Feb	15

INSTRUMENTS

World's Most Famous Opticists	May	59
-------------------------------	-----	----

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

America's World Chance	June	5
Cause for Which We Fight	Mar	1
Its of the World at Stake in China	June	13
What Dumbarton Oaks Means	Feb	1
What We Will Do with Germany	Jan	30

ITALY

Giuseppe and the Sergeant	Feb	79
---------------------------	-----	----

JAPANESE

Hell Ship	Apr	57
Bomb Japanese Cities	May	82
Consider Iovama	Jan	87
Half a Million By Passed Japs	Apr	88
Jap Slave Camp	June	95

JERUSALEM

Shepherds of the Underground	Apr	79
------------------------------	-----	----

JOURNALISM

Dear Miss Dix -	Feb	39
Fifty Years of Comics	Mar	72
In Memoriam	June	108

LAW

Case Dismissed	June	23
----------------	------	----

LITERS FROM A HOSPITAL

Dear Uncle Sam -	Jun	96
Through That Remembrance	Jun	72

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES

Feb 64 Mar 48 Apr 64	Jun	64
	Jun	41

Lifelines Roanoke's Volunteer	Feb	69
-------------------------------	-----	----

LITERATURE

Footprints on the Sands of Time	Jan	97
What This is Reading	Inside front cover	Jan
Where Did That Title Come From?	Apr	118

Livestock, Tailor Made

	June	38
--	------	----

LIVING ART OF

Gracious You	Jan	26
How to Gain Emotional Poise	May	39
I Believe	Jan	41

Now I Lay Me ' Soldiers Say Don't Do It!	Apr	105
	Mar	15

MARRIAGE

How to Pick a Mate	Jan	19
--------------------	-----	----

MEDICAL SCIENCE

And the Deaf Shall Hear	Feb	47
Conquest of a Killer	Mar	27
Diseases from Air Borne Germs		
Checked at Last	Jun	27
Field Operation	Feb	21
Hospitals Need Nurse's Aides	Mar	89
Man Who Wouldn't Die	Apr	62
New Triumphs of Disease Prevention	June	76
Our Worst Pacific Foe	Apr	107
Sleeping Pills Aren't Candy	May	11
Talking the Hush Hush Out of Hernia	Apr	67
Veneral Disease - Far from Beaten	Jan	77
Veteran Betrayed	Apr 45, May	22
Men How Much Do You Know About	Apr	23
Military Training Shall Our Boys Have	Feb	56

MISSIONS

I Rather Sell as Rosary	May	53
Mother Breaks Her Penals	Feb	60

MOTION PICTURES

Genius with a Slapstick	Mar	51
-------------------------	-----	----

MUSIC

Super Salesman of	Mar	97
Shirley Horn is Bechham	Apr	101
Voice and the Kids	Jun	12
Muskrat Marshland Louisiana's	Mar	77

NATURE

Goofy Goonies	Apr	15
Strange Animal Friendships	Apr	123
Wild Wisdom	Feb 93, May	93

NAVY

Nimitz and His Admirals	Apr	70
-------------------------	-----	----

NEGROES

I'll Em We're Rising!	Apr	53
Nurse's Aides Hospitals Need	Mar	89
Nylons, Bootleg	Feb	66

PACIFIC

Close Ups of War in the Pacific	June	59
Conquest of Our Worst Pacific Foe - Disease	Apr	107
Half a Million By Passed Japs	Apr	88
Transfer to the East	June	10

PEACE				<i>Quiz for Word Champions</i>	Mar	65
Cause for Which We Fight	Mar	1		What Do You Know About		
What Dumbarton Oaks Means	Feb	1		Sleep	June	89
PERSONAL EXPERIENCE				<i>What's the Word?</i>	Feb	77
American Guerrilla in the Philippines	Mar	105		RACKETS		
Field Operation	Feb	94		Black Market Babies	Mar	61
Flag Goes Up in Philippines	Feb	63		Bootleg Nylons	Feb	66
Ghost Ship	Jan	3		Sailor Soldier Civilian	June	109
Causeppe and the Sergeant	Feb	7		RADIO		
I Saw the Boy	May	8		Medicine Men of the Air	Jan	104
I Was a Spy	May	31		RELIGION		
It's Good to Be Home	Jan	35		Desperate Need for Faith	Mar	19
Jump In to Adventure	June	45		Father Scars Roay	May	53
Mission Beyond Darkness	May	10		How to Gain Emotional Poise	May	39
Scrub Icam at Iacloban	Feb	8		Quicken the Spirit Within You	Jan	1
Ten Men and a Vest	May	8		Strong Men of God	May	85
War from Inside a Tank	June	81		That the Church May Live	Apr	25
PICTURES				We Teach Our Children to		
SOUL SPIEGEL AND PATTER	Feb			Pray	Feb	90
68 Mar 36 Apr 128 May 88 June 104				ROCKETS		
Plastics Something New in	Mar	37		W u s Screaming Infant Prodigy	Mar	69
POSTWAR				RUSSIA		
Binker with Imagination	Feb	19		Number One Soldier	May	71
Can We Break the Building				Report on the Russians Part II	Jan	106
Blockade	Apr	38		SAFFRY		
Moral Conquest of Germany	June	115		Hell's Poppin in Kansas	Apr	35
Planning for Freedom	May	1		Roanoke's Volunteer Lifesavers	Feb	69
Postwar Problems of 1787	Feb	107		SCIENCE AND INVENTION		
Road to Freedom	Apr	1		Climate a la Carte	Jan	66
Shall Our Boys Have Military Training?	Feb	56		Census of Samuel Morse	Jan	73
Travel Time of a 60 Hour World	Feb	87		Haines' Black Light	May	98
What Is Future Planned for You	Apr	21		Hell's Poppin in Kansas	Apr	35
What We Will Do with Germany	Jun	30		How We Are Coming to Look	May	27
Will Europe's Educators Lose the Piece?	Jun	101		Man Who Made Wartime Rubber	Apr	119
PRISON REFORM				Something New in Plastics	Mar	37
Get the Children Out of Jails	Feb	12		Suits That Save Lives	May	41
Prisoner Muddle German	Jan	42		Terrible B 29	Mar	80
PSYCHOLOGY				Tide That Changed the World	June	55
It's Human Nature	Mar	104		W u s Screaming Infant Prodigy	Mar	69
Psycho Screenings	June	101		What Won't They Do Next	Feb	53
Psychology of It	Jun	68		When the Comet Struck America	June	105
QUIZ				SERVICE		
How Good a Speller Are You	June	72		Household Servants Are Gone		
How Much Do You Know About				Forever	Apr	76
Men	Apr	23		Shrimp Come from Where Big	Jan	50
Indigent or Indignant	Apr	52		Sleep, What Do You Know About	June	89
It Pays to Increase Your Word Power	Jan 29, Feb 77,			SPAIN		
Mar 64, Apr 51 May 52, June 71				Can Guerrillas Free Fascist	Apr	115

SPECIAL AIR SERVICE

Confusion Is Their Business	Jan	23
Sworn, How to Swallow a	Mar	66
Telephone Exchange, Drama at	Feb	51

TRADE

America's World Chance	June	5
What Should We Do About Car tels?	Mar	22

TRANSPORTATION

Five Fitzgeralds and the Five Cent Ride	June	98
Ice in the Moscow Pipe Line	Apr	41
Stagecoach Stickups	June	91

TRAVEL Lure of a 60 Hour World	Feb	87
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UNDERGROUND

France's Secret Army	Apr	95
Shepherds of the Underground	Apr	79

UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER	Jan	45,
	Mar	40 May 79

Venerable Disciple — Far from Beaten	Jan	77
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Veteran Betrayed	Apr	45, May 22
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WAR

AAF Did It, The	Feb	43
American Guerrilla in the Phil ippines	May	102
Bomb Japanese Cities	May	85
Can Guerrillas Free Spain?	Apr	115
Cause for Which We Fight	Mar	1
Close Ups of War in the Pacific	June	59
Confusion Is Their Business	Jan	23
Field Operation	Feb	94
Flag Goes Up in the Philippines	Feb	63
France's Secret Army	Apr	95
German Prisoner Muddle	Jan	42
Ghost Ship	Jan	3
GI Joe Goes to School	Jan	61
Giuseppe and the Sergeant	Feb	79
Gold Badge of Courage	Feb	46
Half a Million By Passed Japs	Apr	88
'Hello, Mom! I'm Home!'	Feb	51
How the French Fought Starva tion	Mar	55
How the Rhine Battle Was Planned	June	27
How We Blockaded Germany	Feb	22
I Saw the Boy	May	8
I Was a Spy	May	31
In Memoriam	June	108

It's Good to Be Home	Jan	35
Jap Slave Camp	June	35
Japanese Hell Ship	Apr	57
Jump In to Adventure	June	43
Last Prussian	Mar	32
Letters from a Hospital	June	1
Man Who Wouldn't Die	Apr	62
Marine Who Wouldn't Give Up	Jan	49
Mission Beyond Darkness	May	109
MP's Lot Is Not a Happy One	May	101
Nimitz and His Admirals	Apr	70
Pictures to Help the Navy	Feb	62
Screaming Infant Prodigy	Mar	69
Scrub Team at Tacloban	Feb	8
Secret Weapon	June	65
Shepherds of the Underground	Apr	79
Slaughter of the Prisoners	Mar	45
Soldiers Say Don't Do It!	Mar	15
Strong Men of God	May	85
Ten Men and a Vest	Mar	8
Terrible B 29	Mar	80
'Through That Remembrance —	Jan	72
Transfer to the East	June	10
Twenty Who Fed a Nation	May	36
Veteran Betrayed	Apr	45, May 22
War from Inside a Tank	June	81
We Shall Come Back	Jan	69
Woman with a Broom	June	37

Washington Monument Perfect Memorial	Feb	95
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WOMEN

He Loved Me Truly	Feb	27
Household Servants Are Gone Forever	Apr	76
How Much Do You Know About Men?	Apr	23
I Was a Spy	May	31
Unforgettable Character (Mrs Beulah Akely)	Mar	40
Woman with a Broom	June	37

YOUTH

Bad Boys Can Be Made Over	Apr	91
Doc Smith and the Applios som Club	May	45
It Isn't School — It's Fun!	Feb	100
Melon Patch Killing	May	75
My Brother Who Talked with Horses	Jan	91
Pinnacle of Fame	Mar	94
Shall Our Boys Have Military Training?	Feb	56
Voice and the Kids	Jan	12



